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Illustration for "The Broken Soldier and the Maid of France"

"GOD COMMANDS YOU," SHE CRIED. "IT IS FOR FRANCE"

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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The Broken Soldier and the Maid of France

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

I

THE MEETING AT THE SPRING

ALONG the old Roman road that crosses the rolling hills from the upper waters of the Marne to the Meuse a soldier of France was passing in the night.

In the broader pools of summer moonlight he showed as a hale and husky fellow of about thirty years, with dark hair and eyes and a handsome, downcast face. His uniform was faded and dusty; not a trace of the horizon blue was left; only a gray shadow. He had no knapsack on his back, no gun on his shoulder. Wearily and doggedly he plodded his way without eyes for the veiled beauty of the sleeping country. The quick, firm military step was gone. He trudged like a tramp, choosing always the darker side of the road.

He was a figure of flight, a broken soldier.

Presently the road led him into a thick forest of oaks and beeches, and so to the crest of a hill overlooking a long open valley with wooded heights beyond. Below him was the pointed spire of some temple or shrine, lying at the edge of the wood, with no houses near it. Farther down he could see a cluster of white houses with the tower of a church in the

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center. Other villages were dimly visible up and down the valley on either slope. The cattle were lowing from the barnyards. The cocks crowed for the dawn. Already the moon had sunk behind the western trees. But the valley was still bathed in its misty, vanishing light. Over the eastern ridge the gray glimmer of the little day was rising, faintly tinged with rose. It was time for the broken soldier to seek his covert and rest till night returned.

So he stepped aside from the road and found a little dell thick with underwoods, and in it a clear spring gurgling among the ferns and mosses. Around the opening grew wild gooseberries and golden broom and a few tall spires of purple foxglove. He drew off his dusty boots and socks and bathed his feet in a small pool, drying them with fern leaves. Then he took a slice of bread and a piece of cheese from his pocket and made his breakfast. Going to the edge of the thicket, he parted the branches and peered out over the vale.

Its eaves sloped gently to the level floor where the river loitered in loops and curves. The sun was just topping the eastern hills; the heads of the trees were dark against a primrose sky.

In the fields the hay had been cut and gathered. The aftermath was already greening the moist places. Cattle and sheep sauntered out to pasture. A thin silvery mist floated here and there, spreading in broad sheets over the wet ground and shredding into filmy scarves and ribbons as the breeze caught it among the pollard willows and poplars on the border of the stream. Far away the water glittered where the river made a sudden bend or a long smooth reach. It was like the flashing of distant shields. Overhead a few white clouds climbed up from the north. The rolling ridges, one after another, enfolded the valley as far as eye could see; pale green set in dark green, with here and there an arm of forest running down on a sharp promontory to meet and turn the meandering stream.

"It must be the valley of the Meuse," said the soldier. "My faith, but France is beautiful and tranquil here!"

The northerly wind was rising. The clouds climbed more swiftly. The poplars shimmered, the willows glistened, the veils of mist vanished. From very far away there came a rumbling thunder, heavy, insistent, continuous, punctuated with louder crashes.

"It is the guns," muttered the soldier, shivering. "It is the guns around Verdun! Those damned boches!"

He turned back into the thicket and dropped among the ferns beside the spring. Stretching himself with a gesture of abandon, he pillowed his face on his crossed arms to sleep.

A rustling in the bushes roused him. He sprang to his feet quickly. It was a priest, clad in a dusty cassock, his long black beard streaked with gray. He came slowly treading up beside the trickling rivulet, carrying a bag on a stick over his shoulder.

"Good morning, my son," he said. "You have chosen a pleasant spot to rest."

The soldier, startled, but not forgetting his manners learned from boyhood, stood up and lifted his hand to take off his cap. It was already lying on the ground. "Good morning, Father," he answered. "I did not choose the place, but stumbled on it by chance. It is pleasant enough, for I am very tired and have need of sleep."

"No doubt," said the priest. "I can see that you look weary, and I beg you to pardon me if I have interrupted your repose. But why do you say you came here 'by chance'? If you are a good Christian you know that nothing is by chance. All is ordered and designed by Providence."

"So they told me in church long ago," said the soldier, coldly; "but now it does not seem so true—at least not with me."

The first feeling of friendliness and respect into which he had been surprised was passing. He had fallen back into the mood of his journey—mistrust, secrecy, resentment.

The priest caught the tone. His gray eyes under their bushy brows looked kindly but searchingly at the soldier and smiled a little. He set down his bag and leaned on his stick. "Well," he said, "I can tell you one thing, my son. At all events it was not chance that brought me here. I came with a purpose."

The soldier started a little, stung by

suspicion. "What then," he cried, roughly, "were you looking for me? What do you know of me? What is this talk of chance and purpose?"

"Come, come," said the priest, his smile spreading from his eyes to his lips, "do not be angry. I assure you that I know nothing of you whatever, not even your name nor why you are here. When I said that I came with a purpose I meant only that a certain thought, a wish, led me to this spot. Let us sit together awhile beside the spring and make better acquaintance."

"I do not desire it," said the soldier, with a frown.

"But you will not refuse it?" queried the priest, gently. "It is not good to refuse the request of one old enough to be your father. Look, I have here some excellent tobacco and cigarette-papers. Let us sit down and smoke together. I will tell you who I am and the purpose that brought me here."

The soldier yielded grudgingly, not knowing what else to do. They sat down on a mossy bank beside the spring, and while the blue smoke of their cigarettes went drifting under the little trees the priest began:

"My name is Antoine Courcy. I am the curé of Darney, a village among the Reaping Hook Hills, a few leagues south from here. For twenty-five years I have reaped the harvest of heaven in that blessed little field. I am sorry to leave it. But now this war, this great battle for freedom and the life of France, calls me. It is a divine vocation. France has need of all her sons to-day, even the old ones. I cannot keep the love of God in my heart unless I follow the love of country in my life. My younger brother, who used to be the priest of the next parish to mine, was in the army. He has fallen. I am going to replace him. I am on my way to join the troops—as a chaplain, if they will; if not, then as a private. I must get into the army of France or be left out of the host of heaven."

The soldier had turned his face away and was plucking the lobes from a frond of fern. "A brave resolve, Father," he said, with an ironic note. "But you have not yet told me what brings you off your road, to this place."

"I will tell you," replied the priest, eagerly; "it is the love of Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid who saved France long ago. You know about her?"

"A little," nodded the soldier. "I have learned in the school. She was a famous saint."

"Not yet a saint," said the priest, earnestly; "the Pope has not yet pronounced her a saint. But it will be done soon. Already he has declared her among the Blessed Ones. To me she is the most blessed of all. She never thought of herself or of a saint's crown. She gave her life entire for France. And this is the place that she came from! Think of that—right here!"

"I did not know that," said the soldier.

"But yes," the priest went on, kindling. "I tell you it was here that the Maid of France received her visions and set out to her work. You see that village below us—look out through the branches—that is Domremy, where she was born. That spire just at the edge of the wood—you saw that? It is the basilica they have built to her memory. It is full of pictures of her. It stands where the old beech-tree, 'Fair May,' used to grow. There she heard the voices and saw the saints who sent her on her mission. And this is the Gooseberry Spring, the Well of the Good Fairies. Here she came with the other children, at the festival of the well-dressing, to spread their garlands around it, and sing, and eat their supper on the green. Heavenly voices spoke to her, but the others did not hear them. Often did she drink of this water. It became a fountain of life springing up in her heart. I have come to drink at the same source. It will strengthen me as a sacrament. Come, son, let us take it together as we go to our duty in battle!"

Father Courcy stood up and opened his old black bag. He took out a small metal cup. He filled it carefully at the spring. He made the sign of the cross over it.

"In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit," he murmured, "blessed and holy is this water." Then he held the cup toward the soldier. "Come, let us share it and make our vows together."

The bright drops trembled and fell from the bottom of the cup. The soldier sat still, his head in his hands.

"No," he answered, heavily, "I cannot take it. I am not worthy. Can a man take a sacrament without confessing his sins?"

Father Courcy looked at him with pitying eyes. "I see," he said, slowly; "I see, my son. You have a burden on your heart. Well, I will stay with you and try to lift it. But first I shall make my own vow."

He raised the cup toward the sky. A tiny brown wren sang canticles of rapture in the thicket. A great light came into the priest's face—a sun-ray from the east, far beyond the treetops.

"Blessed Jeanne d'Arc, I drink from thy fountain in thy name. I vow my life to thy cause. Aid me, aid this my son, to fight valiantly for freedom and for France. In the name of God, Amen."

The soldier looked up at him. Wonder, admiration, and shame were struggling in the look. Father Courcy wiped the empty cup carefully and put it back in his bag. Then he sat down beside the soldier, laying a fatherly hand on his shoulder.

"Now, my son, you shall tell me what is on your heart."

II

THE GREEN CONFESSIONAL

FOR a long time the soldier remained silent. His head was bowed. His shoulders drooped. His hands trembled between his knees. He was wrestling with himself.

"No," he cried, at last, "I cannot, I dare not tell you. Unless, perhaps"—his voice faltered—"you could receive it under the seal of confession? But no. How could you do that? Here in the green woods? In the open air, beside a spring? Here is no confessional."

"Why not?" asked Father Courcy. "It is a good place, a holy place. Heaven is over our heads and very near. I will receive your confession here."

The soldier knelt among the flowers. The priest pronounced the sacred words. The soldier began his confession:

"I, Pierre Duval, a great sinner, confess my fault, my most grievous fault, and pray for pardon." He stopped for a moment and then continued, "But first I must tell you, Father, just who I am and where I come from and what brings me here."

"Go on, Pierre Duval, go on. That is what I am waiting to hear. Be simple and very frank."

"Well, then, I am from the parish of Laucourt, in the pleasant country of the Barrois not far from Bar-sur-Aube. My word, but that is a pretty land, full of orchards and berry-gardens! Our old farm there is one of the prettiest and one of the best, though it is small. It was hard to leave it when the call to the colors came, two years ago. But I was glad to go. My heart was high and strong for France. I was in the Nth Infantry. We were in the center division under General Foch at the battle of the Marne. *Fichtre!* but that was fierce fighting! And what a general! He did not know how to spell 'defeat.' He wrote it 'victory.' Four times we went across that cursed Marsh of St.-Gond. The dried mud was trampled full of dead bodies. The trickling streams of water ran red. Four times we were thrown back by the boches. You would have thought that was enough. But the general did not think so. We went over again on the fifth day, and that time we stayed. The Germans could not stand against us. They broke and ran. The roads where we chased them were full of empty wine-bottles. In one village we caught three officers and a dozen men dead drunk. *Bigre!* what a fine joke!"

Pierre, leaning back upon his heels, was losing himself in his recital. His face lighted up, his hands were waving. Father Courcy bent forward with shining eyes.

"Continue," he cried. "This is a beautiful confession—no sin yet. Continue, Pierre."

"Well, then, after that we were fighting here and there, on the Aisne, on the Ailette, everywhere. Always the same story—Germans rolling down on us in flood, green-gray waves. But the foam on them was fire and steel. The shells

of the barrage swept us like hailstones. We waited, waited in our trenches, till the green-gray mob was near enough. Then the word came. *Sapristi!* We let loose with mitrailleuse, rifle, field-gun, everything that would throw death. It did not seem like fighting with men. It was like trying to stop a monstrous thing, a huge, terrible mass that was rushing on to overwhelm us. The waves tumbled and broke before they reached us. Sometimes they fell flat. Sometimes they turned and rushed the other way. It was wild, wild, like a change of the wind and tide in a storm, everything torn and confused. Then perhaps the word came to go over the top and at them. That was furious. That was fighting with men, for sure—bayonet, revolver, rifle-butt, knife, anything that would kill. Often I sickened at the blood and the horror of it. But something inside of me shouted: 'Fight on! It is for France. It is for "*L'Alouette*," thy farm; for thy wife, thy little ones. Will you let them be ruined by those beasts of Germans? What are they doing here on French soil? Brigands, butchers, apaches! Drive them out; and if they will not go, kill them so they can do no more shameful deeds. Fight on!' So I killed all I could."

The priest nodded his head grimly. "You were right, Pierre; your voice spoke true. It was a dreadful duty that you were doing. The Gospel tells us, if we are smitten on one cheek we must turn the other. But it does not tell us to turn the cheek of a little child, of the woman we love, the country we belong to. No! that would be disgraceful, wicked, un-Christian. It would be to betray the innocent! Continue, my son."

"Well, then," Pierre went on, his voice deepening and his face growing more tense, "then we were sent to Verdun. That was the hottest place of all. It was at the top of the big German drive. The whole sea rushed and fell on us—big guns, little guns, poison-gas, hand-grenades, liquid fire, bayonets, knives, and trench-clubs. Fort after fort went down. The whole pack of hell was loose and raging. I thought of that crazy, chinless Crown Prince sitting in his safe little cottage hidden in the woods somewhere—they say he had flowers and vines planted around it—drinking stolen champagne and sicking on his dogs of death. He was in no danger. I cursed him in my heart, that blood-lord! The shells rained on Verdun. The houses were riddled; the cathedral was pierced in a dozen places; a hundred fires broke out. The old citadel held good. The outer forts to the north and east were taken. Only the last ring was left. We common soldiers did not know much about what was happening. The big battle was beyond our horizon. But that General Pétain, he knew it all. Ah, that is a wise man, I can tell you! He sent us to this place or that place where the defense was most needed. We went gladly, without fear or holding back. We were resolute that those mad dogs should not get through. *They shall not pass*! And they did not pass!"

"Glorious!" cried the priest, drinking the story in. "And you, Pierre? Where were you, what were you doing?"

"I was at Douaumont, that fort on the highest hill of all. The Germans took it. It cost them ten thousand men. The ground around it was like a wood-yard piled with logs. The big shell-holes were full of corpses. There were a few of us that got away. Then our company was sent to hold the third redoubt on the slope in front of Fort de Vaux. Perhaps you have heard of that redoubt. That was a bitter job. But we held it many days and nights. The boches pounded us from Douaumont and from the village of Vaux. They sent wave after wave up the slope to drive us out. But we stuck to it. That ravine of La Caillette was a boiling caldron of men. It bubbled over with smoke and fire. Once, when their second wave had broken just in front of us, we went out to hurry the fragments down the hill. Then the guns from Douaumont and the village of Vaux hammered us. Our men fell like ninepins. Our lieutenant called to us to turn back. Just then a shell tore away his right leg at the knee. It hung by the skin and tendons. He was a brave lad. I could not leave him to die there. So I hoisted him on my back. Three shots struck me. They felt just like hard blows from a heavy fist. One of them made my left arm powerless. I sank

my teeth in the sleeve of my lieutenant's coat as it hung over my shoulder. I must not let him fall off my back. Somehow — God knows how — I gritted through to our redoubt. They took my lieutenant from my shoulders. And then the light went out."

The priest leaned forward, his hands stretched out around the soldier. "But you are a hero," he cried. "Let me embrace you!"

The soldier drew back, shaking his head sadly. "No," he said, his voice breaking—"no, my father, you must not embrace me now. I may have been a brave man once. But now I am a coward. Let me tell you everything. My wounds were bad, but not desperate. The *brancardiers* carried me down to Verdun, at night I suppose, but I was unconscious; and so to the hospital at Vaudelaincourt. There were days and nights of blankness mixed with pain. Then I came to my senses and had rest. It was wonderful. I thought that I had died and gone to heaven. Would God it had been so! Then I should have been with my lieutenant. They told me he had passed away in the redoubt. But that hospital was beautiful, so clean and quiet and friendly. Those white nurses were angels. They handled me like a baby. I would have liked to stay there. I had no desire to get better. But I did. One day several officers visited the hospital. They came to my cot, where I was sitting up. The highest of them brought out a Cross of War and pinned it on the breast of my nightshirt. 'There,' he said, 'you are decorated, Pierre Duval! You are one of the heroes of France. You are soon going to be perfectly well and to fight again bravely for your country.' I thanked him, but I knew better. My body might get perfectly well, but something in my soul was broken. It was worn out. The thin spring had snapped. I could never fight again. Any loud noise made me shake all over. I knew that I could never face a battle—impossible! I should certainly lose my nerve and run away. It is a damned feeling, that broken something inside of one. I can't describe it."

Pierre stopped for a moment and moistened his dry lips with the tip of his tongue.

"I know," said Father Courcy. "I understand perfectly what you want to say. It was like being lost and thinking that nothing could save you; a feeling that is piercing and dull at the same time, like a heavy weight pressing on you with sharp stabs in it. It was what they call shell-shock, a terrible thing. Sometimes it drives men crazy for a while. But the doctors know what to do for that malady. It passes. You got over it."

"No," answered Pierre, "the doctors may not have known that I had it. At all events, they did not know what to do for it. It did not pass. It grew worse. But I hid it, talking very little, never telling anybody how I felt. They said I was depressed and needed cheering up. All the while there was that black snake coiled around my heart, squeezing tighter and tighter. But my body grew stronger every day. The wounds were all healed. I was walking around. In July the doctor-in-chief sent for me to his office. He said: 'You are cured, Pierre Duval, but you are not yet fit to fight. You are low in your mind. You need cheering up. You are to have a month's furlough and repose. You shall go home to your farm. How is it that you call it?' I suppose I had been babbling about it in my sleep and one of the nurses had told him. He was always that way, that little Doctor Roselly, taking an interest in the men, talking with them and acting friendly. I said the farm was called '*L'Alouette*'—rather a foolish name. 'Not at all,' he answered; 'it is a fine name, with the song of a bird in it. Well, you are going back to '*L'Alouette*' to hear the lark sing for a month, to kiss your wife and your children, to pick gooseberries and currants. Eh, my boy, what do you think of that? Then, when the month is over, you will be a new man. You will be ready to fight again at Verdun. Remember they have not passed and they shall not pass! Good luck to you, Pierre Duval.' So I went back to the farm as fast as I could go."

He was silent for a few moments, letting his thoughts wander through the pleasant paths of that little garden of repose. His eyes were dreaming, his lips almost smiled.

"It was sweet at '*L'Alouette*,' very

sweet, Father. The farm was in pretty good order and the kitchen garden was all right, though the flowers had been a little neglected. You see, my wife, Josephine, she is a very clever woman. She had kept up the things that were the most necessary. She had hired one of the old neighbors and a couple of boys to help her with the plowing and planting. The harvest she sold as it stood. Our yoke of cream-colored oxen and the roan horse were in good condition. Little Pierrot, who is five, and little Josette, who is three, were as brown as berries. They hugged me almost to death. But it was Josephine herself who was the best of all. She is only twenty-six, Father, and so beautiful still, with her long chestnut hair and her eyes like stones shining under the waters of a brook. I tell you it was good to get her in my arms again and feel her lips on mine. And to wake in the early morning, while the birds were singing, and see her face beside me on the white pillow, sleeping like a child, that was a little bit of Paradise. But I do wrong to tell you of all this, Father."

"Proceed, my big boy," nodded the priest. "You are saying nothing wrong. I was a man before I was a priest. It is all natural, what you are saying, and all according to God's law—no sin in it. Proceed. Did your happiness do you good?"

Pierre shook his head doubtfully. The look of dejection came back to his face. He frowned as if something puzzled and hurt him. "Yes and no! That is the strange thing. It made me thankful—that goes without saying. But it did not make me any stronger in my heart. Perhaps it was too sweet. I thought too much of it. I could not bear to think of anything else. The idea of the war was hateful, horrible, disgusting. The noise and the dirt of it, the mud in the autumn and the bitter cold in the winter, the rats and the lice in the dugouts! And then the fury of the charge, and the everlasting killing, killing, or being killed! The danger had seemed little or nothing to me when I was there. But at a distance it was frightful, unendurable. I knew that I could never stand up to it again. Besides, already I had done my share—enough for two or three men. Why must I go back into that hell? It was not fair. Life was too dear to be risking it all the time. I could not endure it. France? France? Of course I love France. But my farm and my life with Josephine and the children mean more to me. The thing that made me a good soldier is broken inside me. It is beyond mending."

His voice sank lower and lower. Father Courcy looked at him gravely.

"But your farm is a part of France. You belong to France. He that saveth his life shall lose it!"

"Yes, yes, I know. But my farm is such a small part of France. I am only one man. What difference does one man make, except to himself? Moreover, I had done my part, that was certain. Twenty times, really, my life had been lost. Why must I throw it away again? Listen, Father. There is a village in the Vosges, near the Swiss border, where a relative of mine lives. If I could get to him he would take me in and give me some other clothes and help me over the frontier into Switzerland. There I could change my name and find work until the war is over. That was my plan. So I set out on my journey, following the less-traveled roads, tramping by night and sleeping by day. Thus I came to this spring at the same time as you by chance, by pure chance. Do you see?"

Father Courcy looked very stern and seemed about to speak in anger. Then he shook his head, and said, quietly: "No, I do not see that at all. It remains to be seen whether it was by chance. But tell me more about your sin. Did you let your wife, Josephine, know what you were going to do? Did you tell her good-by, parting for Switzerland?"

"Why, no! I did not dare. She would never have forgiven me. So I slipped down to the post-office at Bar-sur-Aube and stole a telegraph blank. It was ten days before my furlough was out. I wrote a message to myself calling me back to the colors at once. I showed it to her. Then I said good-by. I wept. She did not cry one tear. Her eyes were stars. She embraced me a dozen times. She lifted up each of the children to hug me. Then she cried: 'Go now, my brave man. Fight well. Drive the damned boches out. It is for us and for France.

God protect you. *Au revoir!* I went down the road silent. I felt like a dog. But I could not help it."

"And you were a dog," said the priest, sternly. "That is what you were, and what you remain unless you can learn to help it. You lied to your wife. You forged; you tricked her who trusted you. You have done the thing which you yourself say she would never forgive. If she loves you and prays for you now, you have stolen that love and that prayer. You are a thief. A true daughter of France could never love a coward today."

"I know, I know," sobbed Pierre, burying his face in the weeds. "Yet I did it partly for her, and I could not do otherwise."

"Very little for her and a hundred times for yourself," said the priest, indignantly. "Be honest. If there was a little bit of love for her, it was the kind of love she did not want. She would spit upon it. If you are going to Switzerland now you are leaving her forever. You can never go back to Josephine again. You are a deserter. She would cast you out, coward!"

The broken soldier lay very still, alas most if he were dead. Then he rose slowly to his feet, with a pale, set face. He put his hand behind his back and drew out a revolver. "It is true," he said, slowly, "I am a coward. But not altogether such a coward as you think, Father. It is not merely death that I fear. I could face that, I think. Here, take this pistol and shoot me now! No one will know. You can say you shot a deserter, or that I attacked you. Shoot me now, Father, and let me out of this trouble."

Father Courcy looked at him with amazement. Then he took the pistol, uncocked it cautiously, and dropped it behind him. He turned to Pierre and regarded him curiously. "Go on with your confession, Pierre. Tell me about this strange kind of cowardice which can face death."

The soldier dropped on his knees again, and went on in a low, shaken voice: "It is this, Father. By my broken soul, this is the very root of it. I am afraid of fear."

The priest thought for an instant. "But that is not reasonable, Pierre. It is nonsense. Fear cannot hurt you. If you fight it you can conquer it. At least you can disregard it, march through it, as if it were not there."

"Not this fear," argued the soldier, with a peasant's obstinacy. "This is something very big and dreadful. It has no shape, but a dead-white face and red, blazing eyes full of hate and scorn. I have seen it in the dark. It is stronger than I am. Since something is broken inside of me, I know I can never conquer it. No, it would wrap its shapeless arms around me and stab me to the heart with its fiery eyes. I should turn and run in the middle of the battle. I should trample on my wounded comrades. I should be shot in the back and die in disgrace. O my God! my God! who can save me from this? It is horrible. I cannot bear it."

The priest laid his hand gently on Pierre's quivering shoulder. "Courage, my son!"

"I have none."

"Then say to yourself that fear is nothing."

"It would be a lie. This fear is real."

"Then cease to tremble at it; kill it."

"Impossible. I am afraid of fear."

"Then carry it as your burden, your cross. Take it back to Verdun with you."

"I dare not. It would poison the others. It would bring me to dishonor."

"Pray to God for help."

"He will not answer me. I am a wicked man. Father, I have made my confession. Will you give me a penance and absolve me?"

"Promise to go back to the army and fight as well as you can."

"Alas! that is what I cannot do. My mind is shaken to pieces. Whither shall I turn? I can decide nothing. I am broken. I repent of my great sin. Father, for the love of God, speak the word of absolution."

Pierre lay on his face, motionless, his arms stretched out. The priest rose and went to the spring. He scooped up a few drops in the hollow of his hand. He sprinkled it like holy water upon the soldier's head. A couple of tears fell with it.

"God have pity on you, my son, and bring you back to yourself. The word of

Painting by Frank E. Schoonover

THEY ALSO WERE PILGRIMS DRAWN BY THE LOVE OF JEANNE D'ARC TO DOMREMY

absolution is not for me to speak while you think of forsaking France. Put that thought away from you, do penance for it, and you will be absolved from your great sin."

Pierre turned over and lay looking up at the priest's face and at the blue sky with white clouds drifting across it. He sighed. "Ah, if that could only be! But I have not the strength. It is impossible."

"All things are possible to him that believeth. Strength will come. Perhaps Jeanne d'Arc herself will help you."

"She would never speak to a man like me. She is a great saint, very high in heaven."

"She was a farmer's lass, a peasant like yourself. She would speak to you, gladly and kindly, if you saw her, and in your own language, too. Trust her."

"But I do not know enough about her."

"Listen, Pierre. I have thought for you. I will appoint the first part of your penance. You shall take the risk of being recognized and caught. You shall go down to the village and visit the places that belong to her—her basilica, her house, her church. Then you shall come back here and wait until you know—until you surely know what you must do. Will you promise this?"

Pierre had risen and looked up at the priest with tear-stained face. But his eyes were quieter. "Yes, Father, I can promise you this much faithfully."

"Now I must go my way. Farewell, my son. Peace in war be with you." He held out his hand.

Pierre took it reverently. "And with you, Father," he murmured.

III

THE ABSOLVING DREAM

ANTONINE COURCY was one of those who are fitted and trained by nature for the cure of souls. If you had spoken to him of psychiatry he would not have understood you. The long word would have been Greek to him. But the thing itself he knew well. The preliminary penance which he laid upon Pierre Duval was remedial. It belonged to the true healing art which works first in the spirit.

When the broken soldier went down the hill, in the blaze of the mid-morning sunlight, toward Domremy, there was much misgiving and confusion in his thoughts. He did not comprehend why he was going, except that he had promised. He was not sure that some one might not know him, or perhaps out of mere curiosity stop him and question him. It was a reluctant journey.

Yet it was in effect an unconscious pilgrimage to the one health-resort that his soul needed. For Domremy and the region round about are saturated with the most beautiful story of France. The life of Jeanne d'Arc, simple and mysterious, humble and glorious, most human and most heavenly, flows under that place like a hidden stream, rising at every turn in springs and fountains. The poor little village lives in and for her memory. Her presence haunts the ridges and the woods, treads the green pastures, follows the white road beside the river, and breathes in the never-resting valley-wind that marries the flowers in June and spreads their seed in August.

At the small basilica built to her memory on the place where her old beech-tree, "Fair May," used to stand, there was an ancient caretaker who explained to Pierre the pictures from the life of the Maid with which the walls are decorated. They are stiff and conventional, but the old man found them wonderful and told with zest the story of *La Pucelle*—how she saw her first vision; how she recognized the Dauphin in his palace at Chinon; how she broke the siege of Orléans; how she saw Charles crowned in the cathedral at Rheims; how she was burned at the stake in Rouen. But they could not kill her soul. She saved France.

In the village church there was a priest from the border of Alsace, also a pilgrim like Pierre, but one who knew the shrine better. He showed the difference between the new and the old parts of the building. Certain things the Maid herself had seen and touched.

"Here is the old holy-water basin, an antique, broken column hollowed out on top. Here her fingers must have

rested often. Before this ancient statue of St. Michel she must have often knelt to say her prayers. The curé of the parish was a friend of hers and loved to talk with her. She was a good girl, devout and obedient, not learned, but a holy and great soul. She saved France."

In the house where she was born and passed her childhood a crippled old woman was custodian. It was a humble dwelling of plastered stone standing between two tall fir-trees, with ivy growing over the walls, lilies and hollyhocks blooming in the garden. Pierre found it not half so good a house as "*L'Alouette*." But to the custodian it was more precious than a palace. In this upper room with its low mullioned window the Maid began her life. Here, in the larger room below, is the kneeling statue which the Princess Marie d'Orléans made of her. Here, to the right, under the sloping roof, with its worm-eaten beams, she slept and prayed and worked.

"See, here is the bread-board between two timbers where she cut the bread for the *croûte au pot*. From this small window she looked at night and saw the sanctuary light burning in the church. Here, also, as well as in the garden and in the woods, her heavenly voices spoke to her and told her what she must do for her king and her country. She was not afraid or ashamed, though she lived in so small a house. Here in this very room she braided her hair and put on her red dress, and set forth on foot for her visit to Robert de Baudricourt at Vaucouleurs. He was a rough man and at first he received her roughly. But at last she convinced him. He gave her a horse and arms and sent her to the king. She saved France."

At the rustic inn Pierre ate thick slices of dark bread and drank a stoup of thin red wine at noon. He sat at a bare table in the corner of the room. Behind him, at a table covered with a white cloth, two captains on furlough had already made their breakfast. They also were pilgrims, drawn by the love of Jeanne d'Arc to Domremy. They talked of nothing else but of her. Yet their points of view were absolutely different.

One of them, the younger, was short and swarthy, a Savoyard, the son of an Italian doctor at St.-Jean de Maurienne. He was a skeptic; he believed in Jeanne, but not in the legends about her.

"I tell you," said he, eagerly, "she was one of the greatest among women. But all that about her 'voices' was illusion. The priests suggested it. She had hallucinations. Remember her age when they began—just thirteen. She was clever and strong; doubtless she was pretty; certainly she was very courageous. She was only a girl. But she had a big, brave idea which possessed her—the liberation of her country. Pure? Yes. I am sure she was virtuous. Otherwise the troops would not have followed and obeyed her as they did. Soldiers are very quick about those things. They recognize and respect an honest woman. Several men were in love with her, I think. But she was *une nature froide*. The only thing that moved her was her big, brave idea—to save France. The Maid was a mother, but not of a mortal child. Her offspring was the patriotism of France."

The other captain was a man of middle age, from Lyons, the son of an architect. He was tall and pale and his large brown eyes had the tranquillity of a devout faith in them. He argued with quiet tenacity for his convictions.

"You are right to believe in her," said he, "but I think you are mistaken to deny her 'voices.' They were as real as anything in her life. You credit her when she says that she was born here, that she went to Chinon and saw the king, that she delivered Orléans. Why not credit her when she says she heard God and the saints speaking to her? The proof of it was in what she did. Have you read the story of her trial? How clear and steady her answers were! The judges could not shake her. Yet at any moment she could have saved her life by denying the voices. It was because she knew, because she was sure, that she could not deny. Her vision was a part of her real life. She was the mother of French patriotism—yes. But she was also the daughter of true faith. That was her power."

"Well," said the younger man, "she sacrificed herself and she saved France. That was the great thing."

"Yes," said the elder man, stretching his hand across the table to clasp the

hand of his companion, "there is nothing greater than that. If we do that, God will forgive us all."

They put on their caps to go. Pierre rose and stood at attention. They returned his salute with a friendly smile and passed out.

After a few moments he finished his bread and wine, paid his score, and followed them. He watched them going down the village street toward the railway station. Then he turned and walked slowly back to the spring in the dell.

The afternoon was hot, in spite of the steady breeze which came out of the north. The air felt as if it had passed through a furnace. The low, continuous thunder of the guns rolled up from Verdun, with now and then a sharper clap from St.-Mihiel.

Pierre was very tired. His head was heavy, his heart troubled. He lay down among the ferns, looking idly at the foxglove spires above him and turning over in his mind the things he had heard and seen at Domremy. Presently he fell into a profound sleep.

How long it was he could not tell, but suddenly he became aware of some one near him. He sprang up. A girl was standing beside the spring.

She wore a bright-red dress and her feet were bare. Her black hair hung down her back. Her eyes were the color of a topaz. Her form was tall and straight. She carried a distaff under her arm and looked as if she had just come from following the sheep.

"Good day, shepherdess," said Pierre. Then a strange thought struck him, and he fell on his knees. "Pardon, lady," he stammered. "Forgive my rudeness. You are of the high society of heaven, a saint. You are called Jeanne d'Arc?"

She nodded and smiled. "That is my name," said she. "Sometimes they call me *La Pucelle*, or the Maid of France. But you were right, I am a shepherdess, too. I have kept my father's sheep in the fields down there, and spun from the distaff while I watched them. I knew how to sew and spin as well as any girl in the Barrois or Lorraine. Will you not stand up and talk with me?"

Pierre rose, still abashed and confused. He did not quite understand how to take this strange experience—too simple for a heavenly apparition, too real for a common dream. "Well, then," said he, "if you are a shepherdess why are you here? There are no sheep here."

"But yes. You are one of mine. I have come here to seek you."

"Do you know me, then? How can I be one of yours?"

"Because you are a soldier of France and you are in trouble."

Pierre's head drooped. "A broken soldier," he muttered, "not fit to speak to you. I am running away because I am afraid of fear."

She threw back her head and laughed. "You speak very bad French. There is no such thing as being afraid of fear. For if you are afraid of it, you hate it. If you hate it, you will have nothing to do with it. And if you have nothing to do with it, it cannot touch you; it is nothing."

"But for you, a saint, it is easy to say that. You had no fear when you fought. You knew you would not be killed."

"I was no more sure of that than the other soldiers. Besides, when they bound me to the stake at Rouen and kindled the fire around me I knew very well that I should be killed. But there was no fear in it. Only peace."

"Ah, you were strong, a warrior born. You were not wounded and broken."

"Four times I was wounded," she answered, gravely. "At Orléans a bolt went through my shoulder. At Paris a lance tore my thigh. I never saw the blood of Frenchmen flow without feeling my heart stand still. I was not a warrior born. I knew not how to ride or fight. But I did it. What we must needs do that we can do. Soldier, do not look on the ground. Look up."

Then a strange thing took place before his eyes. A wondrous radiance, a mist of light, enveloped and hid the shepherdess. When it melted she was clad in shining armor, sitting on a white horse, and lifting a bare sword in her left hand.

"God commands you," she cried. "It is for France. Be of good cheer. Do not retreat. The fort will soon be yours!"

How should Pierre know that this was the cry with which the Maid had rallied

her broken men at Orléans when the fort of *Les Tourelles* fell? What he did know was that something seemed to spring up within him to answer that call. He felt that he would rather die than desert such a leader.

The figure on the horse turned away as if to go.

"Do not leave me," he cried, stretching out his hands to her. "Stay with me. I will obey you joyfully."

She turned again and looked at him very earnestly. Her eyes shone deep into his heart. "Here I cannot stay," answered a low, sweet, womanly voice. "It is late, and my other children need me."

"But forgiveness? Can you give that to me—a coward?"

"You are no coward. Your only fault was to doubt a brave man."

"And my wife? May I go back and tell her?"

"No, surely. Would you make her hear slander of the man she loves? Be what she believes you and she will be satisfied."

"And the absolution, the word of peace? Will you speak that to me?"

Her eyes shone more clearly; the voice sounded sweeter and steadier than ever. "After the penance comes the absolution. You will find peace only at the lance's point. Son of France, go, go, go! I will help you. Go hardily to Verdun."

Pierre sprang forward after the receding figure, tried to clasp the knee, the foot of the Maid. As he fell to the ground something sharp pierced his hand. It must be her spur, thought he.

Then he was aware that his eyes were shut. He opened them and looked at his hand carefully. There was only a scratch on it, and a tiny drop of blood. He had torn it on the thorns of the wild gooseberry-bushes.

His head lay close to the clear pool of the spring. He buried his face in it and drank deep. Then he sprang up, shaking the drops from his mustache, found his cap and pistol, and hurried up the glen toward the old Roman road.

"No more of that damned foolishness about Switzerland," he said, aloud. "I belong to France. I am going with the other boys to save her. I was born for that." He took off his cap and stood still for a moment. He spoke as if he were taking an oath. "By Jeanne d'Arc!"

IV

THE VICTORIOUS PENANCE

IT never occurred to Pierre Duval, as he trudged those long kilometers toward the front, that he was doing a penance.

The joy of a mind made up is a potent cordial.

The greetings of comrades on the road put gladness into his heart and strength into his legs.

It was a hot and dusty journey, and a sober one. But it was not a sad one. He was going toward that for which he was born. He was doing that which France asked of him, that which God told him to do. Josephine would be glad and proud of him. He would never be ashamed to meet her eyes. As he went, alone or in company with others, he whistled and sang a bit. He thought of "*L'Alouette*" a good deal. But not too much. He thought also of the forts of Douaumont and Vaux.

"*Dame!*" he cried to himself. "If I could help to win them back again! That would be fine! How sick that would make those cursed boches and their knock-kneed Crown Prince!"

At the little village of the headquarters behind Verdun he found many old friends and companions. They greeted him with cheerful irony.

"Behold the prodigal! You took your time about coming back, didn't you? Was the hospital to your taste, the nurses pretty? How is the wife? Any more children? How goes it, old man?"

"No more children yet," he answered, grinning; "but all goes well. I have come back from a far country, but I find the pigs are still grunting. What have you done to our old cook?"

"Nothing at all," was the joyous reply. "He tried to swim in his own soup and he was drowned."

When Pierre reported to the officer of the day, that busy functionary consulted the record.

"You are a day ahead of your time, Pierre Duval," he said, frowning slightly.

"Yes, sir," answered the soldier. "It costs less to be a day ahead than a day too late."

"That is well," said the officer, smiling in his red beard. "You will report to-morrow to your regiment at the citadel. You have a new colonel, but the regiment is busy in the old way."

As Pierre saluted and turned to go out his eye caught the look of a general officer who stood near, watching. He was a square, alert, vigorous man, his face bronzed by the suns of many African campaigns, his eyes full of intelligence, humor, and courage. It was Guillaumat, the new commander of the Army of Verdun.

"You are prompt, my son," said he, pleasantly, "but you must remember not to be in a hurry. You have been in hospital. Are you well again? Nothing broken?"

"Something was broken, my General," responded the soldier, gravely, "but it is mended."

"Good!" said the general. "Now for the front, to beat the Germans at their own game. We shall get them. It may be long, but we shall get them!"

That was the autumn of the offensive of 1916, by which the French retook, in ten days, what it had cost the Germans many months to gain.

Pierre was there in that glorious charge in the end of October which carried the heights of Douaumont and took six thousand prisoners. He was there at the recapture of the Fort de Vaux which the Germans evacuated in the first week of November. In the last rush up the slope, where he had fought long ago, a stray shell, an inscrutable messenger of fate, coming from far away, no one knows whence, caught him and ripped him horribly across the body.

It was a desperate mass of wounds. But the men of his squad loved their corporal. He still breathed. They saw to it that he was carried back to the little transit hospital just behind the Fort de Souville.

It was a rude hut of logs, covered with sand-bags, on the slope of the hill. The ruined woods around it were still falling to the crash of far-thrown shells. In the close, dim shelter of the inner room Pierre came to himself.

He looked up into the face of Father Courcy. A light of recognition and gratitude flickered in his eyes. It was like finding an old friend in the dark.

"Welcome!—But the fort?" he gasped.

"It is ours," said the priest.

Something like a smile passed over the face of Pierre. He could not speak for a long time. The blood in his throat choked him. At last he whispered:

"Tell Josephine—love."

Father Courcy bowed his head and took Pierre's hand. "Surely," he said. "But now, my dear son Pierre, I must prepare you—"

The struggling voice from the cot broke in, whispering slowly, with long intervals: "Not necessary. . . . I know already. . . . The penance. . . . France. . . . Jeanne d'Arc. . . . It is done."

A few drops of blood gushed from the corner of his mouth. The look of peace that often comes to those who die of gunshot wounds settled on his face. His eyes grew still as the priest laid the sacred wafer on his lips. The broken soldier was made whole.

The New Simplicity

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

MY first caption was "Democracy, Plumbing, and the War." That will hardly do as a title, for it does not hint the heart of the matter; though the war has precipitated conditions which our special form of democracy has long been preparing us for, and plumbing is perhaps as symbolic as it is ubiquitous in the American domestic scene. All three, with all their implications, are factors, certainly, in our present problem of living, and if war has brought that problem to acuteness, democracy and plumbing (and what they may be taken to stand for) have made us ripe for upheaval. Edison and his like are as responsible, in their way, as Thomas Jefferson or William Haywood. All three have, without doubt, contributed to the present and future dilemma of educated people in moderate circumstances. War has, of necessity, turned moderate circumstances to actual poverty; but democracy and plumbing were already preparing the *débâcle* for this group. All of us—the educated classes as well as the uneducated—are guilty together, that is, of pampering ourselves with physical comforts; and democracy always makes for materialism, because the only kind of equality that you can guarantee to a whole people is, broadly speaking, physical. Democracy and plumbing, as well as war, make the problem of our immediate future a rather special one. We do not share all phases of it with our Allies. Let me explain, a little, what I mean.

If America has led the world in labor-saving devices, it is because America is democratic on a bigger scale than any other country. The person who profits by the labor-saving device is the person who does the work. The fact that France and England have not kept pace with us in plumbing and tiled kitchens and electrical appliances does not mean—as we have sometimes fatuously taken it to mean—that they are less civilized than we. It means only that personal service has been, with them, cheaper and more a matter of course. Where prosperous Americans multiply vacuum cleaners and electric washing-machines and garbage-incinerators, prosperous Europeans multiply their number of servants. The Englishman really prefers a huge tin tub in his bedroom of a morning. We prefer to walk into the bathroom and turn on the tap. That preference may well have become so natural that we cannot explain it. But the origin of the American preference is surely that in America only the very rich could afford a personal servant whose duty it was to set up the tub, fetch in huge cans of water, and remove all traces of the bath as soon as it was done with. Even a few years ago, I remember having great difficulty in a London hotel of the better sort (but very English and almost totally unfrequented by Americans) in getting the chambermaid to procure me a slop-jar. The hotel was much too British to run to numbers of private baths. Hence the crying need of a slop-jar. The maid finally stole one for me from a room across the corridor, and assured me that the gentleman from whom she stole would not miss it. Nothing would induce her to resume, in his behalf, the treasure. I am informed, by friends who have more British social experience than I, that slop-jars are not in the best English tradition—because, theoretically, in the opulent old-fashioned household, as soon as you have washed your hands, the water in which you washed them, the towel on which you wiped them, mysteriously and gracefully disappear. Perfection of service lies in having plenty of dexterous servants lying in wait to discover your needs; so many servants, and such well-trained ones, that you

cannot wash your hands without their becoming aware of it and, with the least possible impinging on your notice, removing the traces of your ablutions. Perfection of service does not involve your emptying your own wash-basin, even into a slop-jar. Hence, no slop-jar.

Now there are very few of us who would take the trouble to invent a tiled bathroom if our tubs were automatically fetched, filled, and removed for us, all at the proper instant; or if a hot-water can miraculously sprang into being as soon as the desire for hot water seized us. There is no labor-saving device so perfectly convenient as ringing a bell and having some one else do the thing for you with complete competence. It is by no means strange that well-to-do Europeans have been content to be supremely waited upon, instead of making practical tasks mechanically easier for themselves. The goddess of the labor-saving invention is the woman who does all, or a good share, of "her own work." Old-fashioned English and French houses are cold; but (climate apart) nothing like so cold as American houses would be if Americans depended on open fires. For in England or France there are ten people to make the fires, to one in America. We simply dare not —again, climate apart—depend, as our British cousins have been wont to, on open fires. The average household cannot afford the servants to do incessant fire-making all over the house.

So we have multiplied devices, from the modest kitchen cabinet up; because that majority which advertisers and inventors are always trying to reach does a lot of things for itself. Even those Americans who always have had, and perhaps still will have, plenty of servants, have indulged in these devices. For pure philanthropy's sake? Well, I am afraid not quite. Rather, because the standard having been set by the mistress who is also the servant, the standard must be lived up to, or bona fide servants would complain. The interesting point is that in America the standard is set by the woman who does her own work or a part of it, or who may, at any given moment, have to occupy herself thus. We are, you see, a democracy beyond the democracies of other lands. For it is not simply a question of money; it is a question of our all being in the same boat.

I am not going into the servant question, for that is a question as trite as it is tragic. But, as we all know, even before the war it was growing acute. The best servants we had in the old days came from the countries where personal service was a tradition—chiefly from the territories of Great Britain. But northern Europe is ceasing to enter domestic service; rather, it seeks to employ. One has only to read the pathetic testimony in the daily press, in the "women's magazines," even sometimes in philanthropic periodicals. What they all say is that the only way you can keep your cook in your kitchen is to treat her as if she were the governess, or to give her factory hours and factory freedom—to put her on a level, that is, with the more independent worker. At that, they do not give us much hope of keeping her. But I fancy that, before we turn the whole house over to the cook, we shall dispense with her and get our meals from co-operative kitchens.

I have noticed of late years in the magazines that deal with architectural and decorative problems increasing stress on the absurdity of having a dining-room. Why absurd? For only one reason: that here is a room which must be cleaned, which, therefore, means more service. If you have your meals in the "living-room," you dispense with so much floor-and-wall space to be gone over. In only that sense is it absurd. For most of us will agree that while English lodgings are all very well, especially for a solitary creature, it is a painful business for a large family to eat three meals a day in a room which has to be lived in otherwise. All people may not have the prejudice known to some of us against social consumption of food; but any one will agree that the best dinner in the world leaves a smell behind it. A dining-room may be a luxury, but it is not an absurdity, so long as you can by any means afford it. If the esthetic and pseudo-esthetic experts in domesticity are telling us that a dining-room is ridiculous, it is only because they wish to prepare us for an inevitable contraction of our comfort, an unavoidable mitigation of de-

cency. The one most aristocratic element in life, physically speaking, is spaciousness; it has always been in the best tradition to be frugal to starvation in a corner of a palace. But we have come nowadays to care more for what we eat (I fear) than for how or where we eat it. The abolition of the dining-room is only a further step on the road we entered when we moved *en masse* out of houses into flats. It has been hard to get service; and meanwhile we have grown soft and would rather do without those amenities which are not conveniences than to furnish them for ourselves.

It must in fairness be admitted that two things have combined to bring us to this pass. The most obvious fact is this of the labor situation, which is now immensely accentuated by the war. But another force has always been at work. Except in that part of the country which imported slaves early and kept them as long as it could, more or less pioneer standards prevailed. We were a new country; we dispensed perforce (as in other colonies) with many of the inherited comforts. Our love of personal (I do not mean political) independence was a kind of protective coloring. The enforced simplicity of the pioneer scene bred in us a distaste for being waited on too importunately. Because we had to do certain things for ourselves, we developed a preference for doing them, a distaste for the constant interposition of another human being among the more private processes of existence. Even in the South, some modification of the tradition must have been necessary, for the South must always have been badly, though exuberantly, served. Here and there a butler, a lady's maid, may, after years of struggle, have been highly trained; and the colored race has a gift for cooking. But in many ways Southerners must have contended with the disheartening conditions faced by all English households in the outposts of empire, dependent on another and a stupid race for the satisfaction of their needs. Southern luxury lay in having a score of inadequate menials to keep the masters as comfortable as three or four really good servants would have done. It was slave labor, and slave labor reaches competence only by sheer force of numbers. There was never an ideal of domestic service there, because there was never the rounded conception of civilized domestic comfort in any slave's mind. And nothing is more slovenly or incompetent in domestic service than the younger generation of free-born negroes. I do not think the colored race is going to prove our domestic salvation.

We welcomed the labor-saving device, in the first place, for the reasons I have given. By the labor-saving device we have been brought insensibly to an almost animal dependence on creature comforts. With all our theoretical glorification of simplicity, we have really prided ourselves supremely on our physical luxuries, and most of all, it must be said, on those physical luxuries which have no esthetic value. Our plumbing has been our civilization. The European aristocracy is for the most part not so "comfortable" as the American middle class; and therefore we have considered ourselves the greatest nation in the world. We have been snobbish about many things, but about nothing so much as our electrical appliances and our skyscrapers. We have sinned; all of us together, as I said before; and now we are paying. Simplicity, austerity, even, are forced upon us; and it behooves those of us who really care, in spite of temporary apostasies, about real values, to take thought and to plan. The vital question is not whether we shall simplify, but how. On that depends our civilization.

Neither the new war millionaires nor skilled labor can teach us that. We shall have need of all our trained perceptions, of all our first-hand and all our book knowledge, of what money has been most wisely spent for in the past, to make our choice intelligently. The new millionaires and the enriched laboring-man will not, for the most part, be able to help us; for, by and large, having no experience of the finer things of civilization, they will not know. For ourselves, it does not much matter—for us who have seen a world in ruin and can never "care" for anything in the same way again—but this is perhaps our first duty to our children. They cannot have all the things we were brought up to crave and expect; but they must have the

essentials. What, in a practical sense, are those going to be?

The Pennsylvania miner, making from forty to seventy-five dollars a week, buys an automobile—not necessarily a Ford—which waits for him at the entrance to the mine. His wife buys finery. Both buy the best food they can get. It has been publicly said, I understand, by a distinguished representative of the Food Administration, that almost every class of the community was doing its duty in the way of food conservation, except skilled labor. That is the class which cannot be reached by appeal. The very poorest are still very poor, and they have neither the money nor the knowledge to enable them to indulge in forbidden gastronomic luxuries. The rich are apparently—in most cases—making it a point of honor to help out. But skilled labor, which is so necessary to the prosecution of the war, which has never in its life been so pampered, so flattered, so kowtowed to, so overpaid (yes, I mean that; it is overpaid, and I will explain what I mean presently), has lost its head. It probably believes the things the politicians and its own leaders have been saying to it. It will work, and consider itself patriotic for working—but it will exact from the rest of us, the public, a price it has no right to, and, lest the honor of our country and the ideals we fight for be lost, we shall pay it. It may be that the reckoning will come later; or it may be that we are so sunk in materialism that skilled labor will continue to rule the earth. Just so long as we feel our greatest need to be of the things it furnishes us with, and its greatest need is for the things we cannot furnish it with, our necks will be bowed under labor's yoke. Our only chance of emancipation lies in finding some of our greatest goods in fields not under labor's control. In other words, to live at all, in any peace, in any equanimity and longanimity, we must be as little materialistic in temper and desire as possible. We must teach our children that the greatest goods are not the things that skilled labor produces. That is not only truth; it is self-preservation. Labor will have the motor-cars and the delicacies of the table, the jewels and the joy-rides; we must see to it that we keep something else, and learn to feel the importance of our treasure. If we can maintain a prestige value for the things of our choice (frankly, I doubt if we can) "the lords of their hands" may come to desire the things we have chosen, and help to make them accessible. But we must be careful to make no concessions; we must not take one step, ourselves, in the materialistic direction.

This is not snobbishness; it is a matter of life and death. No one is going to have leisure, any more, to be a snob or any such non-essential thing. At least, if any one has the time, it will not be the educated classes. We shall have to work as we have never worked before, physically as well as mentally. We shall have to learn to co-operate with one another, too; to make an almost religious brotherhood. For it is our children who matter, and we cannot begin too soon to prepare them for a world which has nothing in common with the world we knew. Only by joining in utmost effort with the like-minded can we hope to protect them.

I know there are Utopians who see in the socialization of Anglo-Saxon governments hope, along Marxian lines, for Anglo-Saxondom. They foresee, I suppose, the kind of Paradise that the Admirable Crichton (in Barrie's immoral and delightful play) must have experienced on the desert island. There is going to be only one party in England, Mr. Arthur Henderson has recently said—the Labor party. It may be. Let us hope that some of the "unattached leaders" will at least preserve logic if they do not preserve majorities. Mr. Henderson's own argument is about as convincing as though one should say: in certain abnormal conditions martial law is the only régime that will work; therefore, since civil law has been found inadequate to conditions of riot and pestilence and famine, we must give it up altogether, and make martial law perpetual.

The real arguments against private, and for public, ownership are, of course, quite other than those Mr. Henderson offers. The point is that Mr. Henderson evidently does not know bad logic when he sees it. Let Mr. Henderson and his

followers keep the motor-cars, one is inclined to say, and we will keep the logic he discards. Private perception of the laws of logic is something we shall not be taxed for; though—let us not deceive ourselves—we shall have to make sacrifices to keep it. If we can acquire logic, we may have it. It may be increasingly difficult to maintain the methods of acquiring it: the best education, moral and intellectual, was becoming endangered before the war, and there is no telling what may become of it afterward.

I seem to have wandered far afield from plumbing; and yet plumbing (as a symbol of materialistic comfort) is more than germane to the question. The group whose problem I am concerned with is a very large one, though always, anywhere, a minority: the professional man, the man in the smaller business positions, the man on a salary, who has been decently bred, and who can never look forward to any real financial fortune. I do not include every one who has to economize strictly, for a large proportion of the people who have to economize strictly are totally uneducated as to real values. But distinctly I include any of the last mentioned who are alive to something besides materialistic needs. I do not include the people who want intellectual and esthetic goods only for social and snobbish reasons or out of blind jealousy. That group, in any case, will cease to exist if intellectual and esthetic goods cease to have a social value—as is more and more definitely coming to be the case. They were never anything but paid mercenaries in the struggle.

How are we going to save, for our children and our children's children, the real amenities of life? Hitherto the new millionaires, for reasons of social prestige, have tended to link themselves to the group of the civilized. But the new millionaire has always been an individual case, and has, therefore, had to make concessions to the group already established. What we have never had before is the proletariat suddenly becoming, overnight, in its vast numbers, at once richer and more powerful politically than the little "educated" aristocracy. We all know what happens when that happens; if we had forgotten the French Revolution (and since 1914 a good many of us have) we have the Russian Revolution to remind us. In this morning's newspaper I saw that the daily bread ration in Petrograd was one-half a pound for the proletariat, one-eighth of a pound for the bourgeoisie. That may or may not be true, but there is nothing in known facts to make it incredible. Even granting that skilled labor is not going to Bolshevikize itself completely, there is no doubt that the minority of which I speak is going to be virtually, if not theoretically, discriminated against. Labor is not going to draw distinctions between employers of labor; the college professor is going to have to pay the plumber, the carpenter, at as exorbitant rates as the great manufacturer. Any one who employs labor at all—even if it is only to repair a leak—is going to be gouged. All along the line, the producers of every necessary element in civilized physical existence are going to rob the ultimate consumer. It is labor that is responsible for the high cost of living. Labor may say that the high cost of living is responsible for its increased demands. In point of fact, there is every evidence that labor at present is demanding money, not for the necessities of life, but for the luxuries—just like the capitalists they have so inveighed against. One would have to be a professional reformer to be shocked. Any knowledge of human nature leaves one perfectly unsurprised by this phenomenon. Most men have always wanted as much as they could get; and possession has always blunted the fine edge of their altruism. That is what labor has always said about the employers of labor; and the employers can say it quite as truly of the employed. So long as you make the basis of life materialistic this law will prevail.

What, then, are we going to do about it? We shall not be able to afford many of the luxuries we once thought necessities, and we must decide, with the utmost possible wisdom, what are necessities and what are not. We had better make our list as short as possible, at that. Obvious luxuries we shall not have: motor-cars, fine clothing, plenty of domestic service, the joys of travel. It is costing us more, all the time, to provide

the hygienic necessities for our children; pure milk, nourishing food, good air, healthful recreation, seasonable clothing. I do not mean complicated food, or extravagant amusements, or elaborate clothing; I mean the irreducible minimum required for health and simple comfort and decency. And we cannot all—especially the professional people—go back to the farm and live on our own produce. We have to struggle along as best we can in the communities to which our work has called us.

In some ways the life of the spirit and the life of the intellect have always been expensive. The more obvious material comforts—rich food, for example—have not been necessary to either. Neither, in a sense, has fine clothing or expensive furniture. Yet it must be remembered that both the life of the spirit and the life of the intellect tend, in most cases, to develop the sense of beauty; and that too much ugliness can become a pain and an obstacle to calm. There is a simplicity that is pleasing, and a simplicity that is hideous. Leaving aside the social importance of good clothes and good furniture, there is, in downright ugliness, a power to fret the soul, a power to lessen the power to work. But we will neglect, for the moment, the esthetic side of it. In the matter of food we will willingly simplify. In the matter of adornment, whether of our persons or of our houses, we shall have to simplify, and we can only hope that our simplification can be conducted more along quantitative than along qualitative lines. We shall try to omit rather than commit; to be austere rather than cheap.

The matter of servants is going to hit us harder; for only with "help"—in the quite literal sense—can we manage to get any peace or any time, in the hours left free by our wage-earning, for reading, for contemplation, for conversation. The "general houseworker" has tended to disappear; which is an acknowledgment that when a great many different things have to be done, one human being cannot stand the strain. Only by her being helped out by the family, only by some features of household service being scanted or ill done, could the general houseworker ever manage to keep outside her job. The good cook could not also be the perfect parlor-maid and the perfect child's nurse. Neither can the good physician, the good lawyer, the good clergyman, also be the perfect choreman, the perfect gardener, and the perfect butler—with hours of casual bookkeeping, plumbing, and carpentering. Even if he had the talent, he would not have the time; for the physician, the lawyer, and the clergyman are not safeguarded by an "eight-hour day." His wife, moreover, even if she has no private intellectual interests, cannot suffice to all the modern domestic tasks any more than can the general houseworker, who has faded out of existence precisely because she could not. We shall modify as we can; shall have our food sent in from outside where that is possible; shall buy vacuum cleaners (on the instalment plan); shall win occasional hours of freedom by hiring some safe person to come in and watch over the children while they sleep. Hospitality will, of necessity, be much curtailed. Our personal freedom—in any familiar sense of the term—will be almost *nil*. We might defy our house, our garden, our table, our door-bell, to shackle us; but we cannot defy our children to shackle us.

In these ways, we shall probably intrigue for the life of the spirit, the life of the intellect. But, still, they are expensive. Education—good education—is, in the first place, expensive. I do not know how much it costs to make a man a good plumber or a good coal-miner or a good carpenter; but I am sure it does not cost so much as it does to make him a good doctor or a good clergyman. It takes seven years after the "prep," school or the high school to start the professional man on his road, costing fairly heavily all the time. That is why I said that skilled labor is overpaid—it gets an exorbitant return for its expenditure. Most of us hope to have college for our boys, even if they do not take up a profession—just because we think that education is going to matter to a man, all his life, no matter in what field he works. The joys of travel, as I intimated, are going to be cut out for most of us; the opera and the play will become infrequent blessings. But we shall have to

have some books—even if we do not start the furnace until December. Indeed, the books we have ourselves are perhaps going to be our best guarantee of our children's being educated at all. To be sure, we shall be taxed on them, with increasing heaviness; but then, the coal-miner will (let us hope) be taxed on his motor-car.

It may be that we shall come to state-endowed motherhood, and all the rest. But the trouble is that all these socialistic schemes are based on a lower-class demand on life. State endowment of motherhood will perhaps have to come; but what does it guarantee except the child born under decent conditions? The health of the mother, and through her of the child, is to be safeguarded. Very well. *Et après?* Pure milk may be provided at municipal stations; there will be a day nursery and then a public kindergarten. There will follow—if modern "educators" have their way—the whole desolating career in the public schools, where real education is reduced to a minimum, and "vocational" training is substituted. The child will, in time, be graduated into the ranks of skilled labor, and perhaps will eventually have his motor-car and his tiled bathroom and his "movie" every night.

Yet for some of us this is not a supremely cheering prospect, because it is a wholly materialistic vision. Certainly it is a good thing to start with health as a requisite. Certainly everything that can be done to insure a healthy childhood, in every case where it is physically possible, should be done. But the great mistake of the reformers is to believe that life begins and ends with health, and that happiness begins and ends with a full stomach and the power to enjoy physical pleasures, even of the finer kind. It may be that the enormous expense of guaranteeing health to all children born in our vast American community will take all the money that the community has. It may be that no one will ever be free to devote his health to pursuing the life of the mind and the spirit—to the purposes, that is, of civilization not purely physical. But we have not come to that yet; and the war is there to remind us that we really do not know precisely what will come. If real socialism—as distinguished from our temporary utilization of certain socialistic methods—comes, we shall inevitably turn our backs on civilization for a time. Successful socialism depends on the perfectibility of man. Unless all, or nearly all, men are high-minded and clear-sighted, it is bound to be a rotten failure in any but a physical sense. Even though it is altruism, socialism means materialism. You can guarantee the things of the body to every one, but you cannot guarantee the things of the spirit to every one; you can guarantee only that the opportunity to seek them shall not be denied to any one who chooses to seek them. And socialism, believing as it must (to hold its head high) in the spiritual as well as the political equality of men, is not going to create special opportunities for the special case. "To hell with the special case" is implicit in the socialist slogan. Do you see any majority, anywhere, in this imperfect and irreligious world, admitting that the minority is precious? That any minority is precious? Is there any evidence whatever that the socialist is less avid of personal political power, less averse to demagogic methods, than the other person? Does he himself go far to prove his perfectionism? A good many socialists are calling other socialists names because they put nationality before internationality; though any one with any sense could have told them beforehand that they would, because human beings are—fortunately or unfortunately—like that. Lenine and Trotzky are disappointed because the German socialists do not rise to betray their rulers; and some socialists are disappointed because Lenine and Trotzky appear to be selling Russia out to Germany in order to keep themselves—two individuals—in places of power. Every one is calling names all round; and if socialism were anything in particular, it would (one would think) be very sorry for itself.

What is clear is this: that the socialization of governments places vast power in the hands of the skilled laborer. It is only in order that labor shall produce as fast and as furiously as possible that we have socialized our national organization. We need, chiefly for war's sake, certain physical things—food, muni-

tions, coal, khaki clothing, and transportation for the same. We are calling for Y. M. C. A. men, and K. of C., and chaplains; but what we really expect of them, more than anything else, is to go under fire, if necessary, to give the soldiers tobacco and hot chocolate. The newspapers lay eager and delighted stress on the unclerical nature of the services these gentlemen find themselves cheerfully performing. War, you see, is a physical business. Of the spiritual side of it I am not going to speak. No one really can speak of it in terms of actual achievement until the armies have come home and we see what manner of men they are. You cannot tell from the straws you see which way the great last wind of all is going to blow. Some wise people doubt whether the veterans of this war are going to spiritualize the world. Many of them will have had, at this or that supreme moment, something akin to a spiritual revelation. But the spiritual adventure is a desperately and exclusively personal thing; you cannot socialize it. It is incommunicable, and for the most part inexpressible. The attempt to socialize a spiritual experience ends in the camp-meeting; it goes no farther. Like all mental ecstasies, it cannot be felt simultaneously by millions of people. I fancy that the opinions the veterans are going to express at the polls are quite unforeknowable. We are all willingly kow-towing to the materialists for the sake of the armies. Whether the armies will wish to kow-tow to them when the war is over is a question more difficult of present solution than the Balkan boundaries. Certainly, if the armies have developed an *esprit de corps* and a philosophy of their own, they will be listened to. We shall inevitably be very sentimental about them. Whether we shall continue to be sentimental about the man who selected this moment to hold up his country and his compatriots for exorbitant pay, and demonstrated his patriotism by earning it, I do not know. We can deal only with the present situation.

What, the present outlook being what it is, can we count on for our children? We shall be practically aided, in time, as I have said, by all sorts of co-operative schemes—invented for the use of the very poor, and adapted and expanded, of necessity, for the not quite so poor. Some of the amenities of life, some of the space and the privacy, will have gone irretrievably. After considerations of health come considerations of education. We shall not be able, probably, to afford private schools for our children; and our sole comfort must be that most private schools are not much good, anyhow. They are a little safer gamble, in most communities, than the public schools. That is all. We, the parents, must supplement the bad teaching as best we can, must keep at least some spark of intelligent interest in the universe alive by the gas-log. It may well become our painful and subversive duty to inform our children, from the beginning, that what is being offered them by the state as education is not really education at all; and that teaching a boy how to make bookshelves is in no sense a substitute for teaching him to read and appreciate Latin. (Better not mention Greek!) It is very desirable, if not absolutely necessary, for our daughter to know how to cook; but we must not permit her to consider that domestic science is education, in the proper sense. We must keep the fact before ourselves and before the next generation that the training of the mind does not mean quite the same thing as the training of the muscles. Time was when a cobbler—and I do not mean anything so remote and legendary as Hans Sachs—found philosophy a very natural complement to cobbling. I knew a cobbler in my childhood who was much in demand among the intellectuals, as being one of the few people who could expound Emerson's transcendentalism in a completely satisfactory way. He went about—I can still recall the spun snow of his hair, the canny saintliness of his much-modeled face, the thin figure under the long black cloak—to philosophical conferences to discuss metaphysics with the metaphysicians; and returned to sit in his little shop and cobble shoes. But one has yet to hear of philosophy's coming from a member of the lasters' union. Machinery means specialization; and it is an old story that there is no mental comfort or development in repeating the same gesture for

eight hours a day, even if one has time and a half for overtime. The single gesture is not educative. When you saw the shoe as an entity, when it grew under your hands and you built up the whole consciously from the related parts; even when you were a mere cobbler, a physician to sick shoes, and had to know the whole shoe-organism—there was something in that humblest, most physical of tasks which demanded a conception in the brain. That time is gone, and if William Morris in the flesh could not bring it back, certainly his ghost will not. But if you think for a moment of the difference in mental attitude and mental grasp, it shows up skilled labor for what it is.

I am far from saying that, in this much simpler world which the increasing complication of life is going, paradoxically, to create for some of us, it is a bad thing that children should be "vocationally" trained. (You cannot say "vocationally educated," for that is virtually a contradiction in terms.) Even so, it is only to a very limited degree that our sons can be, in the intervals, their own plumbers or their own carpenters or their own masons, for the unions will never allow it. It is a very minor tinkering that is permitted to the private person. You cannot help to paint your own woodwork in your own house, for the union painter will leave his job if you touch your private paint-brush in his presence. What good, after all, is this famous vocational training, except as you definitely choose to follow through life some one of the trades they teach you? It will not really make the whole man more efficient; for he will not be allowed to use his potential efficiency. It may teach him whether he prefers to be a steamfitter or a bricklayer; but it cannot guarantee him any power to practise either steamfitting or bricklaying, unless he is willing to forsake all else and cling only to that. Never was such nonsense talked by any one as by the new "educators." Labor frankly uses the argument of might and the big stick; but labor, as far as I know, does not pretend that it is something else. It rests its case cynically on our own pampered inability to get on without it.

"Philosophy can bake no bread," replied some philosopher to his critics, "but it can give us God, freedom, and immortality." Those are the last things, I take it, that modern philosophy is really concerned with giving us; but the perversity of one generation need not obscure all history. It is possible for the contemplation of great ideas, of great art, of great poetry, of the epic motions of the human race as revealed in history, to mitigate physical deprivation. It is possible to have plain living and high thinking together—though it is not easy, and never has been, and some of the best-known exponents of that theory have been pitiful failures. Certainly we of the minority must accept for ourselves austerities we were not bred to in our easy-going, materialistic generation. Without taking, like St. Simeon, to the wilful discomfort of a pillar, we must learn to do without a hundred "necessities" that Dante and Shakespeare never dreamed of. We must keep it possible for our children to delight in Dante and Shakespeare; we must not let the authentic intellectual thrill disappear from the world. And, for that, we must insist that the past be not closed to them, and that learning shall not be an unknown good. They will have to do it on bread and milk, not on caviare; but it can be done on bread and milk. That is the point.

I confess that as I look forth in these distressed times on the vast American scene, I find myself pinning my hope to two things—the self-consciousness of this minority, and the older Eastern universities. For unless we plan our simplicities cannily, the other people will have won out; and unless the older universities keep up a standard of learning, hold the door open, by main force, to the past, the garnered lore of the world will fail us. We shall progress—but blindly, as the brute creation. The fact is that we are living in an obscurantist epoch. For surely it is obscurantism to deny the legitimacy of any field of knowledge or of virtue, and those folk who would reduce everything to a physical basis are as deadly foes of light as their ancestors who saw in physical experiments nothing but the black art. Every sane person wants science left free to accomplish its marvelous work;

but no sane person past early youth would say, as a young woman fresh from her college laboratories said to me a few days since, that chemistry is the root of all knowledge. The Protestants, when they were on top, were as given to obscurantism, and its accompaniment of persecution, as the Catholics.

In the matter of education, as I have suggested, we shall have to rely on the older colleges of the East. We cannot count on the West to help us, for the West is cursed with state universities. It is by no means my intention or my private inclination to minimize the value of the state universities. The point is that they are uncertain; they are not free; they are dependent, in the last analysis, on public favor, which means public funds, on a kind of initiative and referendum. They may have good luck and become great schools of learning; they may have bad luck and become indifferent and negligible places. They are not really allowed to set their own standards; they must ever be compromising with the personnel of state legislatures. The private colleges and universities of the East at least are not dependent on politics. Their funds are for the most part inadequate, but they do not have to change their curricula to please people who know nothing about what a curriculum should be. As long as their private fortunes last, they can afford to say the thing which they believe to be true. One of the most heartening things that have happened since 1914 is the acquisition of great wealth by Yale University. It means—one hopes—that one at least of our old academic foundations can snap its fingers at ignorance enthroned; that it can send out its thousands endowed with some sense of intellectual values. Intellectual values are not the only ones; but most sane people believe that only by the rigid training of the mind can human beings be taught wise living and moral values. There is no morality by instinct, though there can be morality by inherited inhibitions. There is no social salvation—in the end—without taking thought; without mastery of logic and application of logic to human experience. These things, because they are not the natural man, are not carelessly come by; they must be deliberately achieved. You will not learn them from the Bolsheviki, or from the I. W. W., or even from Mr. Arthur Henderson. A great deal is said nowadays about practical politics and the rôle of the practical man in building the social structure. Before you can carry out an idea you must have the idea. You cannot get rid of the world of abstract thought. One after the other, leaders of the Church are laying more and more stress on religion's being a strictly social matter. Perhaps it is, though I do not believe it. I should have said that social regeneration was a by-product of religion, not religion itself. But even the folk who think that Christianity means no slums, and means little else, derive their sanction—or think they do—from Christ, who dealt in abstract ideas more exclusively than any other religious teacher the world has had.

We must, then, seriously facing the moral, political, and physical conditions of our time, be frankly ascetic. We must make our children healthy, first of all—if only because specialists will be beyond our pocketbooks. I have implied that the combination of plain living and high thinking is a difficult one; I fancy it is the most difficult in the world. "The hand of less employment hath the daintier sense." We shall obliterate the coarser contacts, as far as possible, not by engaging other people to take the burden of those coarser contacts, but by buying, as we can, the machinery that will suffice to them impersonally. We shall "co-operate" to the limit of our incomes, losing thereby, I repeat, many of the amenities which tend to civilize. We shall not sleep soft, we shall not live high, and we shall do without external beauty to a painful extent. We shall exist in cramped quarters, and if we achieve the dignity of one spacious room, that will be a great deal. We cannot hope to furnish it fittingly. But if we have a dollar to spend on some wild excess, we shall spend it on a book, not on asparagus out of season. If we have a holiday, we shall not go to Europe or Asia, which would be beyond our means; but we shall find some quiet spot where there will at least be trees and sky and no motor-cars or aero-

planes. We shall, I hope, ameliorate our lack of space and privacy by a very perfectly developed courtesy and by the capacity for silence. It sounds monastic, and, at its best, monastic it will be. Certain things we shall have given up at the start; certain ambitions will have been erased from our tablets. We shall not compete with, or interfere with, the lords of this world. We shall do our modest work, and receive our modest pay, and by a corresponding modesty of life and temper we shall disarm, we hope, the unsympathetic and uncomprehending. Our kingdom cannot be of this world; and instead of complaining and criticizing, we must apply ourselves to realizing that our compensations can be made greater than our losses. We shall be passionately concerned with humanity; the more so, that we shall endeavor to be aware of the voice of God as well as of the voice of the people. We shall not be snobs in any sense; for we shall have the same charity for other people's choices that we beg them to have for ours. Besides, snobbishness dies out quickly—in America, at least—among the impoverished.

Even those who find all this an intolerable idea will dub it Utopian. A counsel of perfection it certainly is. But the higher the standard we set for ourselves the less likely we are to put up with a low one. And if we merely drift, I fear we shall find ourselves getting nothing—wearing ourselves out in the unequal, familiar race for physical privileges, and leaving to one side the intangible goods. We can guarantee our children nothing except that they shall be armored against certain kinds of suffering; the lust of non-essentials, for example. I do not say that we shall not lose much that our best interest would suggest our having; but we shall not lose everything. And with the new simplicity will come some of the compensations of earlier simplicity. The man who has three things gets more pleasure out of one than does the man who has a hundred. Perhaps we shall capture the "joy in widest commonalty spread." A rose will always be cheaper than an alligator pear, and it is quite possible to enjoy it as much and as vividly. We shall be very grateful, I have no doubt, to Thomas Edison and the other genii of democracy. In some ways we shall fare better than folk of our clan in Europe. We must thank our stars for plumbing—itself a "joy in widest commonalty spread." But we shall value it chiefly as it releases time for better things, and those better things not physical pleasures.

Not only shall we not glorify our plumbing with marble; we shall see that there is really no sense in marble when porcelain will do as well—that marble has better uses and should be kept for them. Not only shall we have no ermine to shield us from the cold; we shall see that ermine was more beautiful when rarely and ritually worn. We shall learn to take pleasure in beautiful things that do not and never can belong to us; and we shall purge ourselves of the ignoble passion of envy. But the power to discriminate between the truth and a lie—which is the foundation of all moral and intellectual enjoyment—we shall cling to with greed. For in keeping that we rob no one, and insult no law. I am far from believing that any group of people can achieve all this with completeness. But I believe we shall do well to set it before us as a goal.

A Spree D'Esprit

BY SOPHIE KERR

TO begin, this story happened in those incredible, hardly-to-be-remembered days before the great war, when women did not carry knitting-bags, when fires and floods and murder trials were still to be seen on the front page of our metropolitan press, when sugar and coal were negligible necessities, and when the prancings in shining armor of William II were smiled at as a mere harmless personal idiosyncracy. It is difficult indeed to recall those days, and to none perhaps is it more difficult than to the two chief personages of this story. Victor, erstwhile chief captain of the Rose Room of the Hotel Palais, is now the greatly beloved and greatly daring captain of a company of bearded, fierce, fighting poilus, and Count Leopold, true to his tradition, has voluntarily followed into exile one Nicholas Nicholaievitch, once a royal grand duke and generalissimo of Russia. Neither of them is likely to chance upon this pleasant tale, but if they should, I know that each will smile a smile of hilarious memory.

He was aged, yet ageless, Count Leopold. Looking at him, it was impossible to think that he had ever been a wee, cuddlesome baby, a skinny-legged, shrill-voiced school-boy, or even a young man-about-town, with little mustache and cigarette. He seemed always to have been old. Yet he was not decrepit. His physician saw to that. He did not suggest decay or senility. But he did suggest, to a superlative degree, entire sophistication, decades of experience and a calm indifference to all save his appetite.

Count Leopold was short and thick. His head was bald and pink and round, and he had long white side whiskers, cut knowingly in a foreign fashion. His clothes were *du monde*, oh, very much so. The dullest eye might comprehend that he employed a superlative tailor. He had a monocle, had Count Leopold, and he managed it without difficulty.

When he came to live at the Hotel Palais, in one of the best suites, it was whispered about that he was a Russian nobleman, here on a diplomatic mission of the greatest delicacy. His tips were princely. Also constant. On holidays he double-tipped—every one—the bell-boys, the housekeeper, the maids, the floor clerks, the elevator men, the cloak-room attendants, the doorman, the cab-starter—all experienced his bounty.

In the dining-room he tipped most lavishly of all. There was a reason for this—namely, the count was a gourmet. He adored food. He spent hours over each meal, and solemnly ordered and counter-ordered and consulted with the waiter and the captain and sent careful messages (and more tips) to the chefs. A new flavor was to him as blessed as sunshine and blue sky, or even more so.

Yet, though Count Leopold was a gourmet, he was no gourmand. His doctor forbade it. Of the array of dishes he ordered, he frequently took no more than the merest nibble. He might select three vintages and take only one swallow of each. But he extracted ecstasy from his tastings and sippings and playings with his food—greater than a hungry man who eats a steak for the first time in a month. A true epicure, Count Leopold.

By all the rights of the dining-room, he should have been served by Victor, chief captain of the Rose Room, and a very great man indeed in his knowledge of food and how to serve it and how to manage the captious public who eats. Yet it so chanced that when Count Leopold came to the Palais he chose a week when Victor was at home, sick with grippe. Judge of Victor's annoyance when he returned, still a little feverish and inclined to be peevish, to

find that this lavish new-comer, a permanent guest, had fallen into the clutches of Christakos, one of the under-captains, a Greek, and a wily one.

Victor, a true Frenchman, had long watched with dismay the intrusion of the Greek waiters into the Hotel Palais and the city's restaurant life generally.

"FOR W'AT SHOULD THIS FAT OLE WHITE-W'ISKAIRE THINK HE IS RULE IN MY ROSE ROOM!"

He had most reluctantly taken them on his force, because, forsooth, there were no French or Swiss to be had, but he hated to do it. Christakos, he grudgingly admitted, was clever, and had the head with him, and finally he had made Christakos an under-captain, simply because he had to have another under-captain and there was no other eligible candidate. But he disciplined Christakos severely and kept him very much in check.

And now, in his absence, Christakos had bagged Count Leopold, and the count, not realizing that he was discarding real gold for spurious, had told the management—also before Victor's return—that he wanted this particular place in the Rose Room and this particular captain, and the waiter that this particular captain had chosen for him, and that he wanted no others, and if they were changed without his knowledge, he, the count, would simply depart to some other hotel. He would not stay to argue. It was particularly galling because Victor needed the money. There was his young brother Albert, a real student, a youth of possibilities, who *must* be sent to the Sorbonne. And Victor's father, formerly a hale and hearty old bourgeois of Rennes, was now sorely crippled by rheumatics, — always prefaced by "*cet diable*" in the old chap's speech. There were other brothers and sisters, besides Albert, who in the way of youth needed continually clothes, food, shelter. It was distinctly Victor's part to supply them. And so he did, willingly. But it made dents in his bank-account and caused him to desire greatly all extra money that might be acquirable. Alas, that the count was not available as a negotiable asset.

The Hotel Palais, through one William Percy, third assistant manager, a slim youth in a cutaway, had told Victor that the count desired the service of Christakos alone, thereby causing Victor to wave agitated hands.

"Name of a name!" he exclaimed. "For w'at should this fat ole White-w'iskaire think he is rule in my Rose

Room! Me, I will change waiter an' capitaine, an' glass an' knife an' fork on him, *tout entière*, if it seem propaire. He has some nerves, *Monsieur le Conte*."

"All I have to say is this," said William Percy, who was a peaceable soul, but to whom business was always business, "that if you try any funny business with the count, as sure as shooting you'll get fired, Victor. That old boy is ready money and mustn't be trifled with. Leave him in peace and let Christakos wait on him. Take it from me, you'll regret it otherwise."

The nonchalant William Percy sauntered away, then, pausing by the flower-stand and regarding the orchids and roses and carnations for a moment thoughtfully, he sauntered back. Possibly those innocent flowers inspired him. At any rate, he observed Victor knowingly, and remarked, *sotto voce:*

"If you can't put something over on Christakos without rough stuff, Victor, why, then you don't deserve to win out. Get me?"

With a slight motion of the eyelid, which might or might not have been a wink, he sauntered away again. Victor watched his retreating back and was strangely consoled.

"'Ow I 'ave misjudge' that Monsieur Percy," he meditated. "I 'ave said, more times as once, zat he is no better to look at as one monkey on a stick, an' now he throws zose fire coals on me wiz a kindness. I mus' not be so quick a judge, me. *Eh, bien*—I will not try ze stuff rough on zat *perfide* Christakos. But I will put it over, I swear, for I mus' not leave him ze *triomphe*."

Yes, but this was much easier to say than to do. It was not pleasant to see one's under-captain, a man over whom one holds power to hire and fire, a man with too much white in the eye, thereby clearly indicating his base nature, a man who regards catering to patrons as a sordid commercial thing and not as a fine art—it was, I say, not pleasant to see such a one in chief control of a needed gold-mine that should have been yours by all the right of authority and superiority. Christakos, forsooth, catering to an epicure! It was to laugh. And, though outwardly Victor was calm and suave, at heart he raged.

He could not but see, however, that Christakos was artful in handling the count. Artful, yes—and perfidious. Victor was unobtrusively alert these days. He gave Christakos just one week to weary and disgust the count. But it did not happen. When he saw Christakos fixing things in the chafing-dish with his own hands, he began to suspect. He watched, more alert than ever. At last Jules, whom Victor had trained from sniveling 'bus-boy to peerless waiter, discovered the secret and brought it to his master.

"Figure to yourself, monsieur," he whispered excitedly to Victor, as the captain stood grandly at the door of the Rose Room and gave and withheld tables as an emperor might give or withhold a royal order. "Figure to yourself, *mon maître!* Christakos, *ce nom d'un nom d'un nom*—'e has thieved to himself your recipes! He feed to the count as his own invent your dishes, *si magnifiques, si originels!* Ah, *quel perfide, quel horreur!*"

"W'at!" asked Victor, paling under the shock. "'As 'e gave to ze count my spaghetti wiz chicken livaires, Jules? Answer me! An' my divine *filet piqué à la Richelieu?*"

Jules nodded. "*Oui.* An' ze *côtelettes à la Soubise.*"

"Zis is terrible!" exclaimed Victor. "Zis is *tragédie*, my good Jules. Go, you 'ave serve me well. Go—I mus' furiously to think. It is up to me to catch zis rascal Christakos dead to ze right. An' zen some of it. Ah, *mon Dieu*, one who will steal ze brain childs of anozzer is one gr-r-ran' viper, Jules."

"You spik ze earfuls," murmured Jules, fervently, as he departed.

Indeed, was it not a situation which rightly gave Victor furiously to think? Here was the wicked and unworthy Christakos reaping the benefit of all his, Victor's, years of careful experimentation in the culinary art! And when Victor cooked he could outchef any chef who ever flourished a saucepan. His recipes were his greatest secret. He never told them. How, then, had Christakos obtained them? Victor gave grudging admiration to one who could watch a recipe like his and then repeat it—merely from observation.

"But," he added to himself, suspiciously, "I will bet ze good round iron man zat he took notes on his villain shirt-cuff! He could *not* remember zem, so. Zey are too subtle—too complicate. Bah! W'y for do I waste ze time in figuring to myself 'ow 'e got zem, w'en ze fact is zat 'e '*as* got zem. It is 'igh time *pour un coup de théâtre*."

But what to do! Christakos watched the count like a hawk. He was always there when the count's square body, pink head, and white side-whiskers appeared in the door of the Rose Room. He refused altogether to take his day off, and when Victor remarked to him solicitously that he would thus undermine his health, he had replied that he would soon have plenty of money to go to a health resort, and, hence, should worry. The insolence! Moreover, this success of Christakos's was an encouragement to the other under-captains of the Rose Room to be covertly swaggering and independent and flout Victor's rule. Now I ask you—could this be endured?

Nevertheless, as long as Christakos remained sound in wind and limb and attended to his duties, it seemed as if the situation could not be changed.

Of course, Victor knew that if he could once get hold of the count's attention, for a single meal, all would be over with Christakos. He had supreme confidence in his own abilities—Victor. He knew that his conversation and manner were both superior to Christakos's. He knew that he could originate ten delightful new epicurean delights while Christakos was merely copying one. All he needed was the chance to let the count know this also.

Let it never be said that true merit is slighted while false gains the laurel. Let it never be said that Fortuna, that fickle dame, does not stand ever ready to guard her chosen ones, even though for a moment she seems to have turned her face from them. Behold! here is the proof of it. On this one night a careless 'bus-boy let fall a small pat of butter on the top step of the flight of stairs which leads from the kitchens and pantries below to the service door of the Rose Room. And the first person to pass by after this small unobserved happening was Christakos! He slipped—he slid—

THE COUNT WATCHED HIM, NOT LOSING A MOVEMENT

"I AM PERFECTLY WELL," SAID THE COUNT, ANGRILY. "I AM NO BABY FOR YOU TO NURSE"

he waved his arms and made a wild contortion of his body to escape falling, but it was in vain. His feet flew from under him, and he went down, rolling, bumping, clutching, and likewise swearing a most blasphemous purple mixture of Greek, bad French, and worse English.

When they had picked him up at the bottom of the stairs he was covered with contusions and he had, in addition, one broken arm, one sprained ankle, and a terrible gash over his left eye.

As they were putting him in the ambulance to take him to the hospital, Count Leopold was entering the Rose Room for dinner. Victor, hurrying in from the service door—he had been called out by the accident to Christakos—observed him and realized that Fortuna had given him over into his hands. He came forward swiftly, but without flurry. Count Leopold was looking about him for the absent one.

Victor bowed, composing his features to the right degree of concern. "Monsieur le Conte," he began, "'ow I am grieve to tell you! Christakos 'e is smash to himself on ze so hard stone steps. It will be many days he is in ze 'ospital, I fear it. But come, monsieur, I, Victor, will serve you. Firs' of all, I will change your table. Zere is ze bad draught w'ere you 'ave been sitting. I insist to Christakos zat your seat be change'—but 'e will not listen. 'Ere, monsieur—try zis."

Bowing, he waved the count to a table that was perfection—not too near the door, yet giving an admirable view of every newcomer; not too near the music; not too near a service-table; out

of the way of passing waiters and 'bus-boys; secluded from draughts, but not in a stuffy corner; well lighted, yet not in a glare; placed properly as regards heat. Oh, a jewel of a table! Once sitting at it, the practised eyes of the count observed its every charm. He smiled. He adjusted his monocle. Victor knew that the first part of the battle was won.

"You are comfor'able, yes?" he asked, sweetly. "Ah—good! And now, monsieur—to choose ze dinner. First of all—ze *purée de petits pois*, wiz a little spinach add to ze fresh peas. Aha! A new sensation, I promise you."

He looked sharply at the count. It was evident that the old man was listening with interest. "An' zen *hure d'un saumon à la Cambacérès*—ze sauce of drawn butter an' paprika an' lemon juices—yes?"

"Yes, yes," said the count, with enthusiasm.

"An' zen," went on Victor, gathering speed, "w'at say you to ze *poulet sauté à l'Hongroise*—wiz ze *sauce Béchamel*?"

"It must be done by a master's hand," interposed the count, his little eyes sparkling in anticipation.

"Have no fears to yourself," soothed Victor. "I—I will myself *sauter ce poulet*—I swear it. Tomatoes *Provençal* wiz zis. An' after, a salad—plain, cool, crisp green alone, a French dressing wiz a suspicion of tarragon, per'aps one wink of garlic."

"If it but tastes as it sounds!" murmured the count. His words were devout—a prayer.

"No stupid 'eavy dessert," continued Victor, the joy of creation upon him. "A *macédoine méringuée* is ze ticket. I will bring you Chambertin to drink, monsieur, an' Turkish coffee, an' at ze las', one so little glass of cognac, clear. Is it agreed?"

It was agreed amid suppressed excitement of Victor and greatly unsuppressed excitement of the count. He gazed after Victor with admiring, wondering eyes—at least, with one admiring eye and with an admiring monocle.

"Little angels of heaven!" he sighed. "In this accursed country I did not believe there was one man who knew so much of the art of ordering a dinner. Now—if what he brings me is fit to eat—" A long life had taught M. le Conte Leopold that very few dinners are as good in reality as in expectation. And he was a man who lived to dine! 'Twas a tragedy.

But this time he was doomed to blessed disappointment. When the soup came, Count Leopold tasted it cautiously, and then, contrary to his custom, he ate every drop of it.

With the salmon he was equally greedy. He ate the truffles and the mushrooms that garnished it. He dipped a bit of his toasted roll into the sauce and ate that.

But it was not until the chicken and tomatoes appeared and he had taken his first delicious mouthfuls of them that he spoke. He chewed with delicate ecstasy. Then, laying down his knife and fork, he beckoned Victor himself to him. He grasped his hand.

"It is sublime," murmured Count Leopold, hoarsely.

Victor received the tribute modestly, as one who knows his worth, but is not puffed up thereby. "I am some joy zat you are please'," he said, in his own special argot, which contained many adaptations of American slangisms. Then he went away and busied himself with other patrons of the Rose Room, but he had a contented heart. He knew that Christakos's goose was cooked at the same time as the chicken the count was so rapturously eating.

He returned, however, to make the salad dressing and serve the salad. He made the dressing with his own special white-wine vinegar, his own pure Italian oil. He flavored it with a dash of tarragon, and to the ordinary condiments he added a touch of cayenne. With a clove of bruised garlic he rubbed the bowl. Generously he "fatigued" the crisp green leaves of romaine with the dressing, turning them over and over and over again. The count watched him, not losing a movement—as enraptured ladies watch the hands of a great pianist playing Chopin.

And the result—ah, Victor could not suppress a smile of triumph at the beatific expression that spread itself over the count's pink-cheeked face as he ate. His very side-whiskers curled with pleasure.

Then came the *macédoine méringuée*, and the Turkish coffee, and at the last the thimbleful of clear cognac, as promised. With this the count became thoughtful. It was evident that some great idea was forming in his head.

Remember, the count had eaten everything—he whose custom it was but to nibble and to taste. He had likewise drunk far more than his customary half-glassful. Hence he was mellow—mellow, yet not merry. He beckoned to Victor.

"You have made me do what I never expected to do again," he said, "eat a perfect dinner — a perfect dinner, throughout. Ah, little angels of heaven! I feel that you have given me back my youth! I am as a young man again—in Paris or Vienna. I do not want to go to my room and read the matchless novels of Sacher-Masoch, though such is my custom—and he is the greatest writer who ever lived—peace to his ashes." He piously drank off his cognac to the memory of the novelist. "But to-night, I am restless, distrait. I have good reason for it, alas! And yet, I do not know what to do. I am not acquainted with the city. Could you—would you, a young man, act as courier for a night of harmless pleasure for an old man? If you are one-half as resourceful as an entertainer as you are a caterer— But, yes, it must be so. Come, what time are you free here?"

The prospect this presented was as delightful as it was unexpected, and Victor's thoughts played nimbly round it. It was assuredly an adventure not to be lost. Although he did not have the slightest idea of where they would

SHE SEEMED TO BE BECKONING TO THEM—OH, HOW IRRESISTIBLY

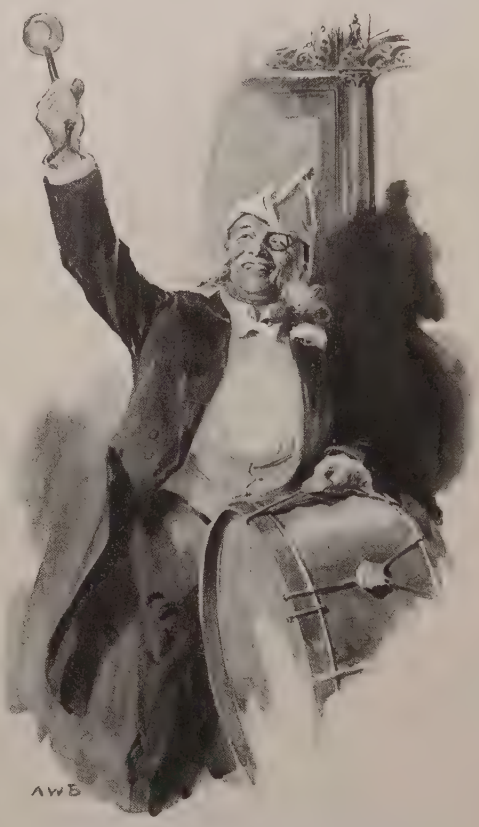
go, or how he would divert the count, he let a triviality like that take care of itself. He bowed. He smiled.

"Monsieur le Conte," he said, "I am at your sairvice w'en you wish an' for as long as you wish. To search an' find pleasure for you —behol'—I am on ze job."

"Good," said the count. "I will go to my rooms for my coat and hat, and I will have my valet order a car for us. I will be down again in fifteen minutes. Can you be ready?"

"You can bet of your life," said Victor. "But order no car, monsieur. No adventure in zis city is complete wizout riding in ze taxicabs — ze worse ze better."

It was so agreed, and the count, beaming with expectancy, retired, leaving such largess for Jules, who had assisted Victor in attending him throughout the dinner, as made that true son of France almost dance the can-can right in the middle of the Rose Room.



WHEN HE COULD MARCH NO LONGER, HE SEIZED THE BASS-DRUM AND MARKED TIME

As for Victor, he flew first to speak to the assistant manager of the hotel and explain his absence. Then he returned to put the affairs of the Rose Room under the direction of the best of his subcaptains. Then he sought his own coat and hat, thanking Heaven that he had seen fit to wear his best silk hat and light overcoat that day. (He had expected to have a little diversion of his own after the hour of the Rose Room closing. But that is another story.) And while he did all these things, he was frantically planning what he would do with this strange companion, so oddly and so suddenly thrust upon him. He bought an evening paper and ran his eye over the list of amusements, for it seemed inevitable that the first part of their evening should be spent in a theater, though it was now far too late to see the opening of any show. But there were plenty of them, reflected Victor, where it made little difference to the sense at what part of it one began.

At this moment Count Leopold stepped off the elevator, followed by a much perplexed and solicitous valet. He was expostulating—the valet:

"But, Monsieur le Conte, you are not well —you are not strong—you *never* go out—it is against the doctor's orders—"

"Chut, Maas," said the count, angrily. "I am perfectly well. I am no baby for you to nurse. Don't be an old fool, an old dotard. Go back up-stairs and do your work and wait for me to go to bed. I don't know when I shall return."

"Then let me go with you," pleaded Maas, darting a venomous glance at Victor. "I who know your ways, who know what is best for you."

"No, *no*, NO!" shouted the count. "Little angels in heaven! must a man be pestered to death by his servants?

Be silent, instantly, and go up-stairs, or I shall discharge you, here and now. I am sick of your long face and your nursing."

Maas fell back, wringing his hands, and the count went debonairly on. "Oh, if it had not been for that magical dinner," he said to Victor, "I should never have had the strength to withstand Maas. He is a tyrant. Come, where do we go first?"

Victor beckoned to a rakish-looking pirate taxi with a young thug for chauffeur. "To ze Gaities," he commanded. He settled himself comfortably beside the count and said, as the taxi leaped from its moorings and broke the speed limit even in its first ten yards:

"Now we shall see what we shall see. I tell you, *moi*, Victor, zis is ze life!"

And, believe me, it was the life. The first episode was at the theater, where they were finally landed in safety after being warned by no less than three policemen and scraping a little varnish off several slow-going limousines. An unimpressed, morose youth gazed upon Victor and the count as they approached the box-office and remarked, indifferently:

"Nothindoinhousesoldout."

The count's hand went to his breast pocket and he automatically brought out a bulging roll of bills which he attempted to slip unobtrusively to Victor. But Victor's native thrift revolted at paying good money to such a person.

"But wait," he whispered, "biffore we try finance, let us try *finesse*."

Behind the shoulder of the ticket-seller he had seen the rotund outline of one who was evidently a higher authority. He approached the window again and, ignoring the underling, tried the power of the human eye on his chief.

"Approach me," said Victor's eye. "There is something doing."

The chief approached and dented his plump figure with the shelf behind the window.

"*Voyez, mon ami,*" whispered Victor. "You zee zat ole man out zere? Aha—you start! You know him, zen? It is Count Leopold Parchewski, secret emissary of ze so great Russian government, bosom frien' of his Excellence ze Russian ambassador an' all zose high-up gink. He is 'ere wiz me, an' he is consume wiz ze great desire to go behine ze scene to see your show from ze wing. It would not be ze bad business for you to let him have his so *petit* wish—no? You see a daylights—yes? But wait—you are not to call him by ze name—*vous comprenez?* He is here incognito. But to-morrow—w'at a story for ze papers! You can give ze tippings to ze newspaper boys to-night, if you wish it. Hist—not a words!"

The manager saw the daylights, decidedly. He hurried round through the office and joined them in the lobby. With obsequious bows he bade them accompany him, and, shortly after, they were treading the maze of the back-stage. The count regarded Victor with open admiration.

"I knew you could do wonderful things," he said, "but I cannot understand why they let us get in without money."

"Zere are sings bigger as money," declared Victor. "Even in America, monsieur." And further than that he would not divulge.

At the Gaieties there is a jolly little corner in the wings, R. U. E., just big enough for two to stand and not be in the way of the passing in and out of the hundred or so performers. It was here that the manager installed Victor and the count, and after slavishly urging them to stay as long as they liked and to do what they pleased, short of burning down the theater, left them. They gazed about them with interest.

The usual disorderly mess of ropes, props, tackle, and all the grimy mechanism that makes back-stage look more like a carpenter's shop than any adjunct of the drama did not allure them. But as they looked out on the stage itself, where the performance was going on, there was something of exceeding interest.

The leading lady, slim, demure, and large-eyed, was just beginning her big song, "Follow Me, Boys," that half the world has since been humming. Behind her was a double row of chorus folk, the front layer of girls in airy, ruffly rose color and mauve, and the back layer of men in pearl-gray suits, white spats,

pearl-gray "toppers"—oh, a delicious, shifting kaleidoscope of color.

Back and forth in a swaying, weaving, slow step went the singer, her slender white figure picked out and held by the spot-light. She was singing—and the audience was humming with her in delight—

"Follow me, boys, won't you follow me—
Follow me, boys, won't you follow me—
Look at the moonlight out on the sea—
Listen to my heart, for it's buzzin' like a bee—
It's the proper time for lovin' and it's just for you and me—
O-o-oh—won't you follow me!"

The chorus danced softly, alluringly, behind her as she sang, and when they took up the refrain, she, too, broke into a quicker, lighter step, her arms outstretched, her little hands beckoning.

The count clutched Victor's arm. "She is like a little white butterfly," he murmured, poetically. "It has been years since I was in a theater—and longer yet since I was behind the scenes. Ah—how can I thank you? I am young again—" He broke off suddenly. The singer, dancing toward their side of the stage, saw them and looked straight at them. She seemed to be beckoning to them—oh, how irresistibly—

"Follow me, boys, won't you follow me—
O-o-oh—"

Madness fell upon Victor and the count. They seized each other by the arm with a common impulse, they went forward seemingly without their own volition, and as the singer started back across the stage the audience was surprised by a bit of new business. She was followed by two men—one young and blond and handsome and tall; one short and square, with flowing white side-whiskers and a monocle. Their silk hats were on the backs of their heads, they wore evening dress, and they danced a little clumsily, perhaps, but determinedly, in step with the music, behind the singer. At the moment of getting out into the footlight glare the count's courage had wavered, he had faltered. But Victor clutched his arm.

"Pssst!" hissed Victor. "Do not be ze boob, now. Keep on. We will make ze grran' hit, I tell you. Use ze head, display some *esprit*, I pray—ah—'ave I not say so?"

This last was because the audience showed a willingness to applaud the two new actors. The star, surprised for a moment, but catching her cue, danced back to them and sang her song directly to them. The count, now fully in the spirit of the affair, danced manfully, introducing strange, old-fashioned pirouettes and antique pigeon-wings which brought forth more applause. Victor was nimble also—but more sedate. The star, still singing, danced up to them, deftly separated them, and, taking a hand of each, pranced them magnificently the full width of the stage and back, singing her sentimental appeal, first to one and then to the other of them. She was too clever to let herself be cheated out of the center of the stage by these two amateurs. But when they reached their own corner she dropped their hands and let them go. An astonished stage-manager rang down the curtain and there was an indescribable back-stage *mêlée*, while in front the audience howled for more.

The two culprits did not wait to take their curtain call. They seized each other's hands and fled for the outer air, while the whole back-stage resounded with mingled mirth and rage. They found the stage door, escaped up a damp, vaultlike alley, and fell into the nearest taxi, half dead with haste and laughter. They smote each other upon the back and rocked back and forth in school-boy-like hilarity.

"Ho-ho-ho!" cried the count. "If Maas could have seen me! He would not have summoned the doctor—no—he would have clapped me into an asylum for the hopeless insane, I know it."

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Victor. "Monsieur le Conte, we 'ave made ze put-it-over an' ze get-away all to ze once! We are some fellows regular—yes?"

"And that smart little singer," went on the count. "She was not greatly put about. Very clever she was to handle it that way. Little angels of heaven! I have not kicked my legs so much for over forty years." He was thoughtful for a moment. "I should do it oftener," he said. "It felt quite good."

"Zey was mos' wonderful' to behol',

your dancing," complimented Victor, tactfully. "But wait—w'ere shall we go now, I demand?"

"I leave it all to you," declared the count. "So far, the evening is a perfect success." He chuckled reminiscently.

"Zen we go to skating," declared Victor, and forthwith gave the taxi-driver directions to go to the largest and best appointed rink he knew of.

The evening had progressed to the time just before the earliest theaters close, and hence the rink was not crowded and there was good choice of the little tables that surrounded it.

"We do not want to eat," Victor told the head waiter, "but we will pay."

And pay they did, so royally, that the head waiter himself took them to their seats and gave orders that they were not to be disturbed by any underling. They sat quietly a few minutes, observing the scene and listening to the orchestra. But this would not do for Victor.

"W'at for did we then come—to sit about like ze dead ones? But no, Monsieur le Conte. Nevaire! Leave us to start somesing. Wait."

He hurried off and reappeared in a few minutes, wearing skates and pushing before him a large chair with runners. It was gilded and plush-upholstered, thronelike. He drew it up beside the table.

"Look, look!" he said. "Ze queen of ze carnival use' it in ze grran' spectacle. Well, now—w'at say you to make ze carnival wizout zat queen? Seat yourself, monsieur, an' leave us to start zat somesing."

The count by this time was catching some of Victor's infectious idiom. He leaped to his feet and seated himself in the queen's chair, waving his stick. "Go to it," he commanded.

Then began such an hour of revelry as the Richmore Rink has never known before or since. First the count and Victor made a round of the rink at full speed, the count singing in a majestic voice a strange song which he declared was a Russian peasant drinking-song. It sounded the part.

Then, incited by Victor, other skaters, every one who was on the rink, attached themselves, one behind the other, holding on to coat-tails or sashes and mufflers, hastily arranged as reins, and with this prancing, shouting queue behind them, they played a mad game of "follow your leader." The news that something rich was going on in the rink was circulated through the crowd downstairs, and with the closing of the theaters the regular evening patrons were coming in, so that soon the Richmore Rink was packed to capacity, while without a great mob clamored to get in. More and more people put on skates and came to join the fun, and as fast as they came the resourceful Victor found some new means of entertainment.

He organized a "madman's hockey-match," with toy balloons and walking-sticks, and when this began the count could not longer bear to remain seated. He rose and called loudly for skates, and, once on them, the impromptu circus found its clown. He bought all the favors that the Richmore could supply and gave them away with a lavish hand and infinite drollery. Soon all the skaters and most of the spectators were wearing fancy paper caps, and a wild game of tag inextricably mixed with "puss-in-the-corner" (played without corners) was going on. The count was "It." The crowd cheered him, howled "Ataboy," "Good old scout," "Three cheers for Santa Claus," and similar affectionate ribaldries at him, and he loved it. He led a grand march, performing all the evolutions of the most accomplished drum-major with his walking-stick, while the marchers following him sang, "For he's a jolly good fellow," and "Hail, hail, the gang's all here." When he could march no longer he seized the bass drum from the orchestra and marked time with it for the skaters. His silk hat got smashed and so did Victor's, but it only made them both happier. As Victor still continued to remark, at intervals:

"*Zis is ze life!*"

But after a while the count's energy flagged, though not his merriment. He turned to Victor. "Let us go now," he said shrewdly, "while it is all at its best. That is always the moment to leave."

They had to slip out the back way to avoid the count's throng of admirers, who would have followed him. They came out into the cool night air, still

flushed and panting, but they were not laughing now; this had been too glorious for mere mirth. They hailed another taxi and got in slowly.

"It is unbelievable," remarked the count, "but I am hungry. It is the first time that I have had the sensation of actual hunger for longer years than I can remember. Shall we go out and eat somewhere? Alas! I know we shall get nothing, anywhere, like the dinner you ordered for me this evening."

"Monsieur," said Victor, after a moment's earnest thought, "if you will be my guest, I will serve to you a supper zat shall be so good as your dinner. But I warn you, my apartment is of a 'umbleness."

"I accept your invitation," said the count, with infinite courtesy. "It is an honor to be the guest of a man of genius like yourself, no matter how he lives."

The taxi sped quickly to a more obscure part of the city and finally stopped before a tall old house in a quiet street.

"It is 'ere zat I reside in," said Victor. "Enter, Monsieur le Conte, I beg. You are mos' welcome."

He ushered his guest with ceremony into a narrow hallway where a tiny point of gas flickered discouragingly, and up a narrow stair. He fumbled with a key, flung the door open, and stepped inside.

"But a moment, until I make it ze light," he said, and struck a match. Presently the mellow light from a shaded lamp cast a hospitable glow over the room.

It was a pleasantly large room, with shabby, deep-cushioned chairs and a big table on which were, besides the lamp, smoking-things and a pile of worn books. A sideboard and a cupboard balanced the opposite walls; big, old-fashioned windows took up the front; and at the back was a folding-door, half opened, which partly concealed the bed and bath that made the rest of Victor's small apartment. It was the second floor of an old house, so there was a fireplace and high ceilings.

Victor waved the count to a chair and lit the fire, which quickly flamed, adding warmth and cheeriness to the room. Then he cleared the books from the end of the table, spread a square of white linen, and set forth a chafing-dish, a little gas-stove, plates and dishes of gay blue and yellow, silver forks and knives (battered but solid), condiments, serviettes, glasses, sweet butter, a loaf of long French bread. The count watched these preparations with eagerness. His nose quivered, like a hungry bunny. After that dinner, what might he not expect?

"Monsieur," said Victor, with a grave dignity befitting the importance of the announcement, "I shall make for you my very own *œufs aux saucissons*."

"Make a great many," said the count, imploringly. "My hunger is increasing with every second of time."

So presently the mellow lamplight fell on a strange sight. A table, unconventionally spread, with a smoking chafing-dish thereon, from which came odors like unto Araby the blest, a coffee-pot bubbling on a little gas-stove beside it, and two men eating ravenously in good-fellowship—old Count Leopold, many times millionaire and a nobleman welcome at all foreign courts, and Victor, captain of the Rose Room, which is, after all, but to be a sort of super-servant.

After the *œufs aux saucissons* came cheese, *Port du Salut*, and little crisped crackers, and they drank coffee with hot milk and cream, as at breakfast. They did not talk, because the count was too busy eating and Victor was too busy thinking.

But all nights of pleasure must end sometime, and as the clock struck one the count put down his knife and fork with a contented sigh.

"I must be getting back," he said, "or Maas will have out the police to search for me. Can you call a cab, do you think? One of those delightful taxis which I knew nothing about before to-night? But no—I will not let you go back to the Palais with me. I have already taken up a great deal of your time. But, oh, my boy—what a night! I did not think it was in me. You have given me back my youth. Yes, truly. My youth. I thank you. I thank you."

He made an involuntary motion toward that pocket which contained the socorpulent roll of bills. But his hand

stopped. Something in Victor's manner forbade it. Here he was guest and Victor his host—to offer one's host money is a crass insult.

Victor, who was gazing at him, knew well what was in the count's mind and did not regret it, for he saw before him a long, long future of limitless possibilities, wherein he ordered marvelous meals for the count and served them to him in his own inimitable way, while Christakos, forever relegated to his proper place, glowered with hopeless, helpless malevolence in the background. Oh, how fair a vision this was! And, unlike so many visions, this one would be realized to the uttermost. Victor sighed with contentment! And with his sigh smiled again in blissful expectation.

The count sighed, too, but he did not smile. He put his hand on Victor's shoulder and an intense and sudden shadow fell on his round face. "Alas!" he said. "Alas!" And then, again, "Alas! Little angels of heaven! I swear I had forgotten. You had made me forget! My boy, to-morrow I leave for Russia! My work here is over. I have been sent for. The rare delights of this memorable night have made me to forget it! And I had been dreaming of days to come when I should enjoy to the uttermost the perfect meals that your genius would provide for me, And a plunge of gaieties the like of which I had well-nigh forgotten, but which your inspiration should ever devise afresh! But it is not to be! Alas! Alas!"

He was almost weeping now, but at the reminder of the taxi's impatient honk he threw his short arms impetuously around Victor and kissed him, Russian fashion, on each cheek. "If you should ever come to Petrograd, seek first for me!" he cried. "I will never forget you—never!" He rushed madly out to the taxi, flung himself into it, and the last Victor saw of him he was wiping his eyes with one hand and waving his battered hat with the other!

Victor waved back to him mechanically! He watched the taxi out of sight as one who is dazed, devastated! Then he came slowly back to his rooms and the scanty remnants of the feast. He stared about him unseeingly, incredulous, stunned at the utter wreck of his great expectations. Figure to yourself! There would be no future in which he would arrange endless gustatory triumphs for the count's insatiable appetite—and the Count's plethoric roll! There would be no golden harvest to be gathered day after day, and day after day after that! There would be no dramatic triumph over Christakos. All was gone, smashed, utterly smithereened —in the twinkling of an eyelash! It was well-nigh inconceivable! The smiles of Fortuna had been false, after all. Cold-hearted, capricious jade! Victor raised both hands above his head in a gesture of fine tragedy. He was prepared to curse Fortuna in words of a stinging, swinging acridity. But the curse never was uttered.

Instead, quite suddenly, he fell to laughing. Regardless of the hour and possible sleepers only a thin partition away, he flung back his head in a most sincere and unrestrained shout of mirth. He laughed till he could laugh no more! He clutched his sides and choked for breath. At last he fell upon a chair, quite spent.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he gurgled, between the last irresistible chuckles, "but zis is one giant jokes on Victor! To sink of all ze care I give to zat dinner—to sink I gambolade myself onto ze stage—to sink of ze foolery on ze skatings—to sink of *le petit souper*—an' 'e 'as ate *all* my sausages—an' now he is go back to Russia to-morrow! Eh, *ma foi!* I s'all laugh at zis so long as I live."

He stopped and reflected long. At last he pulled himself out of the chair. "*Allons, mon vieux,*" he said, cheerfully. "Ze count, he is one fellow regular, *un* gran' ole sport, *comme ça!* An' we had one spiffy night, *par exemple! Un vrai spree d'esprit!* I would not 'ave miss it for all ze *argent* I 'ad expec' to gain. *Mais non!* I should sink *not!* An' I will manage some'ow for Albert an' my fazzer an' zose ozzer chil'rens,—I am not yet of a down-an'-outs, *vraiment.* I will make it ze *proverbe Américain* zat a high ole time in ze han' is worth *beaucoup de* gold in ze bush! Not so worse, I sink it! To live in zis New York one mus' be always *philosophe*, always *sage.* Zis *is* ze life!"

Dinner-Tables of the Nation

BY ELIZABETH MINER KING

ONE of the most onerous forms of self-restraint to the average American has been that which has had to do with food. How insistent we have been upon just what we wanted to eat! How far out of our way we would go for pleasures of palate! And how much we despised a dictated diet! Men with the wisdom of seventy years submitted hardly more gracefully to suddenly imposed food restrictions, prompted, perhaps, by highest medical authority, than the American child who is denied dessert. There always has been food. Our supply has been of such variety and quantity that apples could rot and bread grow stale, yet there would be more to take their places, with cider and bread pudding, besides. Plenty to eat, plenty to drink—it has been a happy time. One used to hear of how many pounds of beefsteak a certain man could eat at one meal. To be a large eater was to uphold tradition.

Sometimes I think that the country would not have been true to form if its plunge into the war had not been preceded by this surfeit — this boasting about the amount of food consumed, or rushing pell-mell to get it, strutting with weight, incessantly talking about it and paying for it dearly—a national worship of the smack of things—and then had not suddenly turned to the other extreme, in which the food consumption of every man, woman, and child became a matter of national concern—a frank, unselfish recognition of the principle that we must all cut down or even go without. The real awakening of the public to the actuality of the food problem dated from the moment American boys landed in France. The land still flowed with milk and honey, but when American troops began to move, an empty place appeared at the dinner-tables of the nation. Saving food for *him* seemed not only logical, but necessary, and prompted by the love of the family. Then carrying out the entire food program for the sake of those who were fighting with him was the only human thing to do. But it was not easy. Every progression in the food propaganda was a trial of the spirit, a test of how far we could reverse our ingrained attitude toward food and be content. Whoever heretofore would have thought of believing a shopkeeper when he held out something different from that asked for, and said, blandly, "Just as good"? We believe, now, that some of the substitutes *are* just as good, that they contain all the vital properties of the more "fancy" article; that others look exactly like the pre-war staple and will do; and in still other cases we accept an entirely new line of food as a substitute. To adapt these changes to the family's way of cooking and eating requires new skill. It is a game to produce the best from the materials available. Cooks vie with one another. The good Americans on the next block have dinners from war recipes, the ingredients of which I defy any one to name upon sight or taste of the finished product. The roasts might have been concocted on some heathen island where grew curious nuts and roots. The greens are familiar only in their greenness. The sugarless desserts have the flavor of the Orient, with honey and syrup and the bouquet of honeysuckle.

War conservation has sent out many a culinary and epicurean explorer whose findings may never be lost when normal times come. Who can tell but that there are certain greens upon which corn-oil, peanut-oil, or even cotton-seed-oil, exert an exotic influence bringing out a zest which olive-oil only seared? So far the domestic oils seem only lubricators, but enough . . . the war must be won! It must be won on oleomargarine, too, if necessary. "Oleo" before the war

was considered in disgrace, a poor, cheap, thin, good-for-nothing that nobody wanted. It has been spruced up, raised in price, and made popular, having taken on the final stage of complete rehabilitation, a change of name to appellations of aristocracy.

At first, the household admitted that it seemed wiser to use "oleo" than "cooking butter." Then somehow the "oleo" was placed on the dining-table by mistake, and the most fastidious member of the family ate plentifully of it, remarking that at last the cook had obtained some good butter. And as Mrs. Jenkens, "who has been on the parlor floor for ten years," said, before everybody, "As long as I have been assured that it comes from a *cow*, although not from the milk-producing part, it does very well. Although, of course, it never would have been served on the Jenkenses' table where there was only *country* food."

What a difference between the attitudes of city and country toward food, and, consequently, toward food control. City people have eyes forever larger than their stomachs. They imagine tables loaded with fatness, always seeking, seldom finding; for they eat "portions" of things, pieces doled out trimmed of all fragments. They are perpetually ready for more. Country families are surrounded by eatables, great piles of sameness, seasons of this and seasons of that, until it seems, indeed, as if nature gave up nothing but green peas for weeks, or nothing but sweet corn for another spell, with long weeks of pork and pumpkins in the winter. If there is any time when a man's hunger is tempered, it is when he is surfeited by the sight of the things. I do not say for a moment that the country man does not consume a larger quantity of food, but he certainly appraises it differently. He knows nothing of the pleasurable sensation of ordering a portion of fish and having it served with a cucumber relish, unannounced and gratis. Nor of the anticipation when forced to buy just enough green vegetables "to serve six people" once, or perhaps twice, around. Exhalation to appreciate flavor in a tidbit is bosh to him, for he sniffs bushels and barrels of his garden truck when it is picked at sunrise, gets a decided whiff at dinner-time when he hangs his blue jumper on the kitchen wall, and finally makes a meal of five or six helpings from the day's main dish.

When war-time called for conservation and abstinence, country persons were in a mental condition exactly described by a latter-day poet.

> "No sugar!
> It is inconceivable.
> We have always had sugar."

So have they always had white bread and cake! Recently it was gray, and the good housekeepers were sad. Bread and cake that were off color were a disgrace to family traditions and unfit provender for weddings, funerals, and christenings, which, in spite of war, must have at least a little ceremonial cooking. Then there were the caravans of city persons, domestic scientists, who came to the slumbering villages, claiming to have the latest knowledge about canning and preserving, which they desired to impart to housekeepers who had stayed at home, making no pretense of other professions for generations. There was actual strife in one canning-kitchen, set up with sincere patriotic intention, between the home and visiting elements. When the "city people" were present, the others retired, mainly because of the fact that the visitors used a thermometer in cooking.

"Who'd ever heerd! A thermometer! My grandmother never used no thermometer to tell when her beans was cooked, and I guess I ain't likely to come to being that dumb, neither!" said one of the village housekeepers.

It was due, no doubt, to country isolation that rural people sometimes thought they were the only group made to live up to the letter of the food regulations. For one thing, the difference in prices of some commodities incited such a presumption. Bananas, for instance, could be procured in the cities for twenty cents a dozen, and a penny each on the carts, while the country price rose to sixty cents. There was always some malicious wayfarer who came to town telling the great advantages in prices elsewhere; and then traveled on, relating the mar-

velous conditions in the place he had just visited.

Let us consider now the city's reaction to self-governing food control. The city had its traditions to uphold. Business, pleasure, and ceremony were dependent not only upon food as such, but upon different degrees and quantities of food. A fig for the sugar and wheat consumed for afternoon tea in the country! A reversal of long custom, high comfort, business income—the whole social cycle of a certain ring—occurred when sugar and wheat were shut out of afternoon tea or four-o'clock coffee in cities.

"No little cakes! But, *monsieur*, we have always had little cakes with our tea. Impossible!"

"*Oui*, madame, but we are not allowed. Sorry. Will madame have something else—some graham toast or ice-cream, maybe?"

How autocratic city persons have been! They ordered the menu, an overloaded thing, and expected it carried out. And they were no less merciless of themselves, if the mistress were the cook with an apron tied over her dinner dress, and a tea-wagon for a waitress. A dinner had to meet the prescribed standards of long progression. Times have changed. Salad and dessert now are interchangeable; and when the soup is heavy there is likely to be no meat; or only when there is no soup may the dessert be heavy.

Intuition in adapting ingredients—in other words, being a "born cook"—helped the feminized tea-rooms to work out the food regulations with facility. These tidbit places are so numerous in this country now that, as one American recently remarked, "You step on them." A pair of white curtains, a peacock or a kettle on a swinging sign, and you have a tea-room. If it were not for their everlastingly warped ideas of the size of a piece of pie, one might fear for the fate of the eating-houses that men call "regular places." Nevertheless, the intimate, small shops have a hold and their quick adoption of war foods in their most palatable form won customers. Tea-rooms managed somehow to continue to manufacture their incomparable scones and white breads and still avoid using any wheat. Like rare housewives, their proprietors told no man that he was about to consume delicious cake, but made entirely of potato flour. He ate the cake first.

It has become necessary to change the ingredients of a "perfect dish," which was made in restaurant quantities to serve a thousand people and cooked in sections that would mature at mid-morning and at every successive hour during the day; so that it would taste the same as if the substitutions on account of war-time regulations had not been made. Anybody who has been the mistress or master of a fine home meal can appreciate something of the resultant state of mind of the restaurateurs and chefs. Restaurants capitalize flavor. "Johnny Duck's," on Long Island, is famous for the flavor of the ducks and their accompaniments. To go further, Long Island itself is known throughout a certain remote section of the country merely as a place where duck dinners abound. So to decree that there shall be less wheat, or none, possibly, in the ambrosial dressing within the cavernous ducks might mean the end of a perfect culinary career and commercial success. The situation had to be met scientifically.

Opposing policies developed among the restaurant men. The question was, which would the public prefer—higher prices and the same-sized portions, or less food and no changes in the established rates? One course or the other had become necessary. The dear public was experimented upon. Here and there it arose to protest against smaller portions, and occasionally there was a murmur about the rise in prices. But business men soon found that there was no comparison between the deeply hurt feelings of the American public when served with less than a superabundance of food, and the slight sensation of having to pay a little more. To pay a high price and receive a liberal return; that suited the big hungry eyes of the hard worker and cheerful spender. But to pay a medium price and receive a tidbit, Ah no! Americans never stint when they have the money. No American man ever crossed Broadway with the intention of having a *small good time*. It is not his nature.

After notice had been served upon the restaurants, the proprietors had to reckon with the infinite varieties of the human reaction. What manifestations are concerned with food—traditions, patriotism, religion; loves, hates, greed and generosity! A young man, prosperous and pleasant, came in with his best girl.

"Let us have a planked steak, rare!" he said, proudly.

This was the choicest, the most expensive dish in their cycle of menus.

"Sorry, sir, but this is beefless day. Will you select something else?" said the waiter.

The young man frowned, and the servitor retreated, overcome by a scowling patron. In a moment he returned.

"It is all right, sir. You may have it."

"Of course not!" spoke up the American girl. "I couldn't eat it. I like chicken better, anyway. Chicken, by all means."

The price of broiled chicken in this luxurious eating-place had been advanced, but the portions were as large and juicy as ever. Down in the sections of the city where money was more scarce were the restaurants and itinerant stands with prices the same as they ever were. But, alas! the size of a dime's worth had diminished. A slice of watermelon, compared with its forerunner before the war, was a mere sample. The bags of peanuts had shrunk to forlorn proportions. Two cents and three cents, the common tender of the old days, bought little when the picturesque portable ovens came around with their steaming green corn, baked apples, and cornucopias of boiled beans.

The care of the grizzled venders in trying to observe the regulations was the glorification of the push-carts. The old men had an official air and an undercurrent of sincerity no less precious than the allegiance of the greatest chef. They belonged to the large company of under-officers of the great Hoover, commissioned to carry out his directions. The haughtiest subaltern of the Food Administration was serving on one bleak night at the counter in a railway station. Rich men, poor men, merchants, and chiefs were leaning on the rail, munching what the food administrator thought was good for them.

"Give me a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee," sang out a banker in a hurry. The attendant was cold. He appeared not to understand a syllable of the order.

"A ham sandwich and a . . ." began the customer again, only to be arrested by the fierceness of the look which spread over the countenance of the man behind the counter. Only chicken sandwiches were permissible that day. *Chicken, chicken, chicken!* And his expression plainly said: "Poor imbecile! Hasn't your mother told you about the war?"

It was a cruel weapon which the Federal authorities placed in the hands of waiters and Pullman dish-men, with which they could even more successfully cower and reform their humble servants, the hungry public. I take it from keen observation that not a corn muffin was served from New York to San Francisco but some dining-car dusky "angel" silently rejoiced over another sinner saved. Every little heavy muffin was proffered as an "I told you so," with the compliments of the South, which long has been contending for the recognition of corn meal. Hear any Southern gentleman in New York tell how Northerners miss the delights of the true corn flavor because they do not know how to grind the kernels. Corn muffins are among the things that will have to be decided after the war—whether they remain on sufferance in the North "valued for associations only," or go south of Mason and Dixon's line and stay there as the mascots of Southern cookery.

Monarchical autocracy of waiters and shopkeepers was needed in this matter of persuading people to eat things they did not like. We have a national phenomenon of thousands of men and women who have grown up repeating that they "don't like" this or that, although admitting that the food in question never had been tasted. "Can't eat," "Don't like," and the old boarding-house platitude, "I don't eat thus and so," are mainly psychological matters.

In industries, the restrictions sometimes were equivalent to telling a chauffeur that war conditions made it necessary that he run his engine without

gasolene. Bakers, for instance, were completely upset and put their chemists at work to study the problem of doing without wheat. Proprietors of delicatessen-shops were confronted with trying situations affecting mighty things to them—cold meats, sandwiches, and their hours of opening and closing. Anybody knows that half of the significance of a delicatessen is its traditional open-door at the time when all other food-shops are closed. Where are the delicatessens of yester-year, the "automats" for lazy cooks? Where the imported cheeses, all the old-country bolognas, and pale-gray and ruddy wursts? Pickle-dishes and cans of tunny from the placid Pacific coast have taken their places. The Hohenzollern subjects mourn their loss and eat sausages from New England. Sunday night delicatessen supper, or "bag" supper, as East Side children often called it, has lost some of its flavors. In the old days before the war the top layer of the bag was covered with dessert of ice-cream cones in a variety of colors named after well-known fruits. The flavors have dwindled to vanilla and chocolate, with less sugar than ever. At the soda-fountains the little ice-cream towers of picturesque compositions, beginning with a banana and passing through five or six incarnations before the top cherry was reached, have been reduced in rank. Plain ice-cream itself has become neither ice nor cream, but a harsh substance, saponaceous and neutral, filled with particles like bits of broken glass placed there by the enemy.

"What have we here?" said a dignified old bachelor with a sweet tooth, as he slowly tasted his "sundæ" minus the usual sweetness.

"That's the new rule of the Food Administration you's biting into, Mr. Foggerty. They has changed hit again," quickly answered Sambo, who has been serving at the "fountain" for years.

Storekeepers sometimes had the impression that the rules were often changed. They made an adjustment, they said; then came a revision almost directly after the original order. Some of them, out of temper because of the ways of pampered cooks and cringing housewives, allowed themselves to be coaxed into selling more wheat or more sugar, and then were caught red-handed. Dealers had more trouble with the sugar restrictions than with the regulation of any other commodity. Of course, the universal rule of wanting something unobtainable played its part; nevertheless, the psychological effect of enforced abstinence was only the culmination of a sugar lust. Gradually the country had been turning to sweets as substitutes for alcoholic drinks. Candy has been taking the place of whisky. Women experts, as well as manufacturers, experimented with other saccharine materials to produce sweets that would not offend against the sugar rules, and yet meet this demand.

There is a great spirit of freedom and hilarious effrontery in American food signs. One wonders sometimes what the newly arrived foreigner really thinks about them. He sees an expanse of printing and color labeled, "Eat Corn Muffins and Win the War!"—to say nothing of the multitudinous tinned dinners, tomato catchup, and red-cheeked apples which Americans are besought to use to "win the war." After all, the foreigner knows little of America but that which he finds in the street. These signs which he sees while on his way to and from work to him are among the most obvious manifestations of American life. And we take it for granted that he will perceive that the true American spirit does not always take seriously some of the effusiveness of American advertising. Corn muffins will not *win* the war; nor will spaghetti, chicken wings, chop suey, sauerkraut, or beer, with which foreigners are much more familiar. They have their tastes. We had ours. But they like their flavors better than we liked ours because we have borrowed with high satisfaction from the cookery of nearly every nation represented in the United States. Therefore, the advantage in food regulation was with Americans, for it was on home territory, where we had our old American ways to fall back upon if restrictions hampered our enjoyment of foreign foods. Foreigners had to accept our rules or go without.

We take credit for our docility in adapting ourselves to requirements, the meaning of which has been clear to us.

Thousands of the foreign-born have accepted the gospel of food regulation merely upon faith in the word "America." Many of them did not understand at all, and had few facilities for reversing their food customs. Yet they not only willingly complied with the material features of the requests, but attempted to adopt the spirit, at the same time retaining personal traditional memories. Cold mutton to an Englishman is a substantial symbol of a lifetime. The Irishman's nose is keen for his pork and potatoes, and corned beef and cabbage. Just now there is a platter of home-made tomato paste sunning in the window of nearly every Italian tenement home. The Jewish people have their kosher chicken; the Bohemians roast pork, sauerkraut, and dumplings; Syrians their sweets—and Americans a thick beefsteak with occasional side dishes from all the others. Our nature is to crave culinary adventures. Thus, in a small way, we show our heritage from many countries.

Propagandists for the Americanization of foreigners have pointed to the American food program as a potent factor in bringing about the ideal condition—namely, "One flag, one language, one country . . . one food!" As if this ever could be, except in some small absolute monarchy surrounded by a high wall! Food regulation has been a great Americanizing agent, but its power has been not to condemn everybody who refused American beefsteak or Boston pork and beans, but to promote a spiritual unity in which every contributing group in American society made sacrifices for the same principle.

Let us get down on the street. No more colorful and picturesque régime was ever instituted than this good regulation, affecting the home life of foreigners. The restrictions in the use of meat were a matter of no moment to the Jew, particularly to the orthodox Jew who never eats beefsteak or many of the other heavy meats. In fact, much of the food propaganda had to do with commodities unknown to foreign households. It seems hardly comprehensible that a Jewish family that had lived in a large city for ten years did not know what canned peas and string beans were, nor whether to eat them cold for dessert with sugar and milk or as a relish with vinegar. Many of the recipes of the food administration had to be translated into Yiddish by foreign experts, who also advised the administration regarding religious violations which the rules might entail.

A Jewish mother buys no "seconds." The food is of the best quality. She must have prime eggs, and then only the white-shelled ones. The higher prices restrict merely the quantity of her purchases to five cents' worth of the best sweet butter, one egg, and a quarter of a pound of rice. One chicken wing, or a leg, is a common sale to the Jewish housewife. Due perhaps to the lack of household regularity, the neighborhood women were accustomed to trading at the grocer's from early morning until nearly midnight. The regulations required the grocers to close at eight o'clock, which was a blessing to neighborhood orderliness, and a physical relief to the shopkeepers—although they were loath to admit it. A little grocer with his accounts chalked on the door, and a lift for every one who is down and out, is a bundle of philosophy. That a man cannot pay seems to him no fault of his own; and it never occurs to the proprietor to deny him what he needs. It was a hard day in the dark shop when the supply of rye bread with caraway seeds, the Jewish staple, began to feel the hand of the regulator, and customers wore a calamitous air.

"Vy is there not no more bread? Shall I tell you a hundred times already that they had to have it to vin the var? Now vill you understand again?" said the tired merchant, as he turned to put a limp salted fish on the scales for the next customer.

There had been a tremendous change in the neighborhood within a year. It had been almost impossible to awaken an interest in substitutes and conservation. "We know how to feed our families," was the answer of the women. Now they are on tiptoe with a desire for help. Their boys have gone away. Jewish mothers have formed organizations to promote food regulations with a spirit that has brought them into the sisterhood of many tongues with one message. When these women opened their hearts,

those who came to them as missionaries of the Food Administration stepped back. No such economy and versatility as ordinarily practised in the foreign quarter had ever been heard of in the homes of the American women who went out to spread the new gospel. No lecture upon the discoveries in the garbage-can could apply to some foreign women, who know how to extract every particle of flavor from the very marrow in a bone.

When the Italians received the conservation agents in their homes they showed the teachers new ways of using greens and salads, and the advantage of high flavoring. A light rub of garlic or a few dried mushrooms created an enticing aroma in the steaming pot. Their superb *minestrone* soup was a whole meal. Of course, their chief problem was due to the restrictions on spaghetti, of which they formerly imported about $4,000,000 worth a year. Washington sent out the new formula for wheat-conserving paste, and interpreters helped in making the adjustment. To cut down their meat consumption was little hardship, except, perhaps, to Italian laborers who swung the pickax.

Italians are fond of small fish and, in lieu of sardines from their Sardinia, they have accepted those packed on our own coast and dressed with cotton-seed-oil instead of the incomparable olive-oil. Venders of Italian commodities held out this oil substitute with a hopeless look; olive-oil had been indispensable.

Down in the Armenian and Syrian quarter, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and bands of roving gipsies are cramped into the low, overhanging brick buildings which were the real New York of a hundred years ago. A family of gipsies are sitting in a semicircle on the floor of a tenement, with fire in their eyes and gay laughter. The wrinkled hand of the cook stirs a great kettle filled with a traditional concoction. The room is flaming with motley colors — red, peacock blue; bronzed skins, black hair, brassy ear-rings and bangles. The forest is there, and the crackling camp-fire near a brook; the earth is soft and children are chasing the hares as they scamper across the encampment. But you and I do not see them. Our senses are not in tune with the overwhelming romance which makes the blue-painted, smirched, and chalked walls of a tumble-down building, sunless and airless, but a momentary displacement of the real, which is a camp home in the woods or on waysides. How prosaic to say "corn muffins!" to these people! And how wonderful for them to answer, "Ay, America, corn muffins!" Ordinarily men and their families could live ten lives here without speaking or hearing the English language. The strings of food hung in the windows of strange streets are as queer to us as Damascus would be to a Rocky Mountain rail-splitter. How all this curious food ever got into the country, and kept coming year after year without being discovered before, is our first thought!

At the beginning of the war, when the foreign populations were in a quandary as to how to obtain products from their old homes, manufactories were established in the United States to produce them. The Syrians, for instance, use a wheat food called *kibbe* as a staple diet. It was formerly made from Damascus wheat. A factory was obtained at Worcester, Massachusetts, where American wheat was cooked, dried, and then cracked to form the staple kernels used at nearly every meal. When the Syrian gentlemen talked about the Damascus wheat, no longer procurable, its flavor was reminiscently dear. "The large full grains have a greater sweetness and a more nutritious taste," he said. To ask him to relinquish his memory of it would be equal to requesting New-Englanders to banish thoughts of the gingerbread men, Thanksgiving Indian puddings, and pulled molasses candy. Syrians have such a sweet tooth that the regulations regarding sugar were a hardship, but they responded with a vim. Shipping restrictions imposed a complete change in their diet, as nearly all of their ordinary foods, as well as those of the Greeks, formerly had come from Europe. Olive-oil, nuts, flavors, fruits, *kibbe*, and lentils were constantly arriving. Syrians eat little beef, but think highly of these more delicate things, which seem almost like extras. Cornmeal before the war was as odd to them as their eternal chick-peas are to us.

The most dramatic picture of the en-

forcement of the regulations lies in the heart of Chinatown. Sam Hop—"he can no more do," as one restaurant man said. No more "bamboo shoots extraordinary"? No more honorable water chestnuts? And Chinese mushrooms with dried oysters? Some Chinese merchants have been forced to retire. The "august" War Trade Board has allowed so few of their staple commodities to come that there will soon hardly be a square meal left in Chinatown. A Chinese restaurant man, with the help of his son, who he says has a "big Merican head," recently made out a large order to go to his wholesaler in China. It was conservative and war-conditioned. The honorable board would allow but two items, the peanut-oil and the old tea, from the long list. Sam Hop says he caters to Americans; they *demand* these things.

Chinamen have been using little red meat, but mostly chicken and pork; pork served as chicken, maybe, as well as suckling pig roasted supremely, a costly dish. So Chinatown had to do something to circumvent the American public. Proprietors decided to cut down the portions instead of increasing prices. The new policy they inaugurated one New-Year's night. All Chinatown remembers the American uproar. Therefore prices were increased, the servings left as usual, and night life under the lanterns was gay! But there is gloom now. The reserve supply is about gone.

Sam has turned himself almost inside out inventing substitutes—flour made from water chestnuts and his own noodles made of rice flour for the chop suey. He appeared before the board with the startlingly pleasing information that he had cut his American customers to an allowance of two teaspoonfuls of sugar for each cup of tea. He was told to make it one hereafter; then, if complaints were made, to add molasses! Molasses in a cup of tea celestial! Chinamen had been importing their own sugar, in small brown cakes. The Food Administration commandeered it. Not being Orientals, they whacked and pounded the rocklike little cakes and, deciding that they had no use for them, they gave them back. Sam and the others thought it was a good joke.

Foreign men and women have presented themselves to the food officials, answering summonses, who never had heard that a Food Administration existed! In this class were some who otherwise might have been branded as enemy violators. In a sense, it was a man's own fault if he did not know; then, again, there were shopkeepers who labored, ate, and slept, seldom breaking the round. If there were alien enemies who hindered the Food Administration on general principles, they were brought to notice by their objections and properly disposed of. The number was relatively small; and there were some sad undiscovered cases of good New England housewives who secretly filled their attics with forbidden food . . . their mouths with patriotic good English, and quaked only on Sunday when the preacher read that "stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant"—*for him that wanteth understanding.* And that Joseph became a food administrator *who must be obeyed* when he commandeered the surplus food in Egypt in the fat years to provide for the lean ones.

It is unfair, however, to hold up to public view the half a dozen curmudgeons here and there, in the face of the overwhelming response to one of the greatest self-denials the country has made. Men and women, at extraordinary personal sacrifice, have given their services to the food work, and the results have shown it. When something is begun here, there is little question but that men will stand by and see it through. America has been aroused to a pitch that will go through fire and water . . . or death. It is more alive to-day to the work of the hour than any other country in the world, said a gentleman who has just completed a circumnavigator's tour. But let us face the facts: Although we are composite, there is an overwhelming unity. And we have little of that geographical separation of dialect which makes such definite divisions in many countries. Every facility the country affords has been brought into play to spread the food gospel in the way that would bring it nearest home, emphasizing that *it is not only for ourselves.*

The Golden Mountain

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

FOR twenty years Hazlett had had almost no intercourse with his kind. He was by birth an American and by vocation a missionary to the Congo. Once in fifty years a white man enters that region of intense heat and perilous dampness, of enervating malaria and deadly fever, and survives for a long period without illness and without furlough. In most cases the term of service is three years, at the end of which time, emaciated and weak, the missionary must return to his own country, there slowly to recover his strength.

Hazlett entered the African jungle when a missionary was still to most men a curiosity and to many men a fool. Young, talented, well-educated, he was in the opinion of his friends ruining himself. He was associating himself for life with a low order of creatures, blacks, of whose humanity the world was not at that time entirely convinced. He was not going even to a great mission station where he would have companions of his own kind, but into the interior, where he would be alone. There were those among Hazlett's acquaintances who believed that only some strange and secret depravity could endure the loneliness and horror of the situation to which he condemned himself.

Of the motive which sent Hazlett into the jungle his friends knew nothing. In his youth he had committed a wrong of which he had bitterly repented. His sin had been forgiven, he felt, by God, but he had not forgiven himself. The wrong could not be repaired, since the girl who had suffered at his hands was dead, and only by devoting himself to some work of charity or mercy could he atone. He went into the African jungle because it seemed to him that there ignorance was most dense and iniquity most appalling.

In ten years he saw the faces of four white men. The first and second were English hunters, one traveling with a large company of native porters, the other, a madman, traveling alone. Him Hazlett buried, a victim to fever and his own lunacy. The third and fourth were English merchants in search of rubber.

At the end of ten years Hazlett came down to the coast. Hitherto he had attended to necessary business by messengers who carried his orders two hundred miles through the bush, and who brought back his supplies, his clothing, tools, writing-paper, and the mail which grew each year scantier. What he saw on his journey horrified him. The nations which moved so slowly toward the illuminating of that continent which they called dark were moving rapidly toward her ruin. Even into the interior the seller of gin was penetrating, and all about Hazlett saw the dastardly trail of the rubber merchant. He had meant to stay in the coast town for a week in order to confer with a physician about some medical discoveries of his own, but he returned to his station the next day and set about its removal farther into the bush.

In the next ten years he had other visitors. Other rubber merchants came and departed; other hunters of wild beasts came and pressed a little farther into the bush and retired again toward the coast. The country beyond Hazlett was practically impenetrable. The jungle opposed progress like a blank wall, and from behind it and through it invisible defenders shot deadly vapors.

There came also a scientist, formidable in his white helmet and great goggles, but gentle and friendly when, that armor removed, he sat with Hazlett in the evenings, absorbing like a sponge all that Hazlett could tell him. For him Hazlett got out his note-books in which he kept unassorted but valuable records of all sorts of phenomena, the progress of African diseases, facts of meterological,

botanical, biological interest, descriptions of marriage customs and accounts of primitive religions. All he had he gave to the stranger, who stayed with him, eager and interested, for a month.

There came to Hazlett at the end of twenty years a helper who gave no explanation of himself and who had, Hazlett imagined, some reason like his own for being in Africa. Hazlett gave him work and asked him no questions. Gradually the stranger's eyes assumed a less agonized expression, gradually his brow smoothed. Then Hazlett determined that he would come home.

He was suddenly sick for home. He felt himself, moreover, to be stale; he must have, if he were to go on with his work, a complete change; he must see and talk to other men—white men. He had confidence in Newton and even greater confidence in the natives whom he had trained. He left his work in February, expecting to be back by October, and found himself sailing with a light heart and eager anticipation.

It would be difficult to find, except in the periods of America's wars, changes equal to those of the twenty years which Hazlett had spent in Africa. When he had left, the application of electricity to problems of transportation, lighting, and heat was in its experimental stage; automobiles had only been dreamed of, and there were few buildings in the country higher than ten stories. Hazlett stood in the bow of the ship which brought him home and blinked at the sky-line of New York and did not believe. Then he laughed at himself and looked again, and shook his head as though he were ridding himself of a hundred old impressions and convictions. It was early morning and the rising-sun turned the towers to opals, their windows to crystals. Hazlett thought, as was to be expected, of the heavenly city; he felt an extraordinary, beneficent peace, a sense of adjustment, a satisfaction with himself for what he had done. Wistful tears filled his eyes.

But a greater surprise awaited Hazlett than could be imparted by the material and scientific progress of his country.

Missions, he learned, had become a matter of popular interest. China, typified for centuries by the figure of a sleeping dragon, had assumed for the moment in the minds of men the aspect of a child stretching out beseeching hands to Occidental nations. Marvelous stories of martyr islands and of savages transformed were in the air, the names of Adoniram Judson, William Carey, and David Livingstone had become household names; even government officials were giving praise to missions. The missionary had ceased to be a man set apart from other men by the foolishness of his devotion; he had become an important figure. He had been in these latter years an eye-witness of events which interested the world; from him one could gain political, scientific, and historical information which one could find nowhere else. The meek seemed to be gaining his promised inheritance.

Hazlett discovered—and here was a fact more difficult to believe than that men should be selling bonds and teaching music in rooms forty stories from the ground—that he, Hazlett, had become famous. The newspapers brought out by the quarantine officer announced that among the passengers on the *Athena* was Daniel Hazlett, the noted missionary to the Congo. Hazlett blinked stupidly, read the head-lines again, and then proceeded with the article itself. It was, he discovered, his scientist friend, Houghton, who had given an account of him to the world. He had created, according to Houghton, a veritable Utopia where the unspoiled virtues of a primitive people, fortified and exalted by the principles of Christianity, made a Paradise.

Hazlett, at this point, sat weakly down on a bench in the saloon and chuckled. Twenty years of missionary work had not dulled a keen sense of humor. It was true that he had not opened to Houghton the darkest pages in the history of his African work; he would no more do that than a father would tell to a stranger the failings of his son. But whatever Houghton's ability to discover new forms of plant or animal life or interesting variations of those of which the world knew, his judgment of human life could not be keen. A Paradise, a Utopia! Hazlett laughed again.

Hazlett was compelled, in spite of his amusement, to accept his fame. He

had returned to observe, to rest, to be inspired; he found that he must submit to observation, he must give inspiration. Rest he had none.

He was invited, within an hour of his landing, to lecture before a learned society, and he accepted, half afraid, but with boyish pleasure. He wanted to talk about Africa, and he must correct, he felt, at once, the absurd misconception of his accomplishment.

His lecture was, he realized, a success. Hazlett was an attractive person. He was tall, he had a fine head and beautiful eyes, and, except for the bronzing of his skin, the African climate had put few marks upon him. He had never lost a fondness for good clothes, and he slipped back into the apparel of civilization with conscious pleasure. He was startled to receive, the day after he had spoken to his first audience, a check for two hundred dollars for his services. The society, it seemed, was liberally endowed and it had seldom, according to its secretary, bestowed an honorarium with so much satisfaction to itself.

Hazlett was visited shortly at his hotel in New York by a representative of a magazine who offered him five hundred dollars for an account of his mission, either written by himself or dictated to a stenographer. At this Hazlett gasped, not only because of the size of the sum offered, but at the recollection of the great amount of marketable stuff in his mind. He had amused himself on the long journey by writing down primitive songs and stories which began already to seem strange. Away from the country which gave them birth, he saw their uncanny charm to a civilized and sophisticated mind. His note-books lay under his hand as he talked to the agent of the magazine, and his fingers tightened about them. There was one experience recorded therein which seemed suddenly to have enormous literary and dramatic value. He had thought once of writing to Kipling about it, as an experience which he of all men could understand—the story of the Golden Mountain. Now he said, jealously, the thing was his, his own personal, marketable property, to be for the present hoarded.

If Hazlett had gone to Africa as the representative of any denomination, his experience upon his return would have been different. He would have been taken in hand by his missionary board and would have been given a regular schedule of work after an allotted period of rest. He would have met with the board, he would then have gone through the church, lecturing now in cities, now in small villages, and always to members of his own denomination who knew already a good deal about the scope and the result of his labor. But Hazlett had gone out independently and was therefore accountable to no one for his time.

After he had appeared once or twice on lecture platforms, Hazlett was offered large prices by lecture bureaus, and put himself promptly into the hands of the best known. He saw the possibility of a great extension of his mission work; he might, after a while, hire other missionaries and build schools and churches. In a month he had earned two thousand dollars, which sum was exactly equal to his private income for a year.

For his lectures crowds gathered. His style improved; men liked to hear him because of the information presented directly and simply, women because of his eyes and his deep, smooth voice. He made his audience see the dark wet green of the jungle, the glaring light of the open, made them hear the chatter of the monkeys in the trees and the sound of distant drums beating for war. He told stories of the stealing of children, never thereafter heard of, and of strange rites. He told of the horrors of the traffic in rum and rubber. He told of the songs taught by him echoing through the bush, carried to no one knew what dim distance by black lips. "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Pharaoh's Army," the Christmas hymns, and one which he had written upon a foundation of dimly remembered lines:

> My blood so red
> For you was shed.
> Come home again, come home again!

Through it all, he pleaded for Africa: "Here is a sight witnessed along the coast, not unique, but common and, alas! symbolic. A white trader was about to return to England. His boat was ready to take him out to the steamer

Drawn by Frank Stick Engraved by S. G. Putnam

HE TOOK ME ONE DAY TO SHOW ME THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN

which lay offshore when there sped across the beach a black woman who had been for ten years his companion, who had cared for him, had nursed him through sickness, had borne him children. She lifted her hands, but he would not see; she called, but he would not hear. She had served his use and he abandoned her, indifferent to her misery.

"Thus is the white man serving Africa. He has captured her men and women and children and bound them in slavery and carried them away. He has taken her rubber and ivory, her gold and diamonds, her human strength, and he is casting her aside, leaving her with only the poison of his evil habits and his rum. For one Bible he sends her a thousand cases of gin, for one teacher a hundred despoilers. It is not only for Christian charity and mercy that we pray; it is that in honor and decency we cease our rapine and pay our debt."

Sometimes he told the story of the young Englishman whom he had buried:

"He walked to my station, two hundred miles from the coast, carrying in one hand a satchel whose weight was sixty pounds, in the other an elephant gun. He stayed with me one night, then he started away into the interior, where he expected to find elephants. In a day or two my people brought him back, suffering with fever. Slowly we nursed him into condition so that he could be taken to the coast and put on a vessel. But accidentally he learned that this was my intention and in the night he rose and stole away toward the elephants. In the bright moonlight he traveled half a mile, and the next day we found him, his gun beside him, the black ants settled thickly upon him. His effects gave no clue to his name, so we put on his grave 'An Englishman' and the date of his death.

"He had braved death in one of its most terrible forms in a far country for the sake of shooting an elephant. I said to him, one evening as he lay in his hammock outside the door of my hut: 'Here are millions in darkness blacker than this night. If you want adventure, here is wonderful adventure; if you want occupation, here it is. If you want an object in life, something to make the days short and rest sweet, you can find it here. You say you are a churchman, that you believe the doctrines of the Christian religion; here is your opportunity to practise them.' But the mind of the man was on shooting an elephant!"

Through July and August Hazlett continued to have large audiences, now in the tents of Chautauquas. He continued to write and his bank-account continued to grow. It came to be a pleasant experience to open his checkbook and see there the four fat figures which would some day be five. Life was a pleasant experience; traveling in parlor cars and automobiles seemed more comfortable than journeying on foot on a path cut through a thicket of bamboo, and a box mattress proved a better bed than a hammock swung between two poles.

Best of all was the sight of white faces, the touch of white hands, the company of white men. Off the lecture platform Hazlett was silent and attentive to a degree which embarrassed his new acquaintances. He heard of the marvels of science from those who had first observed them, he heard wise talk from those whose business it was to be wise for the world. He read modern philosophy; he heard arguments for all religions and against all religions. He heard that the existence of the God to whom he had dedicated his life was unthinkable, that the sacrifice of the Son of God was a fantastic tradition, that it would be absurd if it were not so pathetic and harmful.

But Hazlett went on lecturing about the need of Africa. Of that need there could be no question, even in the mind of one who doubted God!

In October Hazlett had not thought of sailing; in November he was still lecturing; for December and January he was steadily engaged. He did not know that he was ill; he did not know that not only the fibers of his body, but the fibers of his soul, hitherto so strong, were being weakened, and that a sudden burden put upon either body or soul might be his ruin.

In the third week of December he realized in the midst of an address that he had let his audience slip away from him. Their faces were blank; they moved restlessly; they did not seem

impressed with the story of the Englishman and his elephant gun and his lonely grave. In panic Hazlett tried to get them back and told with that purpose the story which he had saved, the story which had slowly been taking literary shape in his mind, the story with which he meant to earn five hundred or perhaps a thousand dollars. If he had had time to think, he would not have sacrificed it in this fashion, but in his alarm he was well into it before he could consider.

"Men will do anything for gold," said he. "There lived at my station in Africa an old man whom the natives venerated as a man of wisdom. He knew the untracked country as I know the palm of my hand; could find his way about without following the path; could worm his body close to the ground and keep his direction in a thicket where even another African would have been lost before he had gone ten feet. He knew all the birds and all the beasts and reptiles and their ways. He knew also the ways of the white man.

"It was long before I could get him to trust me, but toward the end of his life he grew friendly and we used to go together into the bush, I to find a new tribe, he to guide me and act as interpreter.

"He took me one day out of our course to show me the Golden Mountain, of whose existence he said no one knew but himself. I thought, as we traveled, of a hillside covered with yellow blossoms, or made of yellow soil, or with outcropping ferrous rock. I even anticipated the scene of some strange and barbarous rite, abandoned and therefore safe for the old man to show.

"Then, as we crept through the bush, I stumbled and fell and my hand spread out on a strange object under the thick matted carpet, an object which had the shape of a stick, but which did not have the texture of wood. When I lifted it I saw that it was a human bone.

"My guide nodded with satisfaction when I showed it to him, and then went on more rapidly. The land rose, and as we went upward I stepped upon other objects like the one I had grasped. The Golden Mountain was, I was now certain, a place of a great sacrifice.

"At last we came upon the object of our journey. It was not a mountain; it was only a little hill, and at first sight there was nothing golden about it, neither flowers nor soil nor ferrous rock, only an unaccountably thin growth of tropical plants. The place, it seemed to me, even at the first sight, was somehow blighted, as though dreadful things had been done there and in some strange way recorded.

"Then at once I saw what had happened in that place, what god had been worshiped, what sacrifice had been paid. The old man stopped and gathered up a handful of the light soil, and I saw trickling through his fingers gold, pure gold which you could see and touch. Then I saw that round the little hill lay a circle of dreadful objects—what remained of living men after time and weather and jungle animals had done their work. They were not natives, but white men; the fragments of their clothes and the indestructible flasks in which they had brought their poison identified them.

"The old man said they had been madmen. He, chattering idly, had told a stray hunter about the Golden Mountain, and the hunter had collected his friends and had brought them thither. They had gone about in the heat of the day, even though he warned them; they had quarreled and thus had heated their blood, and then, wild with sight of the Golden Mountain, they had drunk from their black bottles. Fever smote them all; they were gone in three days, lying where they fell, and he had never gone back. There was nothing he could do—madness had them.

"Those men could have preached to a million souls. Instead, they lie by that Golden Mountain to this day, each with his little pile of gold beside him where the rotting away of a pocket or a bag or belt has let it trickle to the ground, and there they will lie until by some accident in the dim future the Golden Mountain is chanced upon once more. Then into that country, to that simple people, will come something far worse than savagery."

The story had all the effect which Hazlett anticipated. He meant even now to save it, but he told it again the next evening, and still again. He could

Drawn by Frank Stick Engraved by H. Leinroth

HE WENT INTO IT, STILL SWIFTLY, AS A MAN FLEES FROM TERROR

not resist the temptation to hear the flattering gasp which followed it.

Christmas was at hand, but to Christmas Hazlett gave no thought. To him this was harvest-time and he worked that he might reap.

On Christmas Eve he was invited to dinner by the agent of the lecture bureau who had managed him with such unprecedented profit to both lecturer and bureau. It was a men's dinner in a private room at a hotel, and Hazlett knew only his host.

It was soon apparent that Hazlett was the guest of importance. The men would not let him be quiet; they had a hundred questions to ask about the possibility of growing this crop or that, about the salability of the coffee and other crops which the Africans could raise, about the increasing safety of the white man who adopts the black man's therapy. They asked about the trees, the flowers, the minerals.

Then, suddenly, they grew still, and Hazlett heard for the first time the soft footsteps of the waiters outside and the music of a distant orchestra. A stout man sitting opposite Hazlett rose and closed the door and came back to his place. He leaned forward, his folded arms on the table.

"Mr. Hazlett," said he, in a soft, clear voice, "I have gone twice to hear you lecture. Now I know that lectures are not expected to be true, that illustrations are not expected to be exact—all we require is that they should illustrate. But, Mr. Hazlett, is the story of the Golden Mountain true?"

"Why, yes!" said Hazlett. "Of course it is true!"

Through the haze of smoke the men regarded one another. The host looked at his guests with a smile. Hazlett heard once more through the thick door soft muffled sounds.

The agent of the lecture bureau put his folded arms on the table. His eyes narrowed a little—he was sure that he knew Hazlett.

"Mr. Hazlett," said he, "Mr. Matcham to your right is the president of the Northwestern Railroad; Mr. Adams is its vice-president. Mr. Davy is a director of the Kentucky Copper Company and Mr. Langham is a large stockholder in that company. It is not necessary to catalogue the rest of us at this time; you can look us up.

"You say that the Golden Mountain exists; you say that you have been there, that you are certain of the quality of the ore. We propose, with your consent, to send back with you to Africa an assayer to investigate the Golden Mountain. We will make you owner of a sixth of the stock of any company that is formed and we will pay you, when our assayer makes his report, a large bonus. It will be larger, Mr. Hazlett, than the fees of a lecturer."

It was a curious and, besides, an ignominious and humiliating circumstance that of Hazlett no further questions were asked. The man to his right rose and shook hands with him and appointed a meeting in his office the day after tomorrow; another remembered his children's Christmas tree.

Hazlett felt no humiliation; his mind was busy with the route which he and the old man had traveled, that route of which he had an accurate recollection. The Golden Mountain lay somewhere within a distance of five square miles which he could easily locate. Five square miles! It would be worth hewing timber on a hundred square miles to come upon the Golden Mountain in the end!

He said to himself, moreover, as he went down the steps into the brilliant, noisy street, that he need not go back. He could direct the expedition and he would stay here where skins were white, where spring and summer, autumn and winter, came and went in orderly sequence. He was weary of his concern for the souls of the heathen. If mission work were required, then he had done, God knows, more than his share. He would stay here.

He did not take a cab, but walked down the street, thinking intently. He could have his own car, his fine house, his sparkling table, his circle of admiring intimates. Then his throat contracted; he stood still so that he might think the better. He was to have, after all, only one sixth of the Golden Mountain, and some vague honorarium besides! But the secret was his; he would demand more. One of the men who had been so

eager was undoubtedly a shrewd business man who must know that the share offered Hazlett was absurdly small. Was it not likely that they laughed at him, found him gullible, easy to take advantage of? He began to walk briskly, planning feverishly as he walked. They should not get the better of him. He would demand—

But Hazlett's demands were not formulated, even in his own mind. He started suddenly, and stopped as though halted by a blow. He came afterward to question the evidence of his own senses, to doubt the actual presence of any one beside him, almost to believe in a miraculous interposition in his behalf.

A girl had touched him on the arm and was now walking beside him. In a second, alarmed by his intense gaze, she was gone. But she left behind her a vision of wide, sparkling eyes at which Hazlett's blood chilled. They were like those other eyes out of the distant past, eyes long since closed upon the world. Hazlett had seen them a thousand times in his dreams, no longer bright, but dim, terror-stricken, appalled, the eyes of the girl whom he had loved and had betrayed. He had seen her wandering forlorn in some dim place, in which, if he did God's will, he might some day find and shelter her.

He did not look to see which way the stranger had gone; he scarcely thought of her as real. He took up again his rapid stride. Once he stopped and pressed his hand to his forehead. With sharpened vision he saw himself, courted, flattered, prosperous, complacent, greedy for gain, sighing for ease, conspiring to bring destruction where he had preached salvation.

"I!" said he, thickly. "I!"

Then he fled on, half running, half walking, not knowing or caring where he went. The power of the doctrines which he had long believed now overwhelmed him, condemning him. He had put himself beyond the reach of mercy; his sin was greater than Peter's sin.

As if to mock him, there came suddenly the sound of music. It rose, thin and clear, above the rumble of the trucks which, even on Christmas Eve, traveled unceasingly from wharf to warehouse. It was a familiar tune; he stood still to identify it. Then he plunged on his way. "Good Christian men, rejoice!" Did he not know it? He had trained a thousand voices to sing it; he could not mistake it, though it came so faintly down the cañoned streets. To it, alas! no old passion of joy responded, but only an intolerable pain.

"I to have done this!" said Hazlett again, and strode on.

The air had become damp and salt, and at the end of the street stood the towering shed of a steamship company. Through it Hazlett could look as through a tunnel. He went closer to it, then into it, still swiftly, as a man flees from terror. He could see dimly the huge bulk of a steamer, and, indifferent to the chance of a misstep, he climbed the gangplank, left for some reason unguarded, and walked out to the bow in the darkness. He stood by the rail, believing that, as it barred his progress, so his fault cut him off from happiness, from usefulness, from hope. He stood bent like an old man.

Then in the quiet, now that Hazlett had seen himself as he was, he heard another message, not of joy and triumph, but of pleading; not of jubilation, but of compassion; not of condemnation, but of hope. The sound seemed to come now from the sea, now from the air, now from within his own breast. It was unthinkable that Hazlett should not somehow be restored.

> My blood so red
> For you was shed.
> Come home again, come home again!

Hazlett lifted his head. The city burst into its wild Christmas clamor of bells and whistles, but he did not hear; a thousand harbor lights gleamed out, but he did not see. Hearing and sight were strained to more distant sounds and sights, to speech in strange tongues, to a light on dark faces. For him the Golden Mountain rose no more in the jungle—that thick jungle which should hide perhaps for centuries, perhaps forever, its grim secret—for him neither wealth nor fame nor ease had any charm. His spirit marched, untempted, humbled yet triumphant, back to the field whereon he had chosen to plow and scatter against the day when he believed he should see God.

Christmas in a Y. M. C. A. Hut on the Russian Front

BY RICHARD ORLAND ATKINSON

"*CECHASS! Cechass!*" was the only answer I could get from the *instrooctor*, or superintendent, when I asked him how long before the hut would be ready to open. "*Cechass*" is supposed to mean "presently"; I, like many other foreigners in Russia, had long since come to the conclusion that it meant "never."

During the early fall I was staying with the officers at the Staff Headquarters of the 134th Infantry Division, Tenth Army, waiting for the carpenters to complete the Y. M. C. A. hut which I was to occupy. It was situated in the reserves, two miles from the front line of trenches, flanked by a nest of batteries and completely surrounded by massive pine-trees.

The Soldiers' Committees had taken kindly to the idea of a hut, although they were very vague as to its future use. They had detailed for special work as my head secretary, *Properschik* Bobrownickoff, from Rostoff-on-the-Don. He was, so he told me, "atheist, chemist, athlete, musician, and youngest member of the Division Committee." Together we walked, or rode, down to the embryo hut each day, and, being without common means of expression, I was obliged to study my Russian more diligently, while he began to pick up a few words of English. Together we selected our staff of workers for the club (or "kloob," as the Russians called it) and secured through the Regimental Committees a score or more of builders.

Never have I seen work progress so slowly. In the first place, the superintendent could not read the blue prints of the plans, and he was inclined to proceed by guesswork. The men came to work at ten o'clock and worked until twelve, returned at two and worked until four. Half of their working-hours were spent in talking politics or in standing idly, munching sunflower seeds. Although we were not supposed to, we were paying them, and paying them well, but that made no difference whatsoever. Bobrownickoff lectured them and I scolded them, making comparisons with the work done by men in other "free" countries. Our only reward was a polite "*cechass*," and a shy, curious glance at us from many roving eyes. They thought the club would be fine, oh yes, and they were speeding the work so that they could soon see those cinematograph pictures some of the Company Committee members had been describing to them. Oh yes, soon, *very* soon, the building would be ready. Finally I threw off my coat and commenced carrying boards myself. At first this shamed them; then it amused them; and all came down from the roof to stare at me and salute me most respectfully every time I passed them. I gave up in despair and went back to the staff.

When the Bolsheviki came into power and the committees changed their personnel, our club was the subject of much hostile criticism.

"What is the *Americanitz* doing here? He is trying to keep the men here with his moving pictures and his games and his school. We'll see about that!"

But Bobrownickoff was a diplomat. Many conferences took place, and then one day Bobrownickoff appeared before the *Sobrania* (Assembly) of all the committees—now Bolsheviki—and laid before them certain requests. He asked for full co-operation, for permission to demand men from the various companies to assist us as we needed them, for free food for our staff, for a horse and vehicle,

and for blank forms, signed by the presidents of the committees, with which we might requisition anything else we should chance to want. The *Sobrania* voted unanimously in favor of granting the requests in full, and delegates were sent to the hut that very night to inspect the premises and to wish us well. So was made ready the first Y. M. C. A. hut for Russian soldiers on the front.

Bobrownickoff sent typewritten invitations to the commanding officers, to the several committees, to the doctors and nurses, and to the regiments in position, to attend the opening ceremonies. At four o'clock Sunday afternoon the crowd began to collect, and at five the priest opened the consecration services. The Bolsheviki have said that since the fall of the Czar, "the Russian soldier knows no God," and in the light of that statement the events of that day have been to me very significant. The pope (Russian priest) had his icon, a large cross, and a pitcher of holy water on the little table in the orchestra stall. He rose slowly and began to chant an invocation. I wondered if there would be any response from those hundreds of officers and soldiers. To my utter surprise, there welled up a great volume of song; it seemed as if every man in the house had caught the spirit of the day and was pouring forth his very heart, as he had been taught to do in the great cathedrals of the cities or in the little parish church at home. The music was magnificent; it rose and fell and echoed and re-echoed far among the silent pines outside. Then, as the pope read the prayer and proceeded with the consecration of the building, the men bowed their heads and made the triple sign of the cross.

The incense-burner was duly swung, in accordance with the beautiful ceremony of the Church, and then the pope went about the rooms, sprinkling the holy water everywhere, and proclaiming the building open for humanitarian service to soul-weary men. The familiar icon was hung up in a corner of the writing-room.

Returning to the altar, the pope made a short consecration speech:

"It has been my dream for three years to see just such a building as this opened at the front. It has been my dream for many years to see such an institution firmly established in Russia. This is practical Christianity. This is true internationalism. America has given us this good thing. Come, my people, to this house and use with grateful hearts the opportunities and blessings with which it provides you."

Bobrownickoff spoke of the history of our organization, and of its possibilities in Russia. He asked for full co-operation and sympathetic interest on the part of all. I followed, in my broken Russian, with a word of welcome, laying stress on the international character of the Y. M. C. A.

Representatives of the Soldiers' Committees—Division, Regiment, Company—added their enthusiastic word, and together called for three cheers for the Y. M. C. A. After the men had lost their sense of bashfulness, cheers were called for the "United States of America," and for "Free Russia." The woods were filled with the chorus of grunts and yells which passed with *tovarischi* for cheers.

Of all the friends that I made in Russia, Emile Brazuk holds ever the first place. He was not polished, nor would he have shone in the old-time Petrograd society. He was just a great big Siberian taken off the farm and given a gun, with instructions to shoot Germans before they got a chance to shoot at him. He was fat and happy, and he had a triple chin. His twenty-four years had brought an increasing twinkle into his eyes, and he could make any one smile who looked at his beaming face.

When I moved down to the hut, he went with me, and was general overseer of the institution. At night, when the club was closed, he would come into my room with a dictionary, and study painfully strange, hard words in English. If I worked until three in the morning over some plans or reports, Emile stayed it out, mumbling his new words and snoring heavily in rapid variations. Under no circumstances could he allow the *Americanitz* to go to bed without his last attempt to make him comfortable.

"Toreador" had painted various signs of welcome and directions for us, and

some one was always on hand at the door to say "*Zdrafstvuitye?*" ("How do you do?") to the new-comers. The soldiers in the reserve slept generally until eleven or twelve in the morning, and after breakfast they would come straggling into the hut. At first they stood about the entrance, too shy to go farther into the building, and it was several days before we could overcome their feeling of fear. Except when there were "movies" or a play, the theater was used as general meeting-place, and was occupied by long tables for games and magazines and tea-drinking. Simple games such as our children play, with toy battle-ships and the like, were always popular. Chess and checkers were a constant delight, and fifteen sets were busy from noon until late at night.

For music there were the faithful gramophone and the squeaky harmonium (American accordion). The mob that gathered around that gramophone would defy a football team or a machine-gun crew to disperse it. Before the crowd arrived, discouraged officers used to come in and play their favorite solo records, refusing to speak to any one or stir a muscle, sometimes for hours at a time. The choice selection for *tovarischi* was an interview between a dentist and his victim; half a hundred times a day I would hear that poor Russian yell out: "Oh, *Gos-po-din* Doctor! Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!" and how those primitive fellows from the farm would laugh at his pain!

When the mechanism rebelled against too constant usage they were helpless to fix it; they would simply close the machine and slink away to some other part of the building, frightened half out of their wits for fear I would accuse them of criminal offense against me and the institution. It did not occur to them that they might easily repair the damage.

The magazines were of all kinds, from the luridly vulgar comics of revolutionary output to the literary ones of the Moscow scholars. No political publications were permitted inside the door, and even the Bolshevik army newspaper had to be dropped at the entrance. Toward the last of my stay there I had to let up on that rule and admit newspapers regarding the coming of peace. But at the same time, translations of President Wilson's speeches crept in, so that neither side could complain of the other's action.

There were some four hundred books in the library, with the honorable Karsunsky as librarian. He acted the clown so successfully that throngs gathered around the library to laugh; and "fools that came to scoff remained to"—read. The Russian classics were there in force, along with lighter books of fun and of sentiment. Translations of Dickens and of Mark Twain were very popular. The officers, during their greatest humiliation and distress in January, came day after day for Checkov's spirited humor or Tolstoi's heavier philosophic discussions. Books on farming, on forestry, or simple engineering, were in regular demand. Our records showed from sixty to eighty volumes, altogether, read each evening in the building.

One red-whiskered fellow asked me, one evening shortly after Christmas, if I had any extra copies of the books we gave the children from the tree. I was rather taken aback, but I got for him a little colored-picture edition of "Jack and the Beanstalk." He was so delighted with it that he could only salute me, and thank me with his eyes; he could not find voice to speak. All the evening he pored over the pictures and spelled out the pages of that book. Others joined him, including one of the thirteen-year-old boys of the 533d Regiment, and a young woman from the Battalion of Death. The next evening he came and got the book again, and many more middle-aged men read it with him. He told me that he had never read anything like that before. I sent to Minsk and got more books of the same order, and they gave pleasure to hundreds of veterans of three and a half years of horrible fighting. But they did not interfere with the desire for Gogol and Pushkin and Gorky. The same men would often go from this class of writer to the picture-books and back again at one sitting.

The movies, of course, were well attended; it was necessary to give two shows the same evening. The men had big ideas about getting up amateur theatrical companies; they loved to act.

But their talk usually exhausted their enthusiasm.

But the writing-room was to *tovarischi* the holy of holies. This was not due, either, to the fact that the icon hung there and it was therefore sacrilege to whistle in that room, but chiefly because they so appreciated the opportunity to write letters with a good pen on white paper that was free. Fifty men could sit comfortably at the tables at the same time, and it kept us busy getting in our supply of note-paper from the city. All the evening the tables remained full, and scores stood in line waiting to take their turn with the pen. Many men, of course, could not write, but these never had any trouble in securing an amanuensis. I have mentioned the fact elsewhere that it used to take one-seventh of the soldier's monthly salary to send one letter, and, anyway, there was usually no place to buy the writing-materials. Some evenings we took between five and six hundred letters from the box as the product of one night's efforts.

I was curious to see where all the letters were going. One day I asked Luboff, a bright-looking fellow, if he were writing to his "girl."

"No," he answered, with a broad smile, "I'm writing to my wife, in Archangel. It's the first time I've had a chance to write to her since I went to war. I've heard from her, though, once or twice. I'm telling her that we're going to have peace soon, and I'll be home in a month or two. I've got a little girl, home, three years old, that I've never seen yet."

Another day, I was attracted by writing which seemed to resemble shorthand. I stopped by the bashful, twenty-year-old giant, whose name I had not yet learned, and asked him where he went to business school. At first he did not know what I meant. Finally he understood that I took his writing for some system of shorthand, and he grinned his pleasure at my mistake.

"No, no, *Gospodin*, I'm a Mohammedan from Tiflis. I never spoke the Russian until I came up here to fight. I'm writing to my mother, but I doubt if she can read it. She isn't learned at all."

They always had a cheery word for me as I went through the room, and sometimes became confidential enough to stop me and tell me about the man or woman to whom they were writing. Every sheet of paper and every envelope was stamped with our Association stamp and no postage was required to send them through the mail.

Certain men would sit at their desks for hours, decorating the paper and envelope with pictures of strange birds and flowers and meaningless curves and lines. The letters went to every far corner of the Russias, from Vladivostok to Petrograd and the Caucasus. We counted fifteen thousand sent out in one month and a half.

I often used to see the pope for a short chat as he went about the reserves or visited the front lines, with his long brown curls waving beneath his high fur cap. But it was the last night of December (our style) before he came into the hut for a long talk. I had said good night to the last soldier, and was sorting over the day's mail, when Emile plunged into my room, rubbing his hands, and whispering, with suppressed excitement: "Pope! Pope! *Gospodin* Atkinson, pope!" The father came in quietly and removed his snowy cap before he blessed me and sat down opposite me by the smoky little Russian stove.

Emile got him a glass of tea and some cheese which he had discovered in his carefully guarded hoard. Then he brought in the gramophone and proceeded to entertain our visitor. I was about to protest, but the pope appeared to welcome the machine and settled down to enjoy the records. Many of them were by this time badly scratched, but Emile played them all; he did not miss one. A charming soprano was followed by a comic monologue; a folk-song was succeeded by a laughing selection, and then by "America" and "Rule Britannia"—both of which were on the same side of one disk. Emile wound and played that gramophone until the early hours of the morning, never saying a word, but gazing steadily into the music-box as though he were actually seeing the original producers of the entertainment.

When the last sound had died away

THE Y. M. C. A. HUT AT BELLA-ZALAZEA

from the "Marseillaise" (Emile began and ended his concert with that), I showed my guest a picture taken on the opening Sunday, showing himself, standing at the impromptu altar with "Toreador" (who had painted the large Y. M. C. A. curtain), Bobrownickoff, and the *Americanitz*. The picture delighted him greatly. He looked at it steadily for some minutes without speaking, and then smiled at me. "The old and the new; the old and the new! I am of the old régime in life, of the old dispensation, the old religion. You are of the new; everything new. Yet here we stand together. . . . May I have a copy of this to keep?" He kissed my hand when I told him I should be glad if he would keep that copy, and then he bowed his head and crossed himself gracefully, slowly, once, twice, and yet again, as is the practice of the Greek Orthodox Church.

Of political conditions he would not talk, but by the broken sentences he uttered, I knew that he was one of the clergy truly interested in the welfare of his parishioners, and, as chaplain, he was sick at heart over the accursed propaganda of the Germanized Bolsheviki which had gripped his ignorant flock.

By the time the Russian Christmas came around—twelve days after ours—the Bolsheviki had made good their threat to begin striving for separate peace. The men from our sector, however, gave up all talk of going home for a while, and began to discuss the big event. *That*, indeed, *was* worth staying for a week or two longer! For it was rumored throughout the reserves that the "kloob" was to give a Christmas celebration. I think it is safe to say that not a man deserted from our division during the few days intervening between the official announcement of the Christmas tree-to-be and the actual fulfilment of the promise. And even politics was forgotten.

It was decided to devote two or three evenings to the festivities, beginning Christmas night. There were too many soldiers for us to accommodate them all in one evening. A ticket would be issued to each man who cared to come, with the date of *his* evening stamped upon it. The program was left in the hands of Karazia and Papinossiff. I had given one thousand rubles on behalf of the Y. M. C. A. to cover the special expenses. The president of the Division Committee proudly announced that the soldiers had raised five hundred rubles for the event and wished us to add it to the amount given by the Association. He said, further, that all committees reported the same vote taken the previous evening, namely, that it was their unanimous wish that, after the decorations were bought and the necessary expenses met, the rest of the money should be spent, not in paying for something for themselves, but in buying little

Christmas gifts for the children of our morning school. Then Papinossiff reported such a demand for tickets that, in order to be sure that no man should be denied one evening at the show, there would have to be a run of five nights. Further, we decided to invite the women of Micnavichi to see the children around their tree.

Every day the committee officials came to the hut to discuss things with serious faces and to assure me, over and over again, of their slavish willingness to look after any work I wished done. I fear Trotzky must have missed many reports those days from our part of the country. Committees and sub-committees met and pondered and went away with knowing looks. The graet tree was secured and set up in mid-stage rear. Green garlands were strung throughout the entire building. Japanese lanterns stole in from somewhere, and the flags of the Allies dared to grace the top of the stage curtain. Red Cross nurses drove or walked over the cold roads from Prudee, fifteen miles away, to practise with the officers the comedies that were to be acted. The spirit of the times so permeated the atmosphere that I did not have to argue, bribe, nor threaten once during the whole week to get wood cut for the stoves.

A COUNTRY PRIEST AND HIS WIFE

The night before Christmas came at last. All day members of the committees had superintended the work in relays, and themselves lugged and carried benches, tables, and scenery from place to place. They had gone home tired and pleased with themselves and with the world. *Tovarischi* had walked about the building with mouths open as if in a dream. Karazia and the other boys had gone to bed. Only the faithful Emile remained with me as I went about the work of decorating the tree shortly after midnight. Tinsel and fancy boxes and dolls and paper animals — all the pretty nothings that go to make our American trees attractive—we had sent for by special courier, and now they were all to go on that wonderful tree.

Two hours passed and Emile was still awake and still busy—hands, feet, and tongue. He stopped once in a while to express his admiration of our work, and after several ejaculations he broke out with: "Oh dear, dear! Won't *tovarischi* be happy when they see this!" But his big, husky frame needed sleep, too, and three o'clock found him silent and absent-minded. He asked me if I would mind very much if he sat down a moment. When I came down from a high perch to get more candles, Emile's hand still held out to me a dazzling string of beads—red, yellow, and gold—but his eyes were closed and his mouth was open, and his head was wabbling unsteadily from east to west and back again. Emile was asleep.

The fires were all out and the theater was bitterly cold. Suddenly I heard the front door open, and then two young

soldiers, muffled up to keep from freezing, marched down the aisle and stopped at attention in front of the stage. Emile snored loudly and held out his string of ornamental beads. The young men saluted me and bowed low, while I stood spellbound and wondered what it was all about. Then they began to sing. The old Russian Christmas songs and chants—the finest in the world—they sang, and I stood still and listened. It was the Christmas greeting sent by the soldiers to the *Americanitz*. When the music ceased they wished me a "Merry Christmas" and marched solemnly out of the building.

The doors were to open for the performance at seven o'clock, and at six hundreds of men were outside, pounding on the walls and doors, and giving their hoarse calls to be allowed inside. The red-and-white-girded ushers had to fight continually to keep out men whose turn was to come on another evening. One man got in on a tobacco coupon, and when I discovered him he grinned guiltily, and pleaded: "*Tovarisch Americanitz*, it's all right this time, please, isn't it? I'm going to position tomorrow." I knew he wasn't, but he was so clever and trusted so in our stupidity that I grinned back and told him to stay.

Every night the crowd became more unruly, and I had to threaten to close the show before I could get the rioting to cease. They stormed the windows; they broke in side doors; and they yelled and groaned all evening because they could not crowd in, the second or third time. And as it was, the hall was filled beyond any fire limit known in the United States. Papinossiff had not altogether put aside his Bolshevism for the occasion, and Karazia learned that he had refused to give tickets to many of the officers. When these finally attended, the men all treated them in friendly fashion, and for the time old enmities were buried. In fact, the ushers actually saved front seats for any officers who might be there (they had had to ask permission of the committees to attend).

The program consisted of two little plays, one of which had the promising title, "I Am Dead," with vaudeville stunts; music by a military band and by a stringed orchestra; chorus singing by a selected group of male voices; and recitations by a few of the children, who had been duly trained by Papinossiff. The "Marseillaise" was first played, and during the evening the orchestra bravely attempted, with indifferent success, "America."

A GROUP OF RUSSIAN SOLDIERS OUTSIDE THE Y. M. C. A. HUT

On Christmas night the president of the Division Committee interrupted the program and made a short speech:

"*Tovarischi*," he said, "I know you want me to thank the Y. M. C. A., on your behalf, for this wonderful Christmas. It's the first we've ever had in four years. America surely must be our friend to do this for us. This Association is our good friend. We must thank America and the Association and the *Americanitz*, *Gospodin* Atkinson, for this happy Christmas and this 'kloob.' We must never forget this friendship; we're all tired out from war, and this has come to make us glad. Let us thank them now. Let us wish our American *tovarisch* a Merry Christmas!"

All the soldiers and officers and women and children stood up. I have never heard such cheering before nor since. I thought the floor would surely fall and collapse from the stamping and swaying and jumping of that wild mass of people. They shouted my name and I got on to my feet, but I was not allowed to speak. They cheered again, a peculiar, prolonged cheer, in perfect unison. While the noise continued, the orchestra played a serenade. Twice this was repeated. Then at a given signal from the committee president, who had mounted the stage, there came a profound hush. I thanked them as best I could, and wished them a Merry Christmas. Once more the crowd strained their voices, and the orchestra played a third serenade.

One evening, when the old peasant women from Micnavichi were present, the orchestra played an American waltz. It was not like the Russian music they were accustomed to; but, driven by some strange impulse, two of the women, one surely in her eighties, arose in their places, and for a brief minute clutched at their skirts and danced a lively little step-dance. Those who could see them applauded. Startled by the unexpected reception, and meeting my amused glances, their faces turned as red as the shawls over their heads, and they dropped into their seats, overcome with embarrassment.

Emile was Santa Claus. It meant much planning and scheming, but finally we got him dressed in regulation costume, mask and all. Each night some different gift was handed the children, so that no soldier could miss the sight. Emile kissed the frightened little girls before he gave them their presents, and made the little boys dance or turn somersaults as a like condition. He gave them little bags of candy, apples, fairy-story books, and so on. Many of them had never seen a Christmas tree before. All were of the poorest peasant homes,

THE THEATER WAS USED AS A GENERAL MEETING-PLACE FOR GAMES AND TEA-DRINKING

TYPES OF THE MEN WHO CAME REGULARLY TO THE HUT

where war's destruction had increased the former poverty.

But the children's pleasure was mild in comparison with that of the thousands of soldiers. They laughed and applauded and chuckled until many seven-foot huskies sat still and let the tears run unashamed. Even the telephone-operator, who had murdered his twelve in Odessa, and who had recently betrayed the division to the Germans and the Bolsheviki, was there, and was behaving like a ten-year-old school-boy. He came over to Karazia and me to have a friendly word, and did not seem to see any reason for remembering that he himself had arrested Karazia a short time before, because the Lett had expressed his sympathy for General Affanassieff when he was bayoneted.

It was generally two o'clock in the morning before the curtain was finally pulled together and the procession began to file out. I stood at the door and shook hands with every man, woman, and child, and wished them all good night. The soldiers were no longer Bolsheviki nor murderers nor deserters; they were simply a lot of smiling, sentimental children, and to them the world was good!

One night, after the entertainment, the sisters and officers and soldiers who had taken an active part held a little supper on the stage. Mihelkevich, the *properschik* fop from Smolensk, proposed a toast to America. Later, in response, I proposed a health to Russia. Not a man nor a woman welcomed it. Seeing my embarrassment, Mihelkevich, grown suddenly and strangely serious, arose and explained, simply:

"We cannot drink a toast to Russia; *there is no Russia!*"

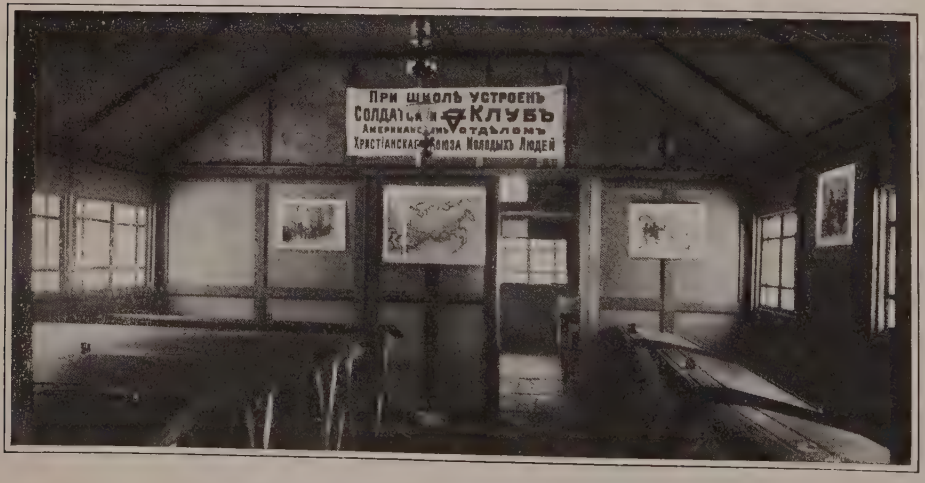
Early on the coldest morning in January I was awakened by Emile's panic-stricken cry in my room, "Mister—*Gospodin*—Mister Atkinson, 'kloob's' on fire! Quick! Quick!" The halls were already filled with smoke. When I got outside I saw that the flames were bursting through the kitchen roof in several places, and the smoke, pouring out from the ends of the building, showed that the fire was running along the roof under the top ridge. The veneer burned like paper. All our helpers were standing by, and scores of *tovarischi* had scurried out from their beds to attend the excitement. Every one but Karazia and Emile seemed absolutely dazed.

Karazia was busy saving the moving-picture machine. Emile was carrying out my papers and personal effects. He was half-sobbing all the while and constantly moaning, "*Chort! Chort!*" ("The devil! The devil!"). I wanted to laugh loud and long at the whole scene, but time was too precious. Grabbing an ax and a shovel, I clambered up on the roof and shouted to the men to follow me with snow and pails of water. They hesitated a moment and, wringing their hands more vigorously, exclaimed: "Oh, it's too late, it's too late! Isn't it terrible! Isn't it terrible!"

But Karazia drove them to my assistance by flourishing Karsunsky's rifle in one hand and my revolver in the other. Then they *did* work, with intelligence and with grim determination, to conquer those fast-spreading flames. When they once got started, they lost their attitude of helpless sorrow, and laughed and joked as if they were answering the call for dinner. Emile, by this time, had organized a large salvage corps, and every corner of the building was stripped of its holdings, armed guards being set to prevent petty thievery. Karazia and several of the men were badly cut by broken glass, and I carried fitting souvenirs in the form of three frozen fingers and a long deep burn on my wrist. But the hut was saved.

Arkeepoff quickly established himself and his barber shop in one of the theater dressing-rooms; the school-room became general junk-shop and sleeping-quarters; and Emile, Karazia, and I took our blankets over to an artillery *zemlanka*. The Soldiers' Committees hurried to us offers to have the damage repaired at an early date, and sent engineers and carpenters from the different regiments to aid us in patching up the wreckage. That very evening, bitterly cold as it was, dozens of boys and bearded men came to write their letters on the few benches we had temporarily refitted. There were no stoves up, as new pipe had to be secured; the broken windows were covered only with pasteboard; and our only light was from anemic tallow candles. But they sat with their collars turned up closely about their ears and thawed the ink out as they wrote, and were pleased and singularly grateful.

Every two weeks, when the regiments were on their way to position, they would stop in for a word with me before they left, and I always tried to be home on that day to receive them. For the other poor fellows, returning from their vigil in the snow-filled ditches, we tried to have some special feature to welcome them back. Night after night little groups would call me aside for a discussion of the latest propaganda given them across the line or from the Bolsheviki in the rear. When the Germans announced their first outrageous peace terms, I



WRITING-ROOM WITH ICON AND CLUB TRIANGLE

THE CLUB KITCHEN AND BARBER SHOP

posted a copy of them on the bulletin-board. The men studied them with deep interest, and the honest committee men did not object to my act. But the more subtle, traitorous Army Committee at Molodechtno sent representatives over to order the paper removed, and they took the opportunity to go through my private papers, in hope of finding some incriminating evidence against me. I wondered that they allowed the large American flag to remain on the wall of the theater.

Late in January, the Division Committee sent me a note thanking us for our past entertainments, and asking us to furnish as much attraction for the men as we could, as it was having a very definite effect in keeping thousands of men firm and contented in their places in the line and in the reserves. After one regiment left us, to camp several miles distant, we boarded an old sled and made occasional visits to it with games, the gramophone, and magazines. But by the middle of February it seemed inevitable that the Germans should advance on the last day of the truce. Our buildings were deeded over to the village committees of public benefit for that section of the country, and I prepared to leave. Karazia and the others decided to stay until the Germans should actually start to advance. I was advised to go at once. I went to Moscow the very day the Huns swept over the country.

The morning of my departure, the Division Committee gave me a document calling upon all "Citizens of Free Russia" to be my friend and render me practical aid wherever I might be met with in my travels throughout the country. Then they read me a farewell word to take with me to America as a representative of the Y. M. C. A. The following is a translation:

Much-esteemed Mr. Atkinson,—You are going away! We send along with you our best regards to the dear Young Men's Christian Association, and our most sincere thanks to you for your great assistance to us, and for those good seeds which have been sown by you among the men of the Tenth Army.

To you, our dear friend, we are indeed grateful a thousand times over, and we cherish the deep hope that you will remember ever the Russian man, and will in the future again come to help him on his thorny way.

We, representatives of the 134th Infantry Division, thank you, dear Mr. Atkinson, most warmly, for your precious labor, which has left a lasting memory in the heart of us Russian soldiers. We bid you, our friend from America, a reluctant farewell, and we wish you God-speed.

Other Folks' Harbors

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

N hour after I had hired the *Kathie C.* an errand called me "'way up along." On the boardwalk two miles from home I met Captain Amos Mayo.

"Well, well!" he greeted me, "so I hear you've hired the *Kathie C.* to go cruisin' down to Buzzard's Bay, to the Vineyard Sound Island. I always did hold with visitin' islands by sea! Might 's well take the steam-cars to a port and be done with it, 's go by steamboat. I wouldn't want to visit other folks' harbors except by sea."

I think it was a subconscious understanding that islands should always be visited by sea which had made the poring over charts and the stimulating *Coast Pilot* our favorite indoor sport.

For years these plans were unattainable dreams. We live in Provincetown on the end of Cape Cod, which thrusts itself out to sea nearly eighty miles. Arm and fist, the cape has been called, with a finger of sand to make our broad harbor for us.

We lived remote, a dour, harborless coast on whose length lie the bones of vessels—they call it the graveyard of the Atlantic—separating us from the Vineyard Sound and our sister towns. When the Cape Cod Canal joined our bay to Buzzard's Bay as with a silver wire, it made New Bedford our neighbor, Nantucket and Edgartown accessible, and our cruise became a reality.

When we weighed anchor the shadow of a sudden storm was still over us. There had been men lost—how many we didn't know as yet. Now the bay rested. It was pale as polished silver mirroring a distant sky.

We pounded past the silent fishing fleet, rounded Long Point, and Provincetown played her conjuror's trick which to the end makes one feel the victim of mirage.

One moment you are in a populous harbor tongued with gray wharves, the low-lying houses trooping like gray sheep into the sea; pass the lighthouse, and a desolate sand-dune is all that remains, the remote resting-place of gulls.

As we passed Wood End Light a seiner appeared under our lee. In the early morning the men's faces shone like bronze, and their red boots, the brown swirl of their nets, and their black boats showed violent against the intense pallor of the sea. There was something fatalistic in their aspect as they stood among their nets. They seemed unchanged from those men of ancient days who went out to put forth their nets for fish.

"Hello, Tony!" one of them hailed our captain. "We was just telephoning you from Wood End to tell Gerald to bring us gas."

We dropped them astern, two of them sitting in the cross-tree of their sloop watching for the ripple of schooling fish to flush with a darker blue the shining surface of the water, spots of black against the sky's lofty pallor.

My eyes went over the homely details of my vessel with pride. The *Kathie C.* was my first command. She is no pleasure craft, and makes her living floundering in Hyannis winters.

I had cruised often enough, but always in the capacity of an afterthought, a meek creature of protective coloring, who cherished in her heart the stern maxim that on a boat a woman should neither be seen nor heard; there on sufferance, sentenced to hard labor, performing the duties of able seaman, cook, and cabin-boy, and also doing my trick at the wheel when the going was uninteresting.

The boats on which I had cruised had had yachtish pretensions, and the usual pretension of a small boat of this kind is speed. They tend to be narrow, their spaces are cut up, while the *Kathie C.* has a cockpit the size of a small back

Drawn by W. J. Aylward

LOVELY NANTUCKET IS THE ARISTOCRAT OF THE COAST TOWNS

CAPTAIN TONY

yard. She is indeed everything a yacht of her size—thirty-eight feet is her over-all—would not have been, leisurely and comfortable, built as she was for space and weather. Instead of beauty there was a quality in her so downright and honest that my heart warmed to her. Beside the boats I had known she seemed a jolly sea tramp. Here there would be none of the yachtsman's pretentious punctilio—the smaller the yacht the more insistent the punctilio—that had darkened former cruises for me.

We surrendered ourselves to the peace that only a small boat can give one, not caring where we went, knowing only that our port was Adventure, our thoughts as fluid as the sea.

The captain spoke. What he wanted was that water should be heated for him. To this his wife responded with the idle good nature of a woman whose tasks were done, that, so far as she knew, he was not paralyzed and he would find the kettle on the stove.

Never had I heard the captain of any vessel thwarted, partaking, as captains do, of the sanctity of absolute rule.

I waited. Nothing happened. The heavens did not fall clattering. The captain stared—but his wife was lost in pleasant contemplations. He turned, perplexed, to the cabin. I watched him, another illusion shattered.

The sun climbed up among the architectural high clouds and we passed the desolate sandspit which marks the entrance to the Cape Cod Canal—where the hull of a vessel, like the vertebræ of some sea monster, lies bleaching.

I fancy all the canals, from our hyphen to the Panama, smell offensively of engineering, and though time may soften the newness of their edges, they never can fail to give a sense of their self-importance. At the end of the canal, however, the traveler has his moment of victory, when the great bridges docilely lift themselves to let him into Buzzard's Bay.

They are so short a distance apart—our bay and Buzzard's Bay—but they belong to different worlds. Provincetown is a serious and self-supporting town. And, though the summer colony splashes color on its streets, it lives by the sea; its crop is fish. Almost every one earns his living in some way connected with this industry. No year passes that this dangerous trade does not kill its men. Our people have the

A BRAVA MAID OF NEW BEDFORD

AN OLD "SPOUTER" UNDER WAY ACROSS THE SEAS

calm fatalism of those who live perpetually under the shadow of disaster.

Buzzard's Bay is inland water. On the left side its harbors are small, the shore bordered with what, to our eyes, accustomed to our low-lying houses, looked like the infant progeny of the summer hotel. What with its yacht clubs and its "summer-people" air, it reminds one of Long Island Sound. Some serious-minded craft have always made their way to its head bound for Wareham, but until the canal went through most vessels having a business in the world stopped at New Bedford.

Yachts sped gladly down the sun-soaked bay. We passed slow-going tugs. A satin-smooth black steam yacht left a wake for us to play with.

Suddenly we were snatched back from the impersonal aloofness of the sea by a little dark-gray boat of the Scout Patrol which hailed us through a megaphone and asked us our business.

And finally New Bedford loomed out of the sea, the towers of its mills forming a high rampart, as though it were a fortress of industry. Her towers are so high that, on pale autumn days, you may see her in mirage across the Vineyard Sound, a stain of smoke like a cloud above her. Along her water-front are concrete piers. The past and present meet and cross in New Bedford. As we

AT SANDWICH A DESOLATE SANDSPIT MARKS THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAPE COD CANAL

drew near we could see the lofty masts of square-rigged vessels. They are still there, the last of a gallant and dying race, a scant dozen where formerly two hundred whalers left New Bedford each year.

We made our berth at the fish wharf on which men were hoisting the cadavers of sword-fish, shocking in their bulk. A big Gloucester seiner lay next us, her cockpit an eddying pool of nets. To one side a power cat-boat from Cuttyhunk was loading provisions against the rapacity, no doubt, of the island's storekeepers; and beyond that was a Nantucket sloop closed and deserted, her cabin locked, her men ashore. Like all docks everywhere, ours were an impromptu village composed of boats from different towns.

Fishing-boats have no anonymity; how little I realized as we drew up along the New Bedford dock. A dark man was sitting on a keg, picking his teeth. I did not see him glance our way. He seemed absorbed in reflections, but he threw to our captain:

"Your uncle wants you on the telephone." He had never seen us before, but he knew the *Kathie C.*

Ashore fishermen, chance-met, were exchanging news about the recent gale. New Bedford had lost three boats, but no lives; Edgartown had a vessel unaccounted for. No one knew where *Nova Scotia Jawn* from Provincetown was. News of wounded boats drifted through the mess talk, as they stood in the shadow of the square-rigged whalers, the *Viola* and the *Wanderer*, the *Viola* loud with the noise of carpentry, the *Wanderer* receiving the finishing touches, the eagle of her figure-head shining with yellow paint.

Then I realized I was part of the Fisherman's Club where you can learn the coastwise gossip from Maine to Long Island Sound, and which under ordinary circumstances would have been inaccessible to me. I had a standing in the world. The master of the lofty *Wanderer* was the brother-in-law of the owner of my boat; they knew our captain, who has gone dragging for flounders winters in Hyannis.

They stood there under the shadow of the aspiring masts and talked of the gale, which with sudden fury had plunged every seaport town in mourning.

I was in the world where people are chart-minded. To the man on shore the world is composed of land surrounded by bodies of water. To the man at sea the world is a body of water surrounded by fringes of land. Mountains interest him merely as landmarks. Shoals, rocks, and bars are his enemies; buoys, bells, and lights his protectors; the hidden currents of the sea and the tides are alternately friend and enemy. The weather no longer means comfort or discomfort, but becomes of imperious importance, since a dropping barometer has to do with life and death.

"Boy, we were out in it!" one man kept repeating. "The waves run sixty foot high!" One had a vision of furious seas, a sudden screaming wind, vessels, like frightened, winged creatures, flying toward death; and afterward up-turned dories floating helpless. . . . The group changed, shifted, altered, each man contributing his detail of the storm's fury. They drifted off at last and there were left only the men weighing sword-fish and the dock-man still sitting on the keg of fish.

As we went up the wharf we paused before a lofty, square-rigged vessel, which seemed to be the home of a flock of goats. They skipped over the rail of the *Clarendon Belle* with the assurance of old habit, foraged on the wharf, or stood contemplating the fleshy corpses of the sword-fish sewn up rather awfully in burlap. The *Clarendon Belle*, alive as it was with goats, was bound for what port I cannot tell. Its decks were piled high with red-and-green tin trunks, whose like we presently saw in a shoe-store—"At the Sign of the Whale." Provisions, barrels of flour, kegs of salt meat, littered the deck; incongruous cargo cluttered the gangway. The *Clarendon Belle*, to judge by the familiar airs of the swarming goats, must have made her berth here for some time; by her looks she would not be sailing for weeks, and yet, incredibly, she was sailing to-day with her trunks and cargo stacked uncomfortably about her mast.

I imagine her under way across the seas, bound for some islands somewhere, for what her destination was, not even the Fishermen's Club that knows every-

NEW BEDFORD IS STILL REDOLENT OF WHALE-OIL

thing could tell us. I can see her slanting precariously in a sou'east gale, her load of parti-colored baggage still unstowed and surmounted to the last by an adventurous goat. There was something unnatural in her silence, broken only by the pattering of goats around the swirl of baggage on her cluttered decks. She led so lonely a life apart by herself that she seemed, big as she was, almost to partake of invisibility.

Each fishing-place has its own smell—fish for Provincetown, clams for Nantucket and Edgartown, and New Bedford is still redolent of whale-oil. The docks and the yards behind the piers are piled high with barrels full of "ile," each one with the initials of its vessel, while in the cavernous shops of neighboring streets goes on an eternal cask making and coopering.

It is a fantastic sort of water-front, nor can you believe on an August afternoon that you are in the North. There is a measured slowness in the way the men unload the cotton-bales at the wharves—a down-at-the-heels look foreign to New England. The air is full of a golden dust. The paint scales from the fine old houses, once the homes of whaling captains, and the shutters are loose. To-day they are inhabited by Portuguese-speaking negroes, a different race from the negroes that we know. They carry themselves with the splendid stride of those accustomed to bearing burdens on their heads, and their noses are straight and of an Arab cast. And those negroes with their soft gutteral honeyed syllables of Portuguese dripping from their tongues form a town as alien as anything you might find in the mysterious islands to which the *Clarendon Belle* was bound. So foreign is this quarter of the town that the very children in the streets turn to stare at you, and a splendid negress with thin features, the yellow handkerchief on her head like a spurt of flame against the faded pallor of the street, checks her stride to wonder about us.

Past all this busy, leisurely water-front sputters the dangerous little railway, snorting and putting back and forth. We walked before it in one of its moments of quiet, when a man darted out to admonish us with high New England sarcasm:

"Next time you walk in front you might walk a little nearer, so's if she *should* start you'd sure get run over!" He spoke as though the little engine were

THE COASTER FLEET AT VINEYARD HAVEN

THEY CHERISH THE MEMORY OF THE OLD DAYS AT EDGARTOWN

a sort of iron horse which at any moment might start up of its own volition.

In the very midst of wharf traffic was a small and flashing garden gay with cannas and dahlias, a garden kept with care and tenderness. It had an air of having strayed in by mistake; one expected to see the wife of one of the old whalers' weeding it.

I suppose it has been the dream of everyone who cares for things of the sea to take a long voyage on a sailing-vessel. Most of us on the New England coast have had our minds stored when we were young with tales of such voyages. I myself can never believe that I never went to Funchal by sailing-vessel, so vivid was the oft-repeated voyage made to me.

Here in New Bedford I chanced on the vessel of my dreams, ready to sail. She was the *Bertha*, a one-time whaler, now a packet. The mate told us that she took passengers, and invited us down into the cabin. Tiny state-rooms gave on the saloon; in the space back of it was the traditional legless sofa sacred to the captain and his wife. The *Bertha* was sailing for the Cape Verde Islands. She was carrying a cargo of wood on her decks, and they evidently intended her to go as high-laden as the three-masters that come down from Nova Scotia to bring us our wood in Provincetown.

But as one walked up and down her decks one knew it never could be—there was an air of slackness about her. The second mate, a good-looking mulatto, the red shining warmly through the yellow of his skin, flashed a smile at us—there was in his manner something that marked him as coming from a place where the color-line was disquietingly vague. Forward past the galley the cook, a fierce-eyed, ashen negro, his wool snow white, sat before the mast. He shot at us a look that had in it I know not what distrust and dislike. As the long corkscrew apple-peelings fell one by one from his hand he flung them to the convenient Berkshire pig. . . . No, a voyage on this packet would have to be for more adventurous souls than ours. It is to be recommended, however, for the *Bertha* is a fine vessel and seaworthy, of the best tradition of whalers.

While we stood there, dreaming of the voyage that was never to be, the *Greyhound*, the largest of the shrunken whaling fleet, her sails ready to break out, her masts very tall and stately beside the little busy tug which convoyed her,

went down-stream to the lower harbor, "bound after whale."

The pier opposite us was loaded with great channel-buoys, up for painting. They lay there in all their huge tonnage, grotesque and lobster-red in the evening light. There was something unseemly in thus exposing them to the view. They seemed like some monstrous sea-fruit that might grow in the garden of the giant squid.

But everything goes to lie up in New Bedford. Boats lie up there till they die. I saw a haunted old steam-tug of a bygone pattern, the very home of fishy ghosts. They said that she belonged to owners in New York who were always going to get her but never came. There were other boats like that, too, and near the water-front, in frowsy back yards, were a huddled trio of lunch-carts lying up, too.

The tradition of the days of whaling saturates the water-front as unescapable as the smell of whale-oil. Now it is a harpoon for sale in a ship-chandler's, now a frieze in a corner drug-store—done, you are told, in a week by a sign-painter—which portrays the various stages of the trapping of leviathan from the classic "there she blows" to the final harpoon thrust. With quaint forehandedness they have even put a whaling-vessel in a museum, and that the illusion might be as complete as possible, a one-time whaling captain is her custodian.

There is no more rewarding museum than the one that shelters the half-size model of the *Lagoda*, who made the fortune of her owner, Mr. Bourne. In pious memory of this virtuous vessel and her owner, the daughter of Mr. Bourne has created this museum. There is the *Lagoda*, exactly half-size complete, from the copper kettles for "trying out" to the sewing-room of the captain's wife.

With her custodian we went out in the perilous life-boat. He himself, it de-

PROVINCETOWN CONTINUES, AS SHE ALWAYS HAS, TO LIVE BY THE SEA

veloped, had been "often upset by whales." We harpooned the whale; we assisted in its cutting up. With him we ladled out the precious oil from the top of the head and assisted in the final trying out of the fat in the copper kettles.

During the talk it came out that he hailed from Provincetown. Now in fiction one may not drive coincidence too hard; the writer finds everywhere in life coincidences that are too flagrant for him. Life itself continually hands one out plots that seem as though made by a machine, so abounding with chance detail that one must tone down, omit, elide. But in telling a plain story of facts one can transcend the inevitable limitations of fiction; one may, in short, tell the truth.

My own home once belonged to a whaling captain, Kibbe Cook.

"Kibbe Cook!" he cried. "One of my first whaling voyages was in one of his vessels. In the *Hatfield* I sailed, Keene Conwell, master. Ha! that was a voyage!" It was a wonderful voyage, full of stopping in strange ports, dallying in beautiful islands, a swanking and wassailing voyage, told, too, in the terms of the best tradition of narrative. "Yes," he added, "I set sail in the *Hatfield* on the 30th of December, 1873."

There is in my library a row of old log-books, the records of Kibbe Cook's one-time whaling fleet. I found it there when I returned: "The *Hatfield*, out of Provincetown, December 30th, 1873. Keene Conwell, master," written in a fine old hand, a circumspect and illuminating account of this great whaling cruise.

I shall never go back to New Bedford. The whaling ships would be gone; the *Clarendon Belle* with its skipping goats will have sailed for its unknown port, and the *Bertha* long since departed for the Cape Verde Islands. I doubt if I should find my way to the shop where we bought a lantern—ostensibly a ship-chandler's, but really I imagine it is a water-side club. Whales' teeth are bought and sold in this shop, and outside was a life-preserver marked *Edith Cavell* which was found floating about by one of our incoming vessels, mute testimony that one had been done to death by the enemy who had executed its namesake.

Our course was to the Elizabeth Islands. They prolong the mainland in a broken peninsula and divide Buzzard's Bay from Vineyard Sound—Nomamesset, Naushon, Pasque, Nashawena, Cuttyhunk, Penikese, and Gull Islands—strange, low-lying islands, rolling up gently from the bay, and infinitely lonely, beautiful, uninhabited islands; at one end of Naushon is a summer hotel and one on Cuttyhunk, but otherwise one must believe them to be as they were when the Indians gave them their names.

The passages between them are difficult; Quick's Hole the best, but even that not recommended except on a fair wind and tide. These are islands, if one wishes to visit them, which must be gone to by sea. Why no one lives here I was not able to find out. There was some talk about rich men; perhaps they are owned by a syndicate, but no one was able to tell me. They lie very lovely and inviting, diversified with inlets and undulating moorland country. Small ponds dot them in which grow lilies, and they smell sweet of bay thickets.

When one looks back on a cruise one sees it as a series of adventures strung like bright beads, the road one followed the string connecting them. Usually on any given journey the events are of a kind—and so with us, but for the night at Nashawena. That stands out as lit by lights from other worlds. Afterward it seemed as though I had lived for some hours in some story of high and noble significance. I wandered through its setting. I saw its august decoration, but I have yet to guess the story. Sometime I am sure I will find it—some story will be told me that I shall know must have happened on such a night in Nashawena.

We anchored in Quick's Hole, which separates Pasque and Nashawena, and went ashore. We might have distrusted the island's smiling somnolence from the first. On its highest point a single farmhouse reared its head. There are sheep on Nashawena, and the marks of their hoofs were in the fine sand; and there were marks, too, of a man's foot. One could see where he had chased the sheep.

We saw them on the moors, grayish-white flocks moving slowly, but no sign of man about the desolate farm-house.

Across the way on Martha's Vineyard was a dim fog bank; one moment we were bathed in sunlight, our island ringed in shining water, the next the fog walked across the land blotting out water and moor, ragged fragments of it blown on ahead as though some unseen force had taken handfuls and flung it. And with its coming the Sound was full of the warning voices of vessels.

Night came down and we cooked our supper by a wood fire; and still the fog wraiths blew past us and still the fog shut out all the world from us except the voice of the vessels crying aloud their presence to one another. We went off through the fog to bring back wreckage for our fire. The fog was full of sighing—of faint, unexplained noises; the waves clucked and lisped disquietingly. The sense of the unknown pressed in on us. Anything might have come out of that fog, even to the legendary Great White Face.

We were whelmed by our sense of desolate isolation; tragedy lurked in the stifling fog and in the tortuous currents of the sea. The wind blew, and from time to time the fog was rent as though by furious hands. There was a sense of haste and of motion; the fog wraiths were like scurrying shapes.

Presently in our search after drift wood we came on a shattered boat borne far inland on some violent wave—a Portuguese boat, its colors still bright upon it.

One was glad to get back to the leaping fire. We made our beds near it and fashioned a kind of tent with sails and oars, settling down for the night, with a feeling of unseen presences about us.

Then suddenly the heavens took fire with a far-off and intense flame. Supernatural search-lights penciled the sky with light. At first it seemed as though it must be some vast signaling as of universes at war of which our world war was but a tiny reflection. Now flushes of light sped up the sky; now Valhalla burning was outlined, light streaming from its battlements; and suddenly the fog was pierced by a meteor of surprising brightness, which lighted up our startled faces.

For a moment we had a disquieting vision of man in his true perspective, no longer filling the picture as he does within the kindly shelter of low walls, but helpless beneath distant towering skies whose lambent battlements were aflame, at the mercy of hidden currents and life-taking fog or a fierce and sudden wind carried by bellying clouds. We knew we as individuals meant nothing, for man has significance only collectively. By himself he is weaker than an oyster.

And then we went to bed, and grumbled at the damp and at the sand in our beds, and next minute cried aloud like wonder-stricken children at the glory of the heavens—and grumbled again at the encroaching sand. And I felt I had never before understood life—where at the same moment we lift our eyes to the immemorial mystery of the northern lights and grumble about the sand in the bed.

We had planned rather vaguely to go to No Man's Land, an island off Gay Head, but in New Bedford we had heard rumors that the man who once kept sheep there had gone, and that instead there was a summer hotel "which wouldn't let you land." Besides, fog still hemmed the horizon. A rabble of hunted clouds streamed down the sky, the mirage of headlands and distant islands reared itself from the water. There was a wide iridescent ring around the sun. It was no day for far adventuring.

I wanted to go to Memsha Bight on the Vineyard across the way. I knew that of all bights and coves it was the loveliest, and that romance lived upon its shores; but I didn't go. Nor did I stop at Tarpaulin Cove, the famous shelter of the old coast-wise trade. Why didn't I go? I was commander of the boat—it was my cruise. Why didn't I put my foot down? Even now I cannot tell. I can call it a semi-victory that the captain didn't attain his goal, which was the moving pictures of Oak Bluffs—*née* Cottage City. We compromised on Edgartown.

As we made the harbor a bright fleet

Painting by W. J. Aylward

NEW BEDFORD WHALERS—THE LAST OF A GALLANT BUT PASSING RACE

of little boats, their sails the color of cream, winged their way toward us. We had come from the world that works to the world that amuses itself. They have become pleasure islands—the islands of Vineyard Sound, and as the days go by they more and more cease to live a life of their own. In the end the ugly modern cottages of Vineyard Haven will cover the Vineyard coast, Tom Never's Head on Nantucket will be a summer colony, and the summer hotels of Naushon and Cuttyhunk will spread until they meet midway at Pasque.

Boys in white flannels were helping fifteen-year-old girls into a boat as spotless as their white skirts. Here the world of boats was cloven so that those who went in one cat-boat and in another were not within hailing distance. The yachtsman's world and the fisherman's go on perpetually side by side. They use the same wharves and docks, their boats are of the same model, and yet they seem to have a certain measure of invisibility for one another. Ashore the town was gay with young people; there are undoubtedly children of all ages in Edgartown, but it seemed full of boys of seventeen and girls of fifteen, the kind that get hung up on every rock for the clamming captains to rescue, for Edgartown is in the hands of summer people.

They cherish the memory of the old days—even the butcher had been a whaling captain. I suppose there must be elderly and middle-aged men around the Vineyard Islands who were not whalers in their youth, though I met none. I came down the dark streets rather sorry about the town, cherishing its memories amid the cheerful clatter of alien young people. I felt alien myself. I walked down our dock and a dark shape loomed out of the black and a soft Portuguese voice asked me:

"How's Maria?"

I was on Carlos's boat and Maria was Carlos's wife, and we "belonged" while I sailed in a Provincetown fishing-boat.

When the captain asked me the next morning, "Where you goin' to-day?"

"Memsha Bight," I suggested, warily.

"You got to go to Nantucket some time," he urged, gently. I agreed. "It's going to take a lot of gas to get there." I could tell by his gentleness he had something on his mind—something on his mind he wanted to put over. I waited. "'Twould cost you an awful lot, and the fog's coming in. I wouldn't care if 'twas my own boat—" Still I waited for him to tell me what to do.

"You'd better take the steamboat," was the sentence he pronounced upon me. He let fall a mendacious "Of course you're running this." I had suspected it before when I had suggested "Memsha Bight," and yet had gone to Edgartown, and now I knew my command was illusion. There is no suffrage on the sea.

It was going by steamboat that we learned how right Captain Mayo was. What did we care now if we were on Squash Meadow? What was Hedge Fence or L'Homme Dieu? The Cross Rip Lightship became a curiosity, and the buoys, the sign-posts of the sea, had now no meaning. Tide and wind were unimportant. The fog might blanket thickly, but we were as safe and comfortable and as uninterested as in a railway train. The intimate joy of finding the channel to Quick's Hole was gone; it was nothing to us that Robinson's Hole was a treacherous place and Wood's Hole almost as bad. We were far from the world of reality, and from the people who had created these towns and marked and named the shoals and rips and currents—the holes and bights.

In the harbor one of our own fishing vessels lay at anchor, beside her a handsome Gloucester boat. The men from the boat were talking together on the pier—dark and serious, slow-spoken men. We knew by the very hunch of their shoulders and the large sweep of their gestures that they talked of the squall. They had perhaps more news. Perhaps the *Annie Perry* had been heard from; they might even now be telling each other what had become of *Nova Scotia Jawn*. But we were outsiders—we had not come by sea. The Fisherman's Club was closed for us. We had lost our place in the world. It was like becoming suddenly invisible in a hospitable land. We were there and our friends were there, yet we could not talk to them. There was now no reason for lingering on the water-front, and we turned into town.

Of all the towns on our coast the prize for high perfection belongs to Nan-

tucket. This town is like some beautiful old woman sitting dreaming in a garden. Its lovely old houses—built in the days when Nantucket was second only to New Bedford—are surrounded by flowers. Nantucket is so lovely, she has been so praised, can you blame her if she is a trifle conscious of her perfection? She sits back amid her old-fashioned gardens among her lanes edged with Queen Anne's lace, and smiles and folds her hands, a little too aware that she is the aristocrat of the coast towns, proud of her faded and excellent beauty which does not lack even the high attribute of strangeness. One admires and admires the dignity, the quiet, the beauty, and then a sadness comes over one's spirit. Is there too much gentility here? When whale-oil and not flowers perfumed the air and Nantucket was young and lusty, was she so conscious? Underneath her brave front I think she knows she does not earn her own living any more and that alien summer people keep her alive. Two thousand people, so they say, live here in winter, and thirteen thousand in summer. The summer people cherish her tenderly—no profaning emigrants swarm through the wide houses of the old whaling captains.

How they cherish the memories of these old captains! The book-stores have an array of new books, telling of the old characters of Nantucket. There is even a glossary of old whaling terms.

A place, like a person, which does not earn its own living must lack moral stamina, and when the minority of the population lives on the majority there is an atmosphere partaking of a flint-hearted step-parent and a grasping boarding-house keeper.

We were driven over the lovely Nantucket moors by a slow-spoken lad, and unconsciously he voiced the native attitude to all pleasure-seeking "off-islanders" who have sought amusement around these waters. As we neared 'Sconset, "It's an actors' colony," he told us, a touch of pride in his voice. We commented on the rise and spread of colonies: religion in Oak Grove, science in Wood's Hole, actors in 'Sconset.

"Yes," he said, in his slow, painstaking way, "there's lots of colonies. Hear you got an artist colony to Provincetown!" He ruminated awhile. "Over to an island off Cuttyhunk," he gave out, "there's a lepers' colony!"

I have two memories of Nantucket: one is of a faded and beautiful street at dusk, and a street-lamp shining on the sudden and piercing blue of a hydrangea, while over the doorway the climbing roses wreathed themselves as though they were a painted scroll. The other is of a tiny half-gage railway track, on one side of it small and dilapidated houses, on the other sheds flanked with great mounds of clam-shells, and everywhere ragged robin and Queen Anne's lace, the whole silhouetted against the blue of the harbor where lay the cat-boat fleet, for fishing has grown humble on the Vineyard and Nantucket, and it is a far cry from the days of those lofty vessels, whose masters built their towns, to the tame catching of eels and quahaugs.

An old man pushed along a barrow of clams; he stopped and asked us where we came from. "Provincetown," he repeated after us in tones of gentle finality; "there ain't nothin' in Provincetown." We stopped and chatted and it developed that he, too, had gone whaling in his young days—and this is a symbol of Nantucket: an old man once a whaler now a digger of clams for the summer people.

Edgartown and Nantucket have retired genteelly from the fishing business—their harbors are now but a refuge for the vessels of off-islanders.

New Bedford has already put its whaling vessels in a museum; its old houses dream of their former greatness to the drone of the mills. Of the four whaling towns, Provincetown, the humblest of them all, remote and low-lying, continues, as she always has, to live by the sea.

I like best the towns who live by their own efforts. I was glad to be under way in our tramp boat—visiting places by sea again in the leisurely fashion of an ocean caravan. How far we had diverged from the standards of proper boats I realized when the toll-boat ran up toward us, as we came again to the canal.

"What's that?" We heard them ask-

ing one another: What were we? A gipsy crew afloat—dinner was spread in the hatch—blue hydrangeas bloomed in pitchers before the house — bathing clothes hung drying on the boom.

"You're a pleasure boat," they accused us, perplexity in their voices.

"Do we look like a pleasure boat?" demanded the captain, leaning against the mast.

"You got wimmen aboard," they accused us further.

"Do they look like women who've been pleasuring?" asked our captain. We didn't—not as they knew the pleasure boats on Buzzard's Bay. So we paid only the working boat's toll which was our right, for we had worked our way.

Again the peace of the little boat enveloped us; the silence was broken by the captain's voice, who wanted water heated to wash up for supper. With the ready civility that one shows a commander of a vessel, the captain's wife hurried below.

I do not know yet how he had assumed full command, handicapped as he was by youth and good-nature. Perhaps it was his superior knowledge. He could run the boat. A vessel, anyway, is a natural autocracy. Deep-sea cruising in stormy weather should be compulsory for all theorists of democracy.

We tied up at the Cold Storage in the canal—the dark bulk of a mine-sower alongside of us.

"Well," said the captain, "it'll seem good to see a real harbor again where there's room to move in—choked up, those Vineyard Sound harbors—bad country, too, full of rocks and foggy."

"Provincetown," cried a reproving voice from the wharf above us, "that's a fine harbor in a sou'east gale, boy! Can't tie up to the wharf with the wind from that quarter! I was tied up there alongside of a fisherman last week—and he kep' a-jumping up and down, all night—" It was the engineer of a tug-boat lying alongside of us. Outside of him was a lobster boat from Rockport, Maine. The captain's wife, an ample woman in bloomers, called to us:

"Have you heard *Nova Scotia Jawn* got in?" We were home again in the Fisherman's Club, accounted-for people with our place in the world at any wharf on the coast.

Their Victory Won

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

WAN-VISAGED Azrael, in a darkened room,
'Mid stifled sobs and pleadings full of fear,
I first was made to know thy presence drear;
And I supposed thee dweller of a tomb
Where quickly fade all fairest things that bloom:
All loves, ambitions, dreams, that men hold dear.
But now, O Death, beholding thee more near,
How changed thy look! how glorified thy gloom!

In the wide Open, 'neath a summer sky,
Bending above thy chosen, where they lie
Upon the hard-won fields of Victory,
This have they taught me—these so young, so brave,
Who smiling gave their all, the world to save—
Life is not lovelier than death may be!

Overnight

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

"AND now, Jan, tell us again how you escaped service in the Austrian army."

The voice of Julie Loubet, genially commanding Jan to beguile the company with his oft-repeated tale, rose into a note of pride. It was not the first time that I had come upon this self-same group sitting with the parted-lipped eagerness of children under the spell of Jan Starc's story. I had stepped into the dining-room of the Hôtel Bordeaux and closed the door softly, so that my entrance was not remarked. The lights were all extinguished except a single flare above the table where the help had gathered for their belated meal and a bit of after-dinner gossip. And I thought, as I dropped into a far corner unnoticed, that it would be hard to find a *pension* in the French Quarter of San Francisco that had quite this cozy air of comradeship.

Jan sat forward in his seat and began. His French was halting and his recital not extraordinary for the times, but he held them spellbound. Even I had to admit his power. And yet power was not precisely the word—that was too arrogant a term for the charm with which he captured us all. In repose, his face seemed a trifle thin and narrow, his lips a little too firmly closed, but as soon as he began to speak a hidden light came to the surface and his black eyes flashed under their beetle brows, his white teeth gleamed, his lips became suddenly full and red and ingenuous. No, his story could not begin to measure up to the clashing stories from the shattered fields of France which must have smeared crimson the torpid content of this after-dinner hour—he had merely outwitted the authorities in times of peace and fled—but he put a human glow into the recital that intrigued the company into believing it to be a praiseworthy and valiant enterprise.

He finished finally, and I was about to rise and move forward into the homely circle of light, when a voice sharpened with skepticism broke through the hum of approval. I fell back in my seat and glanced toward the group. A new-comer was speaking, and from his costume I fancied him to be the cook's assistant.

"Pardon me, but in these times it is surely permitted to ask a man why he—Well, in short, I do not quite understand the reason for your desertion . . . it comes to that in the long run."

Jan threw a darting glance at his cross-examiner. I felt an unreasonable sinking of the heart. There was something more covert than bold in Jan's look, for all its swiftness.

"You forget I am a Bohemian," Jan replied, drawing himself up with recaptured pride.

"Ah, just so! And you do not find Austria to your taste! She has your country by the throat, has she not? Well, then, why do you not show your own teeth a bit? You are young enough, in all conscience."

"Show my own teeth? I . . . I do not understand."

My heart continued to sink, and I could see that my feelings were shared by the others from the puzzled looks which crept into their faces. Why was Jan pretending that he did not understand? Even little Julie followed every move with quivering lips.

The stranger replied with an insolent shrug, and Julie broke the silence.

"He . . . he means," she stammered, "he asks you why you do not fight for your country?"

Jan threw himself back in his seat. "My country? America is now my country." He measured his antagonist coolly. "I am an American citizen."

The group about the table began to breathe more freely. It was as if something precious had been suddenly threatened and as suddenly saved. The cook's assistant rolled a cigarette.

"An American citizen," he mused. "Well, then, you are to have your turn at the wheel, after all. I see that you young Americans are all to be drafted."

Jan flushed. "What you say cannot be so," he protested.

Julie's glance dropped.

"Well, then, here is the evening paper. You can see for yourself."

Jan held out a limp hand. His color was gone and the flash of his teeth extinguished under two tightly drawn lips. He glanced rapidly at the head-lines and tossed the paper aside.

"Oh, well," he said, nonchalantly, "it may happen that one is physically unfit."

"Oh yes—*anything* is possible," returned the cook's assistant, smiling a wide, unpleasant smile.

At this point I scraped back my chair and stepped forward.

The group about the table were still eating roast mutton and salad. They made a place for me, polishing a plate carefully in my honor. I accepted a bit of the mutton and a browned potato and fell to. A frosty constraint had settled upon the company. Jan was pallid and silent, Julie spiritless and anxious, the rest of the company ill at ease. Only the cook's assistant seemed happy and pleased. He sat, casting furtive glances from one to another, licking the dripping ends of his greedy mustache. The platters of mutton were cleared away and they brought on bowls of tiny polished apples and plates of cheese and pots of very poor coffee.

Finally Jan said to me, "You are late to-night."

I looked him squarely in the eye. "You are mistaken," I answered. "I came in during the discussion. I sat over in the corner."

Jan turned red and frowned. The cook's assistant gave a disagreeable chuckle. "We were speaking of the draft," he shot out. "Everything has been settled except the day of registration."

Julie's father leaned his elbows on the table. "And a fine day that will be for this country—and for France! I say God bless them both! Here, Louis, some wine!"

A shambling youth came running from the kitchen with red wine in a pitcher. The company, who had just finished gulping down their wine dregs so that their glasses might be free for coffee and cognac, suffered them to be filled again. Monsieur Loubet rose; the rest of us did likewise.

"I repeat, my friends, a great day for *both* this country and France. Let us drink, then, in the German fashion—*to the day!*" Jan laid down his glass. The old man's face became livid. "How is this, my boy? Must you have better wine for so solemn a pledge?"

"I do not think the day glorious. Why, then, should I drink? I have no desire to be led out like a sheep and murdered! This, they tell me, is a free country. But it seems that it is no better than any other! I suspected as much."

The old man took a deep breath. "Ah, so it has come to this! Well, then, perhaps you find the company as little to your taste as the toast I propose. In that case . . ." He finished with an eloquent shrug and we tossed off our wine.

Jan gave a startled glance about the table. Julie had shaded her eyes with a quickly uplifted hand. The cook's assistant was smiling widely.

Jan rose noisily and walked toward the stairs leading to the lodgings overhead.

"Let us see now how easily he can outwit the *American* government!" sneered the cook's assistant. "Practice makes perfect!"

At that they all laughed, except Julie. She turned upon her tormentor fiercely.

"You!" she cried. "You! How I hate you!" And she burst into tears.

As for me, I reached for my hat and left without a word.

I am a man old enough to take disillusionment calmly, but as I closed the door upon the uneasy company and walked down the street I seemed stripped of all my carefully reared defenses. But there succeeded a certain satisfaction in knowing that Jan had not yet acquired the dubious talent of concealing his weaknesses. He was afraid, but he made no attempt to conceal the fact. And he was not only

afraid; he was defiant and miserable in the bargain. We have all faced such a situation. There are not many who can put a bold countenance upon even so small a matter as a tooth to be pulled. The issue in Jan's case was essentially no greater, but, seen through the wide lenses of profound and stirring events, it assumed gigantic proportions. No, the more I pondered the more convinced I became that Jan had a right to my active antagonism, if nothing else. For was it not due to me that he had assumed the duties of American citizenship? Could I forget so soon how subtly I had undermined his passive opposition to such an estate during all the months that he had served me with my noonday meal at the crowded up-town café where I had first come upon him? At that time I had felt a smug vanity at my victory over his stubborn indifference. It had seemed extraordinary for my poor eloquence to help decide a vital question for a man whom I saw only in the most casual way each day, a man who served me and kept his distance and yet was closer to me than many whom I met upon common ground.

My pride in the adventure had outlasted Jan's employment in the café. When he had announced that he was leaving this berth to bask in the smiles of Julie Loubet at an obscure *pension* of the French Quarter, I knew that I would miss him. And so it proved. But once a week I got into the habit of dropping in at the Hôtel Bordeaux to see my protégé, feeling an almost paternal satisfaction in discovering how quickly he captured the hearts of his new friends. I repeat, I had taken a pride in Jan Starc, in watching him strike root and flourish in a strange soil, in hoping to see him one day break into perfect flower. And now it would seem that my fine young friend was not worth the hopes I had squandered on him. His words that night had hurtled across my faith like loathsome bats in a summer twilight. But they passed as swiftly, for, suddenly, it occurred to me that fear was as youthful a quality as courage, and that as often as not the shadow cast by the one was a measure of the oblique brilliance of the other. . . .

I had walked about a block when, all at once, I retraced my steps. Whatever Jan's shortcomings, it was impossible for me to desert him utterly.

I found Jan in his room. Already he had dragged a battered trunk from the closet and was intent on flinging his belongings into it.

"Well," he said, eying me with defiant insolence, "so *you* have come! You see what has happened. I hope now you are satisfied!"

"Satisfied? I don't understand you!"

"Yes . . . satisfied! After all, you are responsible for this. I was content as I was until you came along. I had no country. . . . I wished for nothing!"

"The country of your birth—you mean it was nothing to you?"

He shrugged. "One ceases to love a corpse! One strews flowers on the grave, it is true, but everything is over . . . there is no longer any anxiety. I repeat I had no country!"

"You have none, now, it would appear!" I ventured, sneeringly.

His brow curdled. "No . . . it is worse! I am saddled with a country that I have no wish to serve. . . . I have been tricked, you understand . . . *tricked!* This country of yours is full of lies. . . . As full of lies as an evil woman! . . . Only a year ago you were too proud to fight; now— Yes, bad women snare you in the same way. They stop your mouth with sweet kisses and wrap their thick hair about your throat, and then . . . then you wake up and find that you are yoked for life with— Bah! It is abominable! One country is no better than another. But some smear their red lips more skilfully." He was quivering, and little malicious gleams darted from his black eyes.

I put my hand upon his shoulder. "Come," I said, brutally, "this is no time for all this poetic talk. . . . This is not Bohemia—this is America. Let us be quite frank. You are pretending to be upset by the fact that, having become an American citizen, you are asked to fight. Suppose you had remained, before the law, a citizen of Austria?"

"Naturally I should not be called upon then to—"

"In other words, you are *afraid* to fight! It isn't a question of having any convictions in the matter; you

are simply afraid. I am right, am I not?"

His mouth lost some of its tautness. "You do not understand, my friend. I have no love for Austria, but three of my brothers are in the army there. . . . Who knows, a bullet from me may one day strike them dead?"

"That is not likely . . . and, besides, such things have happened before. There are certain situations that—Well, you know what I mean."

"I will not fight my own flesh and blood," he returned, doggedly.

"*Will* not? And suppose . . . "

"I will not register for the draft. I have made my mind up for that."

"You are prepared, I suppose, for the consequences? Ten, twenty years' imprisonment—perhaps life."

"*I will not register!*"

"You are afraid . . . afraid!" I taunted. "Come, admit it! And let us face the issue squarely."

He turned his wounded eyes upon me. He was not yet ready to be consciously frank, even with himself. "You are mistaken," he said, with dignity. "I do not believe in war. Like your country a year ago, I am too proud to fight. Sheep are cowardly. I am not to be driven."

He stooped over and began to toss clothing into the trunk. His manner dismissed me. The door stood open and so I left. . . .

I was turning into Stockton Street when whose hand should detain me but Julie's.

"Monsieur," she began, huskily, "have you seen him? . . . There is no chance? . . . I mean, he is of the same mind?" I nodded. "And you are still his friend in spite of . . ."

"I must try to be," I answered.

She was twisting a ring upon her finger. "Well, there is this little matter left between us. It is best that . . . I mean, I could not trust myself to see him again."

She slipped the ring from her finger and held it out to me. It was a pitiful little trinket—a tiny diamond surrounded by pale-blue turquoises and discolored pearls. I took it.

"You want me to give this back to Jan?" I faltered. "You no longer love him?"

She brought her hands to her breasts as if to ward off the thin steel of my question. "Love him, monsieur? Only a man would ask such a question. . . . I am a daughter of France, monsieur, and daughters of France may not breed cowards! . . . No, not even for love."

The flame in her died suddenly and she hid her face in the hot gloom of the shawl enveloping her head.

What could I say? Nothing. Jan was self-confessed and it was impossible to argue the subtleties of the situation with the little peasant girl beside me. I stood for a moment glancing awkward ly down at the bauble lying upon my flattened palm. When I looked up Julie Loubet had disappeared. . . . I put the ring carefully away in my vest pocket.

I did not see Jan Starc for days. Not but that it would have been easy enough to trace and locate him, but I had no wish to. The memory of his shortcomings still stung my vanity. For, as I have said, I had taken a swollen pride in having won him to the new estate which he was now so frankly repudiating, and the example of Julie's quivering contempt had been contagious.

I was walking one morning upon a business errand along the docks when whom should I see but Jan standing in the doorway of a frowsy saloon. He was casting uneasy glances up and down the Embarcadero, whistling all the while with an air of conscious nonchalance. I fell into the shadow of a lodging-house entrance and watched. Presently another joined him—a villainous, swarthy pirate that one could not mistake for anything but the shifty beach-comber that he was. Without waiting for the formality of a greeting, the two turned and trotted away like furtive foxes.

"Ah, so that is how the wind blows!" I repeated, audibly, to myself.

Next morning I went again to the docks. As I expected, Jan was standing in the same saloon entrance as before, but to-day his pose was insolent; already he had lost his timorous air of yesterday. I stood and watched him for some moments. Finally I made up my mind to speak. The suddenness of my appearance confused him. He turned

red and remained silent. I put out my hand.

"Come, let us have something to drink!" he cried, with an air of fine bravado.

I looked at Jan sharply. Between him and myself there had always existed a bond tempered and restrained by the assumption of intangible inequalities. Imbued with the class pride and dignity of a peasant, Jan had kept his distance. I had been cast by him in the rôle of patron, and he had been grateful, but on the whole reserved. Now I could see all was to be changed. I was to be put on the level of an antagonist.

I nodded my acceptance of his invitation. He led the way, and I followed him into the saloon. We sat down at a battered pine table. The barkeeper brought us draught beer, which foamed over the thin rims of the glasses and curdled the sanded floor. For a moment we drank in silence, then suddenly Jan opened a flood of talk—protests, fears, blasphemies. I let him release steam. America had disappointed him. He had looked for peace and liberty and Utopia. I had helped to snare him. And he did not believe in war. So that was all there was to it. I could see at once that what he was hungering for was not sympathy, not thinly veiled tolerance, not indifference; no, he was in need of opposition, he wanted something tangible upon which to feed his weak-kneed convictions. He wished to mate cowardice with opposition and thus raise a brood of excuses to serve his purpose. But I was too cruel and sly for him. I remained silent.

"It is all very well for you to talk," he sneered at me. "*You* are too old for the draft. . . . It is nothing for you to think about the suffering of others. . . . It was the same with me a month ago. Then I would read about everything. To be sure, I very often wept. It is not easy to read of men who lose arms and legs and sight and must go through life propped up in a wicker basket! . . . Fancy, to be fed with a spoon! It is horrible, horrible! But now, think of it, my friend, all this may happen to me! To die . . . well, that is not so bad, but to live, to live! . . . And then, a man may be captured. Think of that! Fed upon dish-water, and eaten alive with vermin, and kicked and insulted. And spit upon by women . . . women who have sons of their own and should be nearer God! . . . No, it is easy for you to advise!"

He beat the table with his fists, swept the air with fine free gestures; his eyes shone tremulously. The more he talked the less disdainful I grew of his panic. In the past few days I had seen many about me accepting the situation with the dumb docility of sheep. For the most part, they either had not imagination enough to be fearful, or they possessed that wonderful and illogical human conviction that they would escape the toll of chance. There were many, too, mastering themselves in silence, but Jan did not belong to that breed. He was a swift stream and the noise of his passage was equally audible and vehement.

"Have you been to the Hôtel Bordeaux?" he shot at me, suddenly.

"No. Why?" I returned.

"Nothing. I was just wondering what they said about me."

I eyed him steadily. He was hungering for word of all his old comrades. He wanted the gossip of the evening meal; he wanted to hear the worst, to feel the sting of the cook's assistant's tongue. He was living in an agony of silence. Not but that he could have found people disposed to argue with him. But they were people he cared nothing about. They were not even his enemies.

"What they say about you?" I echoed. "I think you can guess."

"Oh yes — that I am a coward . . . and . . . and . . . It does not matter. But Julie . . . certainly she . . ."

He broke off with a poignant gesture. I slipped my fingers into a vest pocket. Julie's ring was still there!

"And if Julie loved you?" I asked.

He ran his fingers through his hair. "In that case—well, you must understand me—it would not change my ideas. . . . I do not believe in war. I do not believe that any one should force me to fight. But still, if Julie . . . For her sake, understand, I might . . . it might be possible. . . . I am not sure."

I could see what an effort this simple declaration had cost him. He was

frightened, horribly frightened, but he was finding a sound bottom upon which to place his feet.

"A man should stick to his convictions," I replied, emphatically, "in spite of everything."

My words surprised him, I could see that.

"Well, yes, I suppose you are right. . . . But women do not understand that. Julie thinks that I am a coward. . . . I have thought it all over. . . . War . . . death . . . anything would be better than to have the woman you love . . ."

He threw his hands up in a gesture of surrender. For Julie's sake he was ready and willing to go through with all the tremblings and quakings and heart-sickness; not humbly, though, as one who had found love stronger than personal profit, but with a certain arrogance, the arrogance of one yielding up honor, and convictions, and life itself, perhaps, to ease the agony of another—in short, Jan was casting himself in the rôle of a martyr and rather enjoying the process. It was all false, and I knew it.

"You need not go to the trouble of all this sacrifice," I said, brutally. "Julie has sent you back your ring. Here it is!"

For a moment he stared dully at me; then he broke into a laugh. "To hell with everything!" he said, fiercely, throwing the ring upon the floor.

I bent over and picked up the trinket. He was trembling. Julie had failed him and he was not to bolster his cowardice with the fiction of self-sacrifice for her sake.

We rose from our seats and went out into the sunlight. The defiance seemed to have suddenly oozed from Jan's manner. He had on his face the resignation of one who has played his last card and lost. He put his hand upon my shoulder and pointed up to the sky, as he said:

"There is nothing more beautiful than the sun. . . . Fancy, there are now thousands of blind human beings who will never look upon it again! . . . People point to them with pride and say: 'Ah, there is a man who is a hero! I shall go up and press his hand.' But let me tell you, in ten, twenty years they will be forgotten. They will be an old story. And what will they have to pay them for the loss of the sky then?"

I could not answer him. Defiance is one thing, but hot-blooded youth reduced to tremulous musings is quite another.

We had crossed the street and were standing within a stone's-throw of the docks. A rising tide was lapping the concrete bulkhead with a monotonous and soothing caress, and the wind, freshening from the west, ruffled the waters of the bay from blue to dull green. I was conscious that Jan was speaking again.

"I have never thought much about the sea until now. . . . I am a child of the fields. But now, these ships here seem like big birds waiting to carry men away to happiness. . . . Just think, a man could step aboard one of these ships and in a night he would be far away where nothing would be heard except the sound of the waves. . . . Yes, I am tired of hearing things . . . voices, voices everywhere. I should like to get away."

I looked at Jan pityingly. A sudden vision of the swarthy pirate of yesterday rose before me. Was it possible for any one to fancy that happiness was a matter of selling oneself into slavery?

"When do you sail?" I asked, abruptly.

The suddenness of my question tricked him into a betraying shrug. A flash of defiant insolence woke in his eyes. The heat of protest flamed me into passionate speech.

"Ah, you are standing by your convictions, aren't you? You do not believe in war and so you run away from it. You ran away from it in Austria. You are running away from it in America. What will you do if it pursues you farther? One can retreat from any enemy for a season, but sooner or later one must fight. One must fight even war."

"You are a fool!" he blurted out, hotly. "I do not believe in war, but what can a single man do to stop it?"

"There must always be a first man in every movement. . . . And once there was a First Man. . . . Well, He did not run away, and they crucified Him."

"Talk like that is ridiculous!" he sneered. "I am not . . ."

I checked his blasphemy with a quick gesture. "No, but you are a *man*, Jan Starc!"

He winced. We parted without saying good-by.

During the weeks that followed I saw Jan many times. It seemed almost as if he crossed my path with a certain deliberate defiance—as if he were tempting me to betray him. In the silence which always followed our stilted greeting I could almost fancy him saying:

"Well, you know everything. Why do you not have me arrested? Why do you not go to the authorities and say: 'Jan Starc is planning to escape the draft. He has everything arranged—the ship, the date of sailing, the price to be paid. Yes, it is all accomplished. He has sold himself into slavery because he is a coward'!"

"He is tempting you," would flash through my mind at such times. "You know your duty. Yield him up and put an end to this folly."

But there would succeed a swift conviction that the man before me had the ability that is at once the blessing and curse of all sensitive natures—the ability to punish himself far beyond the narrow limits of a formal justice. And so I let him take as much rope as he would until the very cruelty of my course oppressed me.

As the day of registration drew nearer I found that Jan and his problem had become an obsession, and I grew tremulous with the hope that the frost-bitten twigs of his unworthiness might break into sudden blossoming.

One day he presented himself at my office at noon. This was the first time he had presumed so far, but my look of surprise did not appear to disconcert him.

"I wanted to see you," he said, with great simplicity. "After all, you are my only friend. . . . We do not agree . . . about everything . . . but we are friends, nevertheless. I have a few hours to myself and . . ."

He finished with one of his rare smiles that recalled the untroubled days. I was annoyed at the intrusion, but his naïveté left me weaponless. A few hours to himself! I decided to sacrifice the afternoon to him, because beneath his smiling surface I sensed the deep bruises of conflict.

We went out and had something to drink, and after that we rode on a street-car to the park.

The park was a smiling green and in the sheltered spaces, screened from a keen May wind, one could almost fancy that traditional summer was about to dislodge the bleak northwest trade-winds. We walked to very little purpose, wandering into by-paths, loitering upon the rim of tiny lakes, ruffling in the cold sunlight, flinging our bodies upon green hillsides. As we lay sprawling, during one of these intervals of inactivity, with our faces upturned to the sky, Jan said, wistfully:

"A day like this makes me think of Bohemia. Really, it is a smiling land. If you could only see it! Particularly now, in the spring. . . . Spring does not creep little by little as it does here in California. It comes all at once . . . overnight . . . like good news! And suddenly there are birds and flowers and bees . . . and butterflies . . . and laughter!"

His voice trailed off into a whisper. I could not find words to justify breaking the spell.

"What a beautiful place the world is!" he went on. "And yet men make of it a hell. Why must we run about kicking up a fuss over nothing? There are food and drink and sunlight enough for everybody. And yet people starve and go thirsty and become blind and lose their loves. For what, my friend? For the glory of this, or that, or the other!"

"A month ago," I replied, gently, "you did not find all these simple things so desirable. There was food, and you ate it; wine, and you drank it; yellow sunlight, and you watched it gild the roof-tops; love, and you took it for granted. Perhaps, who knows, even hell has its place in the scheme of things. In your country, you say, spring comes all at once—overnight! But that does not account for its overwhelming beauty. It takes the bare twigs of winter to make such a revelation possible. . . . Spring without winter is a pleasant af-

fair, but we forget to welcome it. And the almond blossoms of April do not make such a stir in a land like this that has had violets since November and the sunlight of January frosted with narcissus."

"But what does spring matter to a man who has been frozen dead in a winter storm, my friend? . . . There you have it! Why should one leave the fireside to die upon the road?"

"Life is made up of choices, my son. If a man is content to doze forever by the fire, there is no more to be said."

Jan took a deep breath. We were silent.

In front of us stretched the main driveway of the park cutting the green forest like a shining red blade. A group of men were filling incipient ruts in the road with crushed rock. In their wake puffed and snorted a huge juggernaut car, smoothing and beating the loose material into an even surface. Automobiles flew by like swift swallows in a spring frenzy; a truck-load of sand drawn by four massive horses came into view; along the bridle-path lean-flanked saddle-horses held their arching necks proudly. We became interested in watching the effects of the snorting rock-crusher upon the horses. The stolid animals before the truck moved past without flicking an ear, but the saddle-horses were all more timorous, and some openly balky and defiant. In most cases they responded to the whip, but there was little courage to their performances. They stopped, trembled, drew back their ears at the dreadful object lumbering into view. It took the sharp sting of pain upon their flanks and the urge of a larger fear to send them cantering on their interrupted way again.

"What fools horses are!" escaped Jan.

"Slaves of imagination, rather," I returned, defensively.

At this moment a foam-flecked beauty came in sight, vibrant with restrained energy. Its glossy coat shone in the sun and its delicately chiseled flanks moved with almost panther-like grace. At the sight of the rock-crusher it halted and quivering fear played upon its nostrils. A woman's hand drew the reins tighter.

"She had better look out," said Jan. "There will be trouble there. Why does she not use the whip quickly?"

The horse began to wheel about. The woman leaned slightly forward in her saddle. She was speaking in a coaxing voice. Suddenly the horse stopped circling; a gloved hand ran caressingly down the sleek neck. The animal hesitated, trembled violently, and slowly, almost proudly, walked past the object that had so dismayed it. . . . A sigh of relief and admiration escaped me.

"Ah, that is a horse for you!" cried Jan. "It was afraid and yet it did what no other has done—it went past without the whip upon its flanks."

"Yes," I replied, as I rose to my feet, "that horse is what we call in English a thoroughbred."

Jan rose also and we continued our walk toward the ocean. He scarcely spoke again all afternoon, but when I parted from him he said to me:

"I suppose you have guessed why I wished to see you to-day. It is all settled. I am going to South America." I looked at him steadily and my gaze fanned all his sneering defiance into life. "It has not been easy, I can tell you. And there is still plenty of risk. They are guarding this free country of yours like a prison cell."

"I am sorry," I said, simply. "Somehow, I had hoped . . . well, I hardly know what. . . . Yes, I do know. I had hoped that you would walk past danger without the whip."

"You thought me a—how do you say it?" His eyes were full of ironical glints.

"A thoroughbred," I answered, coldly.

He threw back his head and laughed bitterly. I checked a shudder. A man who can sneer at himself has already begun to taste wormwood.

"I shall not see you again," he blurted out, suddenly. "Good-by!"

I hesitated. Then I put out my hand to him. He took it silently and so we parted.

The Day finally arrived, and with it a feeling of melancholy for me that I could not define. It seemed somehow as if I should at least be sharing vicariously in the consecrations of this throb-

bing hour. But the mirror that might have reflected my hopes and convictions had been smashed in the final test. I rose early and passed the Hôtel Bordeaux, half expecting to see Jan hovering about the place. But only the malicious glances of the cook's assistant flashed at me through a window of the dining-room as I strained for a brief glimpse of Julie laying the table for the midday meal. Poor little Julie—disillusioned, embittered, hugging her sorrow with the defiance of a woman who had found happiness a ravished husk and was determined to feed upon the empty shell.

The city was full of portentous silences which made themselves felt above the dull mutilated roar of traffic. Men stood in frozen groups upon the street corners or stretched in restless lines to await their turns at the registration booths. There was nothing extraordinary in their manner. They laughed and joked or were mute, according to their natures, and they gave out no impression of conflict. And yet I knew that the undercurrents of life must be moving with tremulous swiftness, for all the easy glide of its surface.

I went and stood opposite the thin file of men in which Jan should have taken his place. My eyes traveled swiftly up and down the line in a futile hope that I should look upon the miracle of Jan's presence. No, he was not there. I turned my steps in another direction.

Half-way up the block I heard a genial whistle rise above the town's clipped noises. Instinctively I faced about. The whistle came again. A man in uniform was making his way toward me. My glance stopped abruptly, and my heart itself stood still, leaping up the next instant like a flaming rocket before the moment of glittering revelation. Yes, there could be no mistake; it was Jan's face, wan and a trifle thin-lipped, that looked out at me from the shadow of his military hat.

I put out my hands to him.

"You see!" he cried, with husky gaiety, sweeping an eloquent hand over his military trappings, "I did not wait for the whip upon my flanks."

I could not answer him, but at once the thought flashed through my mind, "With the pride of a thoroughbred . . . trembling and yet undriven!"

We stood enveloped in a rare silence. . . . Suddenly Jan smiled at me, and blood and tears and victory showed through that smile. He had never had the skill of repression nor the courage of stolidity, but he had wrested something finer from his very lack—an ability to count the cost and be ready with the coin.

I smiled back at him through a mist of understanding, and his words returned to me:

"It comes all at once . . . overnight . . . like good news!"

Yes, he was right, spring *should* come in such fashion.

"Transport 106"

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Professor in Yale University

THIS, of course, was not her real number, nor can I tell her name, which is of little importance in comparison with her true designation, the *Mayflower* sailing eastward, with four thousand Americans outward bound, and many a homegoing Ally. It was a strange voyage, as different from anything conceivable in peace-time as impressive dreams from trivial realities. Day after day our striped and spotted convoy herded through plunging seas. Behind us a gray transport, like a beautiful dolphin, dipped to rise as if for a jump, shook her bow free, surged forward until we could see the pink of massed faces on her hoisting-deck, then dropped again astern. Ahead, a converted liner swung backward and forward like an anxious mother; and clear to the sea-rim great zebra-monsters followed us, tankers laboring hull under, horse-boats, transports, a grim cruiser shepherding their flanks, winking angrily at laggards, guiding and hurrying our rear.

Day after day, somewhere in the ocean, we plodded eastward, until, one morning, we saw through the haze a row of tiny destroyers sitting on their haunches like a pack of hounds in wait for us. The midmost nosed our mother ship and swung astern of her, swaying drunkenly like a toy tin ship in a tub; the rest spread fan-wise through the ocean. Dusk comes and greener water. Signals blink, and the big, gray boats behind us quiver and turn inward, setting their prows down gingerly into the dangerous waves. Within, the corridors of the great ship are lit with dim purple lights. High, gloomy curtains sway with the roll before every door. It is a scene from the palace of Manfred. Soldiers guard the stairways, and voices are suddenly hushed as from the merriment inside some one steps into the gloom, hears the swish of the waves, thinks of the great ships beside him stealing through the darkness, shudders a little, and goes back. But in the lounge there is a blaze of light, card-playing, singing, French lessons, war-talk, a nervous grip on a life-preserver now and then, yet, in spite of tension, the atmosphere of a friendly club. In the morning boat-drill with life-preservers, the officers like yellow chicks with pieces of shell clinging, the little cockney in his flapped overcoat like a belted caterpillar, the company's champions box in the cock-pit aft. Through a hedge of gaitered legs one catches sight of stout calves twisting, jerking, and now and then a supple waist. They jump up against a blue horizon, clinch, swing, clinch, and down out of sight again. From every watch-point the lookouts scan the gray-green Irish water. "Wreckage, red, ninety degrees," they call, and we see kegs, planks, boxes, in sad trails bleeding upward from a gaping wound in some good ship, pirate-sunk beneath us.

This is the setting merely of Transport 106, but it is important because its subdued intensity was like a screen of quivering light against which men's characters were vividly flung. Indeed I write of her not to describe our strange reversion to the perils of the first emigrations, but because she staged the prologue of a drama of international character whose action will continue through our times. A man wise enough might have used our ship's company as a laboratory for infinite tests and discoveries. We had Americans of every useful class aboard—officers and enlisted men, government officials, diplomats, members of special missions, Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross workers, business men; and most of the officers and all of the three-thousand-odd soldiers below were camouflaged civilians drawn from every

business profession and trade. We had a British Cabinet Minister, an M.P., a dozen majors and captains, a score of business representatives. We had Scotch, Irish, Parisians, French-Canadians, Australians, Italians. We had a leavening of womankind, wives and stenographers. It was the Ark, which also was representative of all save the enemy alien. But it took months in the curiously changed atmosphere of England and France, with Americans curiously changed also, before I could interpret the life aboard her.

A remark of Bernard Shaw's crystallized the problem. I doubt whether the prayer I saw embroidered upon a sampler in Mr. Shaw's living-room in Adelphi was ever answered, if proffered:

> Let me be kind to all, I pray,
> And never faults of others say.

But though Mr. Shaw has left the rough work of contemporary satire to Mr. H. G. Wells, who has made it a subdepartment of his manufactory of new worlds, nevertheless of all men in our time he is best able to make those incisive phrases that grip and hang upon the mind until it turns and fights it out with the ideas coursing behind them. "The possibility of anything like international federation," he said, swinging backward and forward in his chair with the peculiar nervous dignity characteristic of the man, "depends upon the existence of psychological homogeneity among contracting nations. If the idealists do not get hold of the scheme and try to swallow it at one bite, it will work out."

Month by month, as I saw in England, in Ireland, in France, and at the front the infinite importance of racial personality — how it wrecked armies, won victories, frustrated diplomacy, and in every crisis was a great X whose equivalent we were seldom permitted to know, Mr. Shaw's phrase sank farther into my mind. Are the Allies, in this respect, psychologically homogeneous? Do they need to be? What is the psychological homogeneity necessary for the joint action in the future which we all crave? These questions are ever returning. And my thinking, whether it begins in a trench in Lorraine, or a Sinn Fein meeting, or an English week-end conversation with some personage "uncorked" by the intensity of the times, always carries back to Transport 106.

There were, as I have said, representatives of all the potential high contracting Powers not enemy aboard, and if Americans were in heavy majority, that was in just proportion to our perhaps dominating influence upon the new world-order to follow this war. It was an instructive experience to live in pleasure and in danger for sixteen days with this advance-guard of re-migrating America. At home we had become a little skeptical, before the war, as to the racial individuality of the American. When your butcher is German, your plumber Irish, your shoe-shiner Greek, your fruiterer Italian, your best friend the son of a Scandinavian, the sense of race weakens. I am an American, you say, but what are these others? One of the great experiences of Europe in wartime was to find the American, even the hyphenated American, running true to a type that the foreigner recognized as valid. In uniform or out of it, even if he never opens his mouth, there is never a question in Europe to-day as to whether a man is American.

Every attempt to define a race as a whole (the French as frivolous, for example) breaks down; nevertheless, I believe that most observers of the last year in Europe would agree with the characterization I made of our Americans on Transport 106. Roughly speaking, they were divided into Americans serious-minded and Americans earnest-minded, with a few sophisticated individuals too detached to classify. I understood very well the remark months later of a well-known woman in London, herself a transplanted American: "You seem to me now," she said, "a grim people. I have to put a 'Jock' or a 'Tommy' into every American ward of my hospital to make our boys laugh. Americans take life so seriously!" That, in spite of joke-cracking and teasing, was the impression we made on shipboard, and in France and England also. I have seen a good-natured mob of sailors and doughboys fling slang at one another under the nose of the King at a Fourth of July ball-game in London;

and I have heard a squad of fresh "roughnecks" from the plains "jolly" a Highland officer for his too-pink knees; but nevertheless, whenever I think of the American overseas I seem to see a tall, lean, capable fellow with a preternaturally solemn face, and earnest eyes only now and then lightening. "How solemn they look," passed from mouth to mouth of the crowd in Manchester as three thousand of ours marched by. "They must be real fighters."

I could have explained, for I had lived with such solemn youths all the way over. It was not merely the effect of a new world and the approach to the war, although these had their part. There was something deeper, and politicians at home and abroad would do well to take note of it. Pershing's Army has been well named a crusade. Whether it is climate, or heredity, or an inexplicable race development, there is a curious nervous intensity in the American when he is roused that is quite different from anything they know in Europe. Scarcely a "Tommy" or a poilu but knows twice as thoroughly what the war means in loss and endeavor as the most imaginative American, and yet they do not take it so hard. The war with them has become like a cold in the head; they feel it always and so never get excited over it. Nevertheless, good foreign observers say they never were so "grim," even in 1914, as these Americans.

There are two kinds of American grimness, as I learned very quickly on our transport. The first, which I have called serious-mindedness, springs from the moral nature, is rarer than mere earnest-mindedness, more intelligent, and in the long run perhaps more effective. I know nothing equal to its intensity except the fanatic idealism of certain Irish leaders and the bulldog tenacity of the pure-bred southern Englishman. It is a genuine survival of the hard-fighting Puritanism that the seventeenth century hammered to stay into the American temperament.

Sometimes it appears as a determined protestantism, as with the grizzled, square-set Westerner who spent long days scowling across the unfamiliar wastes of ocean. "I sure love a fight," he said, "and I expect to enjoy myself over there. But I hate war. Don't believe in it. I was a captain in the Spanish War. Ninety per cent. of my company were no good afterward, spoiled by graft and 'hand-outs.' By God, this military game has got to stop! That's why I've left my family to scratch for a living and come in. Fighting for fun's all right, but not war!"

Sometimes it is intellectual. I sat in the smoking-room through a rolling afternoon with a Princeton graduate, a "casual" on special and important service. "I like the thinking part of the work," he said as we talked, "but the men get on my nerves. They are so monotonous. We were all monotonous, grubbing little animals in America. There had to be a war to save us. If I come back (this week he was wounded, "degree undetermined") I'm going in with all my might to make life more worth living for the common man, poor or rich."

Sometimes it is naïvely humorous. Three doughboys leaned over the rail, talking of their superiors. "The officers are clean-cut and pretty well educated," one said, "but they aren't as good as the men. I could 'a' been an officer, if I'd waited, but this business didn't seem to stand waiting. I'm content, as I am. The officers don't take the war seriously enough for me."

These are random instances, but there is nothing random in the enormous energies that tens of thousands of Americans in the army, the Y. M. C. A., the Red Cross, and elsewhere have loosed for the physical and moral betterment of our men and of Europe. Having applied the "uplift" to pretty much everything in America, we are now trying to uplift war, an undertaking worthy of a vigorous and unsophisticated race; and I am not sure that we shall not succeed. Certainly in twenty years I have not encountered so many vital forces incandescent with enthusiasm, so many serious-minded, intensely active men working passionately for humanity, as in six months' association with the most devastating war in history.

Germany presents no parallel. Neither does France; her efforts are in different (though no less valuable) directions. The Briton is as strong to save as we;

but the British "uplift" is more political and economic, and in the hands of the intellectuals and radicals chiefly. It is perhaps better thought out, but lacks the fire and universality of the American endeavor, which more resembles a national religion than a movement for social reform. The moral nerve of America has been set vibrating by the war.

Four-fifths of our Americans aboard, however, I should have called earnest- rather than serious-minded; and these are the men who have most deeply impressed Europe in her hour of need. Less is to be said of them because their psychology is simpler. In comparison with the British officers, bred at Eton or in the rich tradition of the old army, our boys seemed milky, unripe, over-earnest, lacking the poise of men of the world, undisciplined in mind. They freely told their stories, and these were curiously alike. A hustling five or six years of successful business, a wife, a child, a motor-car, a big deal ahead, then a switch turned at Washington, and their nervous energy slanted toward war.

There was not much clear thinking in this group, and no reflection. I could see that Fribourg, the Parisian, thought them admirable barbarians. Taken one at a time, indeed, they had less individuality than the English officer, but their group energy, their group single-mindedness on the practical problem of getting the war won impressed the Europeans. Behind their eagerness lay a sense of right and duty as vague as the Indian's Great Spirit, and in this respect the difference between officer and enlisted man was curiously slight. If you asked either why we were in the war, you got very unsatisfactory answers. The average American seemingly is not subtle enough to phrase the moral-intellectual reasons which set him going, although he feels them with a kind of race instinct and knows very well that "canning the Kaiser" merely saves him the trouble of thinking them out. But the earnest, unreflecting energy of these practical, intelligent men has proved the very medicine for a military crisis. They asked in Europe for detached and statesman-like thinking on world problems and we were fortunate enough to have a President who could give it to them. They asked for immediate energy to meet force by fresh force, and we gave that also, millions strong.

It was three Americans with their look of earnest resourcefulness that Gallenga-Stuart saw—I heard him tell the story in London. They were taking down the bronze horses from in front of San Marco. He watched them carried one by one across the lagoon of the Giudecca in the sunset, saw the palaces crashed down from the air raids, knew that Venice was being abandoned, feared the Piave line would not hold, then turned to see three Americans in khaki standing together in the piazetta, and took heart.

In striking contrast to the Americans, the British on Transport 106 exhibited neither moral nor nervous intensity, and this difference was true of all the castes and breeds represented there. The Briton runs from tenacious traditionalism in the south, through shrewd commercialism in the midlands and the north, to cool and educated democracy in Scotland, and westward to Wales and Ireland in ever-increasing richness of sentiment; and his social order, of course, is stratified in stone. But in the dewlapped cockney who had left London only in the flesh, the Indian officer, aristocrat of the old army, and the spare Scotch capitalist alike, there was a vital difference from our Americans. I think it was best defined as sense of race, something of which we are far less conscious. The war, I discovered, and had no cause to change my opinion later, was for them a far more intimate, personal business than for us. They had moved in response to it precisely as the leg moves when the knee nerve is struck. Not a man but thought and acted in terms of the British tradition; while we, even the least reflective among us, were burdened with the thought, "Now we must create our America."

It was this that explained, I suppose, the diversity and freedom of opinion on the war that one encountered among these British, and found later in press, oratory, and private conversation in England. Our straining toward a single view of the war seems unnatural, if not

hysterical, to one returning from Europe; seems the very antithesis of liberty. But the cause is simple. United (if one leaves out Ireland) in the sense of race, the British dare be more diverse in sentiment than we, dare to let their minds run ahead to reconstruction after the war, to the vast problems that the military crisis has raised. We are more timorous. We have put the war on like a garment of which we are self-conscious. The Englishman carries it as naturally as his skin.

I remember the first divine service on board, in mid-ocean—ports closed, lights lit, the sonorous voice of the ship's officer reading sentences from Ecclesiastes so poignant that the heart rose to meet them: "Wisdom is better than weapons of war: but one sinner destroyeth much good." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might: for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." And from Joel: "Rend your heart, and not your garments." One could see these stoic phrases in that setting of duty and danger strike upon the tense imaginations of the young Americans. To the Briton, they were part of the established service for ships on lawful occasions. Such sudden commands to forget individualism and meet the crisis appeal not so much to his will and conscience as to his fine sense of race. He takes them dumbly where he sits, like Masefield's English farmers in the poem, "October, 1914"; we rise and strain forward to respond.

I could illustrate this vital difference between the nations from every deck of Transport 106 as we voyaged through the winter ocean, from the British and American fronts, from England at large, but it is too fundamental, and at the same time too little developed, for conclusive illustration. When victory inclines our way, and the great discussions begin, then the differences between two like-minded peoples, one fighting to save and justify her racial best, the other to prove her right to responsible nationality, will become evident.

The French on the transport I have mentioned, and just mentioned, which accurately defines their status. If we had had officers on board it would have been different, for we would have sat at their feet with questions of strategy. If it had been peace-times, and professional matters of literature, art, or applied science had concerned us, it would have been different. But in that atmosphere of international reactions the Parisian officials of our company went just so far and no farther. I would plod round the deck for hours with the British major, in silence first, then a word or two, then a stream of talk, in which we differed and understood each other. The British meet as good dogs meet—first suspicion, then indifference, then, after what seems to us five good minutes wasted, entire geniality. But when M. Fribourg and I walked the pace was fast, the conversation animated and radiant with easy friendliness. It sparkled, it slackened; suddenly a fear of boredom came over him; he smiled, he slipped through a doorway, and was gone until to-morrow. Our minds touched circumferences easily (there is a flexibility in the French mind far more American than English), bounded along together, then bounced apart.

Thousands of Americans will come back from France bearing testimony to this experience. Talk to one of our soldiers now of the Australian, the Canadian, the "Tommy," and he will become voluble in characterization, favorable or unfavorable. Ask him about the poilu, and he will say, merely: "Oh, he's all right. I like him." And that is about as far as you get, for it is as far as he has gone. Paris is one beam of friendliness now for the visiting American, yet even habitués like myself get farther, but only a little farther, into the French personality, the Frenchman where he lives, than before the war, whereas in England one progresses more in a week now than in a year before 1914.

And the reason is important. The French are at the same time the most civilized and the most self-centered of modern nations. Civilization, their civilization, is for them what the sense of race is for the British. The German propaganda for "*Kultur*" reminds me of a big boy who learns a tune and swaggers down the street, threatening to lick every little boy that will not whistle it.

The French have had a better tune for generations, and whistled it to themselves. That, by preference, is what they will continue to do. Not that they are exclusive with their culture. On the contrary, Paris has always been open to the foreigner. But you must come to France, France will not come to you. The Englishman stays English, but he goes all over the world and is interested in the fullness thereof. The Frenchmen on our transport had adventured that once to America; the English had been there half a dozen times before the war. When I was in Paris the critics were making fun of Bourget on account of his taste for traveling. What could he see that could not better be seen at Paris? Stendhal's vaunted cosmopolitanism amounted to liking Milan as well as France.

World politics for the Frenchman, in fact, is simply the problem of preserving intact French civilization; his motives therein are negative rather than positive. The missionary spirit bled out of the race in the Napoleonic era; the fear of being duped, the desire to be "fine" rather than energetic, neutralize under ordinary circumstances the native love of glory and great spiritual gestures; and this balance, far from being a national fault, is merely the accompaniment of a perfected civilization. We may expect in France a reservoir of cool, strong thinking to which a half-barbarized world may go to be cured. Indeed, one hears the hope frequently expressed that her almost irremediable depletion of life will be in part made good by tens of thousands of Americans and English who, when our vast armies ebb home again, will be held by inertia or attraction and become French.

The Frenchman knows his culture is worth saving, and at all costs will save it; but, as the world cannot be made French, he will be willing to leave world-planning to his allies. Time and again, as our talk on the transport ranged from Japan to Chile and dealt with perplexing questions as to how a world sweating race prejudice and thinking of blows and parryings could be brought into some possible order by which all might profit, I saw the look in M. Fribourg's face which said "this bores me." I had to remind myself that without French military genius, French coolness and realism, without, in short, the incomparable mind of French civilization, this war before now would have been lost.

We were all friends by the time Transport 106 had reached her "port on the Irish Sea," and there had been no international incident except an Anglo-American squabble over the best way to umpire deck tennis. A common danger, a common resolve to down the German, a common liking held together our diverse racial personalities. But Transport 106, microcosm as she was of the present confederation against Germany, was not necessarily a prototype of the approaching peace conference. Allies in war sometimes change their behavior when they meet to contrive a new world-order that will work for all and (especially) for each. Did these national types, as different as breeds of dogs, promise sufficient psychological homogeneity to stand the strain?

If we are to aim, after the war, at a mere balance of power among self-centered, egoistic states, emphatically no. There was too much psychology and too little homogeneity among these nationals for hope in such a future. Give the driving, and none too reflective, energy of the American a slant toward commercial domination, and it will shatter such fragile internationalism like a bomb in a greenhouse. Cloud and thicken the racial pride of the British and it turns into that obstinate John-Bullism which has "r'iled" us and made France furious before. Let the French concern for a fine civilization be touched with a cynical indifference as to the fate of other nations, and her policies will cross more often than parallel ours.

Again, if we are to aim at an international state, such as socialists, pacifists, and many historical thinkers prophesied before the war, then no hopeful evidence was to be drawn from our transport. If we are to expect a truly international state, like the later Roman Empire, French, Americans, and English should be able, as were the Mediterranean races of the fourth century, to exchange environments and live mingled together without sensible inconvenience. The Briton might succeed in

this for a while. He bears his race with him. The American very seldom. The Frenchman never. All might emigrate into a new land like our ancestors and make a new nation, for they intermarry without prejudice, which is the first test of homogeneity. But that is a different proposal.

In truth, only two groups aboard our boat were fit for the international state as dreamers have devised it. The first comprised the tolerant intellectual Jews, especially the American Jews. Like nursery plants, their roots are close-gathered for easy transportation. They understand all races and are at home everywhere; and this makes the Jewish intellectual an advance-guard of that internationalism which is surely coming, but not in our time, nor in the form which theorists have depicted. The others were Irish, the richest-blooded, most alive of all our ship's company, always ready to turn every argument toward the woes of Ireland, always debating and never convinced. Michael Massey, the last of the O'Donovans, presiding over every meeting, both cause and judge of every altercation, was the incarnation of the universal minority, which, being against every constituted power, is therefore truly international. He and his kind are sacred vessels for that idealism which never makes compromise with a material world run dully on business principles.

Is there hope, then, for a federation of nations, however rudimentary? As soon as we cease making paper constitutions for it and begin to build upon what we have, it will find its sanctions quickly and impressively. These racial personalities I have been describing are facts that tell neither for nor against the probability of world federation. They are like the differences in character among the individuals who make up a nation. That John is a very different fellow from James, and James, as a personality, very unlike Tom, does not prove that they will be unable to keep the peace in the same village, if village life appeals to them. The important question is not their temperamental differences, but rather those similarities in habit and desire which make communal living possible.

Temperamental homogeneity one does not find in a village, and racial homogeneity I did not discover on Transport 106, but similarity of thought in those principles upon which joint action must be based was very marked. Our international group did sufficiently hold in common ideas of equity, of the rights of the individual, and the duties of the state; and if a difference of opinion arose, the cleavage, as within a nation, ran between temperaments and philosophies, not between local or racial units. The Liberal Londoner, the Radical Frenchman, the sometime candidate of the Progressive Republicans joined forces against the Tory M.P., the French legitimist, and the Rhode Island judge. And on every question that a peace conference or an international council might have to discuss, there was on one side a majority drawn from all nations, and on the other a minority also drawn from all nations. This, I submit, is a true basis for the only international government we are likely to desire in our time—free nations pooling for discussion and majority action their questions of international policy, precisely as they are now pooling their international trade.

Transport 106, after all, was a little world, sailing through space. All the strong desires, possessive, belligerent, idealistic, sentimental, moral, and immoral, which govern action in the great world, were vivid among us. The characters of men we represented will be the same in 1920 as 1918. And if we were sailing in the bond of a common purpose to defeat the enemy, nevertheless when such another group sails back again, after the war, there will be other common purposes then in which British, French, Americans, and (unless history this time fails to repeat itself) reconstructed Germans can join. It is true that the war is deepening and enriching racial personality, and this is most fortunate, for if we come to a federation, its value will depend upon the worth of those federated. But even while we hesitate and are skeptical of any world order, a homogeneity of thought and emotion is preparing in which the strongest and most individual nations most readily can join.

Crater's Gold

A NOVEL

BY PHILIP CURTISS

Andrew Stiles, a young newspaper man, has retired to a little Connecticut town to live in an old house left him at his uncle's death. Here, under the care of an elderly housekeeper, he prepares to enjoy a leisurely country life, when Baumgarten, a New York business man, turns up suddenly with an offer to buy the old homestead. Later in the day a similar offer is made by Pullar, a resident in the vicinity. Consulting with Judge Tyler, the local justice-of-the-peace, who proves non-committal, Stiles is still further mystified as to these offers for his property, which seems suddenly to have developed some extraordinary value.

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THE footsteps proved, on investigation, to be those of the deaf and antique housekeeper, Mrs. Fields, looking very peaked and very unpleasant in curl-papers and a flannel wrapper; but why she should choose one o'clock in the morning to be nosing around a cold attic was a thing of which Stiles demanded — and obtained — an explanation. It was an affair of an extra quilt, an adventure on which it would be impossible to cast any discredit, but Stiles had to admit that she had given him an uncomfortable moment.

In his room on the second floor, he had come bolt awake, as one does, at the sound of the steps, and, listening a minute, had seized his revolver and started out in barefooted pursuit. The creaking and shuffling seemed over his head, and, on stalking up to the attic, he saw, in the light of a faint, dusty window, a queer, humping shape. He spoke, but received no answer; then, realizing that Mrs. Fields was deaf, he went up and put a hand on the shape, supposing that it must be she, as it was, quilt and all. A feature of it that occurred to Stiles afterward was that Mrs. Fields had not been startled at all. Either there was something very corsair in her nature, or long years of housekeeping in windy houses had made her blunt to surprise. She merely put the quilt which furnished her alibi over her arm, walked down the stairs ahead of him, and said good night at the door of her room in a manner which had a dash of the debonair in it. As a rough outline for a scene it had elements, but, just the same, in the morning Stiles could not resist the temptation to see whether anything really had been done to his desk, by Mrs. Fields or by any one else. To date, nothing had, but, as afternoon rolled around, Stiles surmised that it might be just as well to go out and look over his hundred acres, for up to that time he had taken them largely on faith, merely basked in the majesty of their possession. If there really were any oil-wells or gold-mines about he would know just what to say to the next caller. He also took the precaution of leaving a brisk business man's notice with the housekeeper.

"Mrs. Fields, if any millionaires or such like come along to buy the place, don't make a deal until I return."

Then, of course, he had to shout the revised version:

"If any visitors come while I am gone, just ask them to wait. If they can't wait, tell them to leave their money in the big jar beside the clock."

"Not on the study floor, like the last gentleman?" asked Mrs. Fields, grimly.

"Bully for you, Fieldsie," exclaimed Stiles, but not within range of her aural powers, limited as they were.

As might be supposed, few oil-fields were found by the young master of the old Crater place. His hundred acres, he discovered, ran heavily to sand-bank. On every excuse, the sand jutted out from the dry brown grass of the upland pastures, the only relief being crooked gray fences which divided one field from another. In vain Stiles searched for "seepings" of oil under rocks or for "color" of gold in the gravel of the one little brook which ran through the place. The only part of the estate which really

came up to his eye was a green little marsh through which the brook ran and a small plantation of birches which surrounded the house. Crashing his way out from the underbrush of the latter, he entered the house through the kitchen, to be met by Mrs. Fields with an excited smile and a clean apron, the true barometer of alien presence.

"They've come," she whispered.

"Who've come?"

"The people to buy the place."

Stiles searched her countenance, but there was no trace of guile. She really meant it, and Stiles was excited. From the form of her words, he foresaw a purchasing-party in force. Hitherto he had talked only with individuals. Like as not he might find a corporation assembled, gavel and all.

His study, in fact, did, at first glance, give the appearance of being densely populated, a sort of afternoon-tea effect, which impression resulted probably from the fact that, of the two people who actually were waiting in the shabby little room, both were extremely well dressed and one was a woman. A slender and amiable young man in a shepherd's plaid suit rose at Stiles's entrance, with a pleasant smile, a frank, winning smile. He was red-haired and rather Celtic in face.

"Mr. Stiles," he said, "I don't know whether you know me. My name is Eksberger. This is Miss Fuller."

The young woman, in a garden hat and a limp silk sweater, nodded to him good-humoredly from the rattan rocking-chair in which she was installed. She had very large, very dark eyes and an olive skin, and, while good-natured, the world had not much left to tell her. For the minute, however, Stiles was busy trying to believe that this really was Charles Eksberger. Curious that he had lived in New York for fifteen years, picturing this man as a fat, gross creature with a white waistcoat and tilted cigars.

Eksberger, meanwhile, stood watching Stiles with an easy, amused expression which Miss Fuller reflected.

"I have often heard of you," said the theatrical man. "You wrote the account in the *Sun*, did you not, when the Hippodrome elephants got away? I was speaking of you just the other day to Baumgarten."

Stiles was surprised and looked it.

"He said you were, but I thought he was lying."

"You would, wouldn't you?" agreed Eksberger, pleasantly.

There came a long pause, but the most amiable kind of a pause, and Eksberger did not so much break it as end it.

"You don't mind if I ask, do you, if you still have Baumgarten's money?"

"Did you tell him about it?" asked Stiles.

"To tell the truth, I didn't," confessed the young man. "It would have been a pity, just yet."

"And that's lucky, too," confessed Stiles, "because, just after I wrote you, I found that Baumgarten himself did not drop the money, but the local real-estate man. It seems that Baumgarten had left it with him."

"Then Stuffy—"

"That's what we call him," explained Miss Fuller, coming into the conversation for the first time, although she had been a quite satisfactory part of the *mise en scène*.

"Then Stuffy doesn't know that it was lost at all?" asked Eksberger. "He's still got that coming to him?"

"He has, if any one chooses to tell him."

"Better and better," laughed Eksberger. "I'll tell him myself." He turned to Miss Fuller. "Don't you get it? Stuffy running around sweating blood when he learns that a hick real-estate agent lost all that money?" He turned back to Stiles quickly. "You said that it was a lot of money, didn't you?"

"Ten thousand dollars," replied Stiles.

"Rich!" shouted Eksberger. "Rich!"

He mused a moment, then looked at Stiles shrewdly.

"Baumgarten wanted to buy your place, didn't he?"

Stiles rather hesitated.

"Yes, he did," he confessed. He felt that he ought not to confess it, but this nice young man had a way of carrying him with him.

"But the funny part of it was," he explained, "that when Pullar—that's the agent, nice boy, too—lost Baumgarten's money, he had come up here, not in Baumgarten's interest, but in his own, or rather for other parties—people."

"He wanted to buy it, too?" asked Eksberger, quizzically. For the first time his face lost that genial smile.

"Yes. I have had several offers for the place," replied Stiles. He felt justified in including his uncle's best friend.

"Lately?" asked Eksberger.

"Since Baumgarten."

"Well what do you know about that?" asked Eksberger. As usual, he turned to Miss Fuller for audience.

Stiles watched the smile slowly die on the young man's face. Five minutes, perhaps, at the most, had elapsed since he had come into the room, yet he felt as if they all had been laughing at jokes in common for years. He realized that if these people had any ulterior motives he would be as clay in such pleasant hands.

"By any chance, do you want to buy the place yourself?" he asked, mildly.

"Me?" asked Eksberger, surprised. He blinked his eyes nervously, then, as if the thought had never occurred to him before, but as if he found it not uninviting, he added: "I don't know. Why?"

"Because," explained Stiles, "if you don't, you are the first man who has come here who hasn't."

Eksberger blinked his eyes still more, then changed to a quieter tone.

"Do you mind telling me just what really did happen? Of course I know that Baumgarten came tumbling up here and made you violent cash offers. He always shouts cash, always waves cash. What then? You don't mind?"

"Not at all," replied Stiles, and he really didn't mind, although he wondered vaguely if he ought to mind, if he were losing a million or so by not minding. "But first," he said, "will you tell me who Baumgarten is?"

"Oh, Baumgarten's a damn fool!" replied Eksberger. That seemed to cover it, and Stiles picked up the thread of his narrative.

"Well, Mr. Baumgarten appeared one day and tried to get me to sell the place, but, as it happened, I didn't want to sell. He tried to get me to set a price, any price, and went away very unhappy because I wouldn't. He had already been to see Pullar, but apparently thought he could do the business better himself."

"He would," said Miss Fuller.

"So then," explained Stiles, "Pullar himself came round and learned what had happened. That evening he came again, but this time it appears he was not acting for Baumgarten, but for a person or persons unknown—local talent presumably."

Eksberger looked at Miss Fuller.

"What did I tell you?" he asked, triumphantly.

Miss Fuller nodded, but a bit impatiently. Her dark eyes were all for the rest of the story.

"So that," Stiles explained, "was the time I found it was he who had dropped the money; but, in the mean time, I had written to you, supposing that Baumgarten had dropped it himself."

"But why to me?" asked Eksberger, quickly. "Oh yes, yes! He had told you that I had spoken of you and you thought he was lying."

"He left me under the impression," explained Stiles, "that when you and he were not in each other's company it was an empty day for you both."

Eksberger looked at Miss Fuller and they both smiled.

"That's Stuffy all over," said the former. "Did he also let you know how close he was to Klaw and Erlanger and David Belasco?"

"No," confessed Stiles. "He seemed to think that you would make the biggest impression on my rural mind."

"And how does the matter stand now?" asked Eksberger.

"It stands just where it stood before," replied Stiles. "Baumgarten wants to buy the classic old ruin; Pullar wants to buy it for persons unknown, and an old friend of my uncle's, who looks like Washington Irving and talks like the villain in 'Way Down East,' is putting in a cautious feeler or two on his own behalf. And I forgot to say," added Stiles, "that everybody concerned —Baumgarten, Pullar, and Washington Irving—all go into convulsions every time I mention your name."

"And raise their bids?" suggested Eksberger.

"Each according to the manner of his kind," acknowledged Stiles. "Baumgarten talks about raising the ante, blind; Pullar urges me to keep the

Drawn by Wilson C. Dexter

HE HELD IN HIS HAND A SHEET OF PAPER, YELLOW WITH AGE

property in local hands; and Washington Irving warns me against your soft, city ways."

Eksberger had taken a seat in the worst of the chairs, and at this he lay back and roared, slapping his knee.

"Better, and better, and better!" he laughed. "And you," he added, suddenly, "haven't an idea what the whole thing is about?"

"N-no," Stiles confessed, "I haven't the slightest idea."

He had not meant to confess it at all, but, under Eksberger's clear eye, had done it before he could stop himself.

"Of course," he added, to save his sophistication, "there are already rumors, I suppose, that there is oil on the land, or gold, or both."

"Of course," agreed Eksberger, soberly. He sat thinking, as if uncertain where to begin, and then he added, slowly:

"Well, the long and painful story is just this and no more."

He paused suddenly and remarked:

"Of course there is the possibility that I may be lying to you myself."

"I've still got the place," replied Stiles, grimly.

Miss Fuller threw him an appreciative glance. Eksberger laughed.

"Anyway, this is what happened. Three or four days ago we were motoring through here—Miss Fuller and I—and I noticed this place and wondered about it. Looked as if some old country squire had lived here, sometime. Just wondered, that's all. Then we went to the village and stopped for lunch—white house. Know it?"

"Place with 'Welcome' on the mat?"

"That's the place," replied Eksberger. "Almost in tears because you try to spend some money there. They had another guest, too—all of one—cigar-drummer or something of the sort. Knew me by sight. Pointed me out to the local youth. 'Know who that is? That's Charles Eksberger—owns all the moving pichurs.' You could see 'em gather in ones and twos. Then, I suppose, my chauffeur threw out his chest a little in the garage. He's got to have some compensation for holding a hard job.

"Then, of course, one or two village cut-ups strolled up to me—'Nice day, Mr. Eksberger,' and all that. 'How do you find the roads?' You know the stuff. So, just to make talk, I asked one man, I've forgotten who—it might have been your friend the real-estate man—I asked who owned the old yellow place with the cupola.

"They told me the owner had just died and the place was on the market, and I said, 'You don't tell me. How much do they want for it?' What else could I say? Then I added, 'Fine place,' or something like that. Then they said that it belonged now to a man named Stiles, reporter in New York. So I said, 'Not Andy Stiles?' just as if you and I were bosom pals, 'My old friend Andy Stiles?' I says. Then I thought I'd string 'em a bit. 'What's it worth?' I says. 'Possibilities in that place.' Do you get me now?"

"I think I begin to," replied Stiles. "But where does Baumgarten come in?"

"I'm getting to him," answered Eksberger, "but before we were one mile out of town I said to Miss Fuller—didn't I, Rose?—I said, 'I'll bet that already it has spread all over town that I have got my eye on that place to make moving pictures. Next thing I'll be hearing from real-estate agents.' It wasn't mind-reading. It happens every time I ask my way around a small town; but I never thought it would be as good as this."

"But Baumgarten?" hinted Stiles.

"Oh yes, Baumgarten. Say, do you know what is the ambition of every Jew who makes money in New York? I'm a Jew myself," he added, by way of aside.

"Not really!" interrupted Miss Fuller.

Eksberger smiled. "That wasn't necessary, was it? Every Jew who makes money in the clothing business—"

"Then I was right," interposed Stiles. "That's what I guessed."

"Did you really?" asked Eksberger, interested.

"It wasn't hard," suggested Miss Fuller, dryly.

"As it happens in his case," continued Eksberger, "it is art novelties, but they are all the same. Baumgarten's one dream is to be a theatrical man. Wants to be pointed out in cafés."

"And not just at country hotels," remarked Miss Fuller, sweetly.

Eksberger flushed.

"Have mercy, Rose, have mercy! Anyway, Baumgarten has been making my life a burden—Charlie this and Charlie that—until that night, after we got back to the city, I was thinking of how the hicks had tumbled, and so I said to myself, 'I'll bet this wise guy is just as big a hick as they are.'

"'Sam,' I said to him."

"He's got a good name for the show business," suggested Stiles.

Eksberger looked up quickly.

"I'll tell you something about that, sometime," he remarked. "'Sam,' I says, 'I saw something good up in the country to-day; fine old place, badly run down, but it's simply a gem.' Then I told him just where it was and said, 'And who do you suppose owns it? Andy Stiles. You know Andy, of course. Just snapped it up. Don't know what he means to do with it,' I says, looking all the time as if I did, 'but he's a wise bird, that boy is.' Have you ever noticed that in the show business it is part of the game to know everybody and know them by their first name? 'Now what do you think the rascal's up to?' I asked Stuffy.

"Sheer rot," explained Eksberger. "But all you've got to do in the show business—they're all half crazy—is to nod your head and talk to them in a half whisper—"

"And tap their knee from time to time," suggested Stiles.

"Yes," agreed Eksberger, "and give the impression, 'Now this is just between you and I. There's not many people that know it, but this is straight stuff, inside dope.' It wouldn't matter if you told them that the Kaiser had opened a foundlings' home, anything will do, just so you say it in a husky voice and nod your head—and tap their knee—that's a good line, by the way.

"So that, in brief," explained Eksberger, "is what I did to old Stuffy. Was very careful to say that I didn't want the place myself. I said to Rose afterwards—didn't I, Rose?—I said, 'I bet that old slob will run up to Eden or whatever they call it and want to buy that place ahead of me.' By the way, when did he come?"

"Yesterday," reckoned Stiles, surprised himself to realize that it was so recently.

Eksberger slapped his knee again and turned to Miss Fuller.

"Can you beat it?" he asked.

"So there you are," he concluded to Stiles, triumphantly. "There you have the whole business. Baumgarten wanting it because he thinks I want it, and your agent chap wanting it because he thinks that both of us want it, and all the hicks wanting it because they think the three of us want it. It's a yell, that's what it is!"

He positively beamed at Stiles as if he had done him the favor of his life in exploding his bubble, and not until that moment had Stiles realized that he had not. Then it came to him ruefully.

"And here I was spending the money already."

Eksberger's face completely sobered. He was a great boy, after all, and he had a great boy's amazing sympathy.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, "you should worry. You don't think I'm going to spoil the farce, do you? Keep 'em coming. Let 'em bid and then let it go to the best of them. I only hope it's Baumgarten that gets stung. Say," he continued, with a sort of feverish enthusiasm, "don't you know that every one in town will know that I have been here, ten minutes after I have gone?"

"Ye-es," replied Stiles, slowly.

It was really funny that, although he had been the skeptic of skeptics about his own gold-mine, yet, now that some one had agreed with him that it was only pyrites, he was almost tearful.

"To tell the truth, this is just about what I supposed had happened, but every one was so mysterious that I looked forward to the missing papers and the shots in the night."

"And the old squire's daughter?" asked Miss Fuller.

"I hadn't got to her yet, but she was about due," answered Stiles. "And now look at this dun reality. I only wish—" but what he wished was never known for at that minute a chauffeur's cap appeared in the doorway.

"Mr. Eksberger, the car's gone!"

"Gone? Gone where?" exclaimed Eksberger.

"Gone," insisted the man, wildly, talking so fast he chattered. "I only left it a minute to go to the back door for a drink of water, and now I come back and it's gone. It's stolen!"

VI

The big foreign car was gone, right enough, but Eksberger ought to have known, and Stiles ought to have known, and, most of all, the chauffeur ought to have known, that the car could hardly have been stolen without starting the engine and that the engine could hardly have been started without rousing some one in the house fifty feet away.

When one's own ten-thousand-dollar car is gone, however, one does not think as logically as that. The natural picture conjured up was one of thieves in organized bands reporting to some head thief in New York. Under this delusion, or one like it, Eksberger was running around crying to be led to a telephone, and Stiles was explaining frantically that none existed, when Mrs. Fields came in with the bland announcement:

"The gentleman's car is at the bottom of the hill."

"Bottom of the hill?" roared Eksberger. "Who took it there?"

Mrs. Fields looked at him, puzzled.

"Took it?" she replied, blankly. "Nobody took it. It went by itself."

"Am I crazy or who is?" demanded Eksberger, and Stiles himself stared. It began to dawn on him that, in the person of Mrs. Fields, he was housing what might be called a parochial mind. Sandy hillsides that contained oil untapped and motor-cars that lounged off by themselves were apparently not spectacular to her. He wondered what would be. He knew—an unexpected visitor during her ironing-hour.

Investigation proved, however, that Mrs. Fields had stated a simple fact. The car was indeed at the foot of the hill, but Mrs. Fields had neglected to add that it was also in the ditch, astride the brook, and upside down. Those facts had possibly not seemed to her of any importance, or perhaps, becoming bored, she had not waited to see that part of the performance. Yet there they found the beautiful foreign colossus, its four wheels in the air, its belly to the blue, looking uncomfortably nude and crab-like.

Just what had happened it was only possible to guess, for Mrs. Fields had been the only witness, and her story, although unimpeachable, was valuable for little except its color. She had been hanging out clothes at the side of the house, table-cloths, to be exact, when she chanced to look up and saw the big, empty car rolling solemnly away down the hill. As nearly as one could gather, she had stood and watched it without even much curiosity. It must have been quite a picture, the gaunt, wind-blown old woman and the big, empty car, both non-committal, and each, as it were, with a sardonic grin. The supposition was that the brakes had not been properly set; the chauffeur stuck to the theory that they had been tampered with; but the only certain fact was that the car was now in the brook, exciting comment among the frogs and the tadpoles.

A rural-delivery carrier came along as the four of them stood on the little bridge looking down at the wreck. Presumably he asked whether there had been an accident, for Stiles heard the chauffeur retort:

"Oh no! We did it on purpose!"

After that it took the promise of considerable capital and the most flattering attitudes on the part of Miss Fuller to appease the delivery man and persuade him to carry the good news to Ghent. Half an hour later appeared two swart fellows from the local garage to shake their heads pessimistically and give it as their opinion that nothing short of a crane would put the car on its feet. A crane was not to be had short of Felsted, but they left with the promise to bring it the following morning. The chauffeur began listlessly to salvage the cushions, and Stiles suggested that he be left alone with his grief.

VII

Rather stimulated by the excitement of entertaining his first guests, Stiles dressed for dinner somewhat more elaborately than usual, and hurried down to the unpainted piazza, but Miss Fuller

was there before him. Of baggage she had, of course, none, but she had done marvels with what she carried in her hand-bag, or rather what Eksberger carried in his pockets for her. As they had gone to their rooms, Stiles had heard fundamentals of beauty culture frankly demanded and had seen them delivered.

Throughout the whole excitement Miss Fuller had remained a silent and unmoved spectator. Stiles had imagined that few things of this life could move Miss Fuller, but now she displayed more animation. She greeted her host with a friendly smile and he walked across to her side.

"I presume," she remarked, without preliminaries, "that you are rather curious to know just why Charlie Eksberger and I are traveling around together."

Stiles had not thought of it at all.

"Am I expected to be curious?" he asked.

Miss Fuller laughed, but she looked at him with a quick and appreciative expression.

"Not unless you want to be," she replied, "but people usually are."

She proceeded to state the case in what probably seemed to her a nutshell.

"We are not married and we are not engaged. I may add that we did not expect to be shipwrecked for a day or two. Does that explain matters?"

"Perfectly," replied Stiles.

But apparently it did not, for Miss Fuller was still a bit meditative.

"I suppose it looks funny," she said, a little apprehensively.

"My dear lady," exclaimed Stiles, "there are no trains to-night and Mr. Eksberger cannot leave the car. What else could you do?"

But Miss Fuller was wistful.

"I don't know," she said, slowly. "Suppose some one should hear of it."

Stiles looked at her curiously and with perhaps a little more than curiosity. It was odd to see this girl, who looked as if she might tap one on the shoulder and say, "I'm wise, kid, I'm wise," become wistful about the proprieties.

"After all," he reassured her, "there is always Mrs. Fields. I am sure it's all right."

"What is all right?" asked Eksberger, coming at that moment out of the front door. He was looking at something that he carried in his hands and spoke absently.

"I was telling Mr. Stiles," explained Miss Fuller, "that we were not married, or anything."

"Were you?" answered Eksberger. "What did you tell him that for?"

There is something Turkish about theatrical magnates. They speak tersely to their women. Then, as if the only subject that interested him were the object that he carried in his hand, he burst out:

"Will you tell me what the devil this is?"

He held in his hand a sheet of paper, yellow with age, but still robust with the quality of the days when paper was paper. At his query, Miss Fuller crowded up to his shoulder and Stiles looked on from beyond her. Eksberger read like a little boy in the primer class, for the writing was shaky and faint:

"'*This in ye year of our Lord, ye one thousand, seven hundred and ninety-first and in ye year of this republic ye fifteen—*'

"I suppose he means the fifteenth," suggested Eksberger. "Say, this is ancient, this ye stuff. You know that's what they used to write for 'the.'"

"You don't say, Charlie," replied Miss Fuller, sarcastically. "You don't say."

"I was just telling you, that's all," retorted Eksberger. "That's the way it is written on Shakespeare's tomb."

"Suppose you give us a little more of this strange tale," suggested Miss Fuller, and Eksberger, without rancor, went on reading slowly:

"'*From dust man was formed and to dust he returneth. Yt treasure—*'

"Y'T treasure," said Eksberger, looking up. "What the deuce is Y'T?"

"'That,'" suggested Stiles, "on the principle of 'ye' for 'the.'"

"By George! I believe you're right!" exclaimed Eksberger, excitedly. The thrill of the antiquarian was already on him.

"'*Yat treasure which man amasseth unto himself in this earth*'—I wonder why he didn't say 'yis earth' if he says 'ye' and 'yat.'"

"Who is 'he'?" asked Miss Fuller, languidly.

"Well let me find out, can't you?" replied Eksberger, now lost in his studies.

"Oh, pardon *me*, pardon *me!*" pleaded Miss Fuller, hastily. "Where did you get this quaint conceit?"

"I found it under my bed."

"Do you always look under the bed when you find yourself in a strange room?"

"Oh, for the love of Mike, Rose!" protested Eksberger. "It wasn't really *under* the bed. It was *sort* of under the bed."

He continued with his paleography.

"'*Yat treasure which man amasseth unto himself in this earth, he shall leave in ye*'—there he goes again—'*he shall leave in ye earth and now, I, Nicholas Caton*'—no, it's Nicholas Crater—'*now I, Nicholas Crater, being humbled and oppressed with a sense of wrong doing do leave in this earth*'—See? He says 'this' every time. That must be the way they did—'*do leave in this earth yat treasure which I have amassed thereon. But as by mine own toile was yat treasure amassed, so now yat I have returned it to ye earth, let him who will, digge for it in ye earth, even as I have done.*

Signed this day,

Nicholas Crater.

Ye same being in sound body and mind.'"

Eksberger looked at his host and his eyes lit with excitement.

"Say," he exclaimed, "do you know what I think this is?"

"No, Mr. Bones," answered Miss Fuller. "What do you think yat is?"

"Oh, cut it out, Rose!" pleaded Eksberger. "I bet this is an old manuscript."

"No!" breathed Rose, incredulously, but Eksberger paid no attention to her. Then his natural metropolitan suspicion of everything in heaven and earth slowly came back. He looked at Stiles doubtfully.

"Do you really believe that there can be something valuable hidden around the place?"

"Unfortunately," replied Stiles, "I don't."

Eksberger looked at him, puzzled. Then reluctantly he looked at the yellowed paper.

"But who was this gink—this Nicholas Crater? He wouldn't have written like that if he hadn't meant something by it, would he?"

"Probably not," replied Stiles, "if there ever had been any such man, but unhappily there wasn't. Nicholas Crater, I am sorry to say, exists only in my own imagination. Of that antique document the author stands before you."

"You? You wrote it?" gasped Eksberger, about as crestfallen as Stiles had been at the exposure of the afternoon. "But what for?"

"Well," confessed Stiles, "with Baumgarten and Pullar and all the rest of them playing 'Treasure Island' and 'East Lynne' all over the place I thought that I would give them something that would really keep them busy. So, in a dull moment, I composed this pretty forgery and left it around where any enterprising prier might run across it. If you found it in your room, among the sheets and pillow-cases, I gather that some little prier must have done just that thing."

Eksberger still looked unconvinced.

"But, man," he argued, "it's old. The paper's old. The ink is old."

"Everything in this house is old," replied Stiles, "and thin and wan and pale, not to mention eldritch and eerie. The paper is old because, naturally, one does not put old wine in new bottles. I tore it from a book, an old book, to wit Goodholme's *Domestic Encyclopedia of Practical Information*, an amazing volume which fitted my ancestors to cope with any emergency from 'angel cake' to 'childbirth' and 'fire-balloons.' I have spent hours with it, fascinated. This was a blank page intended for 'Additional Receipts and Memoranda.'"

He paused, smiling, but Eksberger still appeared unconvinced, while Miss Fuller, standing between them, looked first at one and then at the other.

"Will you please tell me," she asked, at last, "just who's stringing who?"

"I can show you the book," protested Stiles, mildly.

He went into his study and returned with a volume which was large enough, at least, to cover the ground he had

mentioned. At the back he showed a rough edge where a page had been torn out and into which the edge of the antique document fitted perfectly.

"Well, I'm an idiot," confessed Eksberger, and Miss Fuller quoted, softly:

"'All you've got to do in the show business—they're all half crazy—is to nod your head and talk to them in a half whisper and say, "Now this is just between you and I."'"

Eksberger took it good humoredly.

"I didn't make any exceptions in favor of myself," he answered, but Mrs. Fields rescued him from further confusion by the announcement that "supper" was ready. She had been told to call it dinner, but Stiles had known at the time that she would be adamant. He submitted to the inevitable, and well he might, for, although a supper in name, it was a dinner in fact. The paper, however, was still uppermost, and Stiles seized the event of the soup to ask, in rather stern manner:

"Mrs. Fields, where did you find this paper?"

The moment was meant to be impressive, a strong will dominating a weak one, but Mrs. Fields again failed to understand the part which was expected of her. She took the paper, made a motion of tapping over her sunken chest, and answered, "I can't read it without my spectacles."

Stiles tried what lawyers call "refreshing the memory of the witness."

"Mr. Eksberger says that he found it beside his bed," he shouted, suggestively.

Mrs. Fields's expression became one of complete understanding.

"Oh," she replied, with evident relief. "Then that's where I dropped it. I was saving that paper to give it to Jedge Tyler."

"Judge Tyler?" asked Stiles, and in such a tone that he did not need to repeat. It did not upset Mrs. Fields. When her master was angry and excited, she merely thought that he had a nice speaking voice.

"Yes," she nodded, in reply to the question. "Jedge Tyler told me to find all the papers with old-fashioned writing and bring them to him."

Tense would be a good word to describe the atmosphere of the table at that announcement. Alone, Mrs. Fields stood lax and dreamy, her hands rolled in her apron. Stiles broke the long and significant silence.

"When did the judge tell you that?"

"Before you come, when he was here to wind up the settlement." A detail of far greater moment came to her mind. "He counted all the towels and all the sheets and put them down in a book."

"Oh!" answered Stiles, and the strained air of the table relaxed. Mrs. Fields stood ready to answer any and all further questions, but it was only as an afterthought that Stiles thought of one. He was about to propound it when Eksberger stopped him. With the brusque air of one who says, "Here, let me tend to this woman," he held up his hand and turned to Mrs. Fields.

"Did Judge What's-his-name—"

"Tyler," supplied Stiles.

"Did Judge Tyler take away any old papers?"

But Eksberger had not yet caught the knack of talking to Mrs. Fields.

"How's that?" she asked.

Eksberger repeated. His eye was bright and his manner absorbed, for his failure of the afternoon had only succeeded in making him an antiquarian for life. Henceforth he was to be at his best among the ye's and yats. He put his lungs into the question.

"Did Judge Tyler take away any old papers?"

Mrs. Fields smiled dryly. "Skads of 'em, almost a barrel."

Eksberger allowed his head to move cautiously until he caught Stiles's eye, and the two men looked at each other significantly. Suddenly Stiles had an inspiration. Taking from the table his own Chattertonian forgery, he handed it to Mrs. Fields.

"Here," he bellowed, casually, "you might as well give him this."

Eksberger looked at him in applause, and Miss Fuller beamed. It was a master stroke, the hit of the day. One saw the villain of "'Way Down East" digging by lantern-light to find the treasures of Nicholas Crater. One saw also the price of the farm going up.

Mrs. Fields took the manuscript without marked elation, but Stiles was be-

ginning to understand this dark mind. The housekeeper turned to leave, but Eksberger was the real Hawkshaw of the party.

"Did the judge," he asked, sharply, "offer you any money to bring the old papers to him?"

The housekeeper turned and looked at him blankly, and all three of them there at the table hung anxiously on the reply. A great deal depended on the words of that old woman. She seemed to get it at last and threw up her head scornfully.

"Money? Him?"

VIII

"Do you know what I should like to do?" said Stiles as Eksberger, Miss Fuller, and he strolled out from dinner into the cool fragrance of the summer evening. Mrs. Fields, as a witness, might be infantile, but as a cook she was epic, and the atmosphere of the moment was one of majestic content. Eksberger, one presumes, had already made the remark that country life was the only life, after all, that he wondered why any one lived in the city, and that, just as soon as he got his affairs in shape, he was going to buy a farm. To this, Miss Fuller, supposedly, had answered with a cynical silence (she had a way of being cynical silently) for Eksberger had been heard to remark:

"You don't believe it, Rose, but I'm going to surprise you all one of these days."

"Do you know what I should like to do?" said Stiles. "I should like to go down and see that old codger and find just what he has got, just what he is up to."

"By George! we'll do it!" Eksberger caught the spirit. "You send for a car, telephone right away—Oh, damn!"

"We might walk," suggested Stiles. "It's only two miles."

"We'll walk it, then," said Eksberger. "Of course he'll deny that he has any papers, but between us I guess that we can make the old skeesicks squirm." Then suddenly he paused and put his hands on his hips. "Say," he said, "do you know what we're doing? We're actually getting to believe this bunk."

Stiles hardly smiled. "That's what I told you. That is just what happened to me. I've got so I'm looking for footprints under the windows and expecting to have bullets just graze my ear. I told you that I expected some one to go through my desk. And they have, too," he added, "if you count Fieldsie."

Eksberger stood shaking his head. "Well, anyway, what's the harm?" He burst out, with a dubious smile, "Are you on?"

"I'm on," replied Stiles, and, apparently as an afterthought, Eksberger turned to Miss Fuller.

"How about it, Rose?"

"Mercy!" exclaimed Miss Fuller. "Has it come to that?"

"What do you mean 'has it come to that?'" asked Eksberger.

"Nothing," replied Miss Fuller, demurely.

Eksberger flushed just a little and walked ahead, but Stiles half caught the girl's eye behind the other man's back. He smiled faintly, but she smiled broadly. She had no intention of keeping Eksberger a secret from the world.

At the gate Eksberger turned and waited for the others. "I wonder if he'll try to lie out of it," he speculated.

In Stiles flashed up some unsuspected spark of sectional pride. "I don't think so," he replied. "The Pilgrim Fathers have left behind their full quota of crabs, but very few downright liars."

It was still wavering daylight when the judge's house came in sight; the judge himself was spraying a hose on a flower-bed. With his ambassadorial whiskers and with the background of his old-fashioned garden he formed a picture which made Miss Fuller exclaim, "What a darling old man!"

"'Darling' is good," commented Stiles. "Good evening, Judge," he added, in a louder tone.

The judge looked up sharply. "Good evening," he said. He threw the hose, sputtering and writhing, on the grass, and came forward with an air which was not ungenial.

"Mr. Stiles," he said, "they tell me you've sold your place."

"No," replied Stiles, "I haven't sold it."

The judge looked at him a moment, then tossed his head.

"Well," he confessed, "I mistrusted there wa'n't anything in it. They was telling me something about your getting twenty thousand dollars in one express package from this Eksberger."

Stiles smiled. "This is Mr. Eksberger," he replied. "He can tell you whether I did or not."

The judge took his first good look at the slender young man. "Air you Mr. Eksberger?" he asked, in amazement.

Eksberger nodded, and the judge at least was frank.

"I heard considerable about you," he said, "but I thought you was a Jewish feller."

All three of his visitors laughed.

"I guess you never saw a red-headed Jew before," suggested Eksberger.

The judge thought a moment before committing himself. "No," he confessed, "I don't believe that I have."

The judge leaned down, turned off the hose, and deliberately wiped his hands on the grass. "I was coming up to see you in the morning," he said to Stiles. "I wanted to ask you about that paper."

Behind him, Stiles could feel Miss Fuller's sinister merriment, although he knew instinctively that her expression had not changed an atom. Even Eksberger seemed to have a twinkle of amusement.

"Mis' Fields give it to Jenkins's boy when he went by with the milk for the Boston train," explained the judge, "and he give it to my Harry up to the store. Come in," he continued, hospitably. "Come in, ma'am."

The hall into which they followed him was dim and musty, and, as they entered, a thin, elderly woman with a guilty air snatched something in cloth and slipped out of sight. The judge pried open the door of the parlor, and, in the open doorway of a room beyond, another thin, elderly woman with a guilty air snatched something in cloth and slipped out of sight. The judge, of course, was as unconscious of them as he was of the smell of cabbage.

"I'll git a light," he said, and he left his three guests in the darkening room, not so much seeing it as sensing it, the small-paned windows, the white wood panels, the feel of plaited rag rugs underfoot, and the chill that never leaves such rooms even in summer. Stiles wondered whether Eksberger or Miss Fuller had ever seen such a room. He could make out their outlines in the dusk, standing, staring, not in the least amused, rather timidly, like children sent with a note to the minister and waiting for the answer. In a Broadway restaurant, Eksberger would have been a man to look at twice, to wonder who he was and then ask the waiter; in the big foreign car with veils from her hat, Miss Fuller was the last note in languid sophistication; yet here in this musty, provincial parlor they both looked suddenly crude, almost coarse-lined. Stiles wondered. There must be something in the Ten Commandments and Plymouth Rock, after all.

The judge came back with a parlor lamp, an atrocious thing with a painted globe, which he put on the table, bending to its level and squinting his eyes as he turned it up. It brought out the shape of a huge gilt mirror and a crayon portrait of a woman with an agate brooch and hair parted over her temples. The judge took from his pocket Stiles's antique.

"Just what was it you wanted me to do with this?" he asked. "Sit down, ma'am, sit down."

Stiles looked shamefaced at Eksberger and then at Miss Fuller, but his fellow-children were unable to help him and he saw that he must lie alone. "I wondered just what you could make of it," he said, weakly.

"It looked like an antique document," suggested Eksberger, hopefully.

"Humph!" said the judge. He studied the paper he held in his hand, and then balanced a pair of steel-rimmed glasses on his nose. "Where did you git this?" he asked.

Eksberger and Miss Fuller looked eagerly at Stiles. They were expecting great things of him, but Stiles also felt that they were both slowly turning against him, that both were becoming distinctly amused, not to say ribald, at his expense.

"Why—it was lying around the house," he said, lamely. That at least was literally true.

The judge studied the paper further and with growing scorn. "Sounds like

Drawn by Wilson C. Dexter

"WHERE DID YOU GET THIS?" HE ASKED

the Bible," he said, "but it ain't." Then suddenly, wholly unconscious of his own sarcasm, he added, "Would you like to see some *reel* old papers?"

It was Miss Fuller who answered. One couldn't understand why, but one felt unconsciously that she was the only one who was really in much favor with the judge. "Oh yes! Can we?" she asked.

Without a word, but rather snuffing his nose, the judge shuffled out of the room. The three sat in a silence which Eksberger summed up in one word, "Stung!"

The judge came back with a small packet of folded papers done up with a bit of red tape, papers worn and spotted and heavy and brown to the color of gingerbread. He did not even need to set them down on the table to make the pitiful forgery of Stiles's look, in comparison, as a kitchen chair might look in an old museum. Eksberger's eye danced. Whatever might be his limitations, he knew the real thing when he saw it. The judge cleared his throat with a disagreeable and unconscious thoroughness and untied the red tape. He took the first crumbling document from the top and rubbed it between his fingers.

"Feel that and then feel that," he said, picking up the apocryphal manuscript from the table. All three of them did it obediently, and all three exclaimed respectfully as people are expected to do on such occasions.

"That's nothing but a letter wrote by Miss Tyler's grandfather when he was in Yale College in eighteen hundred and six." The judge discarded carelessly several minor papers from the packet and picked out the one he wanted. This was the heaviest and the largest of the lot, written on parchment. "This is a commission from Governor Shirley of Massachusetts for my grandfather's uncle in the French and Injun War. We was part of England then. He was massacreed at Fort William or Fort Henry, I disremember which."

"Massacreed?" repeated Eksberger, artlessly. "Who by?"

"The French or the Injuns, one or the other," answered the judge, nonchalantly. He was absorbed in looking for another paper, and at last he found it.

"Here, this is what I was looking for," he said. "That thing of yourn claimed to be wrote in seventeen ninety-one. I hain't any of precisely that date, but this one was wrote in seventeen eighty-six and they wrote just the same then. This was a deed for some land up Spicer way." He handed out the creased and yellow document, and Eksberger, the antiquarian, was the one who took it.

"You see them esses?" asked the judge. "That's what I wanted to show you. You see them esses in that deed? Some of them's wrote like f's, but they ain't f's, they're esses. Now you look at that paper you sent and you'll see that all the esses are wrote just like we write now. The minute I see that paper, I says, 'That was wrote sence I went to school.'"

But the antiquarian in Eksberger had already begun to feel his oats; the zest was on him. "But look here," he exclaimed, completely absorbed in the real antique. "Here's an ess— 'By these presents.'"

The judge looked over his glasses at the word to which Eksberger's finger was pointing.

"That's what I was telling ye," he said, testily. "It was only when two esses come together. Then they wrote the first ess like an f. They was a feller brought a paper into the Masons' lodge one night that he claimed was three hunderd years old. It was something about the Catholics. I ain't no Catholic, but the minute I clapped my eyes on it I says: 'That paper ain't no three hunderd years old!' You know why?"

"Why?" asked Miss Fuller, nor did she add, "Mr. Bones."

"Why?" repeated the judge. "Because that paper had *all* the esses wrote like f's. And sure enough that paper was wrote in Philadelphia by a bad priest or somebody. They was thousands of copies all over the country. They was quite some talk about it at the time. Round here that wouldn't have fooled nobody. When I was a boy, half the old people in this town was still writing that way, but this happened in California."

"In California?" exclaimed Stiles. "Have you lived in California?"

"No, I never lived there," replied the judge, as if offended that he had been asked. "I was just there in 'forty-nine."

"A 'forty-niner?" suggested Stiles, with sudden interest.

The judge did not take his eyes from the paper in his hands. "No," he replied, absently, "I wa'n't no 'forty-niner. I was in the navy."

His three visitors looked at one another and then looked at the judge. By silent consent, Stiles seemed elected to speak.

"Were there many boys from this inland country in the navy in those days?" he asked, tactfully.

The judge put down the paper, picked up the bundle of other papers, and began running through them. "No," he said, as if the matter did not interest him, "I never heard of any except me. I wouldn't have be'n in the navy myself if I hadn't be'n shipwrecked.

Eksberger could stand it no longer. "You were shipwrecked? Where?"

The judge shook his head impatiently and began running through the papers again. "Hark!" he commanded, irritated. "You made me lose my place. Here it is." He took a paper from the packet and then replied, calmly: "Where, did you say? Oh, on the Malay Peninsula. Not a great ways from Singapore."

Having found the paper, he seemed to allow himself some interest in the conversation. His eyes almost twinkled at some dead recollection stimulated, and he volunteered of his own accord: "But that was a long time ago. My father thought I had better go round the world. He didn't want to see much of me just then."

Miss Fuller, obviously, was the only one who could ask the delicate question after that. "What had you done so terrible?"

The judge laughed. He really did like Miss Fuller. "Oh, it wouldn't seem so terrible now, but he was a very strict man. You see, I'd be'n throwed out of Harvard College.

"You just wait a minute," added the judge, hastily, and he shuffled out of the room. "I thought I had what I wanted here, but it wa'n't the one."

The three left behind looked at one another.

"Say, do you get it?" whispered Eksberger, at last. "And here us boobs came down here to string this old chap. I wonder if he was ever in the show business."

"Let's ask him," suggested Miss Fuller.

"Holy smoke!" replied Eksberger. "If we asked him that we'd probably find that he was the first Little Eva."

But Stiles was the philosopher of the party. He sat silent for a long time, and then he said, "Do you suppose it would do that to everybody?"

"What do what?" asked Eksberger.

"Living in the country," replied Stiles. "Think of it—fired out of Harvard, shipwrecked at Singapore, in California in 'forty-nine,—and now look at him!"

"I think he's an old darling," retorted Miss Fuller, loyally.

"Oh, sure!" agreed Eksberger, "but I get what you mean, Stiles. I was wondering that, too. Ssht! Here he comes."

The judge came shuffling back into the room. "I couldn't find it," he said, "but 'twa'n't of much account."

Eksberger had a sudden possession of mischief. "Judge," he asked, holding up the forgery which had occasioned this evening of reminiscence, "what do you suppose that this really is?"

To their surprise, the judge was not contemptuous, merely pitying. "Well," he said, slowly, "some fool wrote that, thinking he was smart. You see, there has be'n a lot of nonsense about that old house of yourn, Mr. Stiles. Always has be'n ever sence I can recollect. In fact, I suppose it has be'n that way ever sence the murder."

"The murder!" exclaimed Miss Fuller and Stiles, in chorus.

"Well," replied the judge, deprecatingly, "leastways that was what it was called." He smiled and went through the motions of chuckling, although he did not make a sound. "I suppose," he said, "that no one took the trouble to tell you that that house of yourn was ha'nted."

IX

"Do you know how I feel?" asked Eksberger, as Stiles, Miss Fuller, and he came out of the judge's house into the

soft darkness of the early June night. "Do you know how I feel?" he repeated, but in the subduing influence of the tropic sweetness nobody seemed to care how he did feel. "I feel," he insisted, nevertheless, "as if I had been watching some cracking-good show, something solemn—Ibsen or that sort of stuff."

Even that failed to draw any response, but Eksberger had his satisfaction in knowing, from their silence, that both his companions felt quite the same way. The dirt path of the village street lasted only a few hundred yards, and at its terminus the sketchy street lights ended, too, after which the three plunged into the dark and rutted country road which led to the Crater place. At the change in the footing Miss Fuller, who walked between the two men, slipped a hand through the arm of each and drew them both to her snugly. For a while nobody spoke, and then, with a voice which was rather husky, Miss Fuller asked, "Mr. Stiles, do you believe in ghosts?"

It was not a flippant question. The girl really was troubled. For this reason Stiles's reply perhaps was different from what it might have been. "I would be more likely to believe in this particular ghost," he said, "if every other country town didn't have one just like it."

The story which Judge Tyler had told about the old Crater place had, in fact, appealed to Stiles principally for the quaint precision with which it was told. So far as the plot was concerned—the young bride, the jealous husband, the fit of anger, and the spirit which came back to haunt the spot—it was the old, old tale. There was one unfortunate fact over which even the judge had been obliged to express a literary regret—the house was not the same one. The house in which Stiles was living had, as he had imagined, been built in the forties, while the legend concerned itself with the time of the Revolution.

"The first thing that made me believe that that paper wa'n't real," the judge had said, relative to the Stilesian forgery, "was that there never was no Nicholas Crater, leastways so far as I ever heard, and I've been searching titles in this township for upwards of fifty years."

"Come Michaelmas," Stiles had added under his breath.

"Your uncle never had no brothers," the judge had explained, "and his father, old Major Crater, he never had none. He was the man that built that house you live in now. Before that they was a house about ten rod to the east, at the top of the hill. That wa'n't tore down until after I was quite a little boy. You can see part of the cellar there yet."

"I wondered what that was," Stiles had said. "There's a white lilac-bush there."

"And has be'n ever sence I can remember," the judge had remarked, with a smile. "That's the bush that the sperrit is supposed to come and water when the flowers is in bloom."

"They're in bloom now!" Miss Fuller had exclaimed, with a start. At that moment had begun her air of depression which had, an hour later, brought forth her timid inquiry.

"Old Major Crater he built that house," the judge had repeated, "and his father was Zebulon Crater. He married a Gilson, but I never heard much about him. It was his father's brother, his older brother, Solomon Crater, that they told the story about."

Solomon Crater, so it appeared, had been a much more dashing young man than his ponderous name would imply. As one filled out the picture from the judge's meager and literal description, he had been a man to go about the countryside slapping his boot with his riding-whip, frequenting the taverns and pinching the cheeks of the wenches. He had also been an officer in the Continental Line, fired, no doubt, by the example of that selfsame ancestor of the judge who had been so harshly treated by the French or the Injuns, one or the other, at Fort William or Fort Henry, the judge disremembered which.

As records run in New England, the Revolution seems to have been a most accommodating sort of war. Soldiers practically commuted from home to the battle-fields, while officers who were professional men had time to build up a practice between campaigns.

Solomon Crater, for one, went clear to South America and back (and the west coast at that) between roll-calls and brought back a bride. It was odd, in light of the present day, that this young

Granadan lady, coming from the old civilization of South America, to the rough, uncivilized country of North America, was in the position of a Parisian, say, marrying a man from New Zealand. After the metropolitan life of Bolivia (as it was later) the provincial society of Massachusetts bored her to extinction.

The point was that when young Solomon Crater came rolling in from Schuyler's army after a battle or two in the north country, he found that the viper had entered his home. No written town records touched on the affair at all; the local Don Juan had not even left his name to history. There was merely the tradition of the strangling by night and then the young lady who came out to water the lilacs, frightening passers in the darkness by muttering strange words, in Spanish, presumably, such being the language of Bolivia (as it was later).

"And what became of the husband?" Eksberger had asked, pertinently enough.

On that the judge was hazy. All such local legends are hazy on matters of criminal jurisprudence. The unwritten law, with reverse English, seems to have stood without question. One liked to think that the husband met his death by riding his horse over a cliff on a dark and stormy night, chased by remorse. It would have spoiled the story to have learned that he had merely been frowned on by local opinion and had died in his bed of organic trouble, as Stiles privately believed that he had.

At any rate, the tale held together sufficiently to give Miss Fuller an hour full of solemn thoughts before they stumbled up the steps of the old Crater place. Over a dim light in the kitchen still sat Mrs. Fields, somewhat *en negligée*, waiting their coming. She had fallen asleep half a dozen times, and, nodding over the candle, she appeared unusually cronelike.

"About those old papers," shouted Stiles at once, awakening her from a doze. "Why didn't you tell me that Judge Tyler brought them all back?"

Mrs. Fields, as a part of her negligée, had removed her false teeth. "You didn't athk me," she replied, unabashed.

X

In the study was a parlor lamp which gave as much heat as a full-size stove, and Stiles and his guests gravitated back to it much as they would have done to an open fire. Miss Fuller was frankly and visibly nervous, and while the two men were both equally preoccupied, they showed it in ways which illustrated oddly their completely contrasted characters and training. With a weight on his mind, the first impulse of Stiles was to sit in a chair, unmoving, until his problem was solved. Faced by mental unrest, Eksberger's impulse required him to keep on his feet and moving. So now he walked back and forth until he exclaimed, "Say, where is this old house the judge was telling about?"

Stiles looked at Miss Fuller, but, seeing her, outwardly at least, somewhat composed, he rose to his feet. "I'll show you," he said.

Miss Fuller rose hastily, too. "You don't think I'm going to stay here all alone, do you?" she asked.

The three went out to the unpainted piazza, where, in the now cooling June night, Stiles pointed out a series of vague mounds at the far side of what had once been the lawn. There was little left of the old house now, even of the foundations. By daylight, one found snatches of stone wall and an irregular hole, half filled in, the whole surrounded by turf banks sloping up to it, like a gun rampart. By night, one saw only the vague moundish shapes, but, rather startlingly at this moment, the white lilac-bush, like a misty white scarf, picked itself out of the darkness. Eksberger looked at it a moment.

"What say we go over and explore it?"

Stiles hesitated, but it was wholly on Miss Fuller's account, and Miss Fuller shook her head decisively. "I wouldn't go near that place at night for a million dollars."

"I would, for two cents," said Eksberger, boldly. "Let's go look at it, Stiles." He started down the steps, but Stiles was more merciful.

"Oh, what's the use?" he said, casu-

ally. "There's nothing there but some old stone walls."

Eksberger started resolutely away from the steps, but, with a sudden alarm, Miss Fuller grasped Stiles's arm. "Charlie! Charlie Eksberger," she called, in a strange, shrill voice, "don't you leave this piazza!"

Eksberger turned, grinning, his teeth showing in the darkness.

"Oh, Rose!" he pleaded. "For Heaven's sake don't be such a simp."

Miss Fuller was not abashed. "I don't care whether I'm a simp or not. I'm frightened and I don't want you to leave this piazza."

"Well, I'm going, anyway," retorted Eksberger. He turned and started away into the darkness, and Miss Fuller commanded:

"Charlie, come back here this instant!" She turned to Stiles. "Mr. Stiles, make him come back."

Stiles did not see how he was going to do that, but he did manage to call: "Oh, what's the use? There's nothing there."

"Then what's the harm in going?" insisted Eksberger. It seemed to be a matter of pure obstinacy with him now, and he strode stiffly off. Miss Fuller looked after him fearfully, but she said no more, and Stiles tried to reassure her: "He'll be back in a minute. There's nothing there to hurt him."

For a moment or two they stood there watching the white collar of Eksberger, the only part of him now visible, vanishing under the shadows of the apple-trees of the old lawn, Miss Fuller clutching Stiles's arm. As the darkness finally closed over the speck of white the girl shuddered slightly. She was a strangely different figure now from the self-possessed woman who had come that afternoon.

"It's cold here," she said, in a voice slightly trembling, and, after the heat of the great parlor lamp, it was rather shivery.

"We'd better go in," suggested Stiles. With a kindly instinct, he was making his voice as matter of fact and as protecting as possible. Reluctantly the girl turned and went in beside him.

"I do hope he's all right," she said again, anxiously, as she took her seat in that same rattan chair which she had occupied when Stiles first saw her, but which was now placed across the table from his own. Sitting there on both sides of the lamp, their aspect was strangely domestic. Stiles noticed it, but the girl was apparently busy with her uneasy thoughts. "I suppose I am silly," she said, "but I can't help it."

And then, as always happens in cases where one of a party is the prey of such fears, they immediately began to tell all the supernatural tales in their *repertoires*, each one worse than the last. At least Miss Fuller told all of hers, for Stiles saw early the wisdom of not adding to a state which was keyed up enough as it was.

Miss Fuller's stories were such as are told with shudders and frightened eyes in every stage dressing-room—revelations of mediums and premonitions of death. Stiles wisely said nothing except to remark once or twice, "That *is* strange," until in the warmth of their growing intimacy, the girl turned to him suddenly:

"How do you account for those things?"

She put the question in implicit trust, a trust that was almost pathetic. Just why she should turn to him as authority both she and Stiles understood vaguely, but neither could have told. Stiles was simply that kind of a man. In all gentleness, he assumed the trust. Before he knew it he was delving, in simple words, into pure psychology. He touched the great law of coincidence. He instanced the atheist who had said that, if he were given enough type and enough throws he could throw Virgil's Æneid from a dice-box. Only, in his version, Stiles did not use the Æneid. He called it Webster's Dictionary. It took Miss Fuller some time to get the force of this argument, and when she did get it she doubted it on practical grounds.

"But a man wouldn't live long enough to throw more than a few million times, and suppose he got it all right except one letter, he would still have to begin throwing all over again, and he might not come anywhere near it again for ten years." At which, of course, Stiles had to explain the nature of infinity and pure reason. He did not know how much

the girl understood, but at least she listened, fascinated by his choice of words.

"You do know a lot, don't you?" she said, with a little sigh, and, having at last found the fount of all abstract knowledge, she proceeded to put to it several serious problems which she had been saving up in the past — for a medium presumably. "What do you think love really is?" was the first one.

Exists there a man and exists there a girl who could not do justice to a topic like that around a glowing lamp in a country house at eleven at night? Miss Fuller, by this time, was leaning her elbow on the table, her chin in her hand, and looking at Stiles intently with her eyes open wide and with her expression that of a little girl.

Of all the strange and unexpected conversations which Stiles had had in that disheveled room, this was the strangest. His fifteen years of newspaper life in New York had made Stiles metropolitan in his knowledge rather than in his habits. Like most newspaper men, his thrills had been vicarious; he had remained the observer rather than the participant. The girl before him he knew well enough by type—the "show girl" type he would have called it. He had seen her by dozens at roof gardens and on the motor roads of Long Island on Sunday afternoons. Smart, beautiful, and sophisticated, to have entertained her in her customary habitat would rather have frightened him. Here in his own house she sat before him, disclosed as nothing more than a wistful, simple girl who put her chin in her hand and listened to his very elementary philosophy as a girl from a little town in the Mississippi basin might have listened to his tales of newspaper life in New York. From her face, as he saw it without the mask, Stiles tried to guess from what atmosphere she really had sprung. A factory village in upper Vermont, a flat in Harlem over a delicatessen-store? It might have been either.

"I haven't had such a good talk in ages," exclaimed Miss Fuller as they came to the end of the argument, and of a truth she had not. Conversation for her, as it is for most of her world, had been merely a fragmentary observation of the things which passed before her eyes. With men and women of the kind she had known, it is rare that three consecutive sentences are spoken on the same subject. A thought is never followed to its conclusion and wit consists of burlesquing and parodying the words of the last one who has spoken. No wonder that Stiles appeared to her in the light of an oracle.

"I could talk like this for a week," she added, with growing enthusiasm, but, as she spoke, the old Ansonia clock in the kitchen wheezed out twelve, and the two of them, in amazement, counted the strokes. Stiles took out his watch, as one does, to verify the count, and smiled as he said, "Twelve o'clock."

"Twelve o'clock!" echoed the girl, and, as it dawned on her, her eyes grew startled. "What in the world has become of Charlie Eksberger?"

The question had leaped to Stiles's mind before she had spoken. They sat for a moment in silence, looking at each other in vague alarm. Then from outside the house came an ear-piercing shriek. There followed a confused murmur of dulled, shouting voices, another moment of silence, and then a terrific explosion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lost-Lady Trail

BY SARAH COMSTOCK

LUCIA gazed down upon the gaiety of the plateau. Tourists thronged, making up carriage parties, buying red and yellow blankets, snapping pictures, bustling, chattering. Indians mingled, gaudy blotches of color—blanketed men, squaws with papooses, children heavy with silver girdles. Beyond, the big hole and the lure of its eternal mystery. . . . And Lucia was gazing upon it all through the ever-closed window of Aunt Aurelia's room.

From her college graduation, five years before, dated her bondage to Aunt Aurelia. Aunt Aurelia's bondage was to her own terrors, chief among which were draughts, the milk of unknown cows, low shoes, remaining long in the climate of New York, cats, and the strings of a banana, which she had been told were the indigestible element. But never until this spring had Lucia been known to give way to outbreak. Always had she met the outbreaks of the other girls with that inscrutable, still-souled look, saying, gently:

"She wants me and no one else. I shall never leave her. She has done everything for me."

Which meant that Aunt Aurelia had reared and bestowed upon her the education of whose fruits she now robbed the fresh young boughs. It seems the assumed prerogative of many, who have "done" largely for others in their earlier years, to become as disagreeable as they desire in their later.

The loving wrath of the other girls waxed. "Only five years ago, first rose in the Commencement chain!" one cried, aloud. "Oh, I could stand it if she'd ever *say* something. And she makes the old thing believe she enjoys it! I came on her pushing that wheeled chair and laughing and chatting as cheerfully as if she were doing a new fox-trot figure. If she'd only let loose once!"

She did let loose—once.

It had happened a few days before this latest flight of Aunt Aurelia's to the far Southwest. The same girl had called upon Lucia and found her alone, leaning in lassitude in the apartment's river window, and the spring was leaning to meet her, and more than half-way. New leaves and flags were flung out, and they tossed and slapped like the ripples beyond, a gleam in every movement. Below were lovers strolling and clinging, and soldiers marching, and countless people shouting. Once a woman passed, running to keep abreast of a soldier in the procession, and she was crying her heart out while she ran.

Suddenly Lucia broke out in an unknown voice: "See her cry! Good! Good! How she cries! What happiness she must have known to be able to cry like that! She must have lived!"

The girl calling upon her stared as if a hitherto impregnable wall were cracking and crumbling before her eyes. Stone by stone had Lucia's gentle aloofness reared that wall, and now the earthquake.

"It must be glorious!" Lucia's hands tightened until blue mottled their pink. "To love anybody enough to break your heart because he's going, and to be glad, too—magnificently glad—see how she waves her flag and cheers while she's wrenched from head to foot by her sobs! She's giving him, the biggest gift of all, to the biggest cause of all; and it's the biggest happiness of all, too. Oh, it's all life, life, life, whether it's the madness of joy, or despair like a black pit, or that soul-searing, tragic, splendid happiness of the supreme sacrifice! It's life, and—"

She stopped; she covered her face with her hands. For seconds there was a dreadful silence in the room. Then she tore her hands away.

"Can you imagine," she demanded,

passionately, "anything as terrible as being a prisoner—left out—having no share in all this loving and giving—?"

"Lu—cia!" pierced from the distance. "The salt was left out of my malted milk! Oh, it gave me such a turn! There's something about malted milk without salt that affects me very strangely—"

When Lucia returned her face was as if she had come down from a cross; but she picked up her knitting briskly.

"Do you think I should rib as tightly as that?" she inquired, in those even, softly unfathomable tones that everybody knew. And the other girl stared, more dumfounded than before, to see the crumbling wall rear itself, seal its own cracks, and become once more impregnable—a wall overgrown with tender, blossoming vines, sheltering and lovely, but inexorably forbidding entrance.

But it was as if the gods had heard, and counseled among themselves as to what could be done. Lucia was chained by her own forging, and life is not to be experienced in chains, no doubt they admitted. And then—oh, for all their frequent blunderings, they do show perception at times!—it was as if they discovered in her a certain capacity for sublimation; a faculty for experience raised to so high a power that it was not dependent upon the substantiality of tangibly permanent things. A mere brushing by wings might leave imperishable impress.

A week later found Aunt Aurelia and Lucia settled in the Southwest. Outwardly, the latter served in patience, as always; but there was inner disturbance. The spring, that spring in which a nation was waking to the most intense emotional consciousness of its history, was carrying Lucia with it. On this morning when Lucia gazed at the gay plateau through the hotel window, came a sneeze that shook the very foundations of Aunt Aurelia, terrified her, drove her to bed with aspirin tablets.

"Leave me." It was unprecedented, incredible. "If I can sleep, I may possibly break up this attack before it becomes pneumonia. Take my temperature."

Lucia squinted up at the thermometer, and the reading was not a shadow of a fifth beyond normal. And upon that reassurance something welled up within her; the same that wells up in a canary's breast when it finds the cage door open. Like the canary, she did not stop to consider that every door and window of the room was closed. She saw only the open cage door; walls had not yet beaten her back, and life was glorious. She recalled something about one's youth being renewed like the eagle's, and the canary expanded into a larger bird. A sudden and amazing wickedness reveled within her.

"Fly!" whispered her riotous, sinful soul on this fateful morning of the sneeze. "Fly before it occurs to her that she must be read to sleep!" Aunt Aurelia's greed for novels was ravenous.

And Lucia flew. She did not halt until she found herself, in her long-idle riding-skirt, mounted upon a mule. And alone, on a beast possessed of a too-knowing eye and the name Piñon, she was starting down a distant trail of her own finding, a trail known only to the veteran.

At first, as she looked over the rim, her heart had seemed to stop in a sort of clutch and she had halted with a sense of swaying helplessly toward a monstrous, rapacious red mouth which gaped for her and would not be denied. But the panic had passed quickly. She saw it all as splendor now: burning mountains rearing themselves defiantly from a flaming abyss, like proud shades that scorned to bow to infernal tortures. Intoxication beat in her veins. All at once her arms outflung themselves, her high young breast pressed forward, as if thus she cast off years of bondage.

"I'm coming!" she cried, and smiled. In that monster hole men like worms crawling have wandered and perished, and Lucia opened her arms to it and smiled.

For a long way the descent was insidiously gentle. Piñon was jogging comfortably, not a sign of any other living creature was to be discovered, when out of the brush beside the trail a question was hurled like a missile.

"You don't mean," it demanded, "that you're taking *this* trail?"

And Lucia found herself confronted by six-feet-two of lithe, Arizona-browned young man, his craggy face half hidden

"I CAME ON HER PUSHING THAT WHEELED CHAIR AND LAUGHING AND CHATTING"

by a broad hat-brim, his lean suppleness clad in the khaki and high boots of the mountaineer.

Now, simple as his words were, his manner was charged with profound significance; for it revealed the method the gods were adopting. It was the method of already-understood-and-acceptedness; as if these two who had never met had been but lately discussing trails, and he had known she was coming, to be sure, but was surprised at her choice of paths. Preliminaries are often waived when the possible breaking of a lady's neck is involved. But this was far more than waiving of preliminaries; it was assumption of them. In some subtle way here lay the implication of a beginning made long ago. The thought seized Lucia that she had always known this young man; or the sense, rather than thought, and completely subconscious.

Lucia brought Piñon to a halt and cast at the young man a questioning glance behind which her renewed youth was strongly in evidence. And quite as remarkably as the young man's did her manner imply preliminaries accomplished. Just as he might have been protectively protesting at her rashness all her life, so she all her life might have been mischievously defying him as she inquired:

"Is it a private path?"

He smiled, but unyieldingly. "Well—yes. The Indians call it the Evil Spirit's Favorite Way. Not that the owner would object to your using it—in fact, nothing could please him better—but it's the worst ever."

"It looks mild," she demurred.

"Devilish things usually do. You haven't begun it yet. For a ten—" Something prompted him to shift from "tenderfoot." "For a stranger that isn't used—"

"But I've ridden a great deal."

"Good Lord!" the young man groaned. "In Central Park, I suppose. Or a riding-academy. But there are places below where you'll have to leave your saddle if it doesn't leave you, and you need feet like a mountain-cat's." Involuntarily he glanced at Lucia's, and her renewed youth rose again and was glad—this time because of her tan outing boots, which were smartly new and of Fifth Avenue lineage.

"And it's as treacherous as the owner himself," his warning went on. "Branches and weeds covering holes like traps, as if they'd been spread on purpose."

"Camouflage," she observed; but the word passed, seeming to bear no meaning to him.

"I couldn't join the regular trail party," she explained, to justify her rashness. "There were fourteen elderly ladies all clutching their steeds and screaming in chorus. And a pallid little clergyman topped by a saucy sombrero and pretending a jaunty spirit, while all the time he was lavender with terror."

The young man shook with laughter at familiar things recognized.

"And the guide was saying to the stoutest and scaredest old lady, 'I had to give you that mule Supai, though he does seem perticklerly pleasin' to rattlesnakes. They jus' make fur him if they see him comin'. An' he slipped on the Corkscrew awhile back. Quite a fall the lady ridin' him had, too, though her husband did manage to identify the remains.'" She tipped up her chin to laugh deliciously in reminiscence.

The young man reveled in her mimicry. "Jim's told that story the last twenty years, I reckon. *Some* tale, all right."

"Then blood-curdling screams arose from every throat," she continued, "and I said to myself: 'I could just as well join a tittering, squealing party to enter eternity. Whether it's heaven or hell, you've got to meet it by yourself.'" And her glance swept out with almost a challenge toward the satanic fire mountains.

The young man was silent, and his eyes seemed to be searching hers, as if almost finding, and wondering if something could be true, and demanding to know if it could be true. But as she made a move to start he sprang forward and halted the animal with a brusque hand, and his face became a grim wall in her path.

"I've got to stop you—somehow!" he declared. "Even old climbers take a chance on this trail. We geologist duffers learn to get around like Indians," he offered, as if excusing his own agility, "but a stranger might as well jump off in the beginning and be done with it. You don't realize what you're doing!"

He had worked himself into a passion of protest; but Lucia gazed at him now from a mystical remoteness. Her eyes wandered out over the open-armed gorge. Only one unalarmed bird floating above the infernal gulf appeared alive. Her glance returned to the young man, and a sudden intensity in it hushed his protest.

"Did you ever," she asked him, "feel that you were living a charmed day? A day when you were being shoved into doing all sorts of mad things, and you couldn't help it? And you weren't quite sure you wanted to help it?"

His hands dropped from the bridle, limp and futile. He shook his head with a gesture that said, helplessly, "It's no use." Then again his eyes fell to boring into hers, seeming to demand, to claim the right to know whether something could be true. But again he made that limp gesture of futility.

"When it's like *that*," he said, "nobody on earth could stop you. I *know*." And without so much as a "Good morning" he departed.

As Lucia rode on she heard him breaking his way back into the pathless brush; gradually the noise diminished, vanished. And yet her consciousness of him did not vanish. Curiously, it accompanied her, like the consciousness of some one we have long known, whose personality is interwoven with our lives. It differed entirely from the tingling interest in a new acquaintance; that stands out in the mental foreground,

FLAGS WERE FLUNG OUT. BELOW WERE LOVERS STROLLING AND CLINGING, AND SOLDIERS MARCHING

while this seemed part of a constant background.

"How sternly he would tell me to look out for that narrow ledge," occurred to her as naturally as if all her days he had been guarding her. Again, "That face in the rock has a nose and chin exactly like his," as if no nose and chin were better known. And, "As he would say, 'That's *some* drop ahead, all right,'" as if she had been used to his forceful brevity for a lifetime. And it never occurred to her that all this was remarkable; apparently it was as natural for her thought to carry the young man along as for a current to bear a familiar ship in its own course.

And then—of a sudden the sinister hole realized that she was coming, and it fell to gloating and licking its bloody chops. The trail dived.

Although Piñon's attitude resembled that of a fly descending a wall, Lucia held on, and even essayed to laugh.

She was getting used to this, after ten minutes or so, when her breath was all at once swept away, for the trail was gulped by a great blackness like a

SHE LEANED OVER. FOR AT LEAST A THOUSAND FEET WAS ONE SHEER DROP

throat, and she with it. Through a tunnel of night she was moving blindly, clinging to the saddle, huddling against her beast to escape bruising rocks. Only the tick-tock of the mule's hoofs on the rocky floor broke infinite, hideous, walled-in stillness. . . .

A turn, and dazzling daylight again. Her head swam; she gave a cry and clutched dizzily at the saddle. For the path upon which she had emerged was no more than a seam in the stone; the outer hoofs scuffled and barely found foothold over the crumbling edge. And below—it was the fall of a boulder that gave Lucia a hint of what lay below. From somewhere it started, thundered down, grew faint, waned, but did not cease while she heard it. She leaned over. For at least a thousand feet was one sheer drop, as unbroken as eternity.

"Even a boulder traveling," murmured Lucia, "is—is sort of—sociable."

But she was far down the cañon's wall, and the trail was temporarily mild, when Piñon saw his way to freedom. For all his perfidy, he evidently had scruples when it came to depositing a lady over a thousand-foot precipice. He chose a

gentle terrace and a nest of bushes to receive her. Having arranged matters to his satisfaction, he calmly retraced his steps home.

Not until the heavy purples of late afternoon were flung between fire mountains did Lucia sit down opposite the eon-old inferno and face grim facts.

She was lost.

Somehow the trail had disappeared along with Piñon, and for hours she had pushed hither and thither, the result being utter confusion. She had stumbled over boulders, had torn her way through exotic thorny weeds which retaliated by tearing in their turn. She was bruised and scratched and exhausted, and whichever way she turned the red gorge grinned. For minutes her face sank into her hands.

But with a sharp shake of body and soul she rose again. Of a sudden temples blazed with the altar flames of sunset. She bowed in worship.

"And now," she said—and it rang valiant—"if it takes all night I'll find my way back to Lost-Lady Trail!"

Life meets courage half-way. It was then, when she declared herself for the battle once more, that a fine, curly line of smoke rose to greet her eye. At the sight of that little spiral of smoke, like a hand stretched out, she shouted with a voice not to be ignored even in the biggest hole in the world:

"Help! He-el-elp!" She added, with a little laugh, "I'm looking for Lost-Lady Trail!"

"Lost-Lady Trai-ai-ail!" sang back the echo. Again and again she called. At last came the crashing of boughs. The pine tangle broke open.

"So it *is* you," she said, as if the fact did not surprise, but immeasurably reassured her.

"Of course," the brown young man replied. "I was with you all the way till the mix-up began."

"I thought you left the trail." Subterfuge was not for Lucia.

"I held back. I saw you weren't going to stand for anybody's going with you, and I kept off so you wouldn't be bothered by feeling yourself followed. I took cut-offs when I could. I could tell that you kept your seat down the perpendicular, because the sound of the mule's steps never changed, and if he'd lost his load he'd have quickened a trifle, not having to hold back so hard. I hated to give you up to the tunnel, but I knew I could tell if you came through all right and didn't get scraped off in transit, by listening for you to say 'Oh!' when you came out on the ledge."

"Oh, I didn't—did I? Like all those foolish old ladies!"

"You couldn't have helped it that once," he defended her. "When you come out of blackness and find yourself hanging on to that edge it's like a sleepwalker on a steep roof who's suddenly waked up."

"It must be frightfully sheer. A boulder happened to fall, and I heard it keep on and on—"

"Yes. It took quite a kick to dislodge it," he observed, glancing at his boot-toe. "I thought it might give you a sort of hint there was somebody around—"

"Oh," said Lucia.

"But a while after that—quite a long while—the mix-up began. I lost sound of the mule's steps, and I waited and listened. At last I got a hunch that something was wrong, so I set out to hunt you. I've been hunting ever since."

"I was wandering at random."

"Now if you'd only been the kind that screams—"

"If I had," she murmured, gazing out rather wistfully over the terrible sunset splendors, "then I'd have been found, and missed *this*."

His eyes followed where hers led. "I'd have played fair," he answered her thoughts. "I knew you had to have your day. I'd have given you the choice of being found or lost."

"That's it. If I'd had the choice—I'd have had to go back."

"Parole?" he said.

"Parole," said she. "And overdrawn already when I met you. By now—!" She lifted her hands at the awfulness of "now."

"Don't." He rebuked her gesture in a voice that seemed to be keeping back things it didn't say. "It had to be. But," he went on, briskly, after a minute, resuming his manner of practical competence, "it's time to find out what sort of shape you're in, anyway?" And

his eyes traveled with solicitude over her once trim, now pitiful, garb, her pale face, her weary posture.

"I'm *perfectly* all right," she assured him, steadying herself where she stood, by a rock. "And now I must be off. If you'll be so kind as to start me, I can find my way nicely — up Lost - Lady Trail. You see I've taken it over from the former owner."

"Glad to see him ousted. But your way first lies to Lone-Gentleman Camp, where supper will be served in twenty minutes. You see," he explained, "when I saw you were going to have your day, and all the powers of earth couldn't stop you, I knew I couldn't do anything but try to hang around within earshot, be ready to pick you up when the end came, and have the supper hot."

"You've been wonderful," she told him, "but I dare not lose a minute. Aunt Aurelia—" At this moment exhaustion and fasting suddenly and overwhelmingly claimed their rights and she collapsed into a pair of firm, ready arms.

"So it's an aunt, is it? Anybody might know she'd be named Aurelia!" the young man ground between his teeth, though unheard.

Lucia lay in the arms helplessly, and at last opened her brown eyes to look into a pair of light-gray ones that contrasted oddly with the tanned leather of the face. She thought vaguely that she had never seen eyes that smiled so gravely and pitied so merrily. Without a word the young man set out to carry her; he made no more of her weight than if she had been a rolled blanket, and within his tent he laid her down.

Lying under a rare old Navajo blanket, she watched through the tent's opening as he stirred his fire outside and put the finishing touches to his stew. From a crimson garland festooned above her he snipped a chilli pepper. Tortillas, goldy-cream tinged with brown, like the tops of giant mushrooms, stood waiting.

How wonderful it was, she thought, the way he had hovered at a distance all day, like a guardian angel in khaki! It was firm and tender and authoritative and deferential and not intrusive or officious, but fine and cherishing. . . . And as she lay watching, the queer sense that she had always known him, that he was an inherent part of her consciousness, deepened; and to it was added a more specific sense, that the young man was somehow bound up in her day. But Lucia did not know that she thought all this.

The firelight flickered, the keen savor of things hot, spicy, delicious, met the sharp approaching chill of the night air, stab for stab. From some mysterious source the young man brought a pail of sparkling cold water.

"Supper!" he sang.

In a very short time they contrived to gather from each other all the facts that are so significant and insignificant both at once. He knew that she was Lucia Kane, and all about the busy (she insisted, too, "happy") round of service that filled her days. She knew that he was John Condron, and that the scientist's and explorer's passion had made his home the wilderness ever since a Western university had turned him out, carelessly enough polished, she saw, but tempered like fine metal.

It had been his obsession, this pursuit that still led him on. The Southwest, he believed, had never yet yielded up to science its deepest secret. For years he had cherished certain theories, and, once prove them, the riddle of untold ages would be solved for all time to come. A lifetime was a mere nothing—he offered it, and gladly; one day his reports were to be the final word on this whole vast miracle-land. He had lived on solitary mountain - sides, in deserts, in cañons. With his puny human tools he had pecked secrets from the old stone breast of Nature herself. But the great secret still eluded.

"I expect it seems queer to you that I haven't dropped in on any place more civilized than an Indian village, or some little Mexican or Mormon colony, for three years—and it may be another three before I do. But I haven't got anybody to go to see—there isn't even any mail coming to me." He was quite unconscious of the touch of wistfulness. "I've been on my own ever since I was a kid, and I sort of forget there are folks. You're the only white person I've seen since last summer, and the nearest I've been to civilization lately was where you met

SHE WATCHED THROUGH THE TENT'S OPENING AS HE STIRRED HIS FIRE OUTSIDE

me to-day, toward the top. I had a notion I'd take a look at the world, since I happened to be camping so near for a day or two, but I wasn't sorry to turn back, and in the morning, I suppose—" He broke off, and his eyes seemed questioning hers. "I had planned," he said, "that in the morning I'd go back—into the desert."

"Tell me," she said to him, "how you knew that—that I had to be *let go*."

"Because I've had it myself. And I knew the look of it when I saw it in you. Most people never get it. Either they're deliberately lawless or they're always clods. But it's different—when Something Else gets inside you and does it. Most people aren't capable of feeling that thing—that Something Else. But when I saw—well, that was one way I knew that you were you," he explained, quite naturally.

"It happened to me once when I'd been in a Mexican prison for months—some snipers took me while I was geologizing near the border and I'd been kept on about the amount of nutrition required by the normal kitten. Then all of a sudden Something said to me, 'Cut and run!' My brain knew it was nine-ninety-nine to one I'd be shot down, but I had to go.

"Queer how some little thing pretends to be what starts you. I'd been dreaming every night that I'd just got the big secret—I always seemed to have hold of it, like a globe, in my hand, and then some Mexican would come along and knock it, and it would roll out of reach. I'd wake in a cold sweat, trying to chase

it. Then this day I heard a bird—a big chap that taps on a tree like nailing down carpets—and the noise started me thinking of my hammer till I was clean loco. So I laid out the guard in a graceful reclining posture and beat it. And I wound up by sitting fanning myself with a leaf in a nice little hidden cave while the whole bunch of Mexicans that followed me went whooping and shooting past my door.

"I sort of think," he concluded, thoughtfully, "that when that Thing makes you do it, in spite of your calculations, it turns out to be the best guess every time."

She mused. "Such a life must be almost as thrilling as war," she said, after a while.

"About the nearest to war we Americans 'll ever get. We're a peaceful lot," he replied, carelessly. "By the way, is that mess over in Europe cleaned up by this time?"

And upon that Lucia sat up straight and stared at the man, and continued to stare, while he stared in return, and still she could not grasp it. He didn't *know*. She had read of such cases—sailors in from long voyages, travelers from the frozen north, but her mind failed to adjust itself to meeting any one, a living human being, who didn't *know*.

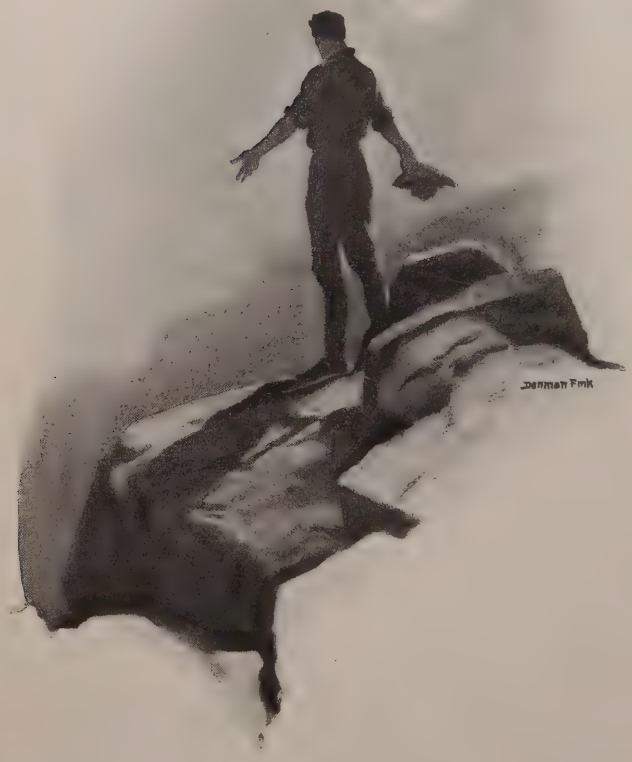
"You didn't know—that we're *in it*?"

He was dumb in his turn. He found her as incredible as she found him.

"Why, but—" he stammered at length—"but that—that *couldn't* happen. I knew that would never happen. That—why, that mess belonged to Europe! It wasn't our scrap!"

"It *is* our scrap," she said. And then she told him why. From a ship that had cried aloud and flung up its white arms like a woman assaulted, to a world's democracy threatened, she told him the whole of it—how volunteers were pouring into recruiting stations; how flags were shouting all the way across the United States. They sat, two atoms in the biggest hole in the world, which has gaped on while nations and eons were having their little flings and departing, and she told him what the war meant.

She grew to realize how it was with him. For almost a year he had seen only Indians, who brought no news whatever; and before that the small Western newspapers he had picked up now and then were treating the war in as detached a manner as the Balkan War of earlier



SHE SAW HIM STANDING ON A ROCK LIKE A GIANT BRONZE

years. It simply had never got *into* him, she saw. She set to work to see that it got into him now.

When she was done he sat for a long silence, watching the fire die out, his hands hanging loose between his knees. And when he rose at last: "Well," he inquired, "you still stick to your resolution to climb? You won't let me go to the top for a horse?"

She wouldn't.

"Then it's time, if we're going to make it this evening," he stated, and proceeded to pull down the tent and roll it into a bundle. "My Indian always carries my things," he explained. "He'll pick these up in the morning."

And so they started. Not a comment from him, not a question concerning the story she had told him—the greatest story in the world. And to-morrow—she pictured him moving on into the deeper wilderness, pursuing that obsession of a secret that had lain comfortably buried through the ages.

Something was slipping away from Lucia—it slipped faster and faster—it was gone. It was her sense of having always known this man.

Just as they struck the trail he went back for some trifle, and, turning, she saw him standing on a rock where the camp had been. He had swept off his hat, and, like a giant bronze, he stood facing out toward the chasm and the weird moonlighted temples. He made a curious gesture; a moment later he had rejoined her and the ascent began.

At times it seemed only a confusion of pain and struggle—like a battle to the soldier, a mere mass of hideous impressions. There was the sensation of lungs about to cease breathing, of a strained pulse beating like a drum. There was the terror of precipices, sheer as upright blades in the moonlight. But always something intervened before disaster.

"Here's a rock to sit on," he would say, "and you can have a very little water. Careful, there!"

Or, "That isn't so steep as it looks, and you can't fall, anyhow," and a long brown arm would cut off the abyss.

Oh, he was kind and strong and cherishing—but he was a stranger now. With every minute the gulf between them deepened. When they rested and she gasped for breath, he talked to her; he talked of the great Southwest.

Earlier, she had been enthralled by his tales of its mysteries; but later the gulf had opened, and now it stretched boundlessly. On opposite sides of it they trudged the long miles that bore them from the trail's top to the hotel settlement.

They paused for a last moment above the spectral gorge. In the moonlight, fire-mountains had become mist-shrouded ghosts, their opal garments shifting, swaying.

"How stupid and futile I feel trying to thank you for all you have done!" she began, conventionally. It was that gulf that made it so impossible to thank him in any other way.

"Will—will you take them?" He was fumbling in a pocket. "I happened to have them, among some Indian things." He brought forth a pair of moccasins, wrought marvelously with beads of crimson and turquoise and yellow and green and purple. "The Indians have a saying that if one gives shoes to another, those two shall tread again their path together. So I thought—of Lost-Lady Trail."

She took them. "They are beautiful," she said, "and so is the tradition." Her voice hesitated; it was the voice of one groping, as if she wanted to find some bridge across that gulf, and failed. And the gulf kept widening on, deepening on. "To-morrow," she mused, "you'll be back in the world where these moccasins came from, I suppose." And then, then only, when he met her words with that utter astonishment, did the gulf suddenly pause in its widening.

"To-morrow?" he said. And again, "*To-morrow?* You didn't suppose—" he demanded. "Good Lord! *you didn't suppose—?*" Even before he finished she seemed to feel it. It was as if the sides of the gulf began to move toward each other, narrowing. "You didn't suppose I was going to peck my life out among quartzites and limestones and taluses that have made out without me for several centuries, while that job's waiting for me over there?"

And the sides of the gulf rushed together—they met—there was no longer any space. Lucia was flooded again with

the sense that she had always known him, and it seemed to reach both ways—as if she always should know him, too, whatever the material future might hold. And now he asked an astonishing question; not until long after did she see how astonishing it was, in all that it took for granted:

"For of course," was the way he put it to her—"of course you *give me?*"

She reached both hands to his. "I give you," she said. "It's what every real woman wants to do."

There was no more surprise at that verb "give," implying, as it did, the verb "possess," than if they had both been cognizant beforehand of the ingenious scheme of the gods to grant all of Lucia's wish in one uncaged day.

"It all came on so fast I couldn't talk about it—it kept me busy enough thinking and acting, I reckon," he explained. The wordless, deedful West was dawning on her. "First, finding you after twenty-eight years and wondering how you felt about it—whether it was to be all work again, same as before, or whether I was to—see you—sometimes, too. And then on top of it all, hearing about *that*, over there, and seeing that it meant to give up you and the work both. . . . I said good-by to the cañon down there. And now—my Indian's up here, and I'm going to give him instructions to turn over my papers and things to a professor I used to know, and I can get a train before daybreak if I ride into town. That job in France won't wait."

Aunt Aurelia was shrill. "I've been worried to death. I rang seven times before I could get a bell-boy. The chambermaid had to bring me both meals; they're short of servants. The soup was tepid. She forgot the hot milk. And she let that yellow cat in when she opened the door, and it sat there, in the center of that rug"—Aunt Aurelia indicated the exact spot with precision—"and stared at me. You know a cat always gives me a nerve shock; it started the neuralgia in my left jaw again."

A fog of querulousness seemed closing in around Lucia—as if she had passed abruptly from the crystal atmosphere of heights into some murky valley. And yet—had the valley's density clouded all vision?

"I'll be back as soon as I've taken off my hat and sweater," she said, wearily. That is, her body and brain spoke wearily. But something that was neither body nor brain seemed gazing forth, serene and unwearied, from those heights of clear-seeing—as if holding miraculously aloof, in that high visibility level which is of the spirit alone.

"Don't stop to do anything else, because it's so frightfully late and I can't possibly go to sleep till you've read. Oh, but I shall pay for this to-morrow, if not for a week!" With melancholy compassion Aunt Aurelia nursed her left jaw, that innocent victim of the yellow cat's *Schrecklichkeit.*

Lucia returned promptly. She moved in a curious, still way, as if she were somehow not there at all, as if a sort of shell, something that had once contained her, were walking into her aunt's room, adjusting the drop-light and screen, taking up the book. Even Aunt Aurelia seemed to sense a puzzling mood which for the moment caused her to forget her own absorptions.

"What *have* you been doing all these hours, anyway?" she demanded.

"I think," replied Lucia, not so much to her aunt, it seemed, as to certain shadowy distances that gloomed and lured far out beyond the ever-closed window—"I think—since I went away—I've been born—and lived my life—"

Her aunt stared. Failing to make anything out of this, she responded, "Humph!" and returned to the commiseration of her afflicted member. "Clarice had just refused the count," she reminded her niece. "You must have left the book-mark in the place."

Lucia's eyes slowly traveled back from the shadowy distances and arrived at the volume in her hand. She seated herself beside the lamp. The pages rippled under her thumb and settled at last in readiness.

"Yes," she said, "the book-mark is—in the place."

The Laocoon of the Shoe-Lacings

BY ROBERT P. UTTER

A NEWSPAPER item reports the suicide of a man who declared that he was tired of everlastingly lacing his shoes and then unlacing them again. Petty enough the act appears in the grist of the day's news, but the report of it (be it fact or fiction) lingers in the mind till against a larger background of time it begins to take on significance, even to find a place beside immortal acts of legend and familiar attitudes of art. Here was a man who found the master knot of his fate in his shoe-lacings. Was he a fool or a hero? Alexander has fame for an act which as a symbol might have much the same significance, a resolute blow of the sword through the Gordian knot, which disposes of the difficulty without solving the problem. For himself the suicide has dismissed routine with a suave gesture and with superb finality, but he leaves mankind in the attitude of the Laocoon, agonizingly entangled in shoe-lacings, the serpent routine, huge, insensate, unrelaxing. In its grip man writhes forever, hopeless of escape. To this group the suicide waves a jaunty farewell,—"The best of luck to you," he says. "I'm out of it, anyway!"

Whatever our scorn for him, we must admit that he voices unmistakably the eternal human protest against routine; that it is really only in the suavity of his gesture and the supreme finality of the rejection that he goes beyond the rest of us. The feeling that commanded his act is nearly the most universal of human impulses. We all rebel bitterly in the days when heaven lies about us, and the later shades of the prison-house are nothing more than the creeping paralysis of hopeless submission. Only those of us who have trodden the mill so long that we are almost irreclaimably subdued to what we work in prefer, in such times as these when we have the choice, counters and ledgers to trenches and barbed wire. The lad who with a whoop of joy flings behind him his columns of figures, or vaults the counter in his eagerness to rush into poison gas and machine-gun fire, though his gesture is one of bravura rather than suavity, is that of Alan Breck rather than of Beau Brummel, makes his rejection of routine no whit less final than does the hero of the newspaper item. And he is not the one in a million who makes the newspaper paragraph, he is one of the five million who make the National Army.

War which cuts down our supplies of wheat and sugar gives us what we demand no less insistently, food for the imagination and the emotions. The struggle for bread is not more close and deadly than is the struggle for emotional experience; we must have it at any cost, even of the bodily life itself. Pity and terror are the medicine and surgery of the spirit; often we hover about them in dread, and would have their benefits without full experience. Each in his own way seeks these benefits where his nature finds them, in art, in drink, in wandering, in society, in love, in dreams. We follow with Lear over heights we could never walk alone, or with Tschaikowsky through unsounded depths, and feel as if we had buffeted the thunder with our own wings. We trace five reels of emotional life flickering vividly across a white sheet, and are as complacent afterward in our hall bedrooms as if each man of us had descended in whirl of dust and crackle of six-shooters and left Canobie Lea or Poker Flat racing and chasing like an ant-hill. Shivering on the brink of his emotional exercise is the farmer who says he is going to town to get drunk, "and gosh, how I do dread it!" Like him in aversion toward what he craves, is Kipling's wanderer who is driven to admire and see. "It never done no good to me," he complains, "but I can't drop it if I tried." Like him

again is the devotee of society driven by some unremitting force through endless receptions, dinners, and dances which no one enjoys. Even the vague, causeless emotion of the night's dream we cherish through the length of the colorless day. On the same endless quest we pursue love, and "take our fun where we find it," regardless of the fact that "the end of it's sitting and thinking, and dreaming hell fires to be." For all these we pay varying amounts of our bodily life, depleting our forces of will and of body, perhaps even to their complete extinction, paying in terms of life for the privilege of living.

High as the price is, who would grudge it if what he bought were genuine? Bitterness enters into the rebellion when a man finds that he is not engaged in straightforward commerce, but in paying blackmail to routine. When we come to cast up our accounts, we find that if our romance was pure, it was illusory; if it was real, it was contaminated. Like the "kinds of evidence" in the logic-book, we may classify it according to the amount of experience it involves—full experience, partial, or none whatever. From the mimic tragedy or the symphony concert we get emotional exercise, inflation of spirit. Without having been through anything, we feel that we are better men for what we have been through. But then comes the day of routine—columns of figures by no means fit for a god to add, yards of cotton revolting to the fingers of the hero, and by the inevitability of the reaction we recognize the debauchery of the emotions. The immunity we have bought is an illusion, but the price is real; we have had real emotion, but only through vicarious experience. We have kindled the fires of heroic achievement, and then left the steam to rust the engine. And to say that "Lear," the "Symphonie Pathétique," the movies, as emotional stimulants are debilitating when taken in excess because they afford no expression in action of the motor impulses they arouse, is in no sense a disparagement of art, but merely a comment on its misuse that would apply equally well to most of the good things of life. As for drink, it has as much as this in common with art, that both are least dangerous to their most active participants. He who composes a symphony, or even plays an instrument in the orchestra, expresses his emotions more actively than does the mere listener. He who in his cups resists arrest and destroys property braces his will little enough, but at least more than he who in solitude "gets sloppy drunk on sherry wine." The worst danger lies, as Falstaff has it, "not in drink only, but in tears also." Emotion without experience is the only unadulterated article. It is pure, but destructive, and its ultimate value is about the same as that of anything else that comes without experience.

Love confronts with routine the man who takes it on for a steady job; only in flashes can it be conducted as a work of art. The artist and the scientist are alike in that to each the starting-point is the intuition, a sort of emotional conviction of truth. The contrast lies in their treatment of it. The artist seeks to preserve it as it is, to cling to it; to the scientist it is the merest point of departure, and he may spend the rest of his life in seeking by fact and evidence to turn it into an intellectual conviction. The lover for just so long as his phantom of delight gleams upon his sight as a phantom is in a pure realm of imagination and romance. If he rejects her when she turns to a woman, even though perfect and nobly planned, and, refusing to establish her as the very pulse of the machine, seeks another gleaming phantom, he is the artist trying to keep his romance unadulterated. But where shall we find record of success in the attempt? Not even Keats imagined that he could lie pillowed upon his fair love's ripening breast "and so live ever"; either he must "swoon to death" or bestir himself to provide his fair love with bread and butter.

There remain, then, the two supreme adventures, suicide and war. We do not know what the suicide encounters when he so jauntily o'erleaps the wall that has no gate opening toward us, but we have the word of the beginning soldier that the first thing he encounters in his brave search for romance is trebly intensified routine. "Routine is my middle name," he writes, and pronounces stately and

sulphurous curses on the day he was christened. He is ready for any ordinary dragon with from seven to nine heads, but here is one with nine fresh heads a day for every day of the soldier's life. Even of the "high adventure" of aviation, a "poet of the air" writes:

> I have no time to let my imagination wander, or my poetry murmur its symphony, or my fantastic dreams to weave their fanciful spiderwebs—none of that. It would be deadly poison to me, for in my new game I must cultivate a cold indifference to danger and a cold determination to conquer. Were I to let my imagination or my artistic feelings loose for one second, up in the air, I should be lost.

Does he belie his words, then, when a moment later he says:

> You think it is void of art? My boy, *it* is the Art—the living Art—not the dream of a poem, but the realization of it—the standing statue, the breathing masterpiece.

By no means. He merely proclaims the value of experience as the stiffening, bracing fiber of art. It is to art what the guy-wires are to the aeroplane; without it the artist cannot fly, but must swoon, or fall, to death. But where there is experience there is practical detail. No action that is real can be pure romance. If a man goes into action as a play-actor it is only as an actor he will succeed. He cannot play football with his eye on the grand stand; he cannot succeed in life if life is unreal to him, if he goes through it "swaggering like the hero of a penny novelette."

Romance and detail!—the everlasting seesaw—one down and the other up; no possibility of perfection even in balance, for with neither dear charmer could one be completely happy unless the other were away. And when one is away the other perishes. Whether the soul for which Tennyson built the "Palace of Art" be that of the artist or that of an ordinary mortal, the allegory is a sound one; the soul fed upon pure romance, upon beauty without life, turns morbidly at last to feed upon itself. Romance without life is insupportable, and life is detail, routine, the everlasting lacing of shoes and unlacing them again. Moonlight, and the haze of spring or autumn, by what sovereign alchemy do they transmute life's most leaden scenes into the purest romance? By hiding and softening detail? Yes, but not by eradicating it; if it were utterly gone we should not have a hint of the sense of fact, a modicum of which we must have to accept beauty. Corot does not show us the shapeless mist with naught behind it; he gives us to understand that the trees are sturdily there. The very deception of the moonlight is the brilliance that makes us believe we see every detail, though not one is recorded in the memory to tell of afterward. Nor of our most impressive dream have we anything to tell but emotion which refuses to be told. The emotion of the dream is so sharp that we cannot believe that the imagery is not so, too, till the attempt to put it in words shows it to be vaguer than moonlight. But the sense of detail is there so strongly that with the emotion it makes an experience realer than life. So in affairs we call the idealist a dreamer who in the stress of his vision loses his grip on the practical detail by which alone it can be realized. Scarcely more effective is the practical man who in the mass of detail through which he moves familiarly loses, or fails to find, the vision. It was Matthew Arnold who called Shelley "a beautiful but ineffectual angel, beating in the luminous void his wings in vain." If Shelley could have retorted from his void, he might as justly have called Arnold a wavering glow-worm, lost in the labyrinths of the grass. Which shall we say was void, which ineffectual, Arnold with his feet clogged in a nightmare of detail, straining his eyes toward the gleaming heights, or Shelley with strong wings to soar near their summits and leave his fellow-mortals behind? Arnold with his wan hope that

> Tasks in hours of insight willed
> May be through hours of gloom fulfilled,

or Shelley who flew straight to the heart of his vision's incandescence on the sheer lifting power of his will? We need not choose; the vision was the same to both, and who shall say which served it better? The problem was the same; the conquest of detail in the service of the vision, the synthesis of routine and romance, the ideal and the actual—the very consecration and the poet's dream

of all time. Shelley exorcised the routine—"Get thee behind me!" and immediately there is no shadow across his sun. Arnold sadly girded his loins and smote it hip and thigh. Here are the two recognized methods of dealing with it, and Arnold himself places them side by side. "Madman or slave," he asks, "must man be one?" Shall a man be a slave to his shoe-lacings, or a madman and cut their Gordian entanglements by a bullet through his brain?

That depends on why he laces or unlaces his shoes. Obvious as the answer is to the academic question, there are few enough of us who apply the principle to life. A man might conceivably lace his shoes with loving care with some specific and zestful activity in view. Nay, the routine would take on the air of consecration if he knew his feet were to be beautiful upon the mountains, bringers of good tidings. There is romance in detail when one is creating. No detail is too petty for the painstaking of artist or craftsman, nor does it matter what he is creating, much of the joy of it comes in such puttering. Gardeners tell us of the primitive delight of delving in black soil with the fresh, moist odor of it in the nostrils. It is the pure joy of creating—the soil would be unendurable dirt were it not for the vision of the garden and the miracle of its creation, a godlike power which the gardener feels. And godlike is the satisfaction of any creative spirit who looks upon his work and sees that it is very good. The first chapter of Genesis is the very romance of creation, instantaneous, upspringing as in a fairy-tale at the mere word. It omits all the detail of which we have since learned a little, geologic ages of fusion, crystallization, grinding, sifting, depositing, pressure and smelting for the making of earth, rock, and soil; eons of evolution of the forms of life; infinity of detail, unending vista of routine beyond the power of our minds to conceive; so machine-like that an unimaginative minority of mankind see the whole process as mechanistic, but to most of us creative joy in every least detail is our fundamental, our very first concept of it. Ourselves created in such an image feel it in every repeated detail of our own creations. Let it be no more than an onion-patch that a man must weed patiently up and down the rows hour by hour, day after day; it his *his* onion-patch and he made it, and he foretastes the knowledge that it will be good. There is inspiration in the very routine of it, as surely as in the many practical details that go to the creation of a symphony.

True, mere detail is not routine; the point is, neither is repeated detail unless one takes into account the purpose and manner of the repetition. Routine is detail repeated without end; even if there is no end, in the sense of terminus, an object in view provided it be creative will save us from routine. Here is for many the difficulty with army routine; the immediate end to which it unwaveringly points is one which men normally hate, and it is kept so insistently before the soldier's eye that he cannot see the ideal beyond. Even if the ideal stands clear to his mind, it is often not his own, but one thrust upon him, and he cannot always serve spontaneously and with love the ideal of another. You may do service for your own child so menial that to do it for another's would be unthinkable, and the child makes you love the service and the service makes you love the child. The dreary, thrice-daily routine of dish-washing may be illuminated as a creative act by the feeling that it is part of the loving ministry that goes to the making of a home. College teachers of English like to call themselves "section hands" and talk of the insupportable routine of theme-reading. In general, we take it about as seriously as it is meant; it is always the sailor's privilege to curse the ship he happens to be sailing on. If it were nothing but theme-reading, the routine would be insupportable and any man were well out of it. So it always appears to the instructor when in the autumn the first bundles of themes appear on his desk. He knows so well what they contain, all the categories of vulgar errors, amorphous sentences in unformed handwriting. Can he possibly go through it again—and again—and yet again? But in another month each sheaf of themes represents to him a group of men that he knows, men with youth in their eyes, alive to so many things besides split infinitives and dan-

gling participles. For each one of them there is so much that he wants to do; in each there is something — little enough, but something—that he can create; and thereafter no more of routine in theme-reading. Even the craftsman engaged in the mechanical repetition of a single process may conceivably find inspiration in consciousness of the part he plays in a grander whole. For examples the mind turns at once to the past, where we always turn to find romance, to days of hand labor and pride of craftsmanship. But to-day, when whole nations are unified by ideals, we read daily of workers in munition factories, old hands and new, sustained through the hardest, most mechanical toil by ideals of freedom, often less for themselves than for others. "Operating a lathe," says one, "is more fascinating and interesting to me than keeping house, or bringing up children, or going to parties, or anything else in the world; . . . I am a blissfully happy woman."

This spirit, whenever and wherever we find it, is romance, and in this respect it is like love—it need not shun sordid details, for it takes away their sordidness. The secret of its magic forever eludes us, but one of its effects we know. A sure test for romance in art is the fact that it makes you wish to go through the experience it presents, even though the experience be in actuality most undesirable. *Robinson Crusoe* is the purest romance in spite of its flaunting disguise of practical detail. Does any human being read it for the first (or for the fiftieth) time without yearning for a desert island of his own? Detail is there, routine is there, and in the emotional sense it is real enough, but it is not actual. Authentic records of castaways on desert islands (there are not many of them) have a very different effect on the reader. They are ghastly accounts of lingering misery and death, which, so far from luring the fancy to share the experience, cause us to shudder and thank God we are spared it. Romance in art shows us the features of delight in experience that is not actual to us, but emotionally that experience is the realest of the real; truth it is according to all the verities of life, but it is not fact.

So in life our romance, the inspiration that takes from routine its sting and its victory over the spirit, does not rob it of its reality. We escape from routine by imagination, but not by imagining a vain thing. The mere dreamer may in a sense escape, but his escape is too much like that of the suicide. The truth of fiction and of life is emotional truth; the actuality of routine is suspense of emotion, boredom. Imagination feeds the emotions; that of the dreamer offers fairy food sweet to the sense, but ashes to the spirit; the imagination that holds before us the true vision feeds the spirit sustainingly. It does not take us away from routine, but guides us straight through it with a steady light that does not transform, does not hide, but consecrates. It shows us the repeated details marching steadily to the far-seen goodness and completeness of the work. It shows us truth; and if there is no far-seen end, no hope of goodness or completion in it, it shows us the fact pitilessly. One glimmer of this light touched the suicide of the shoe-lacings, and it almost makes him heroic, even though it was not enough to show him the need of finding a purpose for his aimless activity. Where routine is at its worst, when a man's work is ceaselessly handling the details of some one else's vision, a gleam of imagination will tell him that his escape lies in following a vision of his own; its full light would reveal the vision itself and the road to it. It need not be the artist's vision, nor lie beyond the sunset and the paths of all the western stars. The vision of the humblest craftsman is quite enough, so that he hold to it and feel at every step that it is his own and that it is good. It need not be flawless, but it must come of flawless effort. It is indeed an inferior mortal who cannot find flaws in the world and its creatures, but God looked upon it, and, behold, it was very good. A poor thing, only an onion-patch perhaps, but better its routine for you than the details of another man's symphony so long as it is your own. And the more a man reflects on the subject, the more he wonders whether those who complain of routine as soul-killing have any souls above routine.

The White Horse

BY ARMISTEAD C. GORDON

THE atmosphere of the place was one of perfect peace. It breathed in the balsam of the ragged pines upon the mountain-tops and shimmered in the summer sunshine above the slab palings that fenced in the little gardens about the tumble-down log cabins. It brooded over the deep silence of Loup Valley, and lay upon the unstirred corn in Armand Bristow's low grounds. It slumbered in the faint ripples of shadows that the oak-tree flung upon the broken tombstone beneath which the Seigneur Henri Beauxarty had lain dead for more than a century.

Old man Bozart, known to the irreverent mountaineers as "the Count," sat in the coolness of the August evening in a splint-bottomed armchair on what had once been the terrace of the little stone château that the seigneur had built when he brought his colonists out of Touraine into the Alleghany Mountains the year that the king was killed.

The jar-flies that had been audible in the hot August noon had ceased their strident noise. Far down the creek a cow-bell rang with faint assonance, as the animal that wore it moved leisurely among the elder-bushes. Overhead a crow flapped slowly across the valley.

"She don't give herse'f no a'rs, even if she is high l'arnt an' rich," said "No 'Count" Bozart to the Count from his seat near by on the end of a slab bench. He paused in his idle whittling of a stick which he had picked up from the grass, and, combing his scragly gray beard with the fingers of his left hand, regarded his father interrogatively.

Count Bozart looked up the narrow road that skirted the base of the eastern mountain, and saw the girl on the white horse.

"She's got the Bozart blood in her, jes' like that nag she's a-ridin'," he said, with an accent of pride in his quavering voice. "Ain't thet thar one o' the Bozart hosses, Ant'ine? I'm ole in age an' sperrit, but durn my hide ef it ain't one of 'em. I was a-ridin' one o' them white hosses when . . ."

His voice faded into a whisper. He shaded with shaking hand his filmy eyes, that distilled the rheum of senility, as he peered up the trail. His vision had grown as feeble as his mind.

"I know all about it," Antoine interrupted. "Ye needn' come over it."

He had heard more than a hundred times from his father the ancestral tradition of how the Seigneur Henri Beauxarty had kept a white horse in his marble stables beyond the water, on which he was to ride some day to meet the king. He had heard from him still oftener the later story of how the Count had ridden the white horse of the Bozart breed at Cross Keys and Port Republic.

"Thet thar hoss which Bristow give his gal is the onlies' one of 'em left in the mountings," he continued, with conciliatory haste. He did not wish to hurt the Count's feelings. "Arman' traded Cam'el Bozart his spotted heifer an' two wagon-loads o' corn fur him, an' give twenty-fi' dollars ter boot."

"Durn my hide, ef I didn' . . ." the old man began again, and his son again interrupted him.

"Them hosses hes done got ter be like the Bozarts now—few an' fur between an' mighty nigh onter played out ginnully."

At No 'Count's words, Count Bozart's uplifted hand dropped from above his peering eyes to the arm of his chair, and shook there with the tremor of age, exaggerated by excitement.

"The Bozarts played out?" he quavered in a high key. "The Bozarts played out, Ant'ine? Cam'el Bozart may be played out an' you may be played out. But durn my hide ef I didn' fight with Stonewall Jackson f'om the

bridge at Manassas ter thet tother bridge at Port Republic. *I* ain't played out! You an' him maybe 's played out. But durn my infernal hide ef . . ."

His voice died away in an inarticulate gasp, and he touched with knotted forefinger the scar that the minie ball had made on his gaunt brown cheek in the fight for the bridge at Port Republic in 1862.

"Mo' 'n fifty year ago," his son protested, earnestly. "Mo' 'n fifty year ago."

The elder man sat silent in physical collapse from the energy of his own argument.

"Jack hed oughter be back afo' this," said No 'Count. "His ma hev helt supper a-waitin' fur him mo' 'n haffen hour."

No 'Count's father regarded him with the fixed stare of senility.

As if replying to his own inquiry, No 'Count continued: "The boy hev gone acrost Barren Ridge over ter the Big River this mornin', an' he 'ain't come back yit. He's thet sot on fishin' an' huntin' an' sich foolishness he cain't even seem ter find no time ter git the weeds out'n the corn-patch, durn him!"

He looked from the half-acre of stunted yellow-foliaged maize in front of the château to the deep-green cornfields along Loup Creek, where Armand Bristow's bottomlands, that had once been the Seigneur Henri Beauxarty's, stretched indefinitely in rich luxuriance.

"Jack 'll meet thet thar gal on his way home, I reck'n," continued No 'Count, as his father gave no sign of intelligence. "Down the Laurel Trail is the shortes' way over the Ridge, an' thet hoss of Cam'el's is young and skittish. Thet gal better look out how she rides him thet-a-way over the mounting. Charl' Mullinax kilt a b'ar up in them woods las' Sunday."

"When I rid querrier fur Stonewall Jackson over yonder in the Shana'do' Valley, endurin' o' the war . . ." began the Count, irrelevantly.

No 'Count got up and started toward the door of the château. "What's the use o' comin' over the war?" he muttered, wearily, as he arose. "He's al'ays a-dwellin' on the war, an' a-harpin' on the war. What's the everlastin' use? Thet thar war's done past an' gone sence I was a small boy, an' now I'm a ole man; an' yit thar ain't no day when he ain't a-comin' over it. What's the everlastin' use?"

He communed with himself in accents of ineffable tiredness.

His father's ear, that age had left far keener than his eyesight, caught the impatient question, and took in its bored significance.

"Yas, it's ended many's the year, Ant'ine," he said. "It's ended. Fifty year! Fifty year! D'ye hear me? But ef it was a hunnerd, durn my hide, I ain't nuver a-goin' ter furgit it! Stonewall Jackson's querrier, Ant'ine! D'ye hear me?" His query ended in a screech. Then he whispered, with drooping head. "I'm ole in age an' sperrit, Ant'ine, but . . ." The whisper died away.

"It's gittin' nigh onter sundown," Antoine Bozart said to his sallow-faced wife, who, clad in a faded calico dress, with a worn shawl wrapped about her head, stood in the doorway, gazing up the Laurel Trail. Before she could reply he continued: "Pappy's gittin' wuss an' wuss, Mahree. Thar was a time when his ree-collection mought 'a' answered what he had charged it with. Now it's diff'unt. He's done furgot ev'ything but the war he was in over yonder by Port Republic when I was a chap, an' Stonewall Jackson, an' the Brigade."

"I wush Jack 'u'd come along," said the woman, dejectedly. "I'm w'ared out with waitin' fur him. The hoecakes hev been offen the fire haffen hour, an' the sun hev set long sence." She looked very pinched and tired, with the wisp-locks of colorless hair hanging about her sunken temples, and the light faded from her deep-set eyes. "But it's some ways ter walk f'om the Big River," she concluded, as though in apology to herself for the wanderer's delay.

No 'Count went into the house and the woman followed him. Ten minutes later Jack Bozart rode up through the gathering dusk to where his *grandpère* still sat inertly on the grass-grown terrace. He bore before him on Adrienne Bristow's white horse the limp figure of the girl, and, drawing rein at the door, called his father.

The Count peered vacuously at horse

and rider and the burden that they carried, again shading his uncertain eyes with his shaking hand. The indistinct vision brought back inevitable memories to the mind of dotage.

"I seen one o' our querriers a-carryin' one o' them Loozyanner 'Cajan soljers offen the fiel' at Port Republic the day after the fight at Cross Keys. Them 'Cajans was French, an' ye cudden' tell what they was talkin' 'bout. But they could play the fiddle an' dance an' fight ter beat the devil. Thet querrier was a-carryin' of thet 'Cajan 'crost the pommel thet-a-way. But I 'ain't saw nothin' like it sence. Durn my hide, I 'ain't even saw no 'Cajan soljer sence!"

He was garrulous in the expression of his reminiscence.

"A b'ar come suddent-like out o' the bresh 'longside the road, an' skeered him," Jack explained to his father, who took the unconscious girl in his arms, and, bearing her into the château, laid her upon the rude bed in the little room with the curiously carved walnut wainscoting that had once been Henri Beauxarty's chapel. "The hoss run away with her. She was a-fallin' when I ketched him," Jack said to his mother. But he did not tell her how he had saved the girl's life at the peril of his own. He had dismounted and followed them into the chapel-room.

The white horse cropped the upstanding tufts of grass on the terrace, approaching with gradual tread the Count's armchair. A cricket began to chirp in the wall. Its noisy call and the horse's cropping of the grass were the only audible sounds about the place.

"It's Whitey!" exclaimed the old man, eagerly, stretching out his arms toward the animal. "Whar hev ye been, Whitey? I haven' saw ye sence I rid ye querrier fur Stonewall, when he fit them two fights at Cross Keys an' Port Republic inside o' two days over thar in the Valley. Durn my hide ef it ain't Whitey!"

"Do you remember?" the girl asked Jack, an hour later, when she had regained consciousness and saw him sitting at her bedside with his mother. The semi-darkness was accentuated by a guttering tallow candle whose flame the breeze through the open window stirred fitfully.

"Remember what?"

Until he had checked the runaway horse, he had not seen her since she had gone away to the seminary beyond the mountains five years before.

She answered him with a story of how, when they were children, she had come to the château from her home beyond Loup Creek, and how she had found in an old chest in that very room a frayed and moth-eaten brocaded gown, which the seigneur's long dead daughter had brought with her from Touraine; and how Adrienne Bristow had arrayed her small figure in it and had trailed its silken glory for his boyish delight over the greensward of the terrace.

He had forgotten.

"Where is my horse?" she queried, disappointed at the indifference of his answer.

"Outside, a-grazin'," he replied, carelessly.

"Father bought him for me last week from old Cam'el Bozart," she said. "Don't you recollect the picture on the blue-backed spelling-book, that Mr. Irons taught the children their a-b abs and e-b ebs out of? It was a camel, and we used to think that Cam'el Bozart with his humpback got his name from the picture in the book."

He had forgotten that also, and said that the mal formed Bozart had been named for his mother, who was a Scotswoman.

She looked at him in the shadows with a sense of estrangement. Five years was a long period in lives as young as theirs, and time seemed to have stood still for a century in Loup Valley.

Three days later he came to her father's house beyond the creek to ask about her sprained shoulder, and to bargain with Armand Bristow about taking his cattle to the range in the autumn. When he went away she was conscious of an unaccountable eagerness to shake him, physically and mentally—to arouse him from his mountain lethargy, to kindle in his soul the spark that she knew must be smoldering there.

He returned again and again, and she

wondered at the stark incongruity of his uncouth vernacular speech, of his placid contentment, of his careless lack of purpose, with that strange, beautiful face and figure which seemed to hark back to the days when the Beauxartys had been among the noblest and bravest of the king's men in France, before the Seigneur Henri came to America, when the *sans-culottes* had killed the king.

Contrary to his habit before her homecoming from the seminary, he now began to frequent the social gatherings of the young people in the Valley, where she was always to be found; and she noted, at first with amused interest, and then with latent apprehension, his sullen bearing toward the raw youths who approached her. She spoke to him finally in mild reprobation of it.

"Yas," he said, "I've been a-tellin' some of 'em 'bout follin' ye up. It's got ter be quit. Thet Jim Bazaree ortn' ter be let live, noways. He ain't wuth shucks fur nothin', 'cept ter drink licker, an' hang roun' the Notch, an' gamble with kyeerds, an' sich like. Ef he keeps it up, he's a-goin' ter dig up mo' snakes 'n he kin kill."

Her father told her a few days later that Jack and Bazaree had fought that morning in front of the little post-office at the Notch.

"Ef ole man Cam'el Bozart an' Peer LaPorte hadden' parted of 'em, Jack w'u'd 'a' hurt him, I reck'n. Jim come at him with a knife, an' Jack, he cut him in the arm befo' LaPorte c'u'd stop him." He added, contemplatively: "Them Bozarts 'll all fight, even ef the ole Count was the onlies' one of 'em, ur of any o' these here Loup-Creekers, thet 'u'd ever git into a genu-wine war."

One day at Bristow's Jack found Adrienne seated at the little upright piano that her father had recently got for her from beyond the mountain. She was playing Suppé's "Poète et Paysan." Jack did not care for her piano-music.

"'Tain't nothin' but a tinkle," he said. "Sankey's boy kin beat it with his jews'-harp."

"Listen!" she said; and she sang the "Marseillaise" with the spirit and abandon of a Frenchwoman at the head of a Paris mob. He had never heard it before, and his face kindled.

"It soun's wile an' crazy-like," he commented, "but it's high up. It makes ye feel like ye seen a big buck deer a-comin' 'crost the Ridge ter yo' stan' on the mounting."

The song of the Midi Reds was the beginning of her effort to arouse in him something of the enthusiastic admiration which Mam'selle at the seminary had kindled in her own soul for the country out of which their ancestors had come. She told him with varied detail the story of the Loup Valley colonists, whom the Seigneur Beauxarty had brought into the heart of the Alleghanies to cultivate the grape and to tread the wine-press among the immemorial pines.

"Somebody must 'a' fooled thet feller," he said, grimly. "They must 'a' been a dum' gang ter come here fur sich. But I reck'n 'twas a good thing fur Bazaree an' Mullinax an' the heft of 'em. Corn grows all right 'longside the creek, an' thar's considible apple-trees in the hollows. Nothin' short o' corn-licker ur apple-jack 'u'd ever done Jim Bazaree ur Charl' Mullinax no good."

He listened with curious indifference to her legends of Charlemagne and Joan of Arc. Lafayette and de Grasse and Rochambeau did not interest him. The storming of the Bastille and the king's death held his attention for a little while.

"O' course them fellers fit," he said. "Who w'u'dden', ef he's got sump'n' ter fight fur?"

"For a cause or a country," she replied.

"Ye've got ter have cause ter fight," he agreed, remembering his scrap with Bazaree. "I reck'n it's all right ter fight fur a country. *Gran'père* claims he fit fur his'n."

"I wish I were a man," she said, one day, when she had finished reading to him from her father's weekly newspaper the story of the Marne and of Joffre, with his army out of Paris in automobiles.

"They'd 'a' got thar sooner hoss-back," he commented. "When *gran'-père* rid querrier at Port Republic on his white hoss, like thet o' your'n, they didn' have them gas-wagons, I reck'n."

Then he added, with a gleam of amusement in his dark eyes, "W'u'd ye go over thar ter thet thar scrappin'-match, ef ye was a man?"

"Nothing could keep me from going," she replied, eagerly. "I'd go for France, that is fighting for her life!"

He smiled at her enthusiasm, and shook his head in incredulous negation. "She ain't none o' mine. These here mountings, thet *gran'père* fit fur, air mine. Them kings an' things over thar orter be let settle thar own scraps."

"But France has no king," she argued. "It is a free country, like America."

He could not comprehend. "You said thet all these here Sankeys an' Bazarees an' Bottrys"—he waved his hand as though to include all of Loup Valley—"thet they all come over here f'om over thar 'long o' thet thar king a-gittin' of his head chopped off."

She repeated the mountain names after him, with their French accent, as he called them: Bosanquet, Basoré, Boderie; and then added her own and his—Brisetout, Beauxarty.

"Ef we air French, how come we air called on ter fight ag'in' a king now?" he concluded.

Her viewpoint might never be his. He beheld her sentiment and fact staring each other in the face with hostile incongruity.

She continued to read to him each week the newspaper story of the war. When he heard the account of the sinking of a great ocean liner, carrying many American women and children, he said to her, with the hard look on his face that she had noted before his fight with Bazaree:

"Our folks orter git inter thet thar scrap. Them wimmen-hitters an' baby-killers ortn' ter be let live."

The months went by until, on an April morning two years later, he came to her father's house, as she dismounted from the white horse on her return from the Notch. He told her that he had just seen Charl' Mullinax, and that Charl' had said the President was going to put the country into the war over yonder.

"I reck'n it's 'bout time," he added. "Charl' he says it looks ter him like it mought be mos' ez big a scrimmage ez *gran'père's* one thet he rid querrier in at Port Republic, when pap was a boy. *Gran'père* heerd Charl' a-tellin' of it, an' said it nuver mought be ez big a war ez his'n was. Charl' said it mought be wuss."

"The President says that this country must fight to make the world free and to keep it free," she explained.

"I reck'n I ain't a-keerin' nothin' 'bout thet," he replied. "I 'ain't got nothin' ter do with takin' keer o' the worl'. Loup Valley's enough fur me. These here mountings is whar I live. Them thet's free kin fight ter keep theyse'ves free, ef they wants ter, an' them thet ain't free kin fight ter git theyse'ves free, I reck'n. I'm a-thinkin' o' what them kings an' things over thar hev been a-doin' of. Charl' says thet they've been a-killin' an' a-butcherin' of wimmen folks, an' ole men like *gran'père*, an' little chillun. He says it's on the lan' an' on the water thet they've been a-killin' of 'em. Them kings an' things over thar ortn' ter be let live."

She waited for him to continue.

"Will ye sell me yo' white hoss?" he queried, abruptly.

"I'll give him to you," she replied, divining his purpose.

"No, I won't be beholden ter ye." Then he continued: "I've got two hunnerd dollars saved up from rangin' cattle. The hoss is wuth mo' 'n thet, but ef ye'll sell him ter me, ye kin hev him ag'in fur nothin' when I git back."

He took her acceptance of his offer as a matter of course, and did not thank her.

"I'm a-goin' over the mounting," he said. "Thet thar comp'ny thet *gran'père* rid querrier in, they tells me, is over thar beyant the mounting yit. They've kep' it up sence them ole war-times. Joe Bottry was a-talkin' ter me 'bout it yistiddy. He says he's heern say it's still over thar. It's the same ole comp'ny, with the same ole name, on'y the men thet's in it now air the gran'sons o' them thet was in it when *gran'père* rid querrier with Stonewall an' fit fur his country. Joe says thet he's heern tell thet comp'ny is a-gittin' ready fur ter go an' fight them kings an' things over thar. I'm a-goin' ter volunteer an' go with 'em ter whar them kings air a-car-

r'in' on, an' he'p stop 'em. 'Volunteer' —thet's what Bottry named it."

She looked at him with shining eyes.

"I've tried to make a Frenchman of you, but you're still an American," she said, half laughing, half tearful.

"Ain't thet enough?" he asked, and she told him that it was.

Next morning the white horse stood in front of the rusty little château. Old Count Bozart sat in his seat on the terrace in the spring sunshine and gazed at him in vague and senile wonderment. What was it he had once known long ago about a white horse?

"I'm ole in age an' sperrit," he murmured, "but durn my hide ef it don't seem like ter me . . ."

Adrienne Bristow came out of the château with Jack Bozart, and No 'Count and his faded wife followed them.

"Whar's he a-goin'?" asked the old man, while he watched Jack with puzzled curiosity.

"He's going to the war," said Adrienne, standing at the white horse's head and rubbing his nose.

Count Bozart's stare was bewildered and vacuous.

"Not on no woman's side-saddle," remarked No 'Count, scornfully.

"I rid a McClellan tree at Cross Keys, an' over by Port Republic, whar they hit me. I got thet thar saddle in the Kernstown fight," began the Count. "When the Stonewall Brigade crossed the river . . . I . . . I . . . durn my hide ef I didn' . . ."

"Thet ole saddle o' his'n 's thar in the closet under the steps by the chapel now," exclaimed No 'Count, with unaccustomed enthusiasm. "I seen it two weeks ago. I had plum' forgot it."

"'Twon't do," protested his wife, despondently. "It's too ole. 'Twon't do."

"Jes' ez good ez when pappy rid querrier on it with Stonewall," No 'Count replied, cheerfully. "On'y the stirrup-leathers mought now be a leetle stiff."

The Count looked from one to the other of the group with bewildered interest. "Them thar stirrup-leathers was good leathers when I rid querrier on 'em. Durn my hide! Thar warn't no better McClellan tree an' stirrup-leathers in the Brigade."

The old man's gaze was fixed on Armand Bristow's low grounds along Loup Creek; but the vision of his spirit encompassed the scenes of the battles in which he had participated more than half a century before. The ghosts of Cross Keys and of Port Republic were his companions; and he saw his children of the later generation about him as through a glass darkly.

Jack went to fetch the McClellan tree, and, returning, removed Adrienne's side-saddle from the horse. Then he flung the ancient and discolored saddle of the 'sixties across the white horse's back, and buckled the rusty girth. This done, he mounted, while the girl held the bridle-rein at the bit.

Count Bozart moved uneasily in his splint-bottomed chair. Confused dreams of other days were crowding through his brain. "What did ye say 'bout the war?" he quavered. "Is he a-goin' ter the war?"

"On the Beauxarty white horse, to meet a king," Adrienne answered, laughing. There was a mist in her eyes.

A later and more poignant memory had eclipsed the old soldier's pride of ancestry. The Seigneur Henri Beauxarty's legend had faded from his mind.

"A man orter fight fur his country," he muttered . . . "fur his mountings, an' fur his wimmen folks, an' fur his chillun. Stonewall Jackson an' the Brigade fit fur their'n." He struggled to rise from his chair, and fell back with the exertion. "I'm ole in age an' sperrit, but durn my hide ef I ain't a-goin', too," he murmured.

Then, as he saw the horse wheel and move down the way toward the creek at the touch of his grandson's knee, he made another effort, and stood up on trembling legs.

Horse and rider went slowly down the slanting path, and Count Bozart stretched out a shaking hand as though to detain them.

"Here!" he exclaimed. "Hole on thar, boy! Durn ye! Hole on!"

As he dropped back into his seat he called, in a piping treble, with gasping breath:

"Tell ole Stonewall I'd 'a' come with ye, son, but my nag is dead an' I cain't walk thet fur no mo'."

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

EVERY generous American must regret what seems the inadequate return we have made the English for their show of good feeling since we entered the war against Germany. We all know the historical grudge in our hearts which is partly to blame for this, but we have not fully recognized the doubt in our minds which has its share in holding us from as cordial expression of amity with the English as with the French. The wrongs which provoked our revolt from Great Britain have been repented by every thinking Englishman, and it cannot be supposed that the English enmity shown toward the Union during the Civil War is resented by the sons of the Confederates who fought to destroy the Union; yet there is no greater show of affection for the English from the South than from the North. Then is our reluctance an effect from the future rather than the past, a presentiment from the nature of things, which stays us from as instant and constant response to the cordiality of an ally akin to us in blood, speech, faith, and a like love of liberty?

Of course there are qualities in the English which we cannot ignore in blaming ourselves for our apparent reluctance. Their friendship is apt to be more gracious than graceful, and, though their acknowledgment of what we are doing in a common cause has been splendid and in moments of it surpassingly noble (as in Mr. Balfour's speech after the President's great war messages to Congress), the more sensitive American may have imagined a lurking condescension in it. Such an American may feel that there has been possibly even too much talk of democracy in welcome to the family circle from our kindred of aristocratic tradition. Such things may have jarred upon a consciousness of our own tardy devotion to the same cause, and have so far disabled our gratitude. We can still remember how long we lingered in the hope of a safe neutrality, and we have not forgotten that our eager friends of to-day covered us yesterday with mockery and contumely, which was the more wounding because we knew it was merited. Yet it is not to be supposed that our young American soldiers whom the English king reviews and the English crowd acclaims in their marches through London streets, are stayed from eager response in their hearts. It is rather in the reserves which haunt the national consciousness at large that we are imagining a retarded emotioning toward a final and lasting fraternity in that democracy of the future which has been so clearly the tendency of the political life in England throughout the present generation. Our own democracy is so imperfect as yet that we may well suspect theirs of mere officiality, and question whether they mean all the democracy they say. We may not ourselves mean all the democracy we say at present; yet we do believe in a perfect democracy of the future, and somehow we feel nearer it with the French whose citizens in arms meet ours on the ground of our common humanity. In French society there may be counts and marquises by a fashionable fiction, but in the field they are all citizen soldiers like our own, and perhaps the sense of this is more effective of brotherhood than like race, faith, and speech. If a soldier of democracy is authorized by the national custom to call himself not merely Gen. John Bull, but Gen. Lord John Bull, we feel that he is somehow related, however remotely, to the German Staff by that foible. A king, we fear, cannot be a real democrat, though he praises democracy, and a lord cannot; the thing seems a contradiction in terms; neither king nor lord can be looking to the sovereignty of

the people whom, in Lincoln's dream, God made so many of because he liked them. The believers in kings and lords may lay down their lives for the Liberty of the Nations, but not for the equality which democracy ultimately means. Yet since the war with Germany began we have realized that there is a demoniacal prepotence, which is almost omnipotence, in evil; and that the resources of its malign intelligence are all but inexhaustible. The beneficent forces of the world must be all arrayed against it, and these can be arrayed only by England and America in the union which must be accomplished, and in which the anomaly of the actual alliance shall be lost. If the German had any touch of humor in his gross make, he must have his fiendish laugh at the spectacle of the three nations chiefly embattled against him: one gratefully rejoicing with another in the affection bred of their historical triumph over the third, and the third sharing the friendship founded upon its own defeat and the common hope of victory. If the anomaly can cease only in the reunion of the Anglo-Saxon peoples which can solely form the safety of the world against autocracy, the impossibly humorous German might ask with his Satanic grin how this is to come about between a Republic based upon a denial of the principles on which are the foundations of an Empire. A hopeful reply to the mocking Teuton would be to remind him that a perfect logic has never gone to the making of Anglo-Saxon civilization, and that the will to do right in it has lived down the fact of having often done wrong. Though the wish to deal kindly with the neighbor, especially when he has been brought under, and to act justly, even humbly, in self-judgment, this civilization has won that trust of mankind which the iron dialectics of Kultur has failed of; and we cannot despair of its ultimate prevalence because the democracy of the English is qualified by monarchy and aristocracy. These principles underlie all autocracies, but though they underlie the English aristocracy the English people do not mean that they shall weaken or defeat their democracy.

Somehow the English, who were not perhaps the first to imagine the civilization destined to triumph in the world, will find a way to rid themselves of the contradictions in its terms, and perhaps this will be by the advance of individual thinking, such as we find a present proof of in the admirable life of Abraham Lincoln by an Englishman of title which has just come to us. It is true that Lord Charnwood is not a very inveterate aristocrat; he is only the first of his title, but if he had come over with the Conqueror, we could not value more highly his interpretation of Lincoln in favor of the common man, except perhaps as the performance of a Norman baron who would probably not have known how to read and write. Lord Charnwood knows eminently how to do both, having mastered these arts as a commoner and probably learned to know that the real differences between men are moral and not social. He perceives that Lincoln's commonness is almost without vulgar ty, his ambition is without selfishness, his humility without weakness, his perseverence without stubbornness, his sublimity without spectacularity. It is the good fortune of this biographer, the latest of so many, not to surprise us with Lincoln's character, but to impress us freshly with it and to make us feel once more how kinder this greatest man was than other great men. Even Washington was of his time however he rose above it, but Lincoln was as dateless as if he were newly created out of the dust of the earth. Lowell has insurpassably phrased the fact of him, and Lord Charnwood could add nothing to Lowell's phrasing, but it is greatly to his praise that in other words he so clearly and sufficingly says the unparalleled fact of him over again. He suppressed any amaze which an inferior intelligence of title might have felt at the anomalies of Lincoln's greatness, and he accepts the anomalies of his civil and social conditioning with almost equal tolerance; perhaps we may say equal tolerance. This will be one of the most agreeable traits of his book for American readers who must own that no American student of the time has more justly and accurately stated the case between the North and the South, between Freedom and Slavery, between

Democracy and Aristocracy. The historical sources of the war for and against the Union are fathomed and the human reasons for Lincoln's being are evolved from the statesmanship of the great men who went before him. What the divine reasons were the author of his biography leaves with the Author of his Life, where Lincoln himself left them with that simple and affecting piety which Lord Charnwood makes us feel in him with almost novel impressiveness. We perceive as not quite before that Lincoln was a religious man, and that without form his faith was as distinct as that embodied in any creed. His biographer does not insist upon this fact; he leaves the reader to value it as he chooses, just as he leaves him to appreciate the beauty of Lincoln's mind and the dignity of his spirit through all his sins against decorum. He owns that Lincoln did like certain unseemly stories because of their grotesque humor and their fidelity to human nature; that his vein of ineffable pathos had deepened from a gush of youthful sentimentality; Lord Charnwood does not keep the fact from us, more than he tries to blink the moments of Lincoln's constant ambition when he was tempted, but triumphed over his temptation, to meanness and almost to falseness. All the better for this fidelity to the fact, his biographer lets us see the habitual unselfishness and truth of the man, who tried in every contingency to think last of himself.

The study of his contemporaries is necessarily slighter, but the colors and lines of life are there, and the portraits are veritable, whether of Southern or Northern men. It is the defect of this just and faithful Englishman to write now and then too solely for an English public, and to name some of our public men as that public would have had them named, but he ought to have remembered our custom of middle names and not spoken of William H. Seward, Salmon P. Chase, Stephen A. Douglas, as William Seward, Salmon Chase, Stephen Douglas; that it leaves our hearing disappointed of an accustomed rhythm in such well-known names.

It is a little fault, and our mention of it proves how little other fault we have to find with Lord Charnwood's work. His work is interesting to the very end in the bibliographical note where he cites the books which have directly or indirectly to do with Lincoln's history, and have enabled him to paint the man and his time very much indeed as if he had been his contemporary with no effort to seem so. So good a life of Lincoln could not possibly have been written if so many and such good lives had not been already written; and the way to Lord Charnwood's entire frankness had been cleared by the unsparingly intimate memoirs which left him no choice but frankness. Of course the monumental history of Nicolay and Hay must remain pre-eminent, but below this his biography may safely challenge comparison, though we say this without pretending to know most or even many of them, after that very greatest which we have named.

The book comes to our public at the interesting moment when that question of our inadequate return of English cordiality may have suggested itself. In virtue of his title, Lord Charnwood is of the English class which did all it could to embitter life to Lincoln, but which has ever since renounced and denounced its error with the noble frankness which is one of the high privileges of aristocracy and one of its few attractive virtues. Its attitude in this matter may suggest an essential difference between autocracy and aristocracy whose essential identity we have somewhat dismayed ourselves by recognizing. It is not imaginable that a German nobleman could abdicate his nobility; he is born what he is; but an English aristocrat is often made what he is at the instance of a plebeian prime minister; and it is not impossible that the time may come when his whole class may repudiate itself, as lately one of the most enlightened Canadians of title suggested. In such an event there could be nothing which would withhold us from as eager affection for the English as for the French.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Rime of the Lady May

BY CAROLYN WELLS

THE Lady May was young and fair,
The Lady May was sweet;
She had twinkly eyes and crinkly hair
And a sort of a kind of a baby stare,
And she was svelte and debonair
And lissome and petite.
And Sir Herbert, her spouse, was of swagger sort,
An all-round chap and a rare good sport;
And they were still ecstatical spoons,
For they'd only been married a couple of moons,
And life was a perfect treat!
And never a ripple had come their way,
To ruffle Sir Herbert and Lady May.

Well, a Sabbath day dawned;
And Lord Herbert yawned
Over coffee and papers, and Lady May fawned
About him with loving, affectionate pat,
A kiss or caress or such business as that,
And was childishly grieved
That Lord Herbert received
These attentions in silence, and even seemed peeved
When she playfully took his paper away
And coyly adjured him to "tiss 'ittle May!"
Lord Herbert, the Turk!
Took back with a jerk
His paper, and said, "Now, look here, get to work!
It's high time you began to be part of my life,
To be less of a plaything and more of a wife!

SHE PLAYFULLY TOOK HIS PAPER AWAY

"I WANT A SILK SHIRT—OF A ROBIN'S-EGG GREEN—"

Now, here's an advertisement. Down in the mart
There's a sale of silk shirts, exceedingly smart;
Superior tailoring, patterns select,
At two-sixty-five! As my wife, I expect
You to go down to-morrow and buy me a few;
And see that the hue
Is robin's-egg blue,
No other will do.
And, oh, look alive
That the neck's seventeen and the sleeves thirty-five."
Into Lady May's eyes
Came a look of surprise,
But she tried to look quite comprehending and wise
She nodded her head
As she matronly said,
"I'll go, dear. Oh, *isn't* it nice to be wed!"

Next morning betimes the fair Lady May
Donned outdoor apparel, expensive and gay;
She proceeded to drape
Round her shoulders a cape—
A Frenchy confection of satin and crêpe;
Topped off by a hat of adorable shape,
With a saucy young feather that eddied and swirled
Above the bright earlocks in small fish-hooks curled.

Lady May reached the shop, and beheld *such* a crowd
Of women with voices shrill, raucous, and loud;
"Give me this!" "I'll take that!" "Yes, send it at once—"
"I want a striped pattern—not that one, you dunce!"
"I saw that first, madam!" "You did *not!*" "Good land!
The creature has snatched it right out of my hand!"
"None sent on approval, and none C. O. D."
"I want that maroon one!" "Here, give that to me!"

Lady May was bewildered; she wanted to fly.
But fear of her lord made her tarry to buy;
Though jammed by the crowd, she pushed her fair head
Between two fat ladies, and timidly said,
"I want a silk shirt—of a robin's-egg green—
Oh no, sir, I mean,
A robin's-egg blue,—
Oh, *what* shall I do?

I'm all in a mix!—
The sleeves seventeen—and the bust thirty-six—"
"Oh yes, ma'am," the clerk
Replied, with a smirk,
"We have that *exactly!* Right here; step this way—"
But poor Lady May,
Though she strove to obey,
Was hustled and jostled whenever she moved;
She was shuffled and shoved,
And hemmed in by women who stepped on her toes,
And knocked her hat sideways and tore her fine clothes.

However, at last the parcel was brought,
And with muscles all aching and nerves overwrought
She edged to the door
And went out of the store,
And was back at her home in half an hour more.

She displayed the new shirt with a proud little air,
And Lord Herbert tried it on, right then and there.
It puffed on the shoulders, it sagged in the back,
It drew in the seams, and it hung like a sack!
One sleeve was too short and the other too long.
In fact, every single detail was all wrong!

Lord Herbert forgot that he was a good sport.
He glared at his wife with a rude, scornful snort.
"You silly!" cried he,
"I should think you could see
This confounded contraption will never fit me!
Take it back to the shop and exchange it to-day!
You hear me, May?
Now do as I say!
Or I warn you there'll be the devil to pay!"
He was fearfully cross and he went on like mad.
I can't quote his language—'twas really too bad!
When a woman lets go of her temper and talks,
She is quite bad enough; but a man is—oh, lawks!

Once again Lady May dressed herself for the street,
From her well-hatted head to her well-spatted feet;
But did she go back to that shop? She did *not.*
Lady May had by instinct divined what was what!

I CAN'T QUOTE HIS LANGUAGE—'TWAS REALLY TOO BAD!

You see, when a woman-girl cooks up a plan
She can circumvent any mere masculine man.
    She hied herself down
    To the best shop in town—
A smart haberdashery, where, she opined,
The most swagger shirts in the world she could find.
She selected a blue of a robin's-egg shade,
Exactly right size—and most carefully made—
With the smartest of cuffs and the newest of collars,
Of the best grade of silk, and the price—thirteen dollars!

Now the Lady May had learned much guile,
And so, with a dear little, queer little smile,
    She ripped out the name
    Of the firm of great fame,
And sewed in the name of the popular shop,
And said, as she shook her curly, gold mop,
    "They may say what they choose
    Of political views,
But *I* must admit that I think it is nice
In my own home to have peace at *any* old price!"
    Then sweet Lady May
    Donned a smile bright and gay
That brought all of her prettiest dimples in play;
She repaired to her husband, who sat, stern and grave,
Like a tyrant awaiting the plea of his slave,—
And she said, as she held up her face for a kiss,
"I exchanged the shirt, darling. Perhaps you'll like this."

"Just right!" cried Sir Herbert. "You *dear* little wife,
You shall buy all my shirts for the rest of my life!
You obeyed my instructions, as any wife should
Who has a kind husband, indulgent and good.
I've taught you a lesson—'twill last you for life—
Obedience makes the happiest wife!"

The Rule That Worked Both Ways

"COME up-stairs and let me wash your hands," said mother.

"I don't want to go up," wailed Alice, aged three.

"Let her wash them down here," called grandma; "she can do it here just as well."

"No," her mother said, firmly, "I want her to come up with me."

Alice came, as slowly as possible. "Oh," she howled, turning a wrathfully tearful face to her mother, "why don't you obey *your* mother?"

Didn't Recognize Him

THE young minister turned an inspired countenance to his congregation. "I am the Lord thy God!" his voice rang out in a tone of wonderful assurance.

Little Edith, in the family pew, gazed up fixedly at the soulful face of the young pastor, then leaned over toward her elder sister.

"Is he, sure 'nuff, Elsie?" she asked, breathlessly, in a whisper, "or is he just fooling?"

A Sherlock Holmes Decision

DURING the course of a case in court the lawyer put this question to a witness:

"How do you know that this night-letter was forged by a man and not written by the woman whose name is signed to it?"

"For this reason," said the witness, "it contains just forty-eight words. A woman would have used two more words to get her money's worth."

Reassuring

A PROSPECTIVE lodger asked the negro butler of a boarding-house: "Can I have a private bath?"

"Yes, suh! Yes, suh!" the old man replied. "We's only got one bath-tub, but ev'ybody takes dey bath private in dis house, suh!"

Fortune's Favorite

FIRST BROKER: "Some people are born lucky."

SECOND BROKER: "And the man who is born with plain common sense is one of them."

The Girl They Left Behind Them

Juvenile Philology

THE teacher had asked her pupils to bear in mind that the affix "stan" indicates "the place of." "Thus," she observed, "we have Afghanistan—the place of the Afghan; also Hindustan—the place of the Hindus. Can any one give another example?"

None of the pupils appeared eager to do so until Willie Parks finally arose with the statement:

"Yes, ma'am, I can. Umbrellastan—the place for umbrellas."

Waiting on Appetite

A MASTER in the American mercantile marine, who was formerly in the British service, as captain of a P. & O. liner, tells this story:

"A young prince of Abyssinia once sailed with me, and from him I learned that Abyssinian customs have a diverting simplicity. The passengers liked him so well that at the end of the voyage they arranged a dinner in his honor in London.

"It was a smart dinner—orchids, costly wines, and much plate, and a fashionable company—but the prince did not put in an appearance.

"Next morning the chairman of the committee hunted him up and asked indignantly why he had not gone to the dinner.

"'I was not hungry,' the prince answered, simply and calmly."

The Efficiency of Lightning

A MONTANA man tells how a pioneer once settled an old discussion. One day the teller of the story took refuge with a pioneer in the mountains during a thunderstorm. The two were standing in the open door of the cabin when suddenly the lightning struck a tree near by. So terrific was the bolt that the tree appeared to have been dynamited.

That brought to the mind of the narrator the old saying that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. He turned to the old fellow and asked:

"Why is it, Tom, that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?"

"Gosh! It don't need to!" was the response.

Feared the Greeks Bearing Gifts

SALLY Sparks is the valued cook of a Richmond family. One afternoon not long ago the mistress of the house visited Sally in the kitchen and said:

"You know, Sally, we are all very fond of you. I hope you like your present room and are content with your wages. I am thinking of giving you one of my silk petticoats."

Whereupon Sally's eyes widened and she answered:

"Befo' de Lawd, Mis' Katherine! How many folkses has yo' been gone an' asked fo' dinner now?"

A Reasonable Request

A YOUNG matron in Westchester County was complaining to her dairyman about the quality of the milk.

"Short of grass feed, ma'am, short of grass feed at this time of year," replied the dairyman, jocularly. "Bless your soul, ma'am, them cows of mine are just as sorry about it as I am. I often stands and watches them cryin', regular cryin', ma'am, because they feels that their milk don't do them credit. You don't believe it?"

"I can easily credit your statement," said the young woman, "but in future I wish you'd see that the cows don't drop their tears into *my* can."

A Pertinent Question

A LARGE cafeteria connected with a Middle-Western university has its kitchen in such close proximity to the dining-room that the clatter of the dishes becomes at times quite deafening.

Father had taken tiny Robert with him for lunch. After listening to the clash and clatter of the carelessly handled crockery, Robert asked:

"Father, don't they *want* the dishes any longer?"

Slacker Skyscrapers

IT was a foggy morning in town when a farmer from up state came to New York for a brief visit.

"I'll be dinged," said he to a city acquaintance, "if I'd ever believed it could be so foggy in New York if I hadn't seen it. What's the matter with your machinery, anyhow?"

"Machinery?" asked the puzzled friend.

"Yes," was the response. "You New-Yorkers talk so blamed much about your skyscrapers—why don't you put the dogoned things to work?"

Seeking the Best Terms

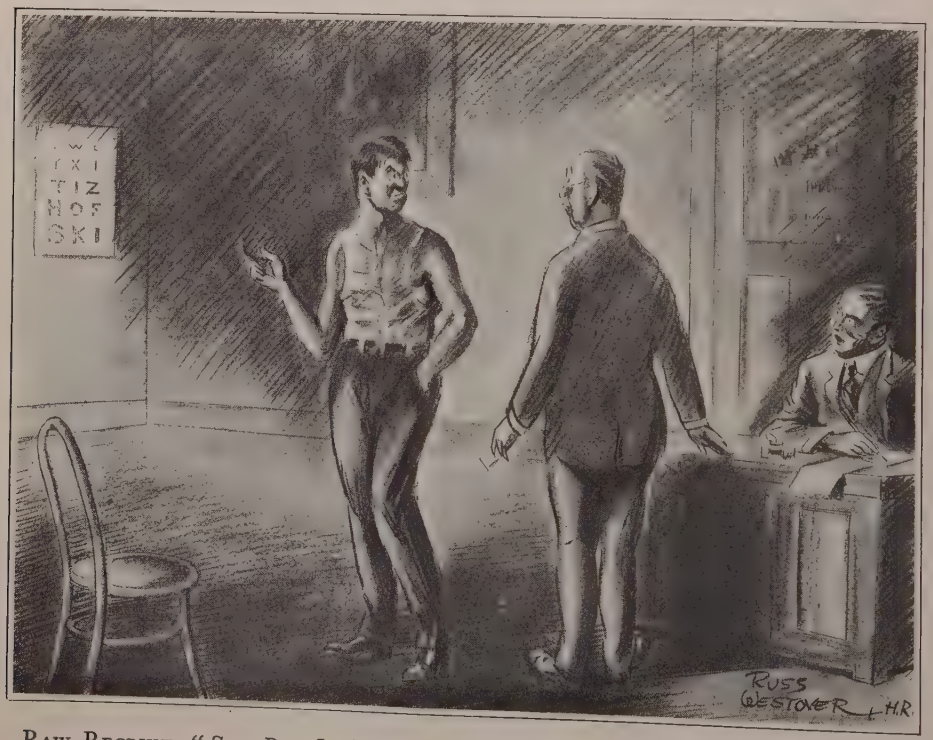
AT a co-educational institution in a certain state the men students are not permitted to visit the resident women boarders.

It appears that one day a student was caught in the act of violating this rule and was brought before the dean, who said:

"Well, Mr. Smith, the penalty for the first offense is fifty cents; for the second, seventy-five cents; for the third, one dollar; and so on, rising to five dollars."

Not at all bashed, the student asked:

"Excuse me, sir, but what would a season ticket cost?"



RAW RECRUIT: "*Say, Doc, I ain't no Bolshevik. Put something up in English*"

Worth Considering

"GRANDPA," said Ethel, "I need your advice. I have only five dollars to spend on Cousin Blanche's wedding-present and I want to give something that looks twice as much as it is. What do you suggest?"

"Well," he replied, "in consideration of the high cost of living, I should buy five dollars' worth of rice and boil it."

A Good Beginning

OFFICER (*to recruit who has missed every shot*): "Good Heavens! man, where are your shots going?"

RECRUIT: "I don't know, sir; they left here all right."

Why He Reformed

"YOU say dat Mistah Rasberry Jinkins is done reformed an' jine' de church?"

"Yass, indeed."

"Gwine to gib up all his bad ways?"

"Yes. You see, he's got de dyspepsia so bad dat he can't eat chicken, nohow."

A Mystery

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Elsie was looking with interested astonishment at a recently bereaved relative who wore a wide band of black cloth on one sleeve of his overcoat.

"Mother," she whispered, excitedly, "what does Uncle John do to keep the bugs from crawling up his other arm?"

Peculiar Qualifications

"IN choosing his men," observed the Sunday-school superintendent, "Gideon did not select those who laid aside their arms and threw themselves down to drink; he took those who watched with one eye and drank with the other."

Excellent Reason

A MAN was undergoing a Civil Service examination in a Western city for a job in the fire department. Among the questions to be answered was one of a rather complicated character regarding municipal government. The candidate wrote, in answer to this question, "I don't know, but I want the job."

Doing Her Bit

The Treacherous Tree

CLOSE to my window there's a tree,
By daytime friendly as can be,
And when I'm sick and have to stay
In bed while other children play
And grown-up folk away down-stair
Forget about me lying there,
Then when the time goes creeping by
I often wish that I could fly
Right out the window into it.
I know just where I'd like to sit.

But when night comes and round the room
Things stand so solemn in the gloom,
And even my toys look queer and strange,
That friendly tree it seems to change.
It is the giant, big and black,
That chased the little boy named Jack
My mother read to me about.
Its great long arms it reaches out.
I'm 'fraid to even move my head
Or I'll get snatched right out of bed.

L. E. COPINGER.

WILD DUCK: "*Hey, Bill, get one of these trench helmets and be prepared for the next hunting season*"

Making It Emphatic

AFTER much reflection, Beryl had composed her telegram and handed it through the window to the clerk. She tripped out and the transaction seemed completed, but in a moment she returned to the window. The clerk wondered what she wanted this time.

"Let me have that telegram I wrote just now," she said. "I forgot something very important."

The clerk handed out the message. Whereupon Beryl added:

"I want to underscore 'perfectly lovely' in acknowledging the receipt of that lavallière. Will it cost anything extra?"

"No, miss," said the clerk, with a grin; and, as Beryl drew two heavy lines beneath the words, she sighed with content.

"Thanks so much for letting me do that; it will please Harold so much."

By Indirection

THE story is told of a bashful young darky who had not the courage to put the momentous question.

Finally, one Sunday night, he said, "Julia, yo' remembers dat I was heah Monday night?"

"Yes," Julia replied.

"An' dat I was heah Wednesday and Thursday?"

"Yes."

"And once mo' on Friday and ag'in last night?"

"So yo' was."

"And I is heah to-night."

"Yo' shore is."

At last, in desperation, he burst out with, "Say, woman, doesn't yo' smell a rat?"

Overdoing It

DURING the course of an after-dinner speech an official of the Department of Agriculture remarked:

"Gay enough now is the farm, with its automobile, its telephone, and its phonograph. The dull and dreary farm life of the past has disappeared.

"One fine spring morning in the old days a farm boy went eagerly to his father and begged:

"'Dad, the circus comes to town to-day. Will you give me a quarter to go to see it?'

"'I will not!' roared the farmer. 'A quarter to go to see the circus, when only last winter I let you go to the top of Parker's Hill to see the eclipse of the moon! Do you think, young man, that life is one perpetual round of pleasure?'"

Sparing His Feelings

MR. HAMILTON, invited by a friend in the country for some shooting, was much delighted with the invitation, although he was a poor shot.

The morning after his arrival his host took him out. Hamilton made a woeful exhibition and finally became discouraged. Finally a rabbit, about six yards in front, sat down broadside to him, and Hamilton proceeded to take slow and careful aim. He was convinced it was impossible for him to miss, and after the report he opened his eyes and asked his host, hopefully:

"Well, Sam, did I hit him?"

Sam, who was a typical countryman, scratched his ear for a moment, and then replied:

"I dunno, Jim, as I kin exactly say you hit him, but I certainly never seen a rabbit wuss scairt."

Painting by C. E. Chambers

Illustration for "The High Cost of Conscience."

"I WAS PLAYING CHOPIN, WITH AN ACHE IN MY HEART"

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Bridgeport and Democracy

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

THERE are at this moment two Bridgeports. One is the manufacturing city, which is cleft to the heart by a deep inlet of the Sound. On either side its factories send their smoke into heaven, their feet in the water. Its ramshackle water-front, as you see it from the train, has a picturesque diversity, and through the town the railway winds like a snake. On its sinuous flanks cluster more factory chimneys, for Bridgeport manufactures everything from corsets to small arms, from sewing-machines to submarines.

This is the obvious Bridgeport; but growing from week to week, from month to month, is another city, for under war's compelling pressure Bridgeport has changed and grown, so that what one writes to-day may be ancient history to-morrow. For in this community the transformation of twenty years has happened in as many weeks, so swiftly runs the current of life.

I know many cities where, scattered through the trivial structures of modernity, are the monuments of an august past. With Bridgeport the reverse is true. Here and there appear buildings which are like bright islands arising from a sullen sea, the visible forerunners of a new community.

The history of what Bridgeport was in ante-bellum days is written for the careless to read in terms of its houses, its parks and thoroughfares—for a city or town, if you will let it, will tell you its story. It names its aspirations in its schools and libraries and public buildings. Its bricks and stones do not lie; neither do the people that range up and down its thoroughfares. The temper of a town is the temper of its crowds. Its slums betray it. Its public buildings tell of its politics, and from the difference between their cost and what they should have cost one could construct an algebraic formula concerning the town's political purity.

Begin at Main Street, the chief artery of Bridgeport, and as you walk past the gay procession of shops full of bright colors and glittering wares, past the two new, resplendent office-buildings, you cannot fail in the first half-hour to taste its atmosphere. It is a pungent atmosphere that would make one sneeze. There is pepper in its dusty streets and lively crowds.

There are plenty of worse manufacturing towns than Bridgeport; hopeless towns where monotony has made its awful home in gray block after gray block and in the undiversified ramparts of its factories. There are sordid towns of unrelieved and sodden squalor, and I have seen settlements near the mines that look as though they had been made from the pickings of Lazarus.

Bridgeport merely lacks beauty. And yet one feels that it came by its mediocre plainness dishonestly. It sits in the heart of lush New England country, where New England's noble trees spread their willing branches. It has parks and an extended water-front; yet it is unredeemed.

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The quickening of life that in a decade transformed the towns of the Mesaba Range from mining-camps into shining modern cities, ornamented by naïvely resplendent public buildings which at a distance perplex one as to whether they are institutions or palaces, and which on closer inspection turn out to be schools, town halls, libraries, and fire-houses, has never touched Bridgeport. Nor did its enterprise exact the grandiose monuments of modern industry which make Duluth's water-front impressive.

Its houses are of the 'eighties and it has no gracious memory of a Colonial past to which it might turn. Its only adornments are two parks—one Beardsley Park, and the other given by that beneficent showman, P. T. Barnum.

This rich town has almost no worthy public buildings. Its Town Hall is lamentable for a city of its size, its library is microscopic. The people who made money in Bridgeport did not concern themselves with the town and its affairs. It did not even trouble their consciences. From raw material and men's toil other men made fortunes in Bridgeport, and these they took away with them. Certainly they did not give them back to the workers. Absentee ownership has been Bridgeport's curse. In New York, high, white towers smite the sky, monuments to industry greater than Cæsar built to honor the divinity of kingship—and built with the money of Bridgeport's activity. But Bridgeport and its workers share nothing of this.

Usually the proud and rich cities of the earth have adorned themselves, and there the poorest worker can share vicariously in the city's splendor. For wealth has had the habit of beautifying its cities. It builds palaces in its own magnificent image, and great churches and proud public buildings, and their beauty becomes the heritage of the people. The libraries are theirs, they may at least gaze at the outside of the theaters, and the public squares and the pageant of the streets irrevocably belong to them. In Bridgeport there is nothing of this.

The town's commonplaceness is exaggerated by the prevailing taste in paint, for in the older residential quarter, as though the dust of the factories had been contagious, the handsome houses are painted in somber colors. Never was there such a sad-colored town! Bridgeport paints its houses a chocolate brown, the only color I know which will neutralize the green of growing things. There is also a terrible magenta, against which the copper oaks stand forth startled and rigid, as though made of metal, and a deep and bilious green. And these three, with a slate color, which partakes of a battle-ship gray, are the dominant notes of the houses in the older residential quarters, until the town gives the aspect of a gloomily garbed woman who has obviously bought her dress with the depressing object of saving the laundry bill.

The desolation of a slack disorder emphasizes itself in one place and softens into the more pleasant forms of life in another. At Black Rock, Bridgeport is a gracious, lovely town. There one looks through a network of trees on the shining blue of the Sound. Here the houses even have shed their dismal colors and stand out shining.

There is another place where Bridgeport touches a high point, and that is in a suburb called Turkey Hill—perhaps of greatest significance—since this place bears mute testimony to the workers' ambitions. Here people of foreign races have built themselves tiny houses, some apparently from odds and ends. They are planted as though at random, down steep and roadless hillsides and on meadows, and each one sits among blooming flower-gardens. The scarlet and pure white of beans cover their fences, and among them work calm, foreign women.

You cannot walk far in Bridgeport without running into a factory. There are bleak, ill-proportioned boxes of a former generation, relics of the old slave-driving days before the health and comfort of the workers and production had been related, up to factories which sit back majestic in the midst of their shaven lawns, flanked by beds of flowers; factories with the least possible concrete and the greatest possible glass, built on lines that have some relation to the fair traditions of architecture. Vaguely disquieting to the observer are

these factories, giving the effect, behind the grilles of their tall iron fences, with their flower-beds of scarlet cannas, of not being factories at all, but sanatoriums for some prevalent but obscure malady.

There are a very few fine buildings, and the significant thing about them is that they are, without exception, shining and new. The five schools are new. The cheerful Colonial Y. W. C. A. building on the top of Golden Hill is but recently opened. The Almshouse is new. All of these buildings, you learn, are the result of a few public-spirited men, giving all their time, first to getting it at all, and then to getting a good thing, hampered always by the mud of reaction. This was the town that industry built in that old society which the war ended.

The obvious story of Bridgeport's streets carries us only to 1914, when Bridgeport had settled down to a gloomy period of depression, for when you enter Bridgeport you leave the Democratic party behind you and come into the territory of the stand-pat, no-tariff-reform Republican. Bridgeport manufacture was sulky and, with much of the rest of manufacturing New England, was ready to demonstrate the funereal effect of a revised tariff upon her infant industries.

Then came war. Russia and England spoke to the workaday city sitting beside the Sound, and presently it began to build its mighty factories, and from being a humdrum manufacturing town, Bridgeport became a munition center of importance.

Then Bridgeport shivered in its sleep and awoke. What happened was this. In the beginning of 1915 there were between 105,000 and 110,000 people in Bridgeport. Within two years, at a conservative estimate, 75,000 more people streamed into it. Bridgeport was overwhelmed by a human tidal wave.

Where did they come from, the 75,000 new people? They came from farm and village and from other industries, East and West. They streamed in without let or hindrance, with no one to advise or direct them. They came, breaking their home ties and without the possibility of forming new ones. The steadier workmen who wished their families to stay with them searched for houses, and as they searched the rents rose like mercury before a hot fire, rose out of all measure to the rate of wages.

The workmen went on. How many times have these 75,000 people changed? How many has Bridgeport lost of its best element? No one knows. This army of labor swept and eddied and swirled throughout our industrial cities. It became restless, hopeless, ill-tempered. And at each new town it feels a lessened spirit of responsibility toward the community; at each disappointment it has less of that precious essence by which battles are won and which we call by the name of *morale*.

The army of labor had no place; no stake in town or industry. All it had of Bridgeport was its squalor, its high prices, its lack of decent amusement. There was provision for them to go to work, but no provision for anything else. War conscripted the great industrial army, but for them there was neither commissary nor barracks. The beautiful new factories threw open their wide doors to let them in mornings to its busy, rhythmic order; at night it spewed them forth into a chaotic and disordered world, a hostile, indifferent world which made no provision for them beyond raising the price of the rents.

Presently there occurred in Bridgeport all the symptoms of a great natural upheaval. Here was the human wreckage attendant on unsettled conditions. One found here miserable girls, deserted wives, destitute families. Men answered the call of high wages, but became discouraged and unable to face life's difficulties and committed the moral suicide of desertion. Murky stories filtered into print; stories of boom town conditions, of shameless vice, of profiteering landlords. The dubious fellowship of the saloon was the only refuge for the disoriented and restless people which formed the new population. For the women there was nothing.

The agencies for good, the overworked women and men of the Protective Association and the Charity Organization, were like frail human bulwarks to stem the tide of misery and discouragement that rose in a swelling flood, carrying on its bitter waters a scum of discontent

and debauchery—a disorganized community, beggared for comfort, starved for joy.

Neighborhood after neighborhood became untenable for its former occupants. People complained to me repeatedly that a foreigner—it was always a foreigner—would take one of the houses and turn it into a rooming-house full of a riotous, shifting population, and presently it was no longer a street for quiet, decent folks. In any chance conversation with any group of workers you would find people eager to tell you what they pay for their rooms.

"Your wages are good enough now, aren't they?" asked one man.

"Good enough," he answered, "but what's the good of wages here? What's the good of being on a desert island with a keg of gold and a cannibal chief asking you all you've got for a cocoanut?" The metaphor may be mixed, but it expresses the workers' situation.

It was then that Bridgeport stirred—uncomfortably. Evidently something had to be done; but there were here no traditions of service which one might follow, and before Bridgeport had recovered from the first shock of bewilderment war was upon us also.

Destiny came to this town so, without those excellent if rather bleak and unsatisfying qualities known as civic pride and social consciousness; this town full of scrap-heaps, with its hundreds of factory chimneys polluting the air, this town from which men took money and more money and to which they gave back nothing. Destiny said to it: "You are to be intrusted with manufacturing the material of victory, for the war must be won. Your workshops and your factories are no longer your concern. They are the concern of this great nation. You are to supply guns and munitions and the stuff of war to the bright flood of youth which now marches to battle, and your mistakes may be paid for in their lives."

Destiny gave Bridgeport, as its task, that difficult thing, maximum production. Suddenly the business of the Remington plant became public business, and now labor turnover became of the greatest importance. It was not just the U. M. C.'s business; it had to do with life and death. It is only in recent years that people have seen the shifting of men from place to place in terms of dollars and cents. Now they had to see labor turnover in terms of defeat and victory.

It was as if this town said: "I am America; I am the industrial East. Look at me! Read in my streets and in the products of my factories my signal successes, and read here also my failures and the limitations of my vision. You have now, for your own safety, to solve these questions you have so put aside. House my workers—feed them—amuse them. Devise ways for their disputes with their employers to be at an end."

This has been the battle-ground at home. Here assembled are all the unsolved problems of our industrial inheritance. The piled discomforts of living incident to a too rapid expansion of industry, the old and unsettled feuds between employer and employed—all these questions squatted at Bridgeport's doors and defied her manufacturers to achieve maximum production.

That part of America which makes newspapers and magazines, and therefore public opinion, and which reads newspapers and magazines, and therefore is public opinion, had not faced the America that makes machines and operates machines, though its problems are spread across the face of the country, as conspicuous as the names on a map which one can never find because they are written too large. It is a world full of raw vitality sometimes as patient as the machines, and sometimes as ruthless. And now, all of a sudden, this new industrial world which seethed and boiled, the flames of whose anger from time to time lit up uncomfortable horizons, was of the most signal importance. Its problems were victory's problems, since the war must be won.

These problems centered around the Remington plant and those other industries where the stuff of war is made, and, as you look at Bridgeport and its manufactories, what stands forth with shocking clearness is the disparity between the ordered excellence of the factories and the chaos of life without.

There is an almost intolerable contrast between Bridgeport people's solici-

tous knowledge of their machines and their disregard of the needs and wants of the machine's attendants—men.

I heard it repeated by Bridgeport men time after time that there had never been a town where so much inventing was done. Every one invents. Everybody is always bettering his machine, was what they told me. The machines, the lovely, groomed, smooth-running machines, are what have enthralled the hearts of men in Bridgeport. Here is where the intensity of life has been. It so absorbed the energies of men that the ordering of life's other problems was laid aside before that of the war in the loving service of the machine. Ask them questions about their factories and they run to meet you. No mother talking about her first-born was more expansive.

I know one man on whose shoulders much of the organization of a great munition-plant rests. It is his life. He loves it as one loves that to which one gives all the hours of one's day and all the thoughts of one's heart, as one loves that for which one has sacrificed. He looks at his creation every day and knows that it is good. He loves the beauty of its ordered perfection, the devices for convenience, its light spaciousness, the hum of its ceaseless, rhythmic activity, its kitchens as gleaming and bright and perfect as a laboratory. Its excellencies are so apparent to him that he must tell you of them. No lover of art ever talked of the high perfection of a masterpiece with more poetic appreciation. So he cannot understand why every one should not love it as he does. Why is there trouble in the plant with labor? He says he does not know.

The Remington plant dominates industrial Bridgeport. If you go to that part of the town called Remington City, you can look down over the wide expanse of the Remington Arms and the U. M. C. —the United Metallic Cartridge Company. The Remington Arms does not only own the plants; it owns all the dwellings known as Remington City and a great tract of land. It bought town lots and farms; it bought tenements and woodland. In the words of one Bridgeport business man, "The Remington Arms bought and bought like a drunken sailor." It bought everything but the cemetery which lies suggestively before it. It bought the living; it could not buy the dead. The jitney lad seemed proud of that.

"They wouldn't sell," he told me; "the folks down there are rich folks." He nodded toward the little city of austere white tombs.

Inside the U. M. C. plant, so wide are the rooms, so ordered and rhythmic is this business of making the materials of victory, that one gets a sense almost as of leisure. I have a memory of one long, light hall opening into another long, light hall, until one's eye was lost searching its ending. On each side of the hall there were tall machines, each one being tended with unresting and unhurried seriousness, as though by attentive acolytes. Rooms after rooms full of little girls, high-school girls some of them, inspecting bullets. They were very serious and intent; they looked very young, with their boxes full of little pointed bullets shining before them. Throughout there was a steady, pervasive noise, a hum like bees—so steady that the total effect was of quiet. While, as if to emphasize the great space, little boys on roller skates and bicycles darted by.

And all this work, the making of gun parts, the forging of bayonets, went on with the rhythmic tranquillity of the incoming tide. Unremittingly the machines stamped out the slugs, the bullets were turned, and the cartridges loaded. It had the calm of the ordered processes of nature. Forge and workshop succeeded one another so endlessly that they and the exquisite perfection of the guns, which they make, made one feel that this was the creative produce of some super-mind.

There was a beauty about it all, especially in the manufacture of a certain type of machine-gun. I saw it in all its sleek and excellent beauty, its inspired simplicity. It is made to send a spray of death with a high economy of effort. One needed only to have a sense of the beauty of order to recognize it as an aristocrat.

After one has been walking for hours through this plant—they tell you that its floor space is thirty-seven acres, or what would be equal to twenty city blocks—and watched the swift, un-

hurrying machines with their intent men and women, one gets the fantastic impression of the machines dominating man and having subdued him to their willing service, of having more and more taken the work of man's brain and left him but the work of his hand. The machine is so much cleverer than the man attending it, who feeds and oils and watches his machine from minute to minute and from hour to hour, while the machine cleverly performs, in a few minutes, the work which formerly took the man hours.

Then one remembers that this is only one part of Bridgeport — the biggest plant. Twenty thousand people are employed there. But this rhythmic and ordered production has been going on in all the acreage of a hundred Bridgeport factories night and day.

When work is over the workers go out from the ordered sureness of work to the disorder of life. Yet, providing for a population of nearly double its size was as much a matter for an engineer, as little to be considered a matter for welfare or charity, as the building and expansion of the factories themselves, and while one called in the best counsel the country could have, the other was left to chance and to the private enterprise of Bridgeport people. And this is no indictment of Bridgeport. This is America. It is not only Bridgeport that has not paid any attention to the needs of the workers of America, the brothers and sisters, the fathers and mothers, of "the boys," their kinsmen on whom their lives are dependent.

They pile out of the factories into waiting jitneys, and come pouring down from the Remington, after work, holding on to the Fords as thick as swarming bees, for Bridgeport is the town of the short-distance joy-rider. It has 1,067 licensed jitneys which spill their passengers out over Bridgeport's streets.

Bridgeport is always crowded. From Saturday noon until late into the night the crowd walks at a snail's pace up and down its streets, as thick a crowd as ever filled an Italian piazza on a day of a great festa. And, having nothing else to do, the people walk from Main Street to Seaside Park and back again. Beside the corner of Main and Fairfield streets, New York is a place of peace. The streaming jitneys and the streaming people are never done.

The new population has given the town the grace of vivacity; the crowds on its streets have a hot, eager vitality, and they are foreign with that mysterious quality of southeastern Europe over which the Orient has breathed. The factories open their doors, and a young, undisciplined crowd fills the streets, their mouths a-water, like hungry hounds, for pleasure; starved for laughter; starved for play; starved for joy and without the anchorage of a comfortable and ordered existence.

At least Bridgeport is never dull. It bubbles and stews. The meager veins of its streets cannot carry its superabundant life which spills forth continually from its crowded houses where, men tell you, they sleep ten in a room and pay three and a half dollars a week for the privilege of a bed. And this bubbling vitality stewed and boiled and eddied around itself continually, seeking an outlet, continually threatening to express its massed dissatisfaction in labor disturbances.

All the labor of New England has been restless throughout the war, and Bridgeport the most restless of all.

This discontent found its expression through the machinists, for when you think of industrial New England you must no longer think in terms of hill and stream and valley, but in terms of factory and railroad, in terms of the labor unions and the Employers and Manufacturers' Associations, both of which throw a close network over the East and who are in frequent disagreement.

The trouble in Bridgeport stewed and bubbled until the War Labor Board was appointed to make peace. At that time Bridgeport was an uncomfortable town —an itchy town, some one called it. If you asked employers where the trouble lay, you got but little satisfaction. There was a cadginess, an extreme caution, in their answers, as of men who desired not to commit themselves, until one was forced to wonder if one was in the presence of the immemorial reticence of New England or was facing the reserve of an uneasy conscience.

From Labor came a torrent of expla-

nation. Wages were not enough to meet the cost of living; unions were discriminated against; the draft was being used to intimidate labor; union men were boycotted; and forever and forever the question of classification came to the front. This had to do with the very heart of life, for the war has split up a process into many, and from one day to another, by a reclassification, a man's standing in the scale of skilled labor may be taken from him. Stability was what the men demanded. But the genius of America which has trained and equipped an army and sent it overseas has not as yet solved the complex question of the classification of the machinists of New England.

The people of both sides of the controversy were like men who have slept through hot nights in mosquito-infested rooms.

"It's like this," one man explained—"if we strike, they'll call us unpatriotic. If we sit still, they'll use war-time conditions to smash organized labor."

Each side had grave doubts of the other's good faith. It was an uncomfortable, suspicious town, if ever there was one. I have tasted the temper of many towns during many industrial disturbances. I have seen the state militia policing them, and I have seen the plug-uglies bivouacking by their roadside fires, a disgrace to their badges and to their employers. But in this situation there was something extraordinarily nerve-racking, something tormented. There was the tenseness one comes on when one tries to solve the unsolvable; neither side wished to give in, neither side wished to impede the war.

So they were when the War Labor Board came. This board represents the power of Labor and the might of the employers. At its head are Mr. Taft and Mr. Walsh. It has formulated policies for the settling of labor disputes which shall be active during the period of the war. It is the last Court of Labor and of Capital, one of those several bodies now active in this country whose might rests in the will of the people. It represents the massed resolve of the American people for industrial peace in war-time.

Before this board all the stuff of Bridgeport's discontent was unrolled—the conflicting views of workers and employers. Both sides had contributed their brains and their labor to the war, they had spilled out their money, their brothers had gone to war, biting into it as though it were a fruit, and now war was asking of them the hardest sacrifice that mankind knows—the sacrifice of their prejudices.

The material of their discontent was a rich fabric, and an old one. It had in it the despair of the dumb, the feeling of inarticulateness which is the result of that strange sundering of the questions of the industrial world and of the world which lives from the industrial world.

Hope deferred had played its part; there one learned the wandering career a labor grievance can lead through the various bureaus and boards before it gets to the public's ears through the detonation of a strike. Since August, 1917, this question of classification had been investigated and reinvestigated and passed on by bureaucratic Washington.

The question of war profits entered into the fabric. This is something peculiarly exasperating to all workingmen. You cannot probe a labor disturbance from Seattle to Rhode Island without hearing this "war profit" talk. It comes to the men with a peculiar irony that, while their brothers are fighting this war for democracy and they are working for democracy, the by-product of death and toil for democracy is the rolling up of wealth for those corporations which, rightly or wrongly, they consider their enemies.

Another reason for their discontent was that these men and women, who were making munitions so that the world could be made safe for democracy, were working in great factories which were actual autocracies. Great plants large as cities have no franchise. Not enough democracy was what ailed Bridgeport. The workers had no say about the very conditions under which their lives and those of their children were passed, no means of safeguarding themselves except through the cumbrous and roundabout way through the enactment of labor laws. The right of petition, which still remains to the people in

absolute monarchies, is not allowed by many employers.

There have been many great employers in the United States—some of them in Bridgeport—who would not discuss questions with their employees, since that would be to admit the principle of "collective bargaining."

In Bridgeport, as in many other places, another war has been going on—sullen, underground, accompanied now by a stab in the dark, now by the fierce explosion of strike, the fight of whether human beings have a right to organize. It seems a strange anachronism, like the persistence of some prehistoric animal, at a time when organization is the marrow of life. It is as though these employers held Bishop Berkeley's theory of vision—things exist only in the seeing. "If we do not see organized labor it becomes non-existent," they appear to have argued. Since the beginning of the war the government has spent a great deal of time reasoning with and sometimes coercing these super-ostriches.

So at the War Labor Board hearing the story of industrial unrest was retold, and, as the men went into the more technical questions of classification, one felt that they were fighting for their lives, since they were fighting for their trade.

"Our trade is all we have," they protest.

And, though these men were few people in the room, a great crowd was present. All the employers of Bridgeport and all the members of the Employers and Manufacturers' Associations, and the wheeling, restless crowds of Bridgeport's streets, they were there. All industrial New England was waiting for the board's decision, while the West looked on.

The decision of the War Labor Board has been for a greater measure of democracy in the conduct of business. For if the War Labor Board expresses the will of the people for industrial peace in war-time, it is also the determination of the workers of the country of an interpretation of democracy which will not end at the polls. For the War Labor Board is more than a court. It is a traveling university of applied democracy. In Bridgeport, as in other places in this country, channels of communication between employers and employed were needed. Accordingly, there are to be in Bridgeport shop committees who are to elect delegates for the discussion of the workers' problems with the employers. These shop committees are the opening wedge in a better understanding; they are a breach in the old feudal system of industry.

There are a resident examiner who interprets and administers the board's awards and a Board of Mediation and Conciliation to deal with future disputes not already settled by the board. If a means to understanding has not been arrived at, at least there has been at last blasted out a means of communication between employer and employed. At least there has been erected, at this eleventh hour, machinery for settling disputes.

A great many things happen when men of opposed points of view meet to discuss matters of common interest. One of the things that happen is that they fight until one or the other is killed; another is that they make common cause to co-operate for the common good.

Meanwhile a new thought pierced through the minds of Bridgeport people. It was that a ommunity owes more to its workers than a place to work. It was as if the world of workers suddenly became for the first time visible. People began to look across the chasm which sunders the lives of the workers from the lives of the rest of the community.

The question of housing was the most pressing. It was not so only in Bridgeport, but so it was in all our industrial centers. That the workers have had no decent place in which to live has been one of the reasons why they have been so discontented and so restless, and therefore one of the great reasons of labor turmoil — and labor turmoil is Germany's friend.

The problem will not be solved until the houses now being erected by the government are finished, and for this one must not blame Bridgeport; it did what it could; the question was too great for private enterprise.

There have been built new homes to accommodate ten thousand workers, most of these dwellings only for the

highest-paid workers. The rank and file are still tucked in, who knows how, and at the mercy of profiteering landlords.

What was accomplished in Bridgeport by the Remington Company, by the Bridgeport Housing Company, of whose excellent work Bridgeport is so justly proud, marks the sharp confines of private enterprise. It was a question for the nation. A bill, the Clark bill, providing for the housing of workers, had been before Congress for months. Why it was not passed earlier in spite of the request of the Secretary of Labor and of every one who knew the urgent need of housing the workers, one cannot understand. There is a story current that when one of the legislators was asked why this bill was forever being put aside, he replied that, "The folks on the Hill are suspicious of the Department of Labor."

But finally Congress overcame its suspicions, and now at last Bridgeport has its quota of three million dollars to be spent in housing and the building is progressing rapidly.

Bridgeport moved through the stages of awakening consciousness with the rapidity of a railway train. In times past there have been towns which, in wrestling with their questions of vice, have never gotten beyond preaching, suppressing vice and doing what could be done to save the human wreckage. Bridgeport's answer has been the Recreation Commission. Where Bridgeport, a year ago, had five playgrounds, to-day they are well up in the twenties.

I visited Bridgeport's play places and parks with a man who lived inspiringly in the future. Every mud-dump became in his imagination a pleasaunce, a park, an esplanade, or a playground. He could not walk a block without his imagination planting a tree or seeking a likely spot for basket-ball. No wonder he could plunge his mind with confidence in the future. He had seen so much come to pass in so brief a time. Within a few months he had seen all these waste and deserted spots blossom with playing children. Already the schools, formerly closed in the dour fashion of New England, except in school-hours, had decided to become social centers. Ambitious plans for the winter were under way of bringing all the people together within them for social meetings, for lectures, for dancing, for community singing, for all the different ways that people can get together and get to know one another.

Every night there are band concerts in some part of the town, the streets are roped off and the people dance. We took our place in line down Main Street in a procession of a thousand jitneys. As we came to Seaside Park it was as if Bridgeport had turned its face to a shining future. We passed through an encampment of soldiers under high trees. Near by, an endless row of motor-trucks was waiting to be taken down under their own power for embarkation. Close by was a playground filled with children. Farther along was a beautiful new bathing pavilion. How short a time it had taken to vote the money for it and finally to put it up I do not know. Already it was the people's own, though the dancing-floor up-stairs was not quite finished. Foreign mothers sat with their children upon its steps. The whole water-front was black with people. It was a bit of that Bridgeport of the future which exists in the hearts of so many people. There it was, purged of the desolation of disorder, its water-front reclaimed.

As one group of people after another peered down the boiling caldron that was Bridgeport, each one perceived a different thing to be done, but in one way or another they saw that what Bridgeport needed was more democracy—a wider interpretation of it, at any rate. As one goes back to Bridgeport from month to month one has a vision of democracy being brought by the bucket to Bridgeport.

"Here," says the United States government, "we will settle this question of employment. The employment of people from here on comes through me. I will, as it were, pipe labor to you. Turn on the government tap."

Then comes the Housing Commission. Houses by the acre rise up. And then the Recreation Commission—for in a true democracy people will play, they will sing, they will dance.

"More co-operation is what we need,"

cries the Fairfield County Association. "Let us mobilize everything, and everything and everybody get together."

And now the War Labor Board sits, bringing along not buckets of democracy, but tubs and vats of it, the free right of organization, democracy in the shops, and an administrator on top of that.

Community centers are organized. Two school-houses opened, where the people shall meet, where speech shall be free, the town meeting of old developed to modern needs. The President himself stands back of the community-center idea, and his daughter was present at its opening.

Indeed, you cannot turn your back on Bridgeport for a week without something new having happened in your absence. It may be a big drive to put women in industry, a new and democratic agency opened by the government or the birth of the American Labor party.

Perhaps the best analysis of the need of Bridgeport was made by a man of one of the great munition-plants, who said that their greatest problem was that of reducing the present figure of their labor turnover, and of creating an organization, "all parts of which are as correlated, as indispensable, and which function as correctly and accurately as the various parts of a machine gun."

This is a recognition that there is the same inexorable interdependence between all parts of the labor force as there is between the parts of a smooth-running piece of machinery, and that this interdependence reaches out from the factory into the community. It will not function smoothly unless all its parts are in harmony. Another interpretation is that you cannot have maximum production without maximum co-operation.

How far will Bridgeport go, one wonders, on this road?

It has already found out that there are things pertaining to a high interpretation of democracy that the most beautified and most ordered city will not inevitably solve. It has seen that there is a definite limit to what one can do for people. There comes a time when people wish to do for themselves and to take a larger share in all the affairs of life, and this passion for self-government, for the fullest and most complete participation in daily affairs, is what we call democracy.

Anyway a new town, a new civilization, is forming itself, and the significant thing is that this change is being brought about by no ism—it is unself-conscious, working through the urgent pressure of necessity.

Machines made Bridgeport. They had their turn. They made a great country, they spread a network of wire and rail over which thought and man and merchandise flowed like bright rivers of quicksilver. The thought that these machines were made by men for man and not for a few selected men was for a time mislaid.

Under war's pressure we had to turn our faces to understanding not only production and machinery, but people; war forced us into seeing life with the completeness of unity. There is certainly as much creation in using all the forces of society in a new way for the common good as in inventing a new machine.

The world is ever more and more clearly dividing itself between those who have the ideals of autocracy and privilege and those who have the ideals of democracy; between those who place the emphasis on a civilization run for profit and those who place it on a civilization run for people.

We have learned to work together for far-flung objects, and we are not going to unlearn these things too easily. It is in places like Bridgeport, to the happy, remorseless humming of the machines, that the complacencies of the old order are going to be ground into dust.

Mary and the Man

BY LEILA BURTON WELLS

IT is an unforgivable platitude to say that truth is stranger than fiction, but every now and then one is compelled, because of incontestable facts—hard, cold, law-abiding facts—to admit that a fairy-tale has come true.

Following a misdirected telegram, I recently ran across a story of this kind hidden in a little New Hampshire town, a place so completely neglected by travelers that I only discovered it through the recommendation of a friend, who, like myself, was a semi-fanatic from hearing the wheels of New York go around, and who at my earnest solicitation sent a telegram stating that I was arriving, and the date and hour.

At that exact date and hour I found no one at the little station to meet me, and, telephoning my delinquent host, was informed that the telegram had not been received, but that he would be in town in half an hour's time to fetch me. This sounded fair enough, and I seated myself on a bench in the waiting-room, only to be ejected by the station-master with the information that the station closed in ten minutes and would not open until next train-time, and my vigorous protest elicited merely an invitation to sit in the baggage-room, which the baggage-man would kindly keep open as an accommodation until my host arrived. I made some remarks not exactly flattering to railroad procedure in—shall I say?—Little Avelon, and followed the baggage-man, a tall, lanky fellow benign of visage and slow of wit, into a small room piled with trunks, and seated myself on a stool near a little stove, with what remnant of good nature remained to me.

The baggage-man stirred up the coals, lit a pipe, and, seating himself on a steamer trunk, looked me over with unhurried contemplation. Having satisfied himself that I was not a German spy, he turned his attention to my baggage, and pointed a grimy finger.

"From New York, I calculate?" he questioned, genially.

I nodded. A pause.

"Know many people there?"

"A few."

"Happen to know Anthony D. Baldwin?"

I smiled. "Well, I've seen his name in the papers."

My interrogator leaned forward with an air of lively interest. "Know what kind of a man he is, don't you?" The tone was suggestive.

I laughed shortly. "A pretty big man," I conceded. "A chap has to have some good stuff in him to start from nothing and be where he is."

My companion was silent for a minute, watching my face. "You knew he was married, didn't you?"

I smiled again. "Yes, I've also absorbed that bit of information from the press," I admitted.

The baggage-man leaned forward quite close this time. "What you don't know, I reckon, is that there's a story about him and this here town—"

"A story?" I repeated, my sluggish literary senses waking to throbbing life.

He nodded. "Every one around here knows about it. Anthony D. had to spend a lot of money keepin' it out of the paper. . . . I reckon I've got time to tell it to you before our man comes."

He crossed his legs, leaned back against the wall, and refilled his pipe. I stared past him at the rude boarded wall of the room and made this story in my mind as I listened to his.

Miss Mary Day, the night telephone-operator at Little Avelon, was staring down at a name scrawled on a sheet of paper with a faint, shy, wholly adventurous smile on her lips.

Stand off and put your head on one side, as an artist does when he looks at a picture, and look at Mary. If you don't "see" Mary you won't understand this story at all, for if she had been the least bit different the story would never have happened. She is so small that when she sits down at a table you want to run and get a dictionary, and she looks like a cowslip; but if you are city-bred and have never seen one, that won't mean anything to you, so think of some small, unobtrusive little flower growing by a country roadside—no, not a violet; Mary is a pale little thing, with soft, wood-brown hair and a pointed face like pictures of one's great-grandmother; you would never find her at all except by the greatest streak of luck. . . . Oh, now I have it—those little flowers palely tinted blue and pink that lie between broad blades of green hidden in the wind-swept fields, so common that every one has a democratic acquaintance with them, show her to you in the twinkling of an eye. Mary is like a grass-flower.

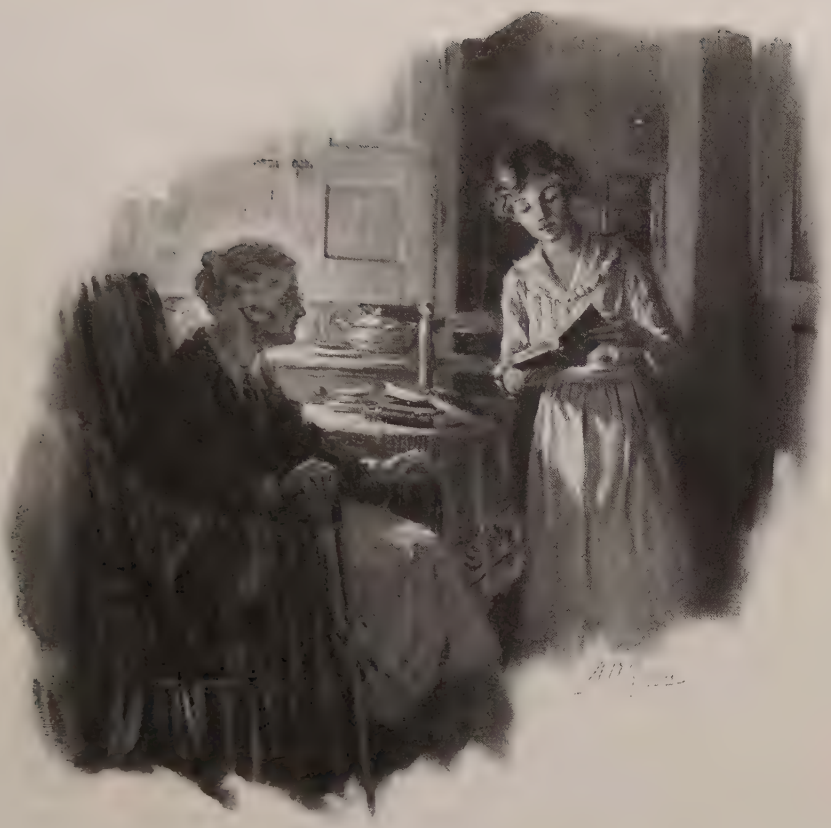
She lived with her grandmother in a tiny house growing up like a mushroom on the outskirts of Little Avelon. Mary's grandmother was the reason for Mary. She was one of those women belonging to a more sentimental age whom one looks at with a smile and a shake of the head. Left at her husband's death with an infinitesimal income from the sale of her effects, kindly neighbors had moved her into the house at the edge of the wood, and Mary, who was then eight years old, had become nurse as well as maid. Mrs. Day was a cripple, and Mary's young life was cut off suddenly from communication with the world of life and youth. Mrs. Day could spare her only to go to the village school, so what education she had was received at her grandmother's hands, and from her Mary learned much that was beautiful, all that was good, and nothing that was practical. Mrs. Day loved romance and fiction and hated mathematics, and at fourteen Mary had read Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, not to speak of digesting *Paradise Lost*, Plutarch's *Lives* and Gibbon's *History of Rome*; but necessity alone taught her to cook and sew and manage.

At sixteen she was given the position of night telephone-operator at the station, so that she might earn a small salary and yet care for her grandmother by day, and this position she had held for three years; and if it hadn't been for the position . . . But wait a minute; you haven't looked at Mary.

She is sitting, her feet tucked on the rounds of the chair, her pen held expectantly in her hand, her serious gray eyes staring out at a square of moonlit window showing the wonder world outside, all silver shadow and midnight shade. If it hadn't been for that moonlight, perhaps Mary wouldn't have written the following letter; and if it hadn't been for the moonlight, perhaps even if she had written she would have written differently. But it was past one o'clock, and all the world was asleep, and fairies were dancing on the silver leaves outside, and wanton winds were lifting the hair on Mary's brow and whispering seditious allurements, so Mary wrote; and this is the letter she wrote, addressed to Mr. Anthony D. Baldwin, — East Seventy-sixth Street, New York:

LITTLE AVELON, *April 8th.*

MY DEAR MR. BALDWIN,—I don't know what you will think when you open this letter, but because you are so far away that it doesn't matter what you think, I am writing it. I don't know whether or not your sister will tell you that she gave me your address; perhaps she was only joking and will never mention anything about our conversation, for, being in the city, one has so many things to think of, but in the country it is different. Of course you haven't an idea who I am or what I am talking about, so I will have to make some explanation, won't I? You see, your sister called me up a little while ago—she, as you know, is the night telephone-operator in New York, and I, as you don't know, am the night telephone-operator in Little Avelon. You will laugh at this, but as I shall never see you, it doesn't matter at all. We got to talking about loneliness, and I told her how quiet it was here and that I never saw any one much except grandmother, and that sometimes I was foolish enough to cry because the lives of the heroines in the books I read were so wonderful, and mine was still, like the little quiet pool that lies in a hollow back of our house. I feel sorry for that pool sometimes, for the tree branches are laced over it so closely that only now and then the sun creeps



"WHEN GRANDMOTHER AND I WANT TO TRAVEL, WE TRAVEL IN OUR MINDS"

through, and nothing ever ruffles the water. The birds come and drink, but fly away. Sometimes I kneel down close to it and whisper, "I'm lonely, too," and I think I can almost hear it whisper back. I suppose your sister, because she was sorry for me, said she had a brother in New York who was lonely, too, and liked country girls. Anyway, she gave me your name and address and told me to write and "josh you along." I've never "joshed" any one in my life, so I don't know how, but when I looked at your name and thought that you were there, out in the great big world that I know nothing about, and that you were lonely, too, I couldn't resist just trying to *reach out.* Have you ever had that feeling—wanting to reach out? It gets hold of you and you can't shake it off—it seems to belong to spring. I never feel it in winter. It makes you think something wonderful and romantic is going to happen—you don't know just what, but you *hope!* When I am sitting all alone, reading to grandmother, I am "expecting" something to happen all the time—I don't know just *what;* and when I am working here, pulling out and pushing in plugs, I just feel in my bones that when I am through and step out into the woods, perhaps I shall meet a great adventure. I don't know just what the great adventure is—but spring makes me think of it. Does it make you think of it, too?

When I sat down and put the heading to this letter I tried to imagine what you would look like. I have been reading "Hamlet" to grandmother again, and at first I thought you might be tall and dark and melancholy, as he was; but when I thought of you dressed in black from tip to toe, I knew you would look like an undertaker, and that made me laugh; so I dropped it and thought of you as short and fat and good-natured, like Falstaff, and didn't like that at all—so

I made you a soldier, and that was the best of all.

I know I sound foolish, but if you are alone a lot (grandmother is a cripple, you see, and I take care of her) you have to make a world in your mind and put dream people in it, and so, often you are awfully disappointed because you can't find anything in real life a bit like them. That's what made me write to you. Spring has a way of making you think you might find a real dream person. Hasn't it?

If you answer this, please address it to Care Night Operator. I know grandmother would be dreadfully shocked to know I had written to a strange man.

Sincerely yours,
MARY DAY.

When the answer came to this missive it was scrawled across a sheet of business paper in a man's handwriting, and was short, terse, and—abominable:

NEW YORK, *April 10th.*

DEAR MISS DAY,—Do I look like Hamlet? Perish the thought! Don't tell me you read Shakespeare. Excuse me for saying it—but you don't sound real. If you came to New York I'm afraid you'd stop traffic.

ANTHONY D. BALDWIN.

This letter was so disconcerting that on first thought Mary decided not to answer it. On second thought she decided *to* answer it. She wrote three answers. The first was scathing. The second was sarcastic. The third was—sent.

MY DEAR MR. BALDWIN,—I realized the moment I received your answer to my letter that I had made a *grave mistake*. I have no desire to be unkind, but grandmother says "frankness is always the best policy." You see, when I wrote you I thought you would be an entirely different man from what (judging from your letter) you evidently are. I was absurd enough to think that writing to you might be pleasant and even instructive, for I have never been anywhere, and I fancied you might tell me of the places you have seen. Oh, I don't know *what* I thought or *what* I expected. Please excuse me if I am rude. I know it wasn't *you!*

There is a man who has a country place near here, and when grandmother and I want to travel anywhere I go and borrow all the books his housekeeper will let me have—and we travel in our minds! We have been to New York several times that way. We have been to Grant's Tomb and the Public Library and Central Park and the Bronx Zoo. You can perhaps realize, after my reading your letter, that I would learn more from my books than from anything *you* could tell me. I regret my imprudence—I should say indiscretion—in writing to you, exceedingly, and will ask you not to take advantage of it by addressing me again.

Very sincerely,
MARY DAY.

MY DEAR MISS DAY [Baldwin wrote back],—What an awful time you must have had in New York! Why didn't you go to the cabarets and roof-gardens and walk the Great White Way and eat spaghetti and ravioli and zabbaglione where all Bohemia eat them. I think you had better let me show you New York!

MY DEAR MR. BALDWIN [Mary wrote],—I must ask you seriously not to write me again, though I know I have laid myself open to this by sending you that first letter.

I looked up "Bohemian" in the Encyclopedia and it said, "A person, especially an artist or literary man, who leads a free and ofttimes dissipated life, having little regard for what society he frequents and despising conventions generally." You can judge whether I would care to see New York with any one who mingles in society of that sort.

Sincerely,
MARY DAY.

MY DEAR MISS MARY DAY,—I had a good laugh over your definition of the word "Bohemian." I'd never known what the Encyclopedia said about it. I'll be more careful how I use it in future. But when all is said and done I don't care a hang about New York, or about Bohemia, either. Forgive me for being the unregenerate sort of a sinner I am and tell me about yourself. Are you as ridiculous-looking as you sound—or pretty enough to kiss?

Sincerely,
ANTHONY BALDWIN.

Mary wrote by swift return post:

DEAR MR. BALDWIN,—Please never dare to write me again.

MARY EVELYN DAY.

Baldwin answered:

MY DEAR MISS MARY EVELYN DAY,—I may be outside the pale of romantic manhood, but don't you think a nice girl might make something of me? I don't want to boost my own stock, but I had to start "beating the game" at eight, and I've run up

against some pretty tough propositions. Life in New York isn't what it is in Little Avelon, but in spite of that I can laugh with any man this side the Mississippi and hustle with some. A fellow that has had city smoke in his lungs most of his life hasn't much chance to be romantic, has he? But see here, you've struck some perfectly good raw material—and they say women love to reform! Just try your hand on me. You've made a good start. I never see the word Bohemia that I don't grin!

Seriously, I never had any one to take an interest in me—not any one like you, I mean. Most of the girls I know think only of what a man can give them—and who k n o w s— By Jove! this is the longest letter I have ever written in all my life—I generally telegraph. Have you had any beaux in your short and thrilling existence? I feel as if I'd like to write you a love-letter that would frighten you, you ridiculous little antediluvian baby.

Yours to reform,
ANTHONY BALDWIN.

Mary wrote:

DEAR MR. BALDWIN,—I liked you when you said "you had never had any one to take an interest in you," and I h a t e d you when you called me a "ridiculous l i t t l e antediluvian baby." Of course I can u n d e r s t a n d that a person couldn't have a very romantic nature, living in the city. I don't think I could be romantic myself without the woods. If you could be in them, now, you might be romantic, too. There is a little path behind our house; it is all soft with pine n e e d l e s—the most adventurous path you ever saw. It flies into dark places where the shadows are so deep you hold your breath and think of robbers and murders and tragic things of that sort, and just when you are frightened to death it dashes out into the open like a child running away from a hobgoblin, and without word of warning tumbles down a precipice into a little laughing brook; and you think you have lost it forever and ever until you strain your eyes and see it 'way over on the other side, sneaking in among the rhododendron-bushes; and you take off your shoes and stockings and wade through the water after it, and follow it and follow it until it leads to a place where there is soft green grass, and you fall down and put your hands under your head and stare up at the sky through the green leaves; and that's what makes you romantic, you see! I haven't any beaux except "Paul." I haven't much time for them, you see. I'm always with grandmother or at the switchboard—that makes Paul very convenient.

MARY DAY.

IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT MOONLIGHT, PERHAPS MARY WOULDN'T HAVE WRITTEN THE LETTER

Baldwin wrote:

Who in the devil is "Paul"?

A. B.

Mary replied:

My dear Mr. Baldwin,— I wish you wouldn't use such words in your letters. It isn't right and it makes me feel I ought not to have written to you. You ask who "Paul" is? He is a man I made myself. You see, when *you* were such a disappointment, I got to thinking of everything I thought a man should be—and I made Paul. I had the most exciting time deciding just what he should look like, and when I finished him I decided to marry him and never part with him my whole life long. It is really a very satisfactory plan. Paul never disappoints me. He's everything I want him to be—tall and dark and masterful—and then if I want him, I only have to "think," and there he is; and if I *don't* want him, I stop thinking, and he goes away. And if one got tired of a real man one would have to be very rude to make him go away; wouldn't one? Grandmother is calling now. I must go.

Mary Day.

Baldwin wrote:

Darn Paul! I think I'm falling in love with you myself, Mary Day!

A. B.

Mary made no answer.
Baldwin wrote:

Dear Miss Mary Day,—Apologize for the "darn," but stand pat on the other sentence in my letter. Answer by return mail.

A. B.

Mary made no answer. Baldwin wrote six letters and sent four telegrams, but still only silence.

Now Mary kept a diary. Of course we all know that no normal person in the twentieth century keeps a diary, that such an absurd sentimental procedure belongs back in the day when ladies wore ringlets and flowered petticoats, but if you live an abnormal life, even in the twentieth century, you are apt to do abnormal things, and Mary lived an abnormal life. So on a certain day she wrote in her diary:

The seventh letter from that awful Mr. Baldwin. I don't open any of them. I don't know what grandmother would think if she knew I had ever— I have buried them under the big stone under the kitchen window. He must be a very common man. He doesn't seem to be able to write a line without using the most immoral words. Am so glad grandmother can't see them and that no one in the world except myself will ever know I wrote to him. Every night when I go to bed, and the lights are out and there isn't a sound except grandmother's breathing, I think about it and my cheeks burn. Grandmother says, "Instinct should preserve one from doing unladylike things"—but somehow instinct never seems to be present at a crucial moment. . . .

June 3d.—Mr. Baldwin has stopped writing. Mr. Slade has given us half the cabbages in his garden. I only have to go and get them. I wanted to go to the woods toward evening, it was such a heavenly day, but grandmother didn't sleep in the afternoon, so I couldn't go out. We have started on Plutarch's *Lives* again.

June 7th.—Such an exciting thing happened to-day. I had been over to Mr. Slade's, getting cabbages, and when I reached our kitchen door I saw there was some one inside, talking to grandmother. We see so few strangers that I hurried a little, and the basket of cabbages was so heavy my foot slipped, and I fell, face forward, right through the kitchen door, and the cabbages rolled everywhere. . . . Grandmother screamed and the man turned around; and then he laughed! Grandmother said, "This is my niece Mary—Mr. Brown of New York." And Mr. Brown looked at me and said, "Mary," in the strangest voice. He seemed to be stunned for a moment, and repeated the name several times. Then he laughed again. I suppose it is funny to see a person enter a room announced only by cabbages.

Grandmother asked me if I was hurt, and I shook my head. I couldn't think of anything but—the cabbages! They had rolled in every direction. Mr. Brown offered to help me pick them up. He got down on his knees and reached for the ones that were nearest. Grandmother was embarrassed. Of course I didn't know then what an interesting profession Mr. Brown was employed in, or perhaps I shouldn't have handed him the broom and asked him to fish for those that were under the sink. He seemed astonished at first, but was very nice about it, though, of course, he had never done anything of the kind before, for it appears he is a book agent! He goes around the country selling the most beautiful editions of books. You only have to pay a dollar down (if you have it), and a dollar a month to get an "edition de luxe" of Shakespeare. He specializes in Shakespeare,

he says. He offered to go over to Mr. Slade's and help me carry home the rest of the cabbages. He seemed to think it was hard work. I told him I was much stronger than I looked, but when he insisted, I let him go, because it was so exciting to be able to talk to a real live book agent. I told him, when we found the path over to Mr. Slade's, that I thought it must be the most wonderful profession in the world, next to being a clerk in a book-store, and he laughed, the strangest way. He seemed to laugh at everything. He is a funny-looking man, too. Not a bit romantic. Big and square, with brown hair and gray eyes. He has lots of little wrinkles at the corners of his eyes and has a sort of a determined look. After he stopped laughing he said:

"By Jove! I never realized before what a hold books had on the community."

I sighed. "If one could only pick them off the trees the way one does apples, what a blessing it would be. Imagine going over to a tree and shaking it and having a book drop down. What would you rather get—if you could shake a tree and get one?"

"W-what book, do you mean?" Mr. Brown started and looked disturbed, as if I had asked him an embarrassing question.

"I mean, what is your favorite?" I explained, anxious to know a book agent's opinion. He stammered and seemed almost frightened. Then suddenly little wrinkles came at the corners of his eyes. He looked at me.

"SOMETIMES I KNEEL DOWN CLOSE TO IT AND WHISPER 'I'M LONELY, TOO'"

"What would you pick as a winner?" he asked.

I hesitated. Then I smiled back because he had such a funny way of expressing himself. I was confused, too, at stating my opinion to one who knew so much more about such things than I did, and I looked down at the ground and then up into his eyes again.

"I think if I could only have one book in the world," I said, "it would be — the Bible."

"The Bible!" Mr. Brown dropped the basket he was holding and had to stoop to pick it up. When he had done so he stood still and looked at me from the top of my head to the tip of my toe, until I felt myself getting red. His face had the strangest expression. When he spoke it was in the oddest tone.

"I didn't know they made them like you any more," he said, slowly, in a funny voice.

"Made what?" I inquired. "Bibles?"

"No," said Mr. Brown, "girls."

"Girls?" I said. "But we weren't talking of girls. I asked you your favorite book if you could have only one."

The wrinkles came in the corners of Mr. Brown's eyes again. He looked away. Then, "Hamlet," he said, almost shouting the word.

I clapped my hands. "Shakespeare is your favorite?"

"You bet!" said Mr. Brown.

"I'm so glad," I said, and then sighed. I don't know why I sighed.

It appears Mr. Brown is going to stay in Little Avelon for some weeks and "scare up trade," as he puts it. He has a whole dress-suit case of "editions de luxe" and he is going to bring them for grandmother and me to see. I told him we couldn't afford to buy any, but he said that didn't matter, that book agents were in the habit of leaving books for people to look over,—that I couldn't do a book agent a greater favor than to look over his books. He is stopping at the Union Hotel and says it is "some hotel."

June 9th.—Mr. Brown and I are going to be very congenial. He is devoted to poetry and wants me to read some to him. . . . I dreamed last night I was a beautiful lady trailing around a wonderful garden in a long, white dress, and it was awfully disappointing to wake up and see the cracked mirror over the wash-stand. I don't know whether to begin reading Milton or Dante to Mr. Brown, but I am in favor of Milton.

June 15th.—I have been so busy I haven't written in my diary for a long time, but Mr. Brown has gone to New York for the week-end on business, so I will have more time. I have been teaching him about the woods. I showed him yesterday how the beavers make their houses, their little dams of green willow, birch and poplars, their cute little hidden doorways, and showed him how he could find the mark of their sharp teeth on the boughs and trunks of the trees. He is very much interested and is learning to know all the birds by name. He hardly knew a bird when he came to Little Avelon—only the common blackbird and sparrow.

I've taught him to find a trail in the woods by the moss growing on the shady side of the trees, and he knows now where to find the painted trillium and swamp rose and honeysuckle, and where the arbutus and snow blossoms hide, and he has told me some wonderful things about the city, too. He has traveled all over the world; that is one of the thrilling things about a book agent's life—you can travel so extensively. He has to go back and forth to the city a great deal. It makes a difference when he is away. He does so many things for grandmother. She is very fond of him indeed. . . .

To-day I asked him (Mr. Brown, I mean) if he had ever met a man named Baldwin in New York, and he said there were so many Baldwins, and asked what he was like. Of course I didn't know what he was like, except that he was horrid. I had never told any one about Mr. Baldwin, but I thought I would tell Mr. Brown. (It's funny their names both begin with B.) Somehow he's (Mr. Brown, I mean) the kind of man you don't mind telling things to. He didn't seem to understand at first just what it was I so disliked in Mr. Baldwin. He seemed inclined to take his part. He said that nearly every one—every man in New York—used "damn and devil," and that he didn't think it ought to be held up against a fellow. He used them himself now and then. I tried to make him see that it wasn't so much the "devil and damn" as the way Mr. Baldwin used them, that he was a very common man. But he seemed to be so determined to take Mr. Baldwin's part that I told him about the letters, and we decided to dig them up and then he could see for himself just what it was I hated. Of course I hadn't read these particular letters, but I knew Mr. Baldwin's style, and, knowing Mr. Brown, I was convinced he would realize at once, when he saw the letters, what it was that offended me.

They were quite dirty and musty when we got them up, and the ants had done quite a little damage. We took the letters to the wood, and Mr. Brown made me a nice seat of pine tassels to sit on, and I opened them. The first one said, in Mr. Baldwin's horrid, short style:

"Come now, Miss Mary, don't chuck a fellow. Believe me, I'm not half so bad as I've painted myself. Give me another chance, won't you?"

I handed that to Mr. Brown without comment. He seemed to be intensely interested. He was lying at my feet, with his back against a log, and the sun was shining on his brown hair. His hair is very thick, though it is so short, and when one looks down on his head one has a feeling of wanting to smooth it—or put their hands— Well, I don't think I care so much for black hair as I used to. Mr. Brown must brush his hair for hours to make it so shining. But about the letters. There were five much the same as the first one I handed him. Mr. Brown said he felt Mr. Baldwin had "some good points"! I counted the "what in the devils," and there were three in one letter, which I pointed out; but Mr. Brown said that didn't prove anything. The ants had eaten away quite a piece of the last letter, and I was quite surprised when I read it, and Mr. Brown said he was very much affected by it. He said he thought I had treated Mr. Baldwin very badly indeed. I am copying the last letter. It really isn't a bit like Mr. Baldwin.

"Dear Little Mary,—Please take me back into your good graces. A year seems to have passed since you wrote me. Perhaps if you knew what a breath of clean sweet air you brought into one poor devil's [another devil, making four] life, you wouldn't be so

"THE BASKET OF CABBAGES WAS SO HEAVY MY FOOT SLIPPED, AND I FELL"

hard. I'm not much, I know—a darned [another darned] poor sort compared to you, but I haven't slept for three nights—thinking. Give me another chance. The women I've met haven't been anything like you. I've had to make my way from the ground up and it hardens a chap. I'm not going to give you up, little Mary Day."

There was a postscript, but the ants had gotten it. When Mr. Brown finished reading the letter he folded it up and handed it back to me and looked out across the little brook without saying anything. I felt as if I ought not to have showed it to him. After a long time he said, "Poor chap—hard hit!" I couldn't speak just then, for some reason. We were silent a long time. The woods were hushed around us and the trickling of the water at our feet sounded loud. There was a sweet scent from the rhododendron blossoms —they were all around us—and for some reason I just wished Mr. Brown and I could be sitting that way all our lives. . . .

Mr. Brown cares a great deal for money. He's had to work for it all his life, he says, and he thinks it "goes a long way." He has asked me several times if I should like to be rich—or "if a fellow's having money meant much to me?" Of course I haven't thought much about money; we haven't any—grandmother and I—and we don't seem to need it much. I told him about my dream, and he seemed interested in that. He said he would like to see me in a long, white, trailing gown—that I would be a "peach." Mr. Brown's mother and father died when he was a small boy and he had to shift for himself all his life. He says there's no money in being a book agent. We found a little dead sparrow on the way home, and Mr. Brown dug a grave for it and I covered it with rho-

dodendron petals. Mr. Brown said it reminded him of me. There was a tiny shot in its breast and Mr. Brown looked so strange when he took it up. "Some hunter," he said; his face got a funny gray color. He didn't talk any all the way home. When we got near the house he suddenly put his hands on my shoulders and turned around and said, in the strangest tone, "Shall I go away and leave you alone—Little Mary?"

"Go away!" I said, starting, and the most terrible feeling came over me. I looked up at him; I could hardly speak. "Do you mean go back to New York?" I asked, faintly.

"Yes," he said, "back to New York—back to—" He stopped and took his hands from my shoulders.

I don't know what else he was going to say, for I began to cry, and I turned suddenly and ran into the house. I couldn't sleep all night, I had such a pain in my side. Grandmother told me to get up and make a mustard plaster, and I did, but it didn't help.

June 27th.—Mr. Brown says he isn't going to New York. He asked me to-day "if I could have anything in the world I wished for, what would I want?" I told him a little house of my own. Of course I couldn't tell the thing I wanted most—I can't even write it. He asked me to-day (Mr. Brown, I mean) if I could forgive a man if he had done something wrong. I didn't know just what he meant, and he asked if I could forgive *him* if I knew he had done wrong. He said he imagined real love forgave anything. I said I couldn't imagine his doing anything wrong, so I couldn't answer. I think he is the very best and kindest man in all the world.

June 28th.—Such a wonderful day. Listen, all the world! Listen, you flowers and sky and earth! No, I can't say it out loud. I'll whisper it. Mr. Brown loves me. Can you hear? Really and truly . . . *Mr. Brown loves me!* It doesn't seem much, does it? but, oh, if you could know what it feels like! I keep having to pinch myself to make myself realize I'm not dreaming. Mr. Brown has the most wonderful arms. I doubt if any other man in the world is so strong. He can lift me off my feet as easily as he would pick up a feather. I used to think that home meant a house—four walls, you know, and everything like that, but now I know it means just—arms!

Mr. Brown is going to give up the book-agent business . . . it isn't much of a success. We have to live in New York. I asked him why we couldn't settle in Little Avelon, but he said he had to live in New York "for business reasons." He looks at me so often in such a strange way. . . .

July 28th.—The days have gone so, I haven't had a chance to write, but Mr. Brown has gone to New York. There are so many things to do. You see, grandmother has to be taken care of. I thought at first that she would come with us, and I never will forget Mr. Brown's expression when I said it. We were sitting in the clover near grandmother's window, so we could hear if she called. He started and turned toward me, the funny little lines coming around his eyes. "Who ever heard of a grandmother on a honeymoon?" he said. "You ridiculous Mary!" He leaned over and kissed the top of my head. "It's impossible," he said.

"Impossible!" I gasped. "But I can't leave her. What would she do all alone? I couldn't leave her."

For a long time he stared over the clover-field.

"I couldn't leave grandmother," I repeated.

"No," he said. "No, of course not." Then he laughed his strange laugh and looked at me. "You innocent little Mary. I'll take care of grandmother for you!"

July 5th.—I bought my wedding-dress today. It cost fifteen dollars and ninety-eight cents—ready-made in the best store in Little Avelon. I wanted to be married in a white dress and veil, but we couldn't afford a wedding-dress and a traveling-dress, too, so I got the traveling-dress. It is brown and has cute little pockets in the coat. I bought a brown hat shape, too, and grandmother trimmed it with some ribbon, just the color of my hair. I made some of the money for my clothes selling preserves, and the rest selling grandmother's crochet lace. My underclothes are just covered with grandmother's beautiful embroidery, and I bought enough blue ribbon at the ten-cent store to run in everything. I put on the dress for him to see, this afternoon. I was so afraid it wouldn't be just right—and he stood silent, looking at me so long that I was frightened, and asked him if it looked like the dresses in New York.

He said, "Not just like them"—then he touched my cheek in the oddest way—"but I don't think I ever before saw a woman look half so sweet in her wedding-gown."

I am to be married on the 15th of July. I pray the sun will shine!

July 10th.—While we are away on our honeymoon he (Mr. Brown) is going to send grandmother to a beautiful home in the mountains where they treat cases like hers—and often cure them. The book

describing the place made it look so expensive that grandmother was afraid he ought not to afford it, with the expense of our wedding, too, but he said when he gave up the book business he would be in a profession in Wall Street (I don't know just what) where he could make money. Grandmother and I talked it over, and she said she hoped that it wasn't "easy money," that easy money was seldom good money, and that she trusted the responsibility of marrying wasn't going to cause him to do anything that wasn't just right. But we assured her that she needn't be afraid, and I said I was sure he would rather be poor all his life than get even a penny in the wrong way, no matter how much he wanted it. I told him that, too, and he just smiled in the way he has when he looks at me, and put the hair back from my brow. . . . He has a house all ready for us, he says, when we get married, even to the provisions—we can walk right in—and I told him I was going to cook our first dinner, no matter how tired I was, and he just laughed. Only five days more!

July 14th.—To-morrow is my wedding-day. I'm so happy. Please, God, don't let me die before to-morrow. . . .

The rude, boarded wall faded and the baggage-man's face stood out before me as if I had awakened from a dream. "En they say," he affirmed excitedly, "that she cried so when she found she was married to Anthony D. Baldwin, instead of Mr. Brown, the book agent, that Anthony D. had hard work to console her, when it was pretty white of a man as rich as he is to play square with a little nobody like Mary. En he's giv' Little Avelon a public library; you ken see it to-morrow at the top of Main Street—the only stone building in the town—the Mary Day Public Library. En he got some Tom-fool idee of keepin' the shack where Mary lived, closed up and a fence around it, sayin', 'No trespassing,' though I must say he's been criticized

THE LETTERS WERE QUITE DIRTY AND MUSTY WHEN WE GOT THEM UP

considerable fer that by the citizens of the town, en fer sendin' the telephone operator that giv' Mary his address a thousand dollars when she 'ain't done nothin' in particular except pull off a joke; fer, you see, when she was joshin' Mary that night about havin' a brother what was lonesome, why, Anthony D. Baldwin just happened to ring in and leave his name en number fer a distance call to be delivered at a certain address, en, quick as a rabbit jumps, just to pull somethin' off on a country girl, she gives it to Mary and tells her he's her brother, to write him. It does beat all, the luck some people have. They tell me you ken see Mary any day on Fifth Avenue a-ridin' around in her automobile, dressed up like a movin'-picture fashion-show model—little Mary Day what never knew nothin' better in all her life than a calico dress en a crippled grandma." . . . He paused, and his eyes dwelt on me with sudden hope. "You don't happen to be a millionaire, do you?" he asked, expectantly.

"A millionaire!" with horror "No"—I laughed. "I'm a writer."

"A writer!" He regarded me for a moment with an expression of deep commiseration. "Wall," he said, condolingly, "we ain't none of us perfect."

Lover With Wings

BY ETHEL M. HEWITT

NO more your chariot with wings
Shall sail the conquered sky;
How long before my heart shall cease
To hear you planing by?

You went the hard way to the stars,
Lover of mine with wings!
So often and so long outsoared,
The trail of earthly things

Was but the chain of gossamer
That snaps at noon's fierce kiss;
Nay, was the love that bound our souls
So frail a thing as this?

O fine, fair spirit! Dreamward-bound,
I climb your trackless space;
Is there yet room among your stars
For my remembered face?

Music you made for me is hushed;
Yet still, on muted strings,
I hear the throbbing of your flight,
Lover of mine with wings!

Women and Uniforms

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

WE have learned, in the last four years, a little about the French, and we cannot learn a little about others without learning much about ourselves. It is life's neatest pedagogical trick.

We used to be scandalized by the way the French did things merely because it was not our way. I remember well how scandalized I was by the story an American Ambulance driver told me one night in Paris about the French nurse at l'Hôpital —— where he had taken a wounded soldier that morning.

He had arrived, he said, a few minutes past nine, and was admitted by the head nurse in "a red eiderdown jacket kind of thing, and her hair done up in curl-papers!" *Nurse*, mind you! . . . in a red eiderdown dressing-jacket and curl papers at nine o'clock in the morning!

"Can't believe it, can you?" he said.

Well, it *was* hard to believe—that is, for us, whose first idea of a nurse is the spotless uniform, the smooth hair, the little stiff-starched white cap, an alert, noiseless presence, on duty day and night.

That was the winter before we "came in." I am no longer scandalized by a nurse in red eiderdown and curl-papers. Not that I have discovered that my young *ambulancier* had exaggerated his picture; on the contrary, alas! what he told was perfectly true; and certainly not that I have become accustomed to such things (no American could!)—but simply that my verdicts have learned to wait more patiently upon the evidence. I have grown skeptical in France of the very worst appearances.

If I heard that story now, I shouldn't be too sure that that was all there was to tell of the head nurse of l'Hôpital ——, and that the rest of the truth about her might not succeed in making me quite forget the red eiderdown and the curl-papers, or that she might not have somewhat of unexpected interest to say to our white-garbed American nurse. I don't say that it would be so—it very probably, in this case, was not—but I shouldn't be sure. For I have learned, as I say, a little about the French since then.

I think it was Mademoiselle Crozet who taught me most—"'Selle" Crozet, who, from nine to ten every night, purported to teach me French verbs, but who taught me, instead, by the constant example of her daily routine, the meaning of the words "devotion," "service," and the phrase, "To give oneself," in French. Whenever I hear people speak, as they so often do, of the devotion of French-women in this war, it is the picture of "'Selle" Crozet, in her long, thin coat of rusty black, and her absurdly battered black hat with its almost obliterated red rose, that I invariably see.

A strange picture to put beside the one which comes to mind when we speak of American women and service in the war. This clear-eyed, fresh-skinned girl, in a smartly tailored uniform of khaki service cloth, a Sam Brown belt, a khaki fatigue-cap set jauntily upon her smooth brown hair, eight-dollar gauntlets, and her slim feet incased in stout brown boots that cost anywhere from twenty to forty dollars and are known as the "common-sense last," which, as pure figure of speech, is as perfect as English permits. There are insignia on her cap, her collar, and chevrons on her sleeve. She is at the wheel of a motor-car, an expensive, beautiful motor, such as Paris has forgotten exists. There is no flurry about her, no agitation; and she conceals, manfully, all hint of her personality. When she leaves her car, it is with alert and vigorous stride, her feet squarely upon the ground. She is young American womanhood, at your service, sir!

There are variations of this picture, but the model remains the same. There are those very swank ones of the gray-green uniforms, knickers, and coats to the knees, like riding-habits, and the adorable cavalry boots that fairly cry out for little gold spurs, like the pair the cowboys gave Lucille Mulhall that year at the Rodeo in Oklahoma City when she broke all their records steer-throwing and bronco-busting. Those boots must cost enough to keep a Belgian baby for a year, almost enough to buy a Liberty Bond or an artificial arm or leg for a crippled soldier. And yet, those very boots shall help us to understand ourselves, shall help the world, perhaps, to understand us. For if they are wicked, and if they are a vanity, I have partaken of their vanity and wickedness. They have given pleasure to my eyes. I have turned to watch them down the street, so shining and slim and elegant, and they have been for me one of the prettiest, most effective details of this new pageantry of the most pageant-hungry nation in the world. For America has suffered all these years from a kind of gold-braid complex, a suppressed desire for pomp and circumstance. Democracy — a democracy founded by Puritans—has sorely taxed so many innocent normalities. And now we have our chance! We have fairly burst—the whole nation—into uniform. And because it *is* so natural (nowhere on earth do children play so grandly, with so much form and ritual, as in America), because we have, until we grew self-conscious and affected to despise it, so loved "dressing up," we have done the thing rather well. Extremely well, in fact. Even the American army uniform, manifestly designed by that same puritanical spirit for the mortification of the pride and the flesh, with a last added "overcoming" in the way of pockets which must not be used—even that our men have managed to invest with a snap and style of its own.

But our women had no such handicap. Their imaginations and their purses had free rein. They no sooner thought of something to do than they thought of a uniform to go with it. They uniformed themselves, so to speak, to the teeth.

What, then, of the women of France, whose love of dress is famous the world around, whose frivolity has been the beloved scandal of serious society?

I went to France in the third year of her war, and I was conscious of one uniform, and one only, worn by her women. A uniform incomparably chic, incomparably French, and gaining daily in popularity. A plain black dress, with long, tightly fitted sleeves, a severe little bonnet and long veil of black crêpe—that uniform and service with which no women of the world may ever hope to compete.

To be sure, there were the women who ran the surface cars and "Metro" trains —not "conductorettes" at all, but strong-handed, strident-voiced young women in untidy dark-blue suits, of whom even the poilus on leave affected to stand in such ludicrous fear, and about whom brilliant editorial-writers wrote wittily in the Paris papers under the heading of "The New Terror." One did not think of them as women in uniform, but simply as women forced, because there were actually no men left to do it, to do men's work, and the navy-blue suit seemed merely a regulation complied with, never a costume in which the heart of the Frenchwoman could take feminine pride. One never saw them off duty, because, I suspect, their hours were too long to admit of much loitering when their day's work was done. They had no time to add to pageantry.

Not once in all France did I see a Frenchwoman in any costume so much as suggesting an adaptation of the military uniforms of the men. And Paris was filled with the masculine gorgeousness of war, colors, and plumes, and dashing svelte lines, and clanking swords, suggestions to fill the fashionable *couturière's* head with ravishing dreams for madame. Perhaps they had had enough of uniforms; or perhaps it was just a kind of good taste, that unconscious fastidiousness of the spirit which does not permit one to parody a sacred thing. . . . They have not even affected the color—the horizon blue—of the soldiers of France; perhaps it was for them a color too poignantly combined with red.

Whatever the reason, the fact was

there, increasingly conspicuous, when our veritable armies of uniformed women had come among them. A strange people they must think us, indeed, who send our *jeunes filles* to war. For the women of France seemed more feminine than ever before—more frugal, but more feminine. Their austerities were the austerities of the soul. And because the visible evidence of what we are doing for them is so constantly before us, we are in danger of forgetting what they have done for themselves. For unostentatiously, quietly, since the first day of the war, Frenchwomen have, wherever it was necessary, carried on the work of their men; and—an achievement more difficult still—they have carried on their own work as well. That is why France has seemed through all this horror and bloodshed, so incredibly homelike, so sane, so much like herself.

One hears little of these women—they have had so little time to talk. Only now and then, by merest chance, as was the case with "'Selle" Crozet, one has come face to face with a consecration so complete as to make one American woman, at least, very humble and a little ashamed.

"'Selle" Crozet came to me in the way all good things of life come—unexpectedly, in the humdrum round of the day's affairs.

I had gone down to Nice for a rest and change; but since, like all busy people, I had lost the art of idleness, my time at once arranged itself into a kind of routine. In the mornings I should write; in the afternoons I should stay in the sun, explore the crooked streets of the *vieille ville*, wander along the edge of the blue sea.

It occurred to me that with so much time I should be improving my French. It was criminal neglect to leave it as it was. So I inquired of the *patron* of the little hotel if he could recommend an instructor. The *patron* said he would inquire of his wife. She would know of some one. An hour later madame tapped at my door. I had asked for a teacher of French? *Bien!* By the most fortunate chance in the world, a "*très bonne institutrice*" would be at the hotel that very night at nine o'clock. If I wished she would have her call. Madame vouched for the accent of mademoiselle, assured me of her excellence. She was of an education superior.

I had somehow my picture of mademoiselle. She would be one of those *passées* little gentlewomen of France, fallen upon lean days, who eke out their living by teaching French to foreigners. I knew the type. They spoke, often, the most beautiful French. I was in luck to have inquired on the very day.

But that evening a cold, gusty rain came on with the sunset, and by night the darkness was soaked in that special kind of chill which, like the black mood of a pretty woman, seems the prerogative of climates famed for their sunniness and warmth—a chill that strikes through to the bone, and stays.

My *passée* little gentlewoman would never come out in weather like that. After dinner I went up to my room, where a wood fire burned cheerily in the grate, and the heavy curtains were drawn closely over the long French windows, and settled myself for a cozy evening with a book beside my lamp. Outside I could hear the rain falling steadily through the blackness. I had forgotten all about the "*très bonne institutrice*," and after an hour's reading was beginning to yawn, when there came a tap at my door. I thought it was the maid to turn down my bed, and in answer to my negligent "*'Trez!*" the door opened and I heard, in an unfamiliar and very live voice, "*Bon soir, madame!* Shall I come?" I turned to see, coming in at the door, first a large cotton umbrella held at an angle calculated to keep the water from dripping on to the carpet, and beyond the umbrella, at an opposing angle, an extraordinarily battered black hat with its almost obliterated red rose, under which a pair of bright, amazingly crossed black eyes peered inquiringly toward me through thick, small-lensed spectacles, which seemed to set upon her nose at still another angle.

It was all those conflicting angles which gave her on first sight so grotesque an effect. And she was introducing herself, apologizing, making an inquiry, all at the same time. But suddenly she broke off. "*Madame! Madame! Regardez!—Tss! Tss! Tss! Tss!*" Her

dripping umbrella had made a curved dotted line on the carpet, like the tracing of a battle-front, ending in a little pool of water at the tip, and now she turned, looked helplessly about, pushed open the door with her free hand, "Outside!" she said, and the dotted line became a figure eight with a topknot. She presented her meager back, in its rusty black coat, much too thin for the weather and much too long for the mode, while she deposited the umbrella in the hall and waited to take off her rubbers, which seemed not to have succeeded in keeping her absurdly long-vamped and run-over low shoes dry.

She came back into the room with a little apologetic laugh, and the sudden warm sparkle of her bright black eyes through the thick-lensed spectacles (they were the only crossed eyes I have ever seen that seemed to be looking at one when they were), made me conclude that she might not be, after all, quite so unprepossessing as I had thought her at first. I cannot, even now, bring myself to use the word "ugly" in describing her. Her face had that curious effect some faces have of making you conscious of the bony structure beneath the flesh. It is something about the mouth, and at the temples. Yet, if one was conscious of the bony structure, of the skull beneath "'Selle" Crozet's features, one became directly after so much more aware, so much more keenly conscious, of the spirit showing through, that any mere physical contour was no longer seen.

She looked cold, and I asked her to come close to the fire and placed a comfortable chair. But she sat down, instead, in the chair farthest away from the fire, disregarding comfort and discomfort alike, completely and suddenly. She laid on the table a sadly dilapidated black hand-bag stuffed to bursting with papers folded and rolled.

"*Alors*," said she. "Madame wishes to study French."

I said I did, adding, however, that it was too bad that she had come out in the rain.

"The rain it ees nothing! I was coming here, *à l'hôtel*, anyway; I may as well come also to madame."

She had a voice with a rasp in it, reminding me of Mrs. Fisk's metallic declamation. And her accent—one is always warned against the accent of the Niçoise, yet I should be more than willing to assume the defects of that accent, so unlike the sibilant elegance of the Parisienne, if I could hope to attain half the vividness, the sheer dramatic stroke and vigor, of "'Selle" Crozet's French.

That she had been "coming anyway" was an untruth, but one which I realized only after many days, when I began to suspect how much my "*très bonne institutrice*" needed the money for my lessons, and when I recalled with what adroitness she led me to choose, of my own accord, the one hour of the twenty-four that she had free, as the hour for my lesson.

And this business of the lessons has seemed to me to hold, in miniature, so much of the essential difference between us, between the French method of doing things and our own, that I can do no better than put it down here in detail.

"'Selle" Crozet asked how often I wished the lessons, and, as I hadn't thought of the point definitely, I hesitated, or said something indecisive. "Every day?" she asked, and it seemed reasonable that I should learn more the more lessons I took. Very well; and what hour, then, would suit my convenience? Any hour, I told her, except in the mornings. How, she asked, did I occupy my afternoons? I said I walked, went about, kept in the sun. And at night? At night I, perforce, did nothing. The streets were dark, deserted; there was nothing one could do.

"Would madame like, then, perhaps, the lesson at *night?*"

She brought it out as if it were that moment's inspiration. And so it seemed to me. It left my days free and solved the problem of the long, dull evenings. There remained then only the hour to agree upon. Well, one needed, of course, a little while for the proper digestion of one's dinner. . . . It was by such subtleties of suggestion that I was brought to name nine o'clock as the hour.

"*Bien*," said mademoiselle, "*à neuf heures.*"

She explained then that she used the conversational method for teaching. "*Parlez français*," said she, and began,

conversationally, to ask me questions in French, for the purpose, I supposed, of testing my knowledge of the language by my replies. When had I left Paris? How long did I expect to remain in Nice? Was madame perhaps a nurse? Ah, *une femme de lettres! Une belle profession, mais*, alas! a profession only the rich may choose, it is so ill paid—at least in France. Was it true, what she had heard, of fabulous prices paid to authors in America?

Mere chat, it seemed, polite and leisurely, and it was not until afterward, when she was gone, that I saw the instinctive neatness of her design. For within a half-dozen apparently random questions my "*très bonne institutrice*" had discovered not only how much French I knew, but how much, likely, I could afford to pay for the lessons. Generalizations, to be sure, but sufficient to place me. It led up, gracefully, to the question of price. The French always consider us rich until we have proved our innocence, and I think there was in "'Selle" Crozet's mind a little lingering doubt. My wood fire at a franc fifty extra on the bill looked a bit opulent for the poor writing person I had declared myself to be. She wanted to make no mistake; she wanted no more than I could afford to pay, but she did want as much as I *could* afford. So she put it, experimentally at first, a little high. I objected; she came down a little, I came up a little, and the bargain was struck. We were both satisfied.

"*Maintenant* — shall we begin tonight, now that we are here?" I said that it would make her very late, and she assured me that she had all the night before her. Very well, then, said I.

"*Bien, madame.* We commence."

The lessons had begun! They had begun—by beginning.

Not more, I should say, than ten minutes had been taken up by these preliminaries. It had seemed at the time the most roundabout and unbusinesslike procedure, yet it was of an efficiency truly French, and truly unapproachable. She had accomplished by subtlety and indirection as much as I by my cherished "directness" could have accomplished in twice the time. While I was still waiting to "talk business," I woke up abruptly to the fact that the business had been already talked.

It is an experience we Americans have so often in France that we ought no longer to be surprised by it. But we are, invariably. For, in spite of everything, we *are* a Puritan democracy and cannot get over the mental habit of wearing our embroidery for Sunday only; and to find the French utilizing theirs for every-day purposes, and getting good wear out of such frail fabric, will never cease surprising us a little.

Yes, without that introduction, I should have missed much of the flavor of "'Selle" Crozet's personality. Without it, my picture would not be true.

In that first lesson the "conversational method" proved itself, so far as practical results were concerned, a tremendous success. Certainly never before had I risen to such heights of reckless and abandoned French. And there remain with me to this day whole sentences of "'Selle" Crozet's French that night. We had begun, quite academically, by saying conventional things, in French, about America, about France, about the war, our sentences carefully composed, our pronunciation scrupulously exact. And before we knew it we were helping each other out, English, French, all such impedimenta as construction and grammar discarded, anything at all to make ourselves understood. We were just two women who had, suddenly, a great deal to say to each other about the things that were going on in the world.

"'Selle" Crozet had been coming to me for more than a week before I discovered, and then quite by chance, that when, every night, she arrived at my hotel promptly at nine o'clock, she had not yet had her dinner. She did not tell me this; she would never have told me in the world. It dawned upon me, suddenly, when in the course of our "conversational method" certain casual details fitted themselves together.

"Is it possible, mademoiselle," I said, "that you come here at this hour without your dinner?"

She was pathetically embarrassed, and tried to evade, but I pressed the point.

"That is *nothing*, madame! . . . It is

a matter of . . . . I have no appetite so early. . . ."

And all at once other details, disconnected bits that had filtered through that same "conversational method," fitted *them*selves together. "'Selle" Crozet had, besides herself, an aged mother and a bedridden old father to support. Prices had mounted alarmingly within the last few months. She had had to have more money. Nine o'clock was the only hour she had free. *Voilà!*

For this was "'Selle" Crozet's day: At seven-thirty every morning she took the trolley for St.-Jean-Cap-Ferrat, a good hour away, where she spent the day teaching classes in one of those remarkable *colonies* of the *Association Nationale des Orphelins de la Guerre*, an association organized and set in motion by the French on the *second day of August, 1914* (Here, again, the French way was to begin by beginning!), for the gathering in "immediately, without formality, whatever their number, in all points of the territory, the children whose fathers fall on the field of honor, and bringing them up to their majority in these *colonies*. [I translate from their own statement.] The *colonies* are formed by groups of families, each family uniting ten orphans of the war, housed in separate villas, and confided to the Widows of the War, who become their adopted mothers and surround them with vigilant and tender care. The children assemble for meals, for classes, for recreation, while losing none of the sweetness and intimacy of the home. Not an orphan of the war goes to bed at night without the loving ministration, the tucking in, and the good-night embrace '*de sa maman.*'" (No, *we* have not saved *all* the orphans of the war; we have not done *all* that has been done. We but, like God, help those who first had helped themselves.)

That statement, so admirable in its simplicity, and, above all, in its restraint, could teach us much, my countrymen, of the sheer dramatic value of understatement of good deeds.

It did not say that some of the most magnificent villas, the most famous châteaux and beautiful estates, of France had been given over to these *colonies*. And yet that is true. Far from the echoes even of the war, on the Riviera, by the sun-warmed blue of the Mediterranean, in Normandy, in the lovely Château region, all through the "sweet country of France"—the new generation of France is growing up in a normality so touching in these tragic days as to fill one's heart achingly with hope, with faith in the future, and with veneration for those who have wrought the miracle.

The *colonie* at St.-Jean-Cap-Ferrat, "*cité des enfants, lumineuse, harmonieuse*," a cluster of villas and one little crooked street of fishermen's shops, curving with the whimsical shore, I came to know well under the gracious guidance of "'Selle" Crozet. For sheer poetry of organization, I have seen nothing like it anywhere. It was not charity. It was love.

Each family is named for a flower! There is the family of "*Les Coquelicots*" (the wild red poppy of France), the family of "*Les Bluets*," "*Les Roses*," "The Carnations"; and they wear embroidered on their caps or on their aprons (there is no great uniformity of dress) the flower of their family. These are the things they do not think to tell, they are so much a part of them.

To pass one of the smaller villas, with the children playing in the garden, or leaning over the gate with their shy, "*Bon jour, madame!*" is to pass merely the home of a happy family. To go in, and through the house, as I went into many of them, was to feel an intruder in family affairs, a sensation soon enough dispelled by the always charming welcome of the mother and the pretty hospitality of the children themselves. There was scoured cleanliness, and not too much order. There were toys in the corner, and jackets torn, and lost caps, and bruises to be kissed,—a family of ten! In the bedrooms, always clean and neat, with the sun-filtered sea air coming in at the open windows, there were invariably pictures on the walls. And it seemed to me that a secret lay in those pictures. There were the best of the war posters, not those of hate, but those of France in danger, of France *exaltée*, suffering, of France victorious and compassionate. Strong meat, they seem, for nurseries! There were copies of great

contemporaneous paintings, those, too, for the most part, war. And there were the funniest of the cartoons, involving points of humor that most of us consider beyond the mind of a child; but those children understood them, enjoyed them tremendously. There were a few—a very few—"nursery" pictures, all delightfully colored and delightfully witty in design. But there was no "pretty" art. There was none of the beauty of sentimentality, of weakness. There was, instead, the greater beauty of strength, of courage, and of understanding. Better things, perhaps, for the future of France than prettiness. These pictures were cut out of journals and put on the wall with pins. Unsanitary, germ-breeding knickknacks, all of them; but there are other germs than measles and whooping-cough to be bred by knickknacks of that sort—germs to which our children are all too seldom exposed. And for them the risk of the others may be justified.

Through the gardens of the *grande villa*, bordering the sea, little groups, detachments escorted by teacher or "mother," are continually passing and repassing on their way to lunch, to dinner, to recreation, or to school—"*Les Bluets*," "*Les Roses*," "*Les Coquelicots*." It is here they hold their *fêtes*, in the gardens. It was here, with "'Selle" Crozet one day, that I saw a little figure in the uniform of the Serbian army, a tiny, merry-eyed boy, sitting astride a low stone wall; he was not "foreign" or dark, but round-faced and blond like a little Mid-West American.

"*Caporal!*" called "'Selle" Crozet, and he got down from the wall, left his playmates, and came to us obediently. He was *le petit caporal serbe*, Milivoie Stanimirovich, aged eight, who had "won his grade in combat"; whose whole family had been murdered before his eyes (a terrible tale!) by the Austro-Germans; who had stayed for days alone amid the wreck of the little farm, and then had made his way to the Serbian army. Twice he was taken prisoner by the enemy, and twice he escaped by a ruse and rejoined his regiment. His commandant adopted him, and he "fought in many fierce battles, with the *mitrailleuses*, in the front line!" One night his commandant, with *le petit caporal* riding behind him on his horse, was struck and mortally wounded by a ball from the enemy's guns. He fell from his horse bathed in blood, and expired in the arms of his *caporal*, to whom, in his last moment, he gave a gold *napoléon* all that he had—the sole fortune of *le petit caporal*. In 1916, M. Émile Vitta, founder of the *Association Nationale des Orphelins de la Guerre*—"Papa Vitta" to those thousands of fatherless children of France, hearing the tragic news of Serbia, himself headed a small mission and followed the Serbian retreat, salvaging the children (again "*sans formalité*") and bringing them back with him to the shelter of the French *colonies*. To "Papa Vitta" the little Milivoie, *le petit caporal*, who had been adopted by the entire division, was intrusted on the condition made by his officers that his little *capote*, his military coat, "tattered and glorious," be kept for him always as a souvenir, and that he be dressed always in the uniform of his rank.

All this "'Selle" Crozet told me afterward, when Milivoie had gone back to his play. And much more about him besides. What tales "Papa Vitta" had had to tell of him, on the journey, in Paris, the first great city Milivoie had ever seen. But I did not set out to write the history of *le petit caporal*—though it be a luring theme. Later, passing him in the grounds, I said. "You are a very brave soldier, *caporal!*" And I have seen nothing more delicious than the little deprecatory shrug of his shoulder as he went by, and, a moment later, the dimpling smile when I caught him looking back. . . .

From half past eight to six, then, in the *colonie* at St.-Jean-Cap-Ferrat, "'Selle" Crozet performed not only the full work of a regular schoolmistress, but a hundred miscellaneous duties besides. She walked miles every day, scurrying along the roads, her old black hat with its suggestion of red rose bobbing along rapidly in the sun. One afternoon, going the rounds with her, sent me to bed with fatigue.

At half past seven she arrived back at Nice, transferred to another trolley

which took her across town and up the hill to the hospital, where, from seven forty-five until eight forty-five she read the news and comment of the day to a certain "*grand général russe*," blinded in battle—"*un vrai personage*"! "'Selle" Crozet enthusiastically explained, when she told me about him. I had asked her when she found time, in those days, for so much reading, her knowledge had been so amazing.

"We have always after reading some most interesting discussions; he wishes to know how it goes—everything, everywhere—*Monsieur le grand général russe;* so, you see, that is very nice for me!"

That was the night I discovered that she had been coming to me without her dinner, a matter to which I could not, out of kindness to her, ever again refer. I have always felt that "'Selle" Crozet would never have blundered as I did if our positions had been reversed. She would have managed, in some tactful way, to have some slight refreshment which I could not have refused. She would have pretended not to know. As it was, I could only suffer a tyrant's conscience to see her come in every night at nine o'clock, keyed to the highest pitch of the day's strain, her mind abnormally keen from the hour's reading and "most interesting discussion" with *le grand général russe*, with whom I came to feel a kind of vicarious intimacy, so much did our discussions seem to interweave, and his opinions weigh in the scale of my own.

The best of her day, the best of herself, she brought to me in that hour, until I felt often as if I must cry, "Not so much, for I can never, never pay!"

Making her living, perhaps you will say. And say it easily. Well, that alone, done uncomplainingly, is not so small a thing; and there were the old parents, and the medicines and doctor's bills, and the doctor's bills just paid for the young brother who died the month before the war began—cheated by death of his share in the glories of France. And remember that it was only by accident, by putting two and two together, that I knew of these personal things at all.

She managed, with what despatch and dignity she could, to earn the necessities of life—food and clothing for herself and her parents, and housing—and the payments on their bonds, for government bonds are as much a natural necessity to the French as food and housing and clothes. It is a matter of national psychology.

That was, let us say, the groundwork of her day—as eating and dressing are the groundwork of most people's day. It was the extra things she did, not in spare time, there *was* no spare time; the things she was not obliged to do, and the spirit above the mere spirit of duty, that weigh in the balance of "'Selle" Crozet's account. It was the French genius for infinitesimal greatness; the French faculty for "raising the power" of details. It is a kind of art—not the art of the broad stroke (that is ours), but of the perfection of an intricate design. And out of the design of "'Selle" Crozet's day there were constantly emerging new details for me to admire.

There was the great annual *fête* of the children, given in honor of their benefactors, and of which "'Selle" Crozet had full charge. For weeks her dilapidated old hand-bag was giving up bits of colored paper, and diagrams and scraps of dialogue. "*Pour la fête*," she would say, as she rescued them. "*Regardez cette jolie couleur. Très rare, n'est-ce pas?* I made it myself, last night, with water-colors. I could find nothing suitable for *les costumes des papillons*." Last night! When she had reached home after ten o'clock, with her dinner yet uneaten! Did she, then, sit up into the small hours searching for the *très rare couleur* for the wings of butterflies?

On the day of the *fête*, which I attended as her guest, "'Selle" Crozet came dressed for the occasion, as we children used to say, in "her white." All but the hat. She was everywhere at once, attending, it seemed to me, to nothing but utter trivialities. Yet the thing ran with miraculous smoothness.

There were charming miniature dramas, delightfully costumed; and I am much mistaken if one day we do not read that "M. ——, France's favorite comedian [I shall recognize his twinkling eyes, his inquisitive little face, and the one shoulder higher than the other], grew up in the *Colonie des Orphelins de*

la Guerre at St.-Jean." There was a truly exquisite "Conversation of butterflies overheard in a garden," gorgeous butterflies, with wings of many colors, but one *très brillante* and *très rare*, which still lives vividly in my memory. There were dialogues, extraordinary trifles, in which Kaiser Wilhelm was slain by shafts of the most delicate and ironic wit. They were all—dramas, conversations, dialogues—of a distinction and an appropriateness I have never seen equaled in children's literature. And as they progressed I asked one of the directresses, standing near, where they had found them all. They were of an immediate contemporaneousness, and I wondered what brilliant Frenchman had sent his muse to play in such delightful fields as these.

"Mademoiselle Crozet wrote them," she said, "all of them, for the *fête!*"

I tell you they were creations; they were literature. And their variety, for the work of one pen, unbelievable. There was not, in all of them, a single insipid line.

When I asked her, later, when she had done them, what do you think she said? She had written them on the trolley, going to and fro! She said they were "light, very light"—as if lightness were an apology, and not the most difficult business of literature!

It was after this, a week, perhaps, that "'Selle" Crozet asked if I cared to visit with her the military hospital where she went on Saturday afternoons to write letters for the men. It was these men who had given her the name of "'Selle" Crozet, clipping the first syllables from the "mademoiselle" as they called across the ward to her when she came in: "'Selle Crozet!" "'Selle Crozet!" "My letter first!"—and whether it be because it is euphonious, or because it seems to fit her somehow, I have always thought of her and spoken of her as "'Selle" Crozet since then.

On that particular Saturday I was not free to go, and I suggested that we go on Sunday instead. On Sunday, said "'Selle" Crozet, it would be, she regretted, impossible. On Sunday she was *bien occupée*. How, I asked, did she occupy her one day, I had presumed, of rest?

And then she told me, surprised that she had not told me before. On Sundays she went about *breaking the news to families of the death of their sons in war!*

I thought I had ceased to be surprised—but this . . .! "From door to door, personally?" I asked.

"*Oui*, from door to door."

"But 'Selle Crozet, what a terrible thing to have to do!"

"Indeed it is a matter—a matter for a great deal of—*psychologie*. One knocks at the door; one has the list, *vous comprenez*, the name, the regiment, the division number, the commanding officer. It is, perhaps, the mother herself who opens the door; one must decide . . . in a moment one must decide. Just to look at her, one must judge how it is best to begin. Believe me, dear madame, it is not simple to do. . . . One sometimes makes mistakes, and then . . . ! One sometimes knows the name of a friend of her son's, in the regiment; one begins by speaking of him. Or one begins by speaking of his commandant, or of his regiment, if it is famous, perhaps. But there are times when one knows it is best to say at once, '*Madame, votre fils est mort pour la patrie.*'"

A matter for *psychologie! Bien occupée*, indeed!

Do you wonder that I think of "'Selle" Crozet as a kind of human shock-absorber for France? Do you wonder that crossed eyes no longer seem so ugly to me as they seemed once? Do you wonder that a shabby black coat, too thin for the weather and too long for the mode, and an old black hat with an almost obliterated red rose, have come to seem as much the uniform of devotion as the bedraggled and mud-stained horizon blue of a poilu home from the front, and that I would no more say of her that she was "making a living" than I would say it of him?

Yes, there are things for us to learn of them, and there are things for them to learn of us. But—"'Selle" Crozet in a motor uniform? Our motor-corps girls in "'Selle' Crozet's hat?

His Hour

BY MARY ESTHER MITCHELL

"COME, come, Andy! It's time you was gittin' on!"

Andrew Becker reluctantly looked up from the news of the night before. He was still at the kitchen table, where the remains of bacon, cream-of-tartar biscuit, and doughnuts bespoke the passing of the morning meal. He had pushed back cup and plate in order to spread out his paper, and was slowly following down the columns with his broad finger. Andrew's hands had to play their part in his intellectual as well as in his manual activities. That knotted, clumsy forefinger dug out, as it were, the words which fed his interest, as his spud pried up the potatoes for his bin.

Amelia made a purposeful show of impatience as she clattered the pans in the sink. She was expansive in but one direction—that of energy. "The spunk all come to me," she often asserted, suggestively jerking her head in the direction of the tall, brooding figure of her twin brother.

Andrew's clear blue eyes showed no resentment at the insinuation, but now and again a mild twinkle in their quiet depths hinted of mental reservation. "Guess you're right, Melly," he would agree. He never tried to combat his sister's conclusions; he yielded his outworks without a sign of defense. His citadel, aloof, unproclaimed, was not even sighted by the enemy; it remained not only inviolate, but unsuspected. Now, as his eyes traveled from his paper to the lank figure at the sink, his finger kept tight hold of the interrupted sentence. Once lost, it took Andrew some time to find his place, therefore he fastened it down for future resumption. His mind required longer to shift than his gaze.

"Twelve cents a day," he repeated, mechanically. "A leetle child starvin' fur the want o' twelve cents a day! Seems if I'd like to do somethin' to keep a leetle child from starvin'."

Amelia whisked some dishes from the table with an ostentatious flourish of occupation. "Fur the Lord's sake, Andrew Becker, I wisht you'd stop harpin' on them furriners! Charity begins to hum, an' if you've got anythin' to throw away, which you 'ain't, there's plenty o' needy right here, under your nose without huntin' round fur Dagoes an' sich. Dirty lot, I'll be bound!"

"They ain't Dagoes, Melly, an' if they was they'd suffer jest as much if they was hungry." Andrew looked down at the table. "An' here we're givin' good food to the pigs!"

"An' who's got a better right to it? I ask you that, Andrew Becker. The Lord give us pigs an' he 'ain't give us furriners. There you are!" She wasted no more time in words, but simply drew the newspaper from her brother's hands, folded it, and laid it on the shelf by the clock. She was not angry, but she wanted no more argument.

"You go an' git yourself ready, an' don't dawdle about it," she commanded. "It's goin' to be a scorchin' day, so you better make an early start."

Sixty-odd years before, a half an hour after two tiny human beings received the doubtful boon of independent existence, John Becker had taken a couple of big books from the shelf in the living-room and opened them upon the table. Attacking the back part of the dictionary, he turned to the "Christian Names of Men." His search did not carry him far. "'Andrew,'" he read aloud; "'strong; manly.' Couldn't be better. Andrew Becker. A. B. He'll allers lead the list," he chuckled. "Now fur the gal. I reckon twins oughter sail under the same letter. 'Amelia; busy, energetic.' That ain't bad fur a woman to sample by. Guess it fills the bill. Family names pritty well run out," he

Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

SOFTLY ANDREW STEPPED INTO HIS FRAGRANT SANCTUARY

went on, as his eye ran down the roll of little Beckers in the birth column of the big Bible. "These young uns 'll hev a fresh start."

With sputtering pen and ink thickened by long-undisturbed standing, this many-times-made father laboriously recorded the latest and double addition to his flock. Thus the Becker twins started on life's journey, each with the star of its name as an incentive to the hitching of its small wagon. The girl gloriously fulfilled the destiny indicated. "Busy"—she let no moment run to waste. "Energetic"—every effort was expended with full measure. As to Andrew, the fitness of his father's legacy was less obvious. Bodily, no one could deny him the terms of his baptism; mentally and spiritually, there was a lack of forthcoming not understood by the countryside which adjudged him as an easy-going old fellow with small conviction or courage of action. His sister secretly held him cheap.

Andrew and Amelia outlived the rest of the Beckers inscribed in the family Bible and inherited the homestead. The farm lay in one of those provincial districts which are sometimes to be found almost within the shadow of a metropolis. Union Corners occupied little space either on the map or in economic importance. No railroad came within easy distance of the little community; even the far-flung arms of the trolley system ignored its existence. The meager patches of ground returned scanty produce for ungrudging toil. Only by the practice of a rigid economy the twins eked out a living. It sometimes came into Andrew's thought that a few pennies might be spared to brighten the days. His work was in the open; Amelia kept the house, the hens, the purse with its tightly drawn strings. A dim sense of injustice crept into the man's mind as he applied for the price of his humble necessities. Melly was a first-rate manager and it was wonderful how much she got out of a little, but it would have felt good to put hand in pocket and nothing said! However, Andrew held his peace, though the dull color occasionally mounted to his elderly cheeks as he made known some want.

Andrew slowly pushed the chair from the table and rose. He loomed large, a gentle sort of giant. In youth broad and erect, his shoulders were now bowed. His hands, distorted by hard work, grasped the chair-back with the light touch of restrained strength.

"Couldn't we spare jest a leetle somethin' fur them hungry childern, Melly?" he asked, a wistful note in his hesitating words.

Amelia slammed down a pan. "'Ain't I told you over an' over I 'ain't got a cent to throw away? Land! We'd be in the poor-farm if I heeded you! I dunno what more can be expected of us 'n we do. What with furrin missions regglar an' the flowers every week we're givin' 'cordin' to our means a sight more 'n folks better off 'n we be. I don't holt by this fightin', an' you know it. I dunno where your Christianity is when you stan' up fur it. There ain't a word said in Scripters about killin' your enemies, an' when folk go ag'in' the Bible it ain't fur me to uphold 'em."

Andrew said no more. In the recesses of his heart he had not the slightest interest in missionaries, cherishing a warm, though carefully hidden sympathy for the disturbed heathen. "I dunno as I blame 'em fur slaughterin' now an' ag'in," he confessed to himself. "They're pestered to death fur doin' what they was brung up to do." As for the flowers, they were a sore point in the secret depths of Andrew's reserve.

On the upland slope lying back of the Becker homestead was the small market garden tended faithfully. Quite apart from it, on the south side of the house and across the little driveway, rioted the bud and bloom into the cherishing of which the deep passion of Andrew's life was concentrated. His flower-garden was the one channel of expression for the soul of the silent man. Love of wife and family went into the tenderness bestowed upon it. The joy of children came with the unfolding of each bud. The solemn awe of the creator thrilled at the mass of color, and the scent of blossom and leaf was incense to the nostril. Amelia, with the admirable thrift which characterized her every action, discovered that the garden could supply a demand. Even as the sale of the vegetables helped foot the bills of

their frugal existence, so the flowers could go toward the balancing of her spiritual credit. She would have liked to turn the product to profit of purse, but on this Andrew was firm. To put a price upon the result of his fondest affection was to him impossible. Amelia, for once against a wall, annexed the Flower Mission as a means of grace. Her righteousness was as business-like and devoid of sentiment as her housekeeping. In her heart she scorned the Mission but, as it benevolently paid her brother's fares, it served her need by killing two birds with one stone, "riddin' the house of clutterin' messes" and providing a cheap but visible means for philanthropy. She had a sweeping contempt for sinners or sick whose moral or physical attitude could be caught by a "common garden blow," but that was none of her affair. There were the flowers, and if through them she could acquire merit, so much the better! It was quite in keeping with Amelia's nature that, while she always spoke of the garden as her brother's and took no responsibility of ownership, the weekly offering was known to the Mission and to the world of Union Corners as her gift. Andrew, who fathered the plants and brought the bloom to joyful perfection, put forth no claim to credit. Amelia made the Mission the condition of a peaceful garden and Andrew paid the cost, not in the toil he expended on it, but in the hebdomadal shearing he was forced to perform. There was no sentiment in such an offering; he could well understand the message of a flower—his own heart reverently bent before every bud—but the wholesale and prosaic commitment of his treasures stiffened his spirit. The fragrant harvest of the week was to Andrew strung with high revelations as well as with beads of dew; it bespoke the open sun, the hill wind, the falling rain, all giving their secret into his humble, adoring hands. In the hot and busy city office it was received as a matter of course, dumped with a mass of other offerings, and allotted by impersonal indifference. Andrew hated this sacrifice of his first fruits to a strange god; this indiscriminate bestowal of floral consolation left him wholly cold and bereft. For five days he lavished his spare moments upon his flowers; on the sixth he laid his wealth on the altar of necessity and the jaws of the Mission Moloch champed them down with depressing impartiality.

"Good land! I wisht *I* could take a day a week off to go traipsin' to the city!" remarked Amelia, as her brother brushed his hair before the little looking-glass.

Andrew held his wet brush suspended while a few drops ran down his cheeks unchecked. This was a possibility which had never occurred to him before. "Well, now, why don't you, Melly?" he responded, heartily. "I guess 'twould do you good to git outer the kitchen." He brightened visibly. "I'd be reel glad to hev you go."

Amelia made a sound of suppressed endurance. "That's all a man knows!" she retorted, scornfully. "Who'd cook all that garden truck you jest brought in? Tell me that! An' sweep the parlor an' do the Sunday bakin'?"

"There 'ain't a soul bin in the parlor sence you swep' it last week," ventured Andrew. "Seems sometimes 's if you took on more work 'n you need to, Melly."

Amelia sniffed; such reasoning was not worth a return shot, so she changed her mark. "I s'pose you'd stan' by an' see me lug them heavy baskets inter town this hot day!"

Andrew resumed his brushing while his little flag of hope fluttered to the ground. He covered his still damp head with his best straw hat and snapped the elastic loop of a rusty black bow over his collar-button.

Andrew had risen early that morning, stealing down the narrow stairs in his stocking feet and drawing on his heavy boots at the kitchen door. The sun was sending out its first level rays, drawing the mists from the valley and lighting a thousand flashing gems on tree-leaf, grass-blade, and flower petal. Softly Andrew stepped into his fragrant sanctuary; unconsciously his spirit took the attitude of worship; into his mild old eyes there crept a look never revealed to his fellow-man, but familiar to every fresh new blossom which opened to his care.

To the careless observer Andrew's

garden was a casual bit of ground, unhampered by rules of arrangement or laws of plan—a place of wilful wandering and wanton confusion. Andrew himself knew better; knew how each stem was given its rights of free growth and development—how each flower was allowed to expand after its own nature. With hands which hardly shook a lightly poised dewdrop from a leaf margin, he gathered the wealth of the morning, cutting handfuls of heavy-headed roses, clustering loose bunches of bachelor's-buttons, sweet clove-pinks, airy baby's-breath, old-man's-love, bright heartsease, cheerful little Johnny-jump-ups, dear, slim ancestors of the more assertive pansy. The tall larkspur and the monk's-hood he left standing, and the quick-fading poppy, but the bleeding-heart yielded its tribute, and the striped grass. When his baskets were full he covered them and put them in the cool shadows of the shed to await their moment.

Now, as he took them up and went down the path to the road, Amelia called after him. "There ain't no reason why you shouldn't be back to dinner in good season. Look out you don't tip 'em out!" she continued, in warning. "You know your sight's failin' rapid."

Andrew's answer was for his own ears. "Trust me fur not tippin' out posies," he said, half aloud. "I wouldn't tip out a posy more 'n I'd upsot a leetle baby!"

The air lost its early freshness as Andrew trudged down the four miles of dusty highroad which led to the trolley. He carefully deposited his baskets in the car, sat down, and mopped his forehead.

"If I had the means," he remarked to himself, "I'd take the stage goin' back. It 'll be all-fired hot by noon an' it's uphill all the way. I ain't so young as I was."

The city was bedecked that day with colors flying to welcome a famous guest from across the waters; the thoroughfares were crowded with eager, pressing throngs.

"Looks 's if somethin' was goin' on," remarked Andrew to himself. He started to cross the broad, cleared street.

A policeman checked him on the edge of the pavement.

"You'll have to wait here till the procession passes," said the officer.

"Now what's that fur?" asked Andrew.

The policeman had departed and the question fell on air. It was picked up by a small, grimy boy under Andrew's elbow.

"Say, I guess you're from 'way back!" The statement was not one of disrespect, but of obvious conclusion. "It's a gen'ral; one o' them big guys from over 'cross. Wop or some kind o' furriner, I dunno, but he's give them Huns cold feet. Say, we've got front seats all right!"

"Wisht I could set these baskets somewheres," returned Andrew, anxiously. "They're kinder cumbersome."

"Well, you can't," asserted the boy. "You better dangle 'em in front if you don't want 'em squat."

Andrew willingly resigned himself to the situation; it was seldom a parade marched itself into his line of vision. "Melly can't find fault if I'm reely helt up," he thought.

The crowd increased and his small and friendly neighbor was pushed closer to his side. With the tenacity of the gamin, the boy clung to his point of vantage.

"You oughter hev the colors on," he said, looking up at Andrew critically and pointing to a huge rosette which adorned his ragged jacket. "Snitched it," he added, nonchalantly, as if such were the natural method of acquisition. "I know a feller that's marchin' to-day," he went on. "He says you jest wait till we git over there an' there'll be sumpin' doin'. Gee! I wisht I could go over. Don't you?"

Andrew smiled down into the keen, upturned eyes. "I guess they wouldn't hev much use fur an old feller like me, sonny."

"I bet you could do sumpin', if you *be* old," returned the boy, generously. "I bet you could lick your share. Say, but I wouldn't like to feel your fist."

At last the bands were heard and the marching of many feet. The blood mounted to Andrew's cheeks. Through the waiting crowds there flowed a steady stream of martial music and motion. Andrew's heart tugged wildly. Rank after rank swept by and Andrew's spirit marched abreast. His thick boots beat the time. Then came the Stars and

Stripes, carried free and high. Andrew's hands were full; there was not an inch in which to rest his burden. With a quick movement he tipped his head toward the boy.

"Git my hat off, son!" he exclaimed. "Grab it off, quick!" His bared white hair glistened silver in the sunshine as he lifted up his voice.

"Glory!" he shouted. "Glory!"

"There's the gen'ral!" yelled the boy, bounding up and down as vigorously as his limited space would permit, and, in his excitement, pinching Andrew's legs with small, tough fingers.

"Hurray!" cried Andrew.

"Hurray!" echoed the boy.

"It gits you where your feelin's are," said Andrew, winking a mist from his eyes.

"Say," broke in the boy, "there's only a lot o' city blokes in autos left. Let's git out 'fore the crowd catches on. If we cut 'cross the park we can see it all over ag'in."

For another flushed and panting hour Andrew forgot everything but his country. When it was all over and the throngs were breaking up he came back to the immediate time and place. His small companion had disappeared and he was in an unfamiliar part of the city. He was confused by the crowds and he looked about helplessly. A clock from a near-by church struck the noon hour.

"Scott!" thought Andrew. "Melly 'll be awful put out."

He remembered his flowers and lifted the cover of one of the baskets; in the hot, quivering air the fragrance rose cool and refreshing. The little bunches were still fresh and damp with morning dew. Andrew smiled down upon them, drawing in a long breath of their sweetness.

"Gittin' kinder tired bein' lugged 'round?" he asked, sympathetically.

"How lovely!" cried some one at his elbow. The old man turned. An elderly, sweet-faced woman stood by his side, her eyes shining with pleasure. "The dear, old-fashioned things!" she went on. "They are real garden flowers."

Andrew's smile broadened. "Yes, ma'am," he said, eagerly. "They blowed right under the sky."

The woman put out a delicately gloved hand and softly touched a velvet petal. "How much are they? I would so like a bunch."

Andrew's stiff, brown fingers drew out a cluster of blue and white bachelor's-buttons, added a red rose, and held out the little nosegay.

"There's the day's colors, ma'am," he returned, smiling. "The price lays in your wantin' 'em."

The lady took the bunch with a bow which matched the simple courtesy. "I thank you. I thought they were for sale, but this is better. Will you put my return for them in the Relief Fund? This is a day of giving, you know."

Andrew stared at the bright coin in his callous palm and looked about, puzzled.

"There's a box just across the street, in front of the Headquarters," explained the giver. Andrew's slow gaze rested on the sign above the door; then it came back to his companion. "Do they feed any o' them hungry childern, ma'am?" he asked.

After Andrew had safely deposited the coin he stood before the window of the Foreign Relief Headquarters and stared through the big pane at the varied assortment of trophies, posters, and appeals. But he took in little of what he saw, for he was thinking. At last he spoke aloud.

"Melly 'll be mad as hops," he said. Then he shook his white head. "I dunno as there's any law 'bout tellin' all ye do. Anyways, I guess I'm of age! I'll give it a try, by gum!"

Andrew Becker was a retiring man, but he went undeviatingly to his objective, his purpose overriding any possible timidity. He took the cover from one of his baskets and exposed the contents to the public eye. "Buy a posy fur the starvin' babies!" he called, in a quavering voice which seemed alarmingly loud to him, but which apparently attracted little attention. The hurrying stream of passers went on unchecked. "P'raps they've give all they feel to," thought Andrew.

The next appeal he made more personal. Stepping in front of a couple, he held out a handful of flowers. "Wouldn't you like to buy these fur the babies that 'ain't got nothin' to eat?" he asked.

Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

RANK AFTER RANK SWEPT BY AND ANDREW'S SPIRIT MARCHED ABREAST

The man put his hand to his pocket, but his companion stopped him.

"You don't know who it is," she warned. "All sorts of people take advantage of a day like this and he hasn't any badge."

The two passed and Andrew shrank back into the doorway where he had set the unopened baskets. He felt the re buff and sought for comfort.

"They might 'a' known I wouldn't cheat leetle childern!" he thought, gloomily. Then he brightened. "I guess they warn't to blame. There's lots that ain't honest."

After that luck turned. The old man with his clear eyes and his bright, fresh offering caught attention, and the tide went his way. Andrew's confidence grew with the lightening of his burden and the increasing weight of his coat pocket. With success he became bold. At first he hesitatingly asked five cents for a cluster of his flowers.

"That's too little," said some one, handing him a dime.

"Ten cents a bunch!" called Andrew.

"They're cheap enough," he heard a purchaser remark a little later.

"A quarter a bunch!" shouted the emboldened Andrew, nothing loath.

Amelia would not have believed her eyes could she have seen her brother taking advantage of the financial fluctuations of individual opinion. Even Andrew was impressed by his own acquisitiveness.

"I'm gittin' to be a reel old Jew!" he chuckled, as he rattled his coin. He stayed by the door of the Headquarters and no officer disturbed his trade.

The hot sun struck the pavement which radiated the heat like an oven. Still Andrew stuck to his post. He was tired, he was faint from hunger, but he did not relax his efforts. When the last flower had disappeared he looked about doubtfully.

"It's a heap o' money," he said to himself. "It's more 'n I ever thought of. If I put it inter that box I'll never know jest where it goes to. Guess I'll try to git 'em to label it fur the childern."

He stepped into the salesroom of the Headquarters. It was not open for custom that day, but several young women were standing behind one of the counters, chatting. Andrew did not know that they were representatives of the wealth and aristocracy of the city who were giving their daily service to the relief work. Even if he had, the fact would not have embarrassed him, his purpose being too urgent to permit him to hesitate at minor details. He went straight up to the little group, removing his hat with a simple courtesy which was inherent. His white head made a spot of light in the dim, shaded room.

"What can I do for you?" asked one of the young women, and Andrew noticed that she had kind eyes and a pleasant voice.

"I want to see the one who takes care o' the childern," he answered.

"The children?"

"The babies that are starvin' over across," explained Andrew. "I've got some money to git 'em food. Mabbe you can tell me how to git it to 'em. I made it fur 'em specially."

"Tell us about it," said one, and Andrew, won by the subtle sympathy of his hearers, poured out his story. The only phase of his adventure which he omitted was the fact of Amelia's attitude. He was loyal to his twin, but he did not conceal his opinion of the Flower Mission.

"A rose ain't no more to 'em than a cabbage," he confided. "It kinder hurts me to see posies all messed up. Guess the folks that bought 'em to-day liked 'em. Seems if flowers sense who they go to; they're like humans an' don't stay open fur everybody."

The young woman who had taken Andrew in charge was rich in something besides a bank account, possessing a quick and tender humor. She caught up a little embroidered bag from the pile of fancy goods and swept into it the coin which Andrew had deposited on the counter. She thrust it into his grasp and laid her hand on his arm.

"Come with me," she said. "We must be sure it goes to the right place."

The guest of the city that day was on his way to a banquet spread to do him honor; but the feast waited while the great general lingered over his inspection of the work done for his country in the rooms of the Foreign Relief Headquarters. The young woman, followed

by Andrew, found him, the center of a favored group, in the hall devoted to surgical dressings. He was standing by one of the long tables piled high with bandages, white, accurately folded or firmly rolled, almost animate with an air of exactness and efficiency. For a second the general had lost his sense of locality and moment in a swift and vivid picture of the contrasting scenes in which the contents of the huge packing-cases would next see light. This big, quiet room—these kind, well-fed, safe people, generous, eager to help, yet knowing, oh, so little of what was familiar to his eyes—and then—here the general shook himself back to the present.

Andrew's guide led him straight to the general. She spoke a few, quick words in French. The general turned to Andrew with a smile and held out his hand. His answer was in English, grammatically correct, but Andrew's ears were not tuned to the eccentricities of accent. He put the little bag into the extended hand and explained, speaking very loud as if volume of voice would make up for the difference of language.

"I don't jest git holt o' what you say, sir, but I take it you're the one to see that this gits to the right place."

The general had received many donations that day, written on paper and running into three and four figures, and one of much value, presented in a golden box and with a speech, but as he looked at the little bag in his palm a mist came into his kind, tired eyes.

"I will care for it, my friend," he said, very slowly and distinctly. "It shall feed the little ones, yes." He took a tiny bow of tricolor from his coat and pinned it to Andrew's shabby lapel. "It is to remember the day," he added.

Andrew looked down at the bit of gay ribbon and laughed for very pleasure. "I guess I sha'n't need nothin' to remember this day by," he said.

It was late in the afternoon when Andrew reached home. The walk up the hill had been long and hot for the hungry, weary old man, but he had not minded, being strengthened with a deep and inward joy. Only as he caught sight of the house had has spirits dropped.

"Of all things, Andrew Becker!" greeted Melly. "What you doin' at this hour, an' all that good dinner cold as a clam! You look as though you'd bin stealin' sheep."

Andrew set down his baskets. "I don't mind its bein' cold," he said. "I guess it 'll taste better 'n hot things a day like this."

"Well," returned Melly, when she had heard the story of the procession, "I reckon you could 'a' got through somehow if yer had a mind to. Yer've wasted a heap o' time. Warn't the flowers wilted?"

"No, Melly, not a mite. They was fresh as fresh."

"Wonder the Mission warn't closed up, late as that. I didn't know they kep' open arternoons. What 'd they say?"

Andrew finished scraping the cold gravy from his plate before he answered: "They didn't say a thing, Melly. Not a thing."

"Hmmm!" commented Melly. "I'll be bound they didn't like it much. Where'd you git that ribbin in yer buttonhole?" she demanded, suddenly.

Andrew looked down on the little tricolor. A slow smile grew on his face. "A man give it to me," he answered.

THE MATINÉE LINE IS A STUDY IN DEMOCRACY

The Majestic Movies

BY HARRISON RHODES

THE moving pictures are now a great American institution. Let us be just and unprejudiced—they are possibly the greatest, our pre-eminent national amusement. The theater, the national game, the comic supplement, all pale before the film. We have seen recently, as America mobilized her forces, civilian and military, for war, in what an agony of suspense millions waited to learn whether or not the movies had been declared an "essential industry." Until this was settled the country could not face the future.

On a motor highroad near the American metropolis was lately discovered a ruined church in France, set up by a moving-picture company. Around its painted papier-mâché desolation swarmed a small army in khaki. At the gate to the road stood, on guard, one *real* soldier, put there, so he said, to prevent the movie soldiers coming out and, thanks to their uniforms, pretending to be the genuine article. He himself was, he confessed, a little puzzled as to the philosophy of the whole situation. He felt that he liked his own job better, even if it wasn't so safe (for he hoped he'd see the real France some day). But, as he reasoned it out, the public had to have battle pictures, and during real battles it was most likely that soldiers didn't have time to bother about the man who was turning the camera; so

this Long Island fighting became a necessity, and these Long Island soldiers —it wasn't for him to say to the contrary—as real soldiers as any others. So the movies and the obscure privates of the film, in their own strange way, fit into the picture of the embattled nation. The psychology of a movie soldier leading a gallant attack upon a harmless trench must be an odd thing. Yet who shall say that, denied the genuine chance to fight for his country, he does not in his own indirect way, as it must always be with artists, put some very true patriotism into his mock charge?

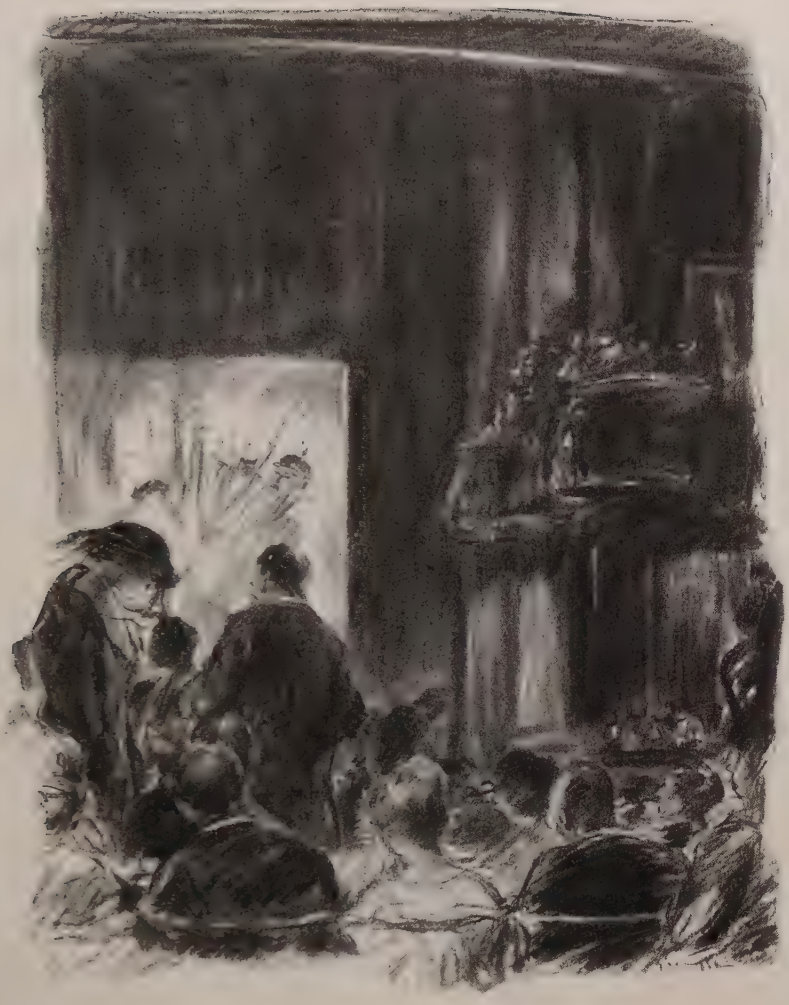
There are queer old-fashioned people who still wonder whether the movies have come to stay, who ask whether they have hurt the theater, and institute comparisons between the two institutions, often unfavorable to the film. No such questions perturb those in the "moving-picture world." There, when you speak of the stage, of course you mean the pictures. The other is merely a less-important, though quite legitimate, thing, "the speaking stage," or merely "the speakies," as some irreverent moderns term it.

Even the worst enemies of the film must admit its educational value—this, though, is mostly outside the movie theaters, in lecture-halls and classrooms. Also its great and thrilling everyday service as history's handmaiden, in such vivid recording of events as has never before been possible. It is in the more definitely artistic fields that there is most controversy. The friends of screen-land, to quote another popular poetic phrase, defend the moving-picture play as an art form. And, possibly dodging the issue, they lay special stress in these days on its enormous power for propaganda. There are enthusiasts who cry that he who will may make the laws of a nation, provided they make its moving pictures. And at least no one can deny that there is no nook or corner of the land, from Nome to Key West, where the film is not daily and nightly unreeled, and that no other vehicle of expression has access to so many millions.

The great moving-picture companies purvey to thousands on thousands of theaters. One of them gets reports each week from the manager of every house as to what success the week's films obtained with the local audience. By the aid of such accumulating statistics the experts at the central office construct a most fascinating and instructive chart of America's emotions and tastes, a kind of secret *dossier* of the nation, showing where, for example, second-story climbers are more popular, or where maternal love and sacrifice most appeal, or where female frailty is most understood and liked—an amusing and valuable body of evidence for future historians concerning the people, never before accessible or even thinkable.

Extreme facility of distribution is probably the chief and first cause of the almost immediate conquest of the country by the pictures. The stage—still often quaintly termed "the legitimate" —cannot possibly carry its mummers bodily to Podunk Four Corners, that they may shine upon that comparatively desolate scene. But the movies can box them all in a neat, small receptacle and ship them to localities where once a real actor or actress was as unknown as a beast of the Apocalypse. Of course these radiant creatures do not now actually come in the metropolitan flesh, but

THE MOVIES MAY BE FOLLOWED WITH THE MINIMUM OF INTELLECTUAL EFFORT



IN THE SOFT SEMI-DARKNESS IMPASSIONED FANS ARE QUIVERINGLY INTENT

it is the nearest the Four Corners will ever get to this flesh, and that is something.

With the arrival of the movies a great wave of amusement broke upon the parched American desert of small towns and villages. The waste places were made glad. In many states the old gaiety of barrooms had been quenched, everywhere the store had lost some of its vogue and, with increasing sophistication, the expedition to the depot to see the train come in some of its zest. The home and dullness seemed tightening their inexorable grip upon man. The movies threw open the prison doors of domesticity; the carpet slipper and the good book (if it ever existed) were cast out upon the junk-heap, and father and mother and all the kids started forth for the picture-theater.

This is not meant as trivial appreciation of what the movies have accomplished. Pleasure generally has its concomitant disadvantages, and the film has not always brought unadulterated sweetness and light to the communities it gladdened. Some incipient vampires and some potential crooks of tender age may have had their ambitions fired by the pictures. But this reproach might, too, be directed at the theaters which

have so long and so devotedly exploited the criminal with a heart of gold. In any case no philosophic observer can fail to acknowledge how greatly the pictures have contributed to the vivacity, to the bearableness, of our national existence.

Cheapness, too, has helped the movie. In the old days an evening out—above all, that most desirable evening out with your girl—ran into real money. Courtship was imprisoned many an evening in the unsympathetic parlor of the flat, while now the outing for two, including the soda-water or sundæ which is part of the ritual, can be done for from fifty cents up. In the soft, close darkness of the cheapest movie theaters young love floats like star dust. And handsome lavishness will conduct the happy pair to richer temples all gold and crimson, with easy seats to which plush-covered ushers invite you, and symphony orchestras playing softly. Yet even in this luxury the expense is small compared with the theater.

THE PORTALS OF SCREENLAND

The question of whether people prefer the picture or the play does not enter here; they might like the picture much less well, very probably do, and still be getting more nearly their money's worth. Lately in New York at a great vaudeville house a popular star appeared; in a near-by palace of the film the same star was shown in five reels. And the very large salary the star received for his week "in person," as the phrase now is, was less than the picture company received for the mere week's rental of his film—a paradox of many aspects.

The exact quality of appreciation which a genuine "fan" brings to the movies is still a matter of debate. In the early history of moving pictures the audiences did not give the outward manifestations to which the old theater had accustomed us. Tears, of course, and the choke in the throat are hidden by the darkness. But laughter was ordinarily limited to the occasional guffaw of the more unrestrained, and applause never came in the thunderclaps which denoted real success in the old theater.

This question of applause is a very curious one. Why, it may well be asked, should you applaud an actor when you know that he can never hear you? What do you applaud for? Is it to let the owner of the theater know which films are successes? Or is it rather that hand-clapping, through the centuries, has become our spontaneous and unconscious method of expressing approval, that to a great extent we applaud for ourselves, for the others in the audience, so that in an atmosphere made warmer and more sympathetic we may all follow the play as one personality? The coming of the war has brought greater gusts of applause into the movie theater. The President, Joffre, Pershing, Foch, British Tommies, and French poilus and the Yanks dashing forward, God bless them—all these could never flash across the screen without a hand. Movie audiences are more demonstrative now. We even clap the fair civilian creature on the screen, though we know that those

bright eyes of hers are actually fixed upon the camera man in Santa Barbara, and that those shell-like ears catch no sound of our love.

However, the lethargy of movie audiences, even though it has decreased, is symptomatic. Many people, if they do not go to the pictures to sleep, go there to doze. They go because it is too hot in the streets or because it is too cold. They go because they know no cheaper way to kill time. They go because it is a good place to ruminate and chew gum. Perhaps they seek no stimulant, only an anodyne against the bitterness of the outer world. You see odd faces at the movies, especially at the matinées, and you ask yourself why all these people have taken to cover with you. In the smaller theaters they seem to be the men —and women—who used to loaf on street corners or to sit, vacantly staring, on park benches in the sun. And in the warm, fetid air you, too, feel the narcotic quality.

There can be no doubt that the movies may be followed, if you like, with a minimum of intellectual effort. To begin with, in the dark no one will see your face lit up with interest, nor know whose laugh it is that rings out at just the right times. The movie technique, too, involuted, convoluted, jumping nimbly among past, present, and future, makes it unnecessary, if not impossible, to follow too closely. The scenario authors wisely demand very little of their audiences; they provide for people who drop in late, and for those who bring along only a moderate mental equipment.

A gentleman in a Southern town who has his seats regularly reserved (and specially padded), and goes every evening of his life to the movies, thus explains his philosophy:

"I don't follow the picture unless the picture makes me follow it. If the picture isn't exciting enough to catch my attention, it doesn't catch it. I merely sit and rest. It gives my wife and me some place to go, and really we very often enjoy it."

The New York lady of fashion who thought she had a right to chatter gaily in her box unless the play proved interesting enough to stop her, had the same theory. In any case, no one talks at the movies, any more than at the opera during the ballet. Whether this is because it is no fun talking in a theater unless you can thus prevent others from enjoying the performance or because without the actors speaking or the singers singing on the stage your conversation lacks any reasonable privacy—at any rate, the movies unreel in a hushed silence only broken by some unfortunate stumbling down the darkened aisle. The total effect is singularly soothing.

All this is, however, not to say that in the soft semi-darkness impassioned "fans" are not quiveringly intent upon each inch of film. Producers have learned that there is no detail of settings or properties which is so trivial as to

ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE NOW OBSTRUCT THE HIGHWAYS

escape the notice of the lynx-eyed habitués. If the hero in Rio Janeiro cables to the heroine in Cairo the blank on which the message is written must be the one he would use. If the villain and his tool are seen drinking two darkish cocktails, presumably the classic Manhattan, they must not a minute later (after a flash back at the heroine's old mother) be disclosed putting down what might be (visually judged) Baccardi rum with a dash of grenadine. In all such cases protesting letters at once reach the offending inaccurate producer.

THE PASSING OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS

The public's interest extends passionately to the salaries paid the stars and to the quite incredible cost of the settings in which they act, or at least are photographed. It is eminently characteristic of us that the huge sums involved have thrown a glamour over the whole "moving-picture world" which has been one of the most important elements in its popularity. The ecstatic writers in the moving-picture magazines sometimes speak poetically of "the silver film"—they might well call it golden. The great people of this world get from four thousand dollars a week up—the greatest count their earnings by millions—and subscribe to Liberty Loan bonds in a way to shame us all. The signing of a new contract by one of the really expensive movie kings or queens is a national event—it is discussed in the humblest theater of the land and the news presumably leaks out abroad wherever American films are exported. Movieland is indeed El Dorado, and since money is romantic to Americans as to no other race, picture salaries are to us bewildering, fascinating, glamourous.

Almost more fantastically lavish, more like the work of magicians of the Arabian Nights, are the scenic structures reared and the thousands of supernumeraries constantly employed. It is nothing at all to the moving-picture producer to rebuild the topless towers of Ilium outside Los Angeles or to hang the gardens of Babylon over the edge of the Jersey Palisades, and the immediate mobilization of a big invading army for a war picture is the mere matter of a telephone call to the actors on the emergency list. The cowboy and bad man picture is, to take but one branch of the great industry, a staple product. The big companies maintain great villages of cowboys. They buy Stetsons by the thousands. They possess herds of cattle and droves of mustangs. And naturally they have their own Indian villages. The business is on the scale we admire. We should be glad, for example, and not much surprised to hear that some moving-picture company had bought the state of Arizona and that another was negotiating for Texas. And this is only one, though a favorite, branch of film product.

When anything rather special is needed from which the hero may rescue the heroine, such as an avalanche in the high Alps, the picture people arrange with the necessary authorities and have i happen. When, on the other hand, it is difficult or inconvenient to reproduce in the studio some great natural phenomenon like Niagara Falls the producer, generously yielding the palm to God, transports his company to its immediate vicinity. Indeed, though the film men were the first *camoufleurs*, they

often, through motives of economy, renounce competition with Mother Nature. The environs of any great moving-picture city, like Los Angeles or New York, contain much available landscape, and one of the agreeable sights of a bright metropolitan morning is the movie actors being herded for transportation to the country in huge "sightseeing" automobiles. (Such expeditions we encounter later in the pages of the movie magazines, where we see the company at lunch, the star actress, Miss Glorothy Gold—or some similar name—roguishly helping to unpack the hamper for the picnic lunch, and democratically shaking her ringlets at the merest supernumerary.)

It is a disappointment that no moving pictures have as yet been taken at either the North or the South Pole. But otherwise the country has been scoured in the effort to find beautiful and picturesque "bits." One of the lovely things which the film, and it only, can accomplish is the reproduction of nature in motion. The wind making the poplar-leaves twinkle in the sun, the clouds gathering before the storm, the ripple of the brook over its pebbles, the swash of the incoming tide over the shallows where the heroine, wrecked on a desert Pacific island, searches for the scanty diet of shell-fish which keeps her lovely body and still lovelier soul together—all these the pictures can give us. And if the palms of Tahiti are in reality the palmettoes of Florida, and the sweet expanses of the Venetian lagoon only Newark Bay, so much the better. Anything which makes any eye keener to see the beauties of our own America deserves appreciation.

In its service the intrepid actors and actresses of the film permeate the country. The petted soft creature who has been used to the endless luxuries of her rose-pink boudoir now comes to town in the autumn almost stung to death by black flies in Au Sable Chasm. Rising with the dawn is nothing; being wrecked on the Nova Scotian coast, or learning aviation for a new picture, or descending into the lava-pit at Kilauea would be only a part of the day's work for an enthusiastic and ambitious artist.

One result of this has been very confusing to the ordinary observer of life. It is scarcely possible any longer to know whether events are events or whether the participants are merely acting for the movies. The most ingenious and delightful use of this state of affairs has been by the highway robbers, who, by the simple method of having one of their number turn a camera, could go through their victim at leisure in spite of his struggles and his outcry, assuring the bystanders, who might otherwise have attempted a rescue, that it was all for a picture, and thus giving every one a thrilling, and every one, except the gentleman robbed, a happy time.

The strange and almost inconceivable accounts that come in from the far West

OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS

indicate a life where moving-picture activities are at their peak. The actors and actresses in these favored localities would appear to make up a majority of the inhabitants, and so have no hesitation in going about the town during the lunch interval or any other in whatever make-up or costume the play of the day requires. The excellent traditional story cannot perhaps be improved upon, of the period when a biblical drama was being filmed, when an amazed spectator in a California town bore as best he could the sight of six Apostles on a trolley-car, Mary Magdalene ordering a new hat at her milliner's, and Judas consuming a nut-sundae at the drug-store, but finally broke down when he saw Someone greater than the Apostles driving a Ford.

A popular movie star is familiar to more people than any speaking actor can hope to be. And yet there is the inevitable gap between him and the public's beating heart. The applause rings out—in South Dakota, shall we say? But he is far away in a New York studio in a side-street, trying to be emotional before a cold and calculating camera which claps no hands, breaks into no cheering laughter, wipes away no furtive tears. There is, indeed, a kind of cruel inhumanity about his position. He is aloof, remote. His isolation is scarcely mitigated by occasional appearances "in person" at the moving-picture theaters or in Liberty Loan drives, or by long, intimate articles upon his domestic life in the moving-picture magazines.

The great lure of the old stage was the immediate effect of the actor upon his audience, the warming, exciting fusion of thought and emotion between the two, the odd electricity that passed over the footlights in both directions, and gave the actor sometimes a sense of drawing strength and inspiration from the friendly faces before him. There was the thrill of appreciation, the intoxicating thunder of applause.

BAD MEN

Nothing of all this can be the moving-picture actor's. He might be sentenced to prison for life and still do his work. It is, of course, possible for him to slip into the theater where his picture is being shown, and, sitting quietly among the audience, feel it, as it were, pulsate in his hand. And yet even then there must be an odd sense of banqueting on the funeral baked meats. It would, in short, be difficult to say, with either conviction or authority, that the movie actor enjoys his work.

There was a dreadful story lately about a famous young woman who engaged an almost equally famous rag-time pianist to come to play constantly while she was being photographed in her new play—she alleged desperately that she should go mad if she didn't have something "to take her mind off her work"!

One of the most successful of movie actresses was being interviewed.

A NARCOTIC QUALITY PERVADES THE WARM, FETID AIR

"What is it, Miss ——," she was asked, eagerly, "that you most like about acting for the movies?"

The actress's face froze as she replied: "The money! The money and nothing else." She persisted in this somewhat embittered strain, and the interview was suppressed at the frantic plea of her employers.

But ten thousand other young actresses would willingly endure the publicity of print to say they loved their art. Who shall say where truth lies? In some cases it is certain that we can record a great gain to the world when famous artists take to the movies. Our greatest tenor, for example, is, as some of his admirers have long known, one of the best low comedians in the world. But in the operatic repertory there are only a few rôles which gave him scope for his comic powers. He did delightful and whimsical things at mere curtain-calls, and the spectator felt that an exuberant talent was being wasted. Now he is in the movies, and can be as unrestrainedly funny as he likes—there is a new contributor to the gaiety of nations. Italy may mourn his absence less now that she can see him on the screen.

Movie acting must naturally always be an art different from the old-fashioned acting with words. And there will always be those who love our language and can never be quite reconciled to its banishment from the theater. These will ask, satirically, whether Shakespeare would ever have attained his present position if he had been a scenario-writer for the movies, or even whether our own to-day's Barrie could express his whimsical tendernesses on the screen. Actors who feel this way will perhaps never quite like the movies. And we

ON THE EAST SIDE MELODRAMA FLAUNTS ITS ETERNAL LURE

never can tell, for example, whether Mrs. Siddons, with her gorgeous tragic voice, would have screened well, if that be the correct technical phrase. It works both ways round—there is a movie actress of great power whom playwrights often and again have longed to have speak their lines until they hear—a voice not unlike the squawk of a parroquet, a voice that belies the tragic mask of her face.

Of course, wordless acting is a young art. Its technique is probably only partly developed. There is, quite obviously, no essential reason why acting for the film should not be as beautiful and distinguished as any acting. But at present it is often, as an art, a kind of bastard. It has often sought to make up for the loss of words by an exaggerated vivacity of movement and of facial expression which has resulted in crudeness and unreality. Besides it must always be remembered that writing, or constructing (or whatever you choose to call it) scenarios is also an art probably only in its infancy. Perhaps with the great film play will come the great film acting.

Pictures have now risen to the dignity of being reviewed like plays by the critics of the daily papers. Whether the guidance of these gentlemen will be any more helpful to the scenario-writer than it has been to the ordinary playwright is open to doubt, but it may make the constructors of films take their profession more seriously, and cannot make the critics take theirs any less seriously than they already do.

Meanwhile such questions and such super-refinements do not disturb the public or threaten its love for its favorite movie stars. These are house-

hold words in the remotest dullest hamlets. A gentleman who accompanied one of the prettiest and most winning queens on a Liberty Loan tour down the Mississippi says that no royal progress could ever have equaled it. From the little settlements in the backwoods parents and grandparents brought the little children that they might, when they were grown up, remember the day when they had seen the adored lady, possibly even touched her hand. There is something very pretty and pathetic here. One hopes it moved the queen to realize how the little box of films brings to many remote, dull lives the only touch of the eternal magic of the theater which can ever reach them.

The American public, having taken its movie favorites to its heart, has its own American idealism about them. It is poles apart from, for example, the so-called Parisian point of view as to what the private life of a beautiful and fascinating actress might be. A big picture company received lately a petition signed by some six hundred inhabitants of a small town in a Middle Western state begging that the company might find some means of reassuring them as to the character of their favorite actress. They knew that the ringleted darling must be just the sweet, dear American girl they dreamed she was. But "traveling-men," so the petition went on, "brought in very disturbing stories." Fortunately, the company could, with perfect truthfulness, refute the unworthy drummers. Had the dear lady in question been a "vampire" (a definite technical name, be it understood) she might conceivably have been allowed some moral latitude. But the demand for purity is very strong and very significant. Here it may be smiled at, but it is not quarreled with. (And nothing shall be said about the rumor that has come home from France that our boys sometimes desert the Y hut for the naughty French films in the village theater.)

With this hint of the public's feelings, perhaps one may now guess why in the moving-picture magazines the industry is, if one may put it that way, all heart. The stars are always depicted in a perfect orgy of domestic bliss. On every page proud fathers gleefully toss their babes on high, and tender mothers dote, and in the intervals make the home more homelike, if that were possible, by the touch of a good woman's hand. They are a prolific race, a vigorous, clean-living, out-of-door people—indeed, they have to be, except the "vamps." They are strong bodies, pure hearts; the "traveling-men" do not understand the American public.

An ideal race leading an ideal life! And yet—do they sometimes long for the modester triumphs of the speakies? There have been a few interesting attempts lately to transfer reputations made in the pictures to the regular stage, a process which may in time offset the continual drain which the picture studios have made upon the available players.

This was and still is the great grievance the older institution has against the younger. One famous manager asked, in exasperation, why, since movie actors need not know how to speak, they should not all be recruited from the deaf-and-dumb asylums. Salaries increased prodigiously as the pictures really began to compete for stars. And in the humbler ranks it is the studios which have rescued many an unhappy old actor or actress out of work, as well as inducted the fledgling young by the thousands till they probably increased "the profession" tenfold.

The profession, indeed, needs constant recruiting, for the ladies in it do not last so long as we and they might wish. There is an intolerably cruel thing called the "close-up" which can only be endured by the freshest, youngest, most unlined faces. A trace of age withers the movie actress at a time when on the other, kindlier stage she might seem merely full-blowing like a rose. So if her triumphs are short-lived we must wish them to be so much greater.

Before we leave the race of movie actors, let us once again meditate upon their splendor, comparable to that of the Roman emperors, and yet much more American. There is a singularly pleasant story of a young fellow with a smile who transported a company numbering a thousand or more to the desert of Arizona to do a picture. There he built and equipped a town, named it after himself, induced the United States govern-

ment to put a post-office there, and then, to finish off the lark, secured a charter and had himself elected mayor! Can any one think of a pleasanter town wherein to spend a holiday, in any story book?

So far any mention has been avoided of a strange new literary race which lurks in the shadows of our picture. These are the scenario-writers, and immediately to give their profession dignity in the discussion, it may be said that if you are good enough at it you can get a salary of a thousand dollars a week through the whole year and need only provide about ten scenarios for one of the queens. It looks easy, but it may confidently be asserted that it is not. There are stories of well-known playwrights who have slaved for weeks at the studios, trying in vain to master the odd, intricate technique of picture-play construction. All the old rules must be thrown upon the junk-heap. And any one who has learned to tell stories to the eye and ear both finds it hard to tell them visually only. It is likely that the new movie authors will not be worn-out playwrights, but will be developed in the studios only.

Frankly, however, all this topic of movie authorship must be guardedly approached. Writers everywhere are hungering and athirst for the rich rewards of the studios. It is notorious that to-day playwrights are only disappointed scenario-writers. What author can say that his unfavorable view of picture plays pours from a heart clean of prejudice? Yet there is a perverse kind of sense of honor which forces one to tackle the question, and to hope to do so fairly.

It seems very often as if the stories of picture plays did not measure up to the settings in which they are placed. But this is not to be wondered at. The film can do unthinkable, epic things in the way of scenery. The old theater with, at its very best and modernest, only its poor little revolving stage seems a child's toy in comparison. With all nature to summon at his bidding, and many legions of performers, the movie writer has indeed a magician's wand in his hand—there is, indeed, no flight for which his imagination might not conceivably spread wing. But too often it is only the girl of the magazine cover who, as his heroine, wanders half frightened through this world of wonders and tries to make us believe that her trite and trivial story is worthy our attention.

Fortunately, all the movie people themselves believe that their art is as yet only experimental. They are watching eagerly for the new note, for the writer who shall to the full avail himself of the possibilities of his medium. They ask humbly for the coming of the creative imagination, and again to tackle this same question of Shakespeare, is it not likely that if he were alive he'd be just the man they are looking for? And perhaps the movies would be just the outlet his genius needed. When the new Shakespeare comes we shall doubtless know.

The First and Second Battles of the Marne

A COMPARISON

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE

IT is one of the great coincidences of history that twice in the same war the Germans should, at the culmination of an offensive campaign which had given them a succession of victories, have made the same mistake on the same ground, and that they should have been twice defeated by the same methods. In the absence of detailed information from the German side, it is at present only possible to deduce the plans of the Great German Headquarters from evidence which is necessarily incomplete, and it is beyond the scope of a magazine article to go into detail in the evidence which has led me to the conclusions I have formed as to these plans. I must, therefore, ask my readers to take what I have to say as to the intentions of the enemy, both in 1914 and in 1918, on trust, and I would refer those who desire to learn more of the German plans in 1914 to a study which I have just completed in book form and which will be published very shortly.

On September 4, 1914, von Kluck crossed the Marne at and to the west of Château-Thierry, with the bulk of the First German Army, which formed the right wing of the host that had swept through Belgium and invaded France. This was, I believe, intended by Moltke, the chief of the German General Staff, to be the opening move of the decisive battle which should complete the defeat of the Allies in the West. The great scheme of envelopment, in the execution of which von Kluck's army was to have been the chief instrument, had failed, thanks to the delay caused by the resistance of the little British army, and von Kluck, though he marched hard and fast from the Somme to the Marne, was not in time to intercept the French Fifth Army, which had retired on the British right. The situation as it presented itself to von Moltke in the first days of September was somewhat this: the British army which had at first formed the extreme left of the Allied line had been heavily defeated; its advanced base at Amiens had been occupied and direct communication with its bases on the Channel coast had been cut. Its casualties were reported to be severe; the prisoners taken were in a state of exhaustion, and it had retreated rapidly on Paris, with the loss of a number of guns and much material, which, as its line of communications had gone, could not be replaced. It was believed to have lost all power of offense. On the left of the British army, Joffre had attempted to assemble French forces to prevent the threatened envelopment. These, too, had been defeated by von Kluck and had been found to consist mainly of Territorial and Reserve troops, who were thought to have no great fighting value. They had retired on Paris, and it was held that they would be rendered innocuous by a comparatively small German detachment. On the remainder of the front, Joffre's offensive into Lorraine had been defeated, and the French armies which had crossed the frontier with such high hopes had been driven back into their own country. Verdun held firm, but west of it the Allies were everywhere in retreat. The time had come for the *Entscheidung*, the decisive blow, and for the *Entscheidung* Moltke evolved a *Kaiserplan*. (See sketch Map.)

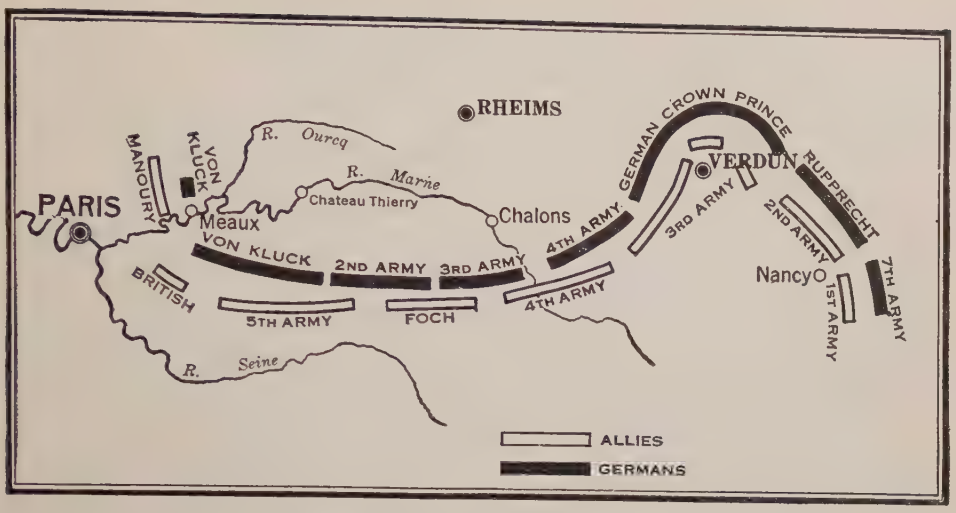
On the eastern front of the long battle-line the German Crown Prince was established north, east, and west of the defenses of Verdun, and only the southern approaches to the fortress remained open to the French. The French center, to the south of Châlons, was sagging badly and appeared to be still giving

way before the German pressure. On the other hand, the French forces on the extreme left of the Allied line, and the British army were too close to the defenses of Paris to make envelopment any longer possible. So Moltke, instead, determined to turn to his advantage the situation about Verdun and the assumed weakness of the French center. Ruprecht, with his own army and the Seventh German Army, was to drive in at Nancy, while the Crown Prince's right and the Fourth German Army attacked the French to the southwest of Verdun. The horns of this attack, the German Fourth and Seventh Armies, advancing, respectively, east and west, were to unite and lock up the greater part of the French right at Verdun, where in due course it would be forced to capitulate.

While this attack was in progress in the east, the Second and Third German Armies were to unite in a great assault on the French center, to the south and southwest of Châlons, and, having broken through, they were to wheel to the left, pivoting on von Kluck, and with the latter's help herd the Allied center and left into Paris. It is probable that the Germans counted upon being able to bring down their forces which were besieging Maubeuge, and Landwehr and other Reserve formations from Belgium and Germany, in time to complete the investment of the French capital on the north and west. In any event, it is certain that the arrangements for the investment were so far completed that the Château of Chantilly, formerly the palace of the Duc d'Aumale, was selected as the Kaiser's headquarters until Paris had capitulated and he could lead his troops through the Arc de Triomphe. A guard was actually set upon the château to preserve it, for the imperial use, from the fate which had befallen other no less historic buildings at the hands of the German soldiers, and to this is due the fact that its treasures have been preserved. In this scheme von Kluck's rôle was to hold the French Fifth Army in its place, and the British army, too, if it had not decided to abandon its allies and retire immediately to the Atlantic coast.

This plan was a second and revised edition of the original plan of envelopment which envisaged a gigantic Sedan by means of a converging movement by the two wings. It aimed at nothing less than the first—namely, the complete annihilation of the Allied forces in the west. Fortunately, it was based on a totally false conception of the military situation, for the Allies were far from being, as the German headquarters conceived, a beaten foe who had lost all power of offense.

Joffre had been completely surprised at Charleroi and Mons. Neither he nor any other Allied general had conceived it possible that the Germans would be able to bring so much of their total strength to the west, and would dare to leave so little to face the hosts of Russia. He had not, therefore, believed that the enemy would have had sufficient force to invade Belgium north of the Meuse and come down on his left in overwhelming force. The enemy did all these things, and reaped great advantages from the surprise which they effected. They completely upset Joffre's plans for offense; they conquered Belgium, overran northern France, and established themselves in positions from which until lately all the efforts of the Allies failed to dislodge them; but they had not, as they supposed, inflicted such defeats upon their enemy as left him in a position of complete military inferiority. Once the enemy's plan was disclosed, Joffre proceeded to disengage his left from the danger which threatened it and swung his whole line back, pivoting upon Verdun, with the object, which he kept firmly before him, of resuming the offensive at the first possible moment. To use a favorite phrase of the enemy's, the retreat "was according to plan." As is always the case when an army retreats before an energetic enemy, the losses of the Allies were very heavy and the constant marching to the rear had a most depressing effect upon their troops. But Joffre, with the whole burden of the defense of civilization upon his shoulders, never lost his grip upon the situation. He began at once to transfer troops from his extreme right, where his offensive had failed, to his extreme left, in order to check the enemy's enveloping movement, and, if possible, envelop it in



THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE MARNE
Position of the opposing armies on September 5, 1914

his turn. He therefore quite early in the retreat began to assemble near Amiens a new Sixth Army under Manoury. Before the concentration of this army had progressed very far it was forced to fall back before von Kluck upon Paris. But von Kluck, doubtless acting upon instructions from his Great Headquarters, attached no particular importance to this maneuver of Joffre's, and, leaving only one Reserve corps to watch Manoury, marched to the Marne.

Prussian conceit and self-confidence proved the undoing of Germany, and von Moltke, blindly confident, played straight into Joffre's hands. The extent and rapidity of their early successes warped the judgment of the German leaders, whose official reports were filled with whoops of victory. Convinced that nothing could stand against the weight of the mailed fist, they dropped all caution, and on September 4th von Kluck was fast in the trap Joffre had prepared for him. The French commander-in-chief had, with wonderful prescience, divined the enemy's intention. To the very place where the German blow intended to break his center was delivered he had brought up a new Ninth Army, which he had formed under the command of Foch, and train-load after train-load of troops from the eastern front had poured into Paris to complete Manoury's army. On September 5th, when von Kluck, advancing a day's march south of the Marne, had put his head still farther into the noose, Joffre was ready to strike, and Manoury advanced his army against the corps which von Kluck had left opposite him on the left bank of the Ourcq.

On the evening of September 5th von Kluck suddenly became aware that the French force which he had believed to be only fit to man the defenses of Paris was menacing his line of retreat and constituted a danger which must be removed at any cost. He accordingly at once sent back to the Ourcq, to overwhelm Manoury, two of his corps which were south of the Marne and opposite the British, to face whom he left a strong force of cavalry under von Marwitz. For the next three days much depended upon the action of the British army. The attack on the French center went on as planned, and Foch, fighting a glorious defensive battle, was pressed slowly back. Manoury to the west of the Ourcq was more and more hard pressed as von Kluck developed his strength against him. If the British could be held off till Manoury could be defeated, the German plan might be carried through without essential change. But the British army was not, as the Germans believed it to be, a routed and disorganized force. Though the full weight of the German envelopment had fallen

upon it in its exposed position on the extreme left of the Allied line, it had been disengaged from the grip of overwhelming numbers by dogged fighting and skilful leadership. It was wearied by long marches, and puzzled at the continual retreating before an enemy who had not defeated it in battle, but its fighting spirit was unbroken and it hailed the order to march northward on September 6th with a joyful shout. Von Marwitz's cavalry proved quite incapable of preventing its advance, and was driven from successive positions. Early on September 9th, when von Kluck was fighting a desperate but still indecisive battle against Manoury, it crossed the Marne to the west of Château-Thierry, and, by threatening the line of retreat of the First German Army, caused von Kluck to throw up the sponge and issue orders for a withdrawal. On the evening of the same day, Foch made his immortal counter-attack, in the marshes of St.-Gond, and turned what without it would have been a check to the German plans, into a complete defeat that made the final victory of Germany in the west forever impossible. The outstanding features of the first battle of the Marne are the overweening confidence of the Germans in their own power, their grossly mistaken estimate of the Allied strength, and, as the result of these two, their neglect to secure their exposed flank. We shall find these mistakes exactly repeated in the second battle of the Marne.

Between the late autumn of 1917 and the spring of 1918 the Germans, thanks to the collapse of Russia, were able to transfer over 1,000,000 men, a great mass of artillery, and many aeroplanes from the eastern to the western front, and with the help of this huge reinforcement they planned the second Kaiser campaign in the west which should give them complete victory. The German offensive of 1918 consisted of five episodes. It began in March, with the great attack upon the British right, which was intended to separate the French and British armies. This attack was stayed at the very gates of Amiens, mainly because the Allies in the moment of peril were compelled to face realities and established an effective unity of command which placed Foch in supreme control. How near the Germans were to taking Amiens, and to effecting their object of dividing the Allied forces, they, fortunately for us, failed to realize. They were led aside to follow up an unexpected success in Flanders, which produced the second episode of the campaign, an attack again directed against the British army and again checked with French help. After a month's interval, the third episode opened with the Crown Prince's surprise attack on the Chemin des Dames, which overwhelmed the Franco-American forces on the spot, and brought the Germans to the Marne at Château-Thierry, where they were within little more than forty miles of Paris. The fourth episode opened in the second week of June, and consisted in an attempt to extend this last success by an attack directed on Compiègne, which ended in comparative failure.

The position at the end of June was that the Germans had established a front as shown in the second map. They had created three great salients in the Allied line—the first in Flanders, with its head at Hazebrouck; the second astride the Somme, with its head at Montdidier; the third between Soissons and Rheims, with its head at Château-Thierry on the Marne. The remaining salient shown, that of St.-Mihiel south of Verdun, which was wiped out by General Pershing's first offensive, was a relic of the campaign of the 1914 and played no part in Germany's offensive projects for this year. The position which Germany had gained by the middle of the summer was then a commanding one. The enemy was established within forty miles of Calais and Boulogne, the direct railway communication to Paris through Amiens to those ports was under the fire of German guns, and the British army stood "with its back to the wall," while the German advance to the Marne had severed direct communication between Paris and Verdun and gravely threatened the French capital. To the Germans, it appeared that the time had come for the decisive blow. As in 1914, they were carried away by the extent of their successes and believed themselves to be irresistible. The Kai-

ser, in dismissing the Reichstag in the summer, had announced to its members that when he met them in the autumn it would be to celebrate a German triumph. All military critics in Germany announced, with a unanimity which looks very much as though it was due to inspiration, that Foch's reserves were exhausted. It was declared to be impossible for the American forces to intervene in time in the decisive struggle, and the announcements made in the United States of the number of troops transported to France were treated as bluff. So Ludendorff prepared for the final attack, which he called the *Friedensturm*, the assault which would bring peace.

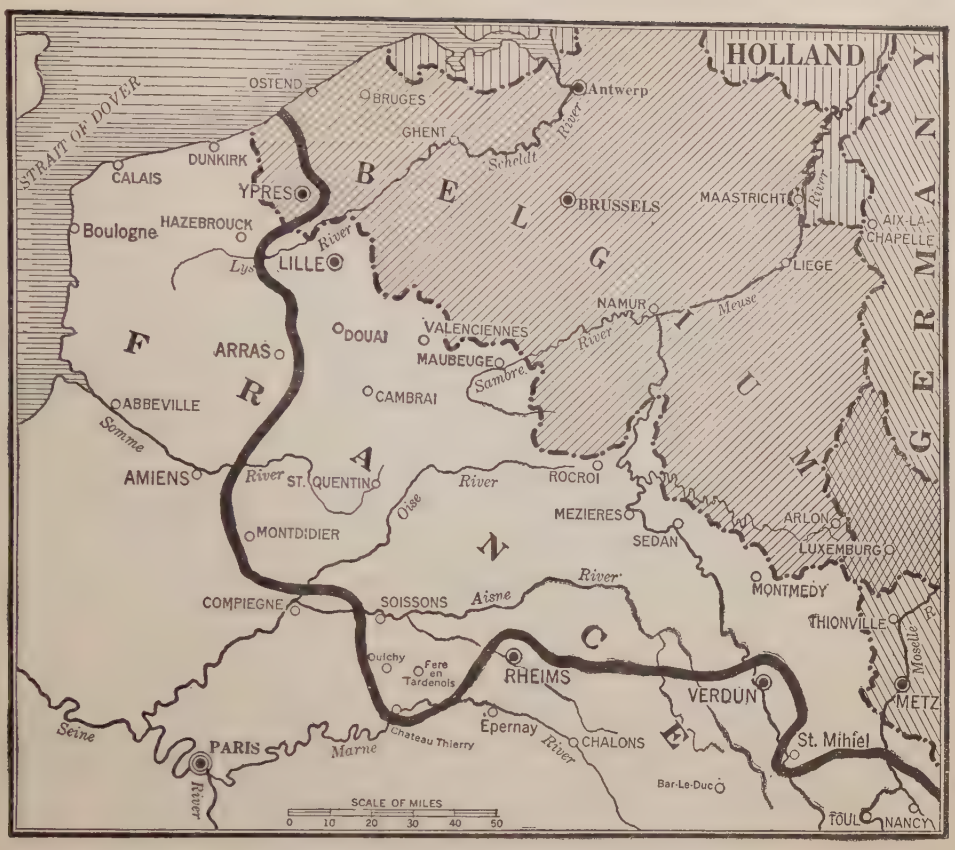
The plan for the *Friedensturm* was on a scale comparable with the great plan of attack in 1914 which I have already described. The armies of von Einem and a great part of von Mudra's were to attack in Champagne east of Rheims, and come down upon Epernay and Châlons. Von Boehn's army was to cross the Marne at and to the east of Château-Thierry, and the two attacks, converging from the north and west, in the same way as did Pershing's attack on the St.-Mihiel salient, were to pinch out Rheims and the mountain of Rheims. This is as much as was attempted, but it appears certain that Ludendorff had much more in view. On the western face of the Marne salient, between Soissons and Château-Thierry, a new army was to be formed under the command of von Carlowitz, who had been brought across from the eastern front; and it appears to have been the intention that, when von Boehn had extended the western face of the salient south across the Marne, and the railways passing through Rheims had been secured, the direction of the attack should be changed from south to west and that von Boehn and von Carlowitz should advance against Paris astride the Marne. Nor was this all. There is clear evidence that the armies of von Hutier and von Marwitz in the Montdidier salient were preparing for attack, and it seems that Ludendorff proposed to launch them upon Paris from the north at the time when, as he hoped, Foch would be rushing his reserves to the Marne to defend the French capital from the east. If my diagnosis of the enemy's intentions is correct, this was a great plan worthy to wind up a Kaiser campaign, if only it had been based on a true appreciation of the Allied power.

In fact, the enemy was far from being as strong as he had been, and the Allies had increased materially in strength since the evil days of the spring. Each of the episodes which preceded the great German attack of July 15th had caused a drain upon the German reserves, which Ludendorff was unable to make good. So when he was ready for what was to have been his last assault he had no longer at his disposal the forces which he had in the previous month. Furthermore, the long and bloody struggle on the western front had materially altered the character of the German army. Ludendorff, realizing this, and thinking only of attack, had drawn from the front the best of his men and trained them carefully behind the line to lead the assaults. These storm troops, who prepared the way for the less highly trained mass behind, proved very effective in the early battles of the year, but, being continually in the forefront of the battle, they suffered very heavy losses, and it became more and more difficult to replace them. It was, I believe, chiefly the necessity for selecting and training more storm troops which led to the long pauses between the battles that gave Foch his chance. With wonderful prevision and strength of character, Foch applied during the trying spring and summer the doctrine of economy of force which he had preached to the French army before the war. With sparing hand he doled out to Petain and to Haig a bare minimum of his reserves which would suffice to keep the enemy in check. Like Joffre in 1914, as soon as one reserve was sent into battle, he set about constituting another, and was ever on the watch for the opportunity of a counter-offensive. The time which the enemy allowed him, and the steady flow of American troops into France enabled him, contrary to the enemy's expectations, to keep his reserve in being. So when, on July 15th, the Crown Prince opened the *Friedensturm* on either side of Rheims, Foch's reserves were not ex-

hausted, and the American forces, ready for battle, were in sufficient strength to constitute a very important factor in the great struggle which turned the tide of war in the west.

The Germans appear to have been so confident of success that they neglected to take the precautions which had led in great measure to their earlier victories. Their successes in March and at the end of May were due chiefly to surprise, but their preparations for the battle of July 15th were so obvious that Foch was perfectly informed as to their intentions; while, though the security of their right was to them a vital matter, they do not seem to have taken any special care to intrench the front between Soissons and Château-Thierry, and the organization of von Carlowitz's army in this sector was still incomplete when the Crown Prince opened the battle. Gouraud's admirable defensive tactics shattered the attack to the east of Rheims. As soon as the German bombardment opened, the French guns in great numbers, and fully prepared, began to reply and disorganized the German concentrations. The main defensive positions had been covered by a zone of outposts of much greater depth than the enemy expected. These outposts fell back before the enemy's attack, which was, to a great extent, a blow in the air. So the German storm troops arrived before the main defensive positions in considerable disorder. At only two points, of no special importance, did the enemy gain any success, while his picked divisions suffered the heaviest loss. This magnificent defense made the failure of the German plans certain on the very first day of the battle, for, with one of the two converging attacks defeated, the plan for the advance on Paris could not be carried through; but more was necessary before Foch could strike back. Von Boehn, on the southern face of the salient, had succeeded in crossing the Marne, and between the Marne and Rheims the enemy made progress which, if it had been allowed to continue, might have forced Foch to abandon the city. The situation, though greatly improved by Gouraud's success, was still not without danger and the southern battle-front had to be steadied. It was then that the American divisions of General Degoutte's army gave the enemy a taste of their real quality. Their counter-attack on the second day of the battle south of the Marne not only imperiled the position of the Germans who had thrust forward on the southern bank of the river, but gave just that fillip to the Allied defense which turned the scale in a doubtful struggle. Unlike Ludendorff, Foch was prudent as well as daring. If he had made his counter-attack while von Boehn was still advancing south of the Marne, and his counter-attack had not met with success, the position might have been desperate. But with all immediate anxiety as to the situation east and south of Rheims removed, he was free to seize the opportunity for which he had waited so patiently. Mangin's preparations for the counter-stroke had been made in the most complete secrecy, and were screened from the enemy's observation by the forests of Villers-Cotterets. A very short bombardment gave the enemy no inkling of what was coming, and a fleet of tanks took the place of shells in opening the road for the infantry advance. Von Carlowitz's army was quite unprepared, and in one bound forward Mangin, driving straight at Soissons, throttled the communications passing through that town which fed the mass of troops assembled in the Marne salient.

This great stroke settled the fate of the *Friedensturm*, and opened a new page in the war in the west. From the time when the trench barrier was established between the Channel and Switzerland, no one had ventured to assault modern defenses without long preparation. Foch's blow was in great measure improvised, and, like the great counter-strokes of history, it seized an opportunity which presented itself in the course of the battle. But it was not only, nor, indeed, chiefly, in the conception and execution of the counter-attack that Foch showed himself to be a master of war. The enemy was given no time to recover from the difficulties in which his conceit and lack of precaution had landed him. The counter-offensive, once begun, was continued till defeat was turned to disaster, and this without any



THE SECOND BATTLE OF THE MARNE
Front line, July 14, 1918

material superiority of force. Mangin, who had no great weight of numbers, could not at once continue his attacks, and the enemy, left to himself, would have been able to withdraw behind the Marne and reconstitute a battle-front which would still have been a menace to Rheims and even to Paris. But Foch, having gained an initial advantage, was determined to press it to the very limit of his resources, and while Mangin was taking a breather, Degoutte struck in at Château-Thierry. The fresh vigor of the American forces carried all before them and turned the line of the Marne. Striking northeastward toward Fère-en-Tardenois, they forced the enemy back to the line of the Ourcq. I have very little doubt in my own mind that the enemy meant to stand at Ourchy le Château and Fère-en-Tardenois behind the upper Ourcq, but the choice no longer rested with him. No sooner was the enemy across the river than Mangin, who had been reinforced by Foch with French and British troops, struck in again to the south of Soissons and turned the line of the Ourcq. Simultaneously, Allied pressure to the south of Rheims gradually drove in the western face of the salient, while the American attacks on the southern front were continued with the greatest energy. The enemy, assaulted on all sides of the ever-narrowing salient, had no choice but to come out of it altogether and retire behind the Aisne and the Vesle.

The second battle of the Marne defeated the second German scheme of conquest in the west and secured Paris from all danger. But the enemy still had reserves in hand and the initiative had not been completely recovered by the Allies. The sequel of the battle is, therefore, even more wonderful than the battle itself. No sooner was the enemy established on his shortened front be-

tween Soissons and Rheims, than Haig on August 8th struck his surprise blow south of the Somme. This completed the enemy's discomfiture, placed him definitely on the defensive, and forced him to undertake a shortening of his front which affected the whole battle-line from Rheims to Ypres.

It is beyond the scope of this article to describe how the enemy's retreat was anticipated by methods very similar to those which had been so successful in the second battle of the Marne, and how he was hustled back, long before he intended, beyond the Hindenburg line. The outstanding feature of Foch's generalship is that he has kept the battle going continuously for two months on an ever-widening front, which embraced eventually the whole one hundred and fifty miles from Flanders to Champagne. Before Foch made his counter-stroke both Allied and German generals had, after months of preparation, and by employing a great superiority of force upon a comparatively narrow battle-front, sustained an offensive for long periods, but no commander before Foch, in this war, has succeeded on the western front in waging battle with continuous and ever-growing success without greatly superior numbers and without long preparation. It is well known that before the second battle of the Marne the German forces on the western front were superior to those of the French and British. It is also well known that, although the number of American troops in France was large, those whose training for battle was completed were not, prior to General Pershing's victory at St.-Mihiel, very numerous. The measure of Foch's genius is shown by the fact that he has inflicted a crushing defeat upon the enemy without any great preponderance of force. The enemy's swift progress in March and in May was possible because he had great weight behind his blows; the Allied progress was more deliberate because that weight was lacking. Now that the ultimate defeat of Germany has come, we know that in Marshal Foch the Allies have had a leader of the first rank. The Hindenburg-Ludendorff combination has proved to be no better than that of any other German commanders who have tried their hands in the west and failed.

CANA

BY VIRGINIA WATSON

"THE wine of youth is spent," they said, and flung
The purple dregs where the white poppies lay,
"Ere half the hours of Life's fair feast have rung;
How can we so the others' thirst betray?"

Down the long board I watched the wistful eyes
Of all my veilèd guests, the future years.
In shame I spake, "Naught in my cellar lies,
No sun-warmed joys, no effervescent tears.

"With water their expectant cups let fill,
They must content them with insipidness;
For them no bubbling hope, no heady thrill,
And sober all their days must be their dress."

But as they filled the ewers One there came
Who the gray surface touched with hand divine,
And lo! a miracle—a sudden flame
Swept through the water, changing it to wine.

Crater's Gold

A NOVEL

BY PHILIP CURTISS

XI

ONE would suppose that men who had been intimate with motors for ten or fifteen years would learn that it is rather artless to play around a gasolene-tank with a lighted match, but some of them never seem to. One sees their names in the papers from time to time, with a list of the clubs to which they belonged.

The explosion outside the house brought Stiles and Miss Fuller to their feet with a simultaneous bound, but, in spite of the fact that the shriek and then the report followed immediately on their ghostly conversation and on the spectral errand undertaken by Eksberger, neither had any thought of elves or gnomes as they rushed from the house, the girl quite as resolute as the man. Their eyes blinded for a moment by the sudden darkness, they felt their way, hand in hand, to the gate, but in the road at the foot of the hill they saw figures moving hurriedly back and forth and heard the sound of panting voices. The red tail-light of a car showed in the road itself, and, as they got nearer, the bundled figure of a woman could be seen in the seat. Her voice could be heard giving decisive directions.

The explanation of what actually had happened was probably never given in full. It was quite unnecessary. Knowing Eksberger, knowing Pullar, one could build up the scene from the scantest details. Given a man like Eksberger standing in meditation beside a demoralized motor, given a man like Pullar coming up in his own car and catching sight of the wreck, and what do you have? Genial nods in the darkness, offers to be of assistance, full and graphic accounts of the accident, intimate details of fractured springs and distorted differentials, reminiscences of former accidents to the party of the first part and former accidents to the party of the second part, a few pipes lighted, a few cigars offered, matches held courteously behind cupped hands, an invitation to inspect the fallen colossus in full, and then the match ignited about six inches away from the punctured feed-pipe. When Stiles and Miss Fuller came down on the run, Eksberger and Pullar were still throwing sand, but the fire was under control.

Luckily, Pullar's wife, a woman who tied trout-flies and gloated over motors as enthusiastically as Pullar himself, had seen the spark fall just in time. Hers had been the shriek which had caused both men to jump out of danger just before the explosion occurred. She had even snatched the extinguisher from the dash of her own car and had passed it out to her husband. In that you have Mrs. Pullar to the life—a woman who would talk motors at twelve at night, who would buy an extinguisher out of a catalogue and attach it proudly to the dash of her car, who would think of it in a crisis, and then shout efficient directions. For the rest, she was a perfect wife for a country gentleman—a regal, handsome woman with graying hair, who looked ten years older than her husband—and was; an expert in the jargon of country-house life; a lady bountiful who was exceedingly genial to the happy peasantry, as long as they kept strictly in mind the fact that they were the happy peasantry.

Stiles had a fair idea of what had occurred a dozen yards before he arrived on the scene, but Miss Fuller was misty.

"Charlie, are you hurt? Are you hurt, Charlie?" she kept calling in a voice which rose rapidly into the upper register.

On occasions of accident, women, even women like Mrs. Pullar, have no shame about showing legitimate alarm. With men it is different, and Eksberger was already in the deprecatory stage. He did not show it, perhaps, as either Stiles or Pullar would have done. His Turkish manner broke through.

"No, there's nothing the matter at all," he said, curtly; and then, as Rose's voice sailed higher and higher, he almost commanded: "For Heaven's sake, Rose, nobody's hurt! Don't make such a fuss!"

With Mrs. Pullar within hearing, Stiles wished that Eksberger had not spoken in just that way. Presumably Miss Fuller herself wished it, too. She lapsed into silence like a child reproved before strangers, and Stiles, in a sudden sympathy, took her arm. They stood there while Pullar beat out the last of the sparks, then both of the fire-fighters came toward them.

"Narrow squeak," said Pullar, proudly. He had really enjoyed the affair. "The feed-pipe must have been struck by the cam-shaft when the cylinders came up through the truss-rods backward, if you know what I mean."

The clinic on motors was apparently about to be taken up just where it had been broken off by the explosion, but Mrs. Pullar must have made a move in the darkness that only her husband saw.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" said the latter, hurriedly. "Mr. Stiles, may I present you to my wife?"

Mrs. Pullar turned amiably from her seat in the car. "How do you do, Mr. Stiles? I've heard a great deal about you."

But Stiles had learned a little lesson that day, and he hastened to lead Rose into the light of the car lamps. "This is Miss Fuller," he said, and, as Eksberger straightened himself expectantly in the background, he added, with a gesture, "Mr. Eksberger you apparently already know."

Even in the darkness Stiles could see Pullar start, and realized that, like the judge, the agent had entertained the mysterious Mr. Eksberger quite unawares. Pullar, however, covered it up, as the judge had not done.

"We did not know that it was Mr. Eksberger," he said, gracefully.

There followed an awkward pause, but just as that day had made Eksberger an enthusiastic antiquarian, so had that day made Stiles an incurable host.

"Why don't you all come up to the house?" he exclaimed.

But almost before the words had left him he felt a twitch at his arm, where Miss Fuller's arm touched it. The twitch was probably involuntary, but the meaning behind it was not. Show girl or no show girl, Miss Fuller had seen instantly complications in the invitation which had not appeared to Stiles's coarser masculine sense. Mrs. Fields, as a chaperon, might not rank as high in these people's minds as she did in his. Mrs. Pullar apparently saw complications, too.

"You're awfully good—" she began in the way which means "but under no circumstances," but Pullar, like Stiles, saw only the masculine point of view.

"It's terribly late—" he suggested, yet in a way which seemed to mean, "We'd be delighted."

Eksberger cast the chairman's vote. "Oh, come ahead!" he urged, enthusiastically. "None of us could sleep now."

With this plausible opinion the minority report of the feminine Left was not even heard. Between the three men the thing was voted and passed, and, leaping into his own car beside his wife, Pullar began backing up the hill, for, like all expert motorists, his chief delight was to drive his car backward—and fast.

"Nice fellow," said Eksberger, approvingly, as, with Miss Fuller and Stiles, he followed on foot.

"That woman would be quite good-looking," answered Rose, "if it weren't for her mouth."

"He's not so bad," said Pullar, from his seat in the car.

"Oh, he's all right," said his wife, "but that woman is common as mud."

On the surface, however, nothing hampered the verve of the midnight party. Soda biscuits were found, and cake. In fact, if it had not been for that involuntary twitch at his arm, Stiles would never have guessed that anything save mutual admiration lay under the careful politeness which his guest and

Mrs. Pullar accorded each other. As it was, he found himself watching the older woman a little jealously. Pullar and his wife were again in evening clothes, and the agent, who always seemed boyishly eager to anticipate Stiles's observations, explained them shamefacedly.

"Dinner again to-night, but you mustn't think that we are as giddy as this all the time."

It had, however, begun to occur to Stiles that there must be much more in Eden than he had wot of. Probably the same idea was occurring to Eksberger. His mental picture of the "hick real-estate agent" who had lost Baumgarten's money (Baumgarten sweating blood the while) was hardly borne out by the life. He was frankly impressed by the evening clothes and coyed his own manner to fit the elegant company. Easy detachment, careless familiarity with money and fame, this was the air at which he aimed and—the marvel of such men!—the one which he almost attained. No, he did not bother about the car. Seeing that Pullar had held the fatal match, Pullar had been rather anxious about it. Besides, there was the insurance. It all came back to a simple informal gathering. One's ten-thousand-dollar cars did get smashed occasionally. All of them admitted that and dismissed it. Eksberger was in his element, completely happy, but since that involuntary twitch at his arm Stiles had been on his guard. And Rose? Since the day she had left her home to ride in managers' cars, had there ever been a moment when Rose had not been on her guard?

"Are you going to be in town long, Mr. Eksberger?" By the careless manner in which Mrs. Pullar asked it one would not naturally impute anything except indifferent politeness, but, being warned, the question put the whole gathering on the alert—all save Eksberger. Stiles became furiously busy with his soda biscuits and plates.

"No, thank you, I couldn't possibly," said Mrs. Pullar. She held up a biscuit still untouched to prove her case, and, with the vindictive precision of such women, she let nothing divert her from her seemingly innocent question. Pullar looked unhappy and anxiously apologetic, as he always seemed forced to look in Stiles's presence. Poor chap, it is very difficult to be a diplomat and a man among men when one has a wife with graying hair and fixed ideas about the lower classes. As to Rose, Rose stared, apparently unheeding, smiling vaguely, at the carpet, or what was left of it; but just as Rose had a way of being cynical silently, so did Stiles imagine that she could be very uncomfortable while smiling innocently at the floor.

Alone among them, Eksberger beamed like a sand-boy and took the question for what it seemed, just an innocent expression of genial come-and-be-one-of-us. There was no way to stop the man. "Only to-night," he replied to the question. "Rose and I were just prospecting around the country—"

"Please, Mrs. Pullar," begged Stiles. "Some cake or something? More seltzer? I can get it in a minute."

Abominable woman, she did not even divert her attention to answer. She held up the still unbitten biscuit and hung sweetly on Eksberger's words. Her flattering attention was the breath of life to Eksberger.

"Rose and I have been all over the country in that little old car," he boasted; but there is a point at which any woman must fight.

"All over the country meaning everywhere between Stamford and Garden City," explained Rose, still smiling sweetly.

"My dear child, I know what you mean," exclaimed Mrs. Pullar, and she made it quite evident that she did know.

One gave it up. Let Eksberger talk. He could not make it any worse than he had.

"Of course I've got to be in the city to-morrow. Those square-heads of mine would ruin me if I left them alone. But I'm coming back. Believe me, I'm coming back, Mrs. Pullar."

Mrs. Pullar smiled winningly. "I'm sure I hope you will."

"Well, you take it from me, Mrs. Pullar, and you, too, Mr. Pullar, there isn't a prettier bit of country in America than you have right here, and I've seen them all. You can talk all you want about the Jersey coast and Long Island where all the millionaires have their

estates, but I wouldn't give two cents for them compared with this. Why, the last time we were up this way I said to Rose—didn't I, Rose?—I said, 'Don't tell me that you could find scenery like this on Long Island!' The minute I saw this old place I said, 'Say, look here!' Had no idea who owned it, or anything. I said: 'Say, look here! If some one who knew how to do it would only slip a few thousand dollars into that old dump—it wouldn't take much—only fifteen or twenty thousand—if some one would only put up a stone wall where that fence is and paint that piazza and make a lawn and cut down two or three of those old trees, there wouldn't be a finer place in the country.' Course you'd have to fix the plumbing, slam in a bathroom or two."

"Oh, there are great possibilities," agreed Mrs. Pullar. Then, with utter casualness, she turned to Stiles. Oh, how neatly, said the bend of her head, these things can be done when a woman does them! "But you are not going to sell the place, are you, Mr. Stiles? After all these years that it has been in the family?"

As one varies one's voice by a hair's-breadth in talking first to a child of two and then to a great, grown man of three, so did Mrs. Pullar vary her manner in talking first to Eksberger and then to Stiles. Stiles began to have sudden misgivings as to how his own vague past loomed in her eyes. Then, like a flash, he saw where revenge would lie.

"I may possibly sell," he replied. He watched the effect of the shot. Mrs. Pullar was skilled; her face said nothing; but he saw that he still had the floor. "Of course," he said, "if I could afford it, I would never dream of letting the place go out of my hands, but you know Mr. Eksberger's reputation?"

Eksberger looked at him suddenly and very uncertainly, with wide-open eyes. If he had spoken out loud he would have said, "What do you mean—reputation?" and even Rose looked up with interest. Stiles let them look, and then he said, sweetly:

"Mr. Eksberger has the reputation that when he wants a thing he generally gets it."

Eksberger began to breathe again. "I guess that's right," he agreed. He was in on it now. "Say, didn't we kid them along?" would be what he would say after Pullar and his wife were gone. As soon as he got a chance to catch Stiles's eye he would wink and draw down one side of his mouth, but Miss Fuller, who had not said a word, thought that trivial matters had been discussed long enough. Something vital had happened that night.

"Charlie," she asked, irrelevantly, almost impatiently, "what *was* there there? In the old house, I mean."

Mrs. Pullar looked at her sharply. If Mrs. Pullar had been Eksberger she would have said, "Who told *you* to talk?" but, being Mrs. Pullar, she said nothing and studied the lace on Miss Fuller's collar.

Stiles leaped into the breach. "We heard the story of the old Crater scandal," he explained, "and Eksberger went out to find the ghost."

"The ghost?" exclaimed Mrs. Pullar, aghast. She looked openly at her husband and her husband looked at her. So full of alarm was her glance that even Stiles was upset. Perhaps the judge had not told all there was to tell.

"Why, why, yes," he answered, uncertainly. "The lady who comes out to water the lilacs at night."

"Oh, *that* ghost!" answered Mrs. Pullar, with sudden relief, but Eksberger burst into a roar.

"My gosh, Stiles! how many ghosts do you keep?"

For his answer Stiles looked to Mrs. Pullar, but Mrs. Pullar had gathered herself.

"I couldn't imagine what you were talking about," she said. "I had forgotten about that old legend." But she was still in such evident confusion that even Eksberger had pity on her and took up the tale.

"Anyway, my private ghost failed to make good. She had gone to see a man about a dog or something. I searched around there for the best part of an hour, and then I went down to look at the car, and that was where I met you people."

"I told you there was nothing there," said Stiles. "Wasn't I right?"

"You were right," agreed Eksberger, mocking his pious intonation. "But it must have been a whale of a house in its day. I covered every inch of the cellar."

"Cellar?" exclaimed Pullar, suddenly coming to life. He had a way of dreaming himself out of the conversation. He had been thinking about carbureters or spoon bait for bass. "You didn't go into that old cellar?"

"I sure did go into that old cellar."

"At night?"

"Just before I met you."

"The one at the other side of the lawn?"

"The one at the other side of the lawn."

Pullar sat back and looked at him, holding his breath. He held it so long that all the others started in question.

"But, man alive!" he gasped, finally, "there's a hole in that cellar two hundred feet deep!"

XII

"I feel weak!" said Eksberger. He had sunk suddenly into a chair, and, while he was the only one of the company who had made a move, the entire group gave, superficially, the impression of having rushed up with towels and aromatic spirits; the entire group, with one exception, that is, for, alone among them, Rose Fuller sat unmoving, as she had for half an hour past. Odd that this was the girl who, an hour before, had run out crying, "Charlie! Charlie!" in the upper register, for now she sat looking at Eksberger with just the faintest ironical squint to her eyes. One has had occasion to say several times that Rose Fuller had the ability to be cynical silently. This describes the act in the nearest that it ever reached to a physical manifestation.

"Well, what about the hole?" she said, at last, bluntly.

The words seemed to call the entire company back to reality and all looked at Pullar. Pullar, however, was not himself in large companies. *He* was deprecatory, if you like.

"Oh, it's just a hole," he said, vaguely, but the answer satisfied nobody. Holes ten feet deep, yes; but holes two hundred feet deep, no. He looked at his wife for permission, and, not receiving, at least, a refusal, went on: "Well, some people used to say there was an old copper-mine there, and then there was a tradition that there was an underground passage which was used to hide slaves escaping to Canada. Personally I think it is nothing but an old well."

Having succeeded in starting the conversation in a pertinent direction, Rose Fuller was content to let others keep it in motion. Beyond essentials, she herself did not go in much for talk. There was a moment's pause in which each face could be seen measuring, mentally, the depths of wells and copper-mines and then Eksberger demanded (it now being, in a way, his hole), "Have you ever been down it?"

"No," answered Pullar. "Nobody has. But I've shouted down it—when I was a boy."

"Then," asked Eksberger, with reluctant doubt, "how do they know it's two hundred feet deep?" The thought that he might have fallen only fifty feet or, say, seventy-five, threatened to take the edge off his adventure. He was eager to have Pullar stand pat on two hundred.

"They don't know," replied Pullar. "That's merely what they say." Then, with his usual manner of being miles away, and a chord from happier days having apparently been touched by that harking back to his boyhood, he added, wistfully: "There's a queer echo. You can count eight or nine before your voice comes back."

"Ah," thought Stiles, "the strange mutterings at night (in Spanish, presumably, such being the language of Bolivia)," but the obtuseness of the local genius struck Eksberger as incredible.

"But look here, man!" he exclaimed, "why couldn't somebody drop a string down it? That would tell you how deep it is."

For answer Puller smiled faintly, then looked toward his wife. Should he tell, or shouldn't he? His wife informed him promptly:

"Oh, Bobby, there's no need of going into that now."

She actually seemed to think that her words were comprehensible, as they probably would have been to any real resident of Eden, but they certainly

were not to Stiles, much less to Eksberger. As for Rose, she didn't care, so far as one could tell from the absent smile with which she was still gazing down at the carpet. The matter was coming pretty close home, however, to Stiles. He had only been waiting for the proper moment to force an issue on that second and apparently more important ghost. He saw that it was no use talking to Pullar, and he carried the matter to headquarters.

"Really, Mrs. Pullar," he begged, "let's have the story. You can't hurt my feelings." He looked very eager and deferential, and inwardly he knew that, however dubious she might consider him as an individual, Mrs. Pullar could at least be made to talk to him as a member of her own class, an honor she had not accorded to every one that evening. She did, with a little laugh.

"No, Mr. Stiles, you mustn't ask me."

Stiles looked at her whimsically. "In other words, the Crater history is a closed book, a picture we do not study, a page we do not scan; but you must grant that that still leaves me in the dark as to why your husband or some other given scientist could not drop a fish-hook down the copper-mine."

Mrs. Pullar laughed again, the "dear boy" sort of laugh that a woman with graying hair would use, and, as Stiles had hoped, he saw that he had established himself as an equal.

"Shall I put it this way," she asked, archly (that being the manner in which duchesses conversationally tap gay, sad dogs like Stiles on the shoulder), "that in your uncle's day we did not come up here with fish-lines or for any other purpose?"

She continued her smile suggestively, looking straight into Stiles's eyes, and Stiles looked straight back into hers. He too smiled with complete comprehension. "But Heaven help the happy peasantry if they get too gay with that old bird!" was the sentiment which rose to his mind, although it might more naturally have risen to Eksberger's lips.

"Come, Bobby," said Mrs. Pullar, having decided that the evening was at an end. "It must be two o'clock."

She gathered the evening wrap that she wore, as she rose to her feet, and the act broke a sort of spell that had hung over the group while the two members of the upper classes had gazed into each other's eyes and flung each other defiance. It called the others back into the conversation, for while Pullar had been dreaming off on a side-road of spark-plugs or trout-lures or what not, Eksberger had been left miles behind. Not once had he had a chance to say:

"What do you mean, fish-lines?"

Like Baumgarten, however, the rising of the company gave Eksberger an opening, and for the first time appeared in him what Stiles had been looking for ever since he had known him—a trace of Baumgartenism. "Say, do you people ever get to New York?" he asked (although Baumgarten would have said "the big city").

Mrs. Pullar turned sweetly from the door.

"Now, happy peasantry, here's where you get yours," thought Stiles, with a grin, as he watched the ominous suavity of her motion.

"We have a great many friends in New York," she said, quietly. She looked at Eksberger and saw that she had not quite carried her meaning. She knew that in Stiles she now had an audience; she could not leave any doubt, so she added, succinctly: "But of course New York is so changed. All our friends were on Murray Hill and down around dear old Washington Square. That shows you, Mr. Eksberger, what old fogies we are."

She waited expectantly for the effect, but Eksberger shed it like rain.

"Well, well, well," he replied in a patronage as hearty as her own, "you just leave it to me. The next time you are in town and are lonely, you just telephone Bryant four, six, eight, nine. I'll fix you up with a box for anything you want to see. Just do that little thing, will you? And say," he shouted, as an afterthought, just as the car was about to move away from the gate, "if they ask what you want, tell 'em that you are particular friends of Mister Eksberger and that he told you to call.

"They might have trouble in getting me," he explained to Stiles, as the three walked back to the house, "unless the

Drawn by Wilson C. Dexter Engraved by L. Leinroth

"SAY, DO YOU PEOPLE EVER GET TO NEW YORK?"

people in the outer office knew who it was.

"And now, folks," he concluded, in the lamplit study, rubbing his hands briskly, "I don't know what you're going to do, but I'm going to bed."

"I guess we all are," said Stiles, and, as Eksberger sauntered off up the stairs he leaned to turn down the big lamp. On the plate remained a fragment of the cake. Stiles took it absently, then, looking up, he found that Miss Fuller was still in the room.

"Have some?" he asked.

Miss Fuller looked at the crumbs and shook her head, amused. She watched him a moment with that mild indifference of hers, and then she remarked, "We seem to have spilled your beans with Queen Victoria."

Stiles did not deny it. He stood as if studying minutely the fragment of cake in his hand. The deep lines around his mouth became suddenly deeper. The girl saw them.

"What are you laughing at?"

"I was thinking," replied Stiles, "what Eksberger would have said to that—'What do you mean, spilled the beans?'"

The girl looked away without returning his smile, and for an instant Stiles feared that he had gone too far, that he had overestimated the shrewdness with which she regarded her famous escort. Apparently, however, she was not thinking of that at all. "Well, didn't we?" she insisted.

"I don't care whether you did or not," replied Stiles. "Queen Victoria is nothing to me. I never saw her until to-night."

Miss Fuller, however, pursued her own logic relentlessly. "I'm going to clear out, the first train in the morning."

"That's not necessary," said Stiles, quietly.

"I know it's not necessary," retorted the girl.

"Well, then," replied Stiles, "I ask you to stay."

It happened to be that which made the girl raise her eyes slowly and look at him steadily, but if it had not been that, she would have done it just the same. It was not the remark, but the moment. Midnight, a country house, a disheveled room, and their sudden fantastic intimacy. Such moments breed almost intoxication of confidence. Stiles looked back into the girl's eyes, which never moved. Three or four times he stopped himself from saying what he felt tempted to say, each time knowing that, sooner or later, he would say it, just the same. As a preliminary he put the crumbs of cake back on the plate. The girl missed neither the gesture nor its significance.

"Don't let me spoil your supper."

The remark delayed the confession, but it could not avert it. At any rate, the girl did not move. Silence and the glow of the lamp restored the spell of the moment, and, in a gentler voice, only half-bantering, she asked him:

"Well, what's on your mind?"

It was all that Stiles needed. He looked at her with that same speculative smile. The truth was that the evening had shown him that the rôle of confessor, for which he had cast Judge Tyler, would in all probability be played by this girl. He began:

"There are several things that I want to know."

With that almost brutal acuteness with which she divined some things, the girl took him up. "You want me to tell you what Charlie Eksberger is after?"

Stiles nodded.

"And Stuffy Baumgarten, too?"

He nodded again.

"*I'll* tell you," replied the girl, promptly, "but it's a long story. Only," she added, "it doesn't amount to a row of pins."

"I'm not so sure of that," suggested Stiles.

The girl studied his face with a searching expression almost motherly in its faint anxiety. She seemed to fear he might still have some golden hope.

"Of course," she hinted, carefully, "Charlie never had any idea of buying this place for a picture park."

Stiles dismissed the suggestion with a wave of his hand. "I am not one of the hicks."

Miss Fuller laughed. "I didn't think you were." She stood for a full minute more, looking into the fireplace in front of which Stiles was standing. "It's a funny thing to say," she began, at last, "but I suppose *I* am the mystery."

Stiles did not even look up. "I wondered if that were not so."

The girl was surprised. "What do you mean?"

Stiles did look up then. "I didn't mean just this nonsense about buying the place. I meant the real tale. You said it was a long story."

"I see," said the girl. She hung her head and came to a sudden stop. Stiles feared, to his regret, that there might be no confession that night. A moment later he was sure there would be none, for Eksberger's voice came hurtling down from the head of the stairs:

"Hey, there! Are you people going to stand there chewing the rag all night?"

XIII

Mrs. Fields was to have a delightful surprise on the following morning. Stiles was down for breakfast before nine o'clock. Even at that his guests were both on the piazza before him, enjoying what was for them the novel picture of the sparkling, frostlike dew on the heavy grass of the ragged lawn. As he came out the door, Eksberger turned eagerly to include him in the conversation.

"Say, Stiles," he called, "I've been thinking."

Stiles wondered whether that broad assertion would go unchallenged by Rose, and Eksberger must have wondered, too, for he hastened to anticipate her. "Yes, I know it isn't done, but I'll stop it before the neighbors complain. But, seriously, old man, I've been thinking that you've got a gold-mine here, whichever way you look at it."

Stiles appeared open to any suggestion, and Eksberger went on. "You know those people who were here last night weren't hicks."

Stiles nodded.

"Are there any more like them here?"

"I suppose so," said Stiles.

"Well, you can just bet there are," replied Eksberger. "People don't take the trouble to dress like that for the dicky-birds. Didn't they say they'd been out to a dinner-party or something?"

"Something of the kind," answered Stiles. He recalled Pullar's modest statement of being a gentleman on nothing at all, but, even at that, he was inclined to accept Eksberger's snap observation as the truer judgment. On his trips to the village he had caught a glimpse of the red-tiled roof of a distant villa on the other side of the town; he had seen a liveried coachman in front of the post-office, and other things which do not properly go with a run-down township. From the gossip of Mrs. Fields he had also heard hints of a vague and alien aristocracy which hid itself behind hedges and built big houses on mountain-tops and indulged itself in other forms of madness. One man had bought three thousand acres of good timber-land just to let partridges run wild, and so on. If Stiles had been twenty-four and impressionable, or if he had been a walking man or a riding man, he might have investigated these things for himself; but Stiles was not twenty-four, nor was he a riding man or a walking man. He was a sitting man.

Eksberger was looking at him with an air of real criticism. "The trouble with you," he said, "is that you don't look around you. Do you know where I'd have been if I hadn't looked around me? Selling tickets in a Brooklyn theater! Do you get that? Selling tickets in a Brooklyn theater!"

Miss Fuller hummed, "'And now I am the ruler of the Queen's navee.'"

"That's all right," protested Eksberger, "but I'm not selling tickets any more—leastways, for any one else."

When Eksberger was in earnest he was very much in earnest.

"I've been doping this thing out, and you know what I think? Pullar and his crowd know what this land is worth, and don't you forget it. Do you know what land no better than this is worth in some parts of Long Island? Ten thousand dollars an acre. That's all! Only ten thousand dollars an acre!"

"This isn't Long Island," suggested Stiles.

"I didn't say it was, did I?" retorted Eksberger. "And it isn't Hoboken, either. Do you know what those rich people do?" He had evidently, in his own mind, constructed a large colony of millionaires on the basis of Mrs. Pullar's décolletage. "Do you know what those

rich people do? They just love to come off to a little jerk-water spot like this where there's scenery and mountains and everything. What does it matter to them how far they go from New York? Haven't they got their cars and yachts and everything? Do they have to punch a time-clock every morning? You bet your life they don't! Then they buy some old run-down farm for a song and fix it up with fifty thousand dollars' worth of improvements, and, after that, farms all around that sold for five hundred dollars couldn't be bought for five thousand; no, nor ten thousand, either. Then the old apple-chewer that sold them the farm in the first place thinks he's been cheated."

"I being the apple-chewer in this case," suggested Stiles.

"Not unless you sell before you get your price," replied Eksberger. "Say," he went on, "did you pipe how they all sat up and took notice when they got the hunch that I was going to buy this place? Last night, I mean."

"You may be right," replied Stiles, "but if they wanted the land so badly, why didn't they snap it up when it was on the market, as it was for weeks before you and Baumgarten came along to start the action?"

Eksberger positively backed away two or three feet in his incredulous disgust. "Look here," he commanded, as if he saw that he would have to teach Stiles his alphabet before he could even talk to him. "If you wanted to buy a horse, or a house, or a play, or a piece of land, or a share of stock, would you go to the man who owned it and say: 'Now, come on, Freddie; you've got something valuable here. I've got to have it right off. What's the most you'll take for it?' Not if you had any brains, you wouldn't. You wait until he comes to you, you do, and then you say: 'That rubbish? I wouldn't have it at any price.' You let it stay on the market until he goes broke or is sick of seeing it there, and then you snap it up for just what you want to pay." Eksberger caught Miss Fuller's cynical eye and finished, lamely, "All except the show business, and that's different."

By turning to Stiles, however, so that he could not catch Miss Fuller's eye, he was able to go on triumphantly: "Now the proposition is this. Forget that moving-picture bunk. Those kind of people wouldn't be so likely to fall for that, but here's the way they look at it. They've got their estates and their tennis-courts and their little click up here. They've been buying these farms for ten and fifteen dollars an acre—ten dollars' worth of land and a million dollars' worth of view. Nobody's found out this spot except them until we happened along the other day, but the minute we came over that hill outside the town, I said, 'Rose, hold your breath; you're seeing scenery!' And what did I tell you the other day? Just as soon as I saw the spot and let people know that I liked it, didn't they begin falling all over your neck?"

"They seem to have," admitted Stiles.

"Of course they did," argued Eksberger. "And do you know why? Because they knew that their good thing was gone. They knew me and they knew my reputation—that when I want a thing I generally get it. You know what they said to themselves? They said to themselves: 'Look here, boys and girls, we've got to be getting on the job. Here we've been dreaming away that we could go out and snap up that old Crater place when we got darn good and ready, and now here Eksberger he comes along and he's beat us to it. If *he* gets to bidding against us, good *night!* The sky's the limit with these theatrical men. It was our money made the town what it is. We thought of this game. What's the harm with us buying the place first and squeezing the lad for a few?'"

"It sounds plausible," said Stiles, "so long as you keep on wanting it."

Eksberger laughed. "Don't worry. I'm a good sport. I'll keep 'em coming. And do you know, Stiles, I wouldn't like it so bad to really have a place up here. A bunch like Pullar and those people, they have a lot of fun in a place like this. Quiet people, yes, but I don't mind that. I was thinking last night. With all I've got to carry, sometimes I think I will go crazy unless I get away to some little spot like this, kick around with plain, quiet people like Pullar and his wife and their friends, and just for-

get all about the show business. I'm not so sure that I won't buy your place, after all."

He paused, wrapt in his dream, as if already he saw himself leading the life of a country squire in Eden with Pullar and that sort of people. In a quieter tone he went on, breathing a spirit of honest and almost pathetic good will:

"And, after all, these people would still be the gainers. If I bought a place up here I could get publicity for them that they'd never know how to get themselves—subtle stuff. It would put the town on the map. The very fact of my having a place here would make their property worth that much more. Like as not I could bring a regular crowd of theatrical people here in the summertime. I guess they never thought of that, but look what it would mean to them."

The screen door opened and Mrs. Fields stood there, waiting.

"Breakfast, Mrs. Fields?" asked Stiles; but Mrs. Fields gave him a look and departed. Breakfast indeed! What else did he think at that hour of day?

XIV

Big as it was, the old Crater house had not been able to offer asylum to the chauffeur. A bed of some kind, to be sure, might have been found, but, as Eksberger had said, tactfully, "Any kind of a shakedown will do for me, but you have to be particular about your chauffeur." Rather than upset his elegance, he had been sent on to the white house to sleep, and had evidently found comfort there, for he had not returned. Two men from the Felsted garage, with a crane on the back of a truck, brought the first reminder of the wrecked car. A peal from the outraged door-bell announced their advent as Stiles and his guests were finishing breakfast. Eksberger took the business in hand briskly.

"You men just go on down the hill to the brook and get the thing started, and I will come down as soon as I finish my cigar."

The ringleader of the garage men wiped his mouth with the back of an oily hand. "What brook?"

"The brook at the foot of the hill. What way did you come?"

The man jerked his head. "Town."

"Well, then, you passed it, right down there. The car's in the water beside the bridge, and, believe *me*, it's some mess!"

The men never moved, and both looked at Eksberger with a stony indifference.

"There's no car there," said the man who had spoken before. "That's where they told us it was, but we couldn't find it."

Eksberger laughed. "What are you trying to tell me? That car couldn't be moved with a steam-shovel. You go and have another look."

Eksberger may have been a ticket-seller in a theater, but years of disuse had lost him the art of staring a person down. For thirty seconds perhaps he returned the look of the garage man; then he gave an apologetic laugh. "You come with me and I'll show you," he said. Miss Fuller and Stiles appeared on the piazza at that moment, and from the foot of the steps he called: "These men are trying to tell me that there is no car down there in the brook. I'll be back in a minute."

Neither Stiles nor Miss Fuller made any move to accompany him, and both stood at the piazza rail, watching the brisk hitch of his retreating back.

"I can quote Baumgarten now," said Stiles, not unkindly.

Miss Fuller looked toward him. "What did Baumgarten say?"

"He said that he was a great Charlie."

"Well," said Miss Fuller, "isn't he?"

"He is," replied Stiles.

As if he had heard them, Eksberger turned suddenly and came back to the rail. For a moment Stiles feared that he had heard them, but, on the contrary, he was purely reminiscent.

"Say," he said, "I have to laugh when I think what a jolt those people got when they found out who I was." He chuckled and turned away; then, in the usual sequence, he turned and added, "What's more, I don't believe they've found out who Rose is yet!"

Again the two on the piazza watched the nervous, retreating figure almost trotting to catch up with the garage men, and this time Stiles was careful to let it get well away before he spoke. Then he said, slowly, but with a scarcely veiled curiosity:

"I must be one of the hicks, after all."

Miss Fuller apparently never spoke when silence would tell the same story. She raised her eyebrows a little, and Stiles explained:

"It seems to be hickish not to know who you are."

In answer to this, Miss Fuller did not even raise her eyebrows.

"Well," insisted Stiles, dryly, "who are you?"

Miss Fuller laughed shortly and almost impatiently. "Charlie Eksberger thinks that the world begins and ends at Broadway and Forty-second Street."

It was a truth conclusive enough to focus attention again on Eksberger. His head and shoulders were just disappearing at the brow of the hill, bobbing humorously with his quick little steps down the slope, and both stopped speaking to watch him. After all, it was hard to keep one's eyes from the man. Odd as it seemed—and both of them standing there were big enough to realize it—the pleasant young Jew with the Irish face was not at heart a conceited man. He was simply *naïf*. He had that queer streak of childlike ingenuousness which seems almost inseparable from men of great practical achievement.

Everybody knew a bit of his story, even men like Stiles, who had tried to ignore him. He had been, as he had said, a ticket-seller in a Brooklyn theater when a Broadway character who was little more than a tout had induced him to put all he had saved and all he could borrow into a play. It had proved to be one of those popular plays which, like popular people, are usually such because of their instinctive genius for sticking closely to settled opinion. It was just such a play, by the way, as Judge Tyler would have been a villain in. Every popular misbelief had a place in it. Every deacon was a hypocrite, every sneak-thief was a hero, every failure was right and every success was wrong. A play as consoling as that was bound to succeed. It ran for years and years, and, after that, Charles Eksberger was a dictator of dramatic taste. People wrote articles about him telling of his native genius, which he had, surely enough, but not in the line where they found it. Yet one could not help liking him. He had not said that he was a genius until other people had said it so often that he was bound to believe it.

It was with a smile far from unsympathetic that Stiles turned back to Miss Fuller. "Put it this way," he said. "If all the world *were* Broadway and Forty-second Street, who would you be then?"

It was the one subject that was not agreeable to the usually calm Rose Fuller. "Nobody," she said, shortly. "Nobody at all."

Stiles could not believe that. "You are on the stage?"

As if to end the unpleasant subject, Miss Fuller let him have it all at once. "I was in 'The Foibles.' That was what Charlie meant; and 'The Daisy Chain' and 'The Girl from Madrid.'"

Quite as much from the deprecatory manner in which she said it as from the flattering tones of Eksberger, it dawned on Stiles that what she really was saying was that she had been the chief link in "The Daisy Chain," a leading "Foible," and the very "Girl from Madrid." He stood overcome, acutely embarrassed. "The Daisy Chain" had been a title burned into his consciousness for a year in Subway cars and by electric signs and the pages of Sunday newspapers. So had the others. Perhaps for that very reason he had scrupulously avoided seeing any of them, but now, in this personal view of their moving spirit, he found himself almost pathetically eager to do her honor.

"Rose Fuller? Rose Fuller?" Surely the name was familiar. But was it really so, or merely because he was trying to make it so? From all his newspaper instincts, as well as what Eksberger had said and what the girl had told him, he knew that he was standing beside a celebrity, had stood beside one for the best part of two days and never known it. In the popular vision, Eksberger was probably a humdrum earthling compared to this planet. What in the world had he done with those fifteen years of his in New York? Some politics, some pageants, some precious interviews, and a vast deal of law-courts; and all the time he had let slip by in vague consciousness the things that the

great mass of people were thinking and shouting about and enjoying, dismissed them because they *were* popular, thinking them thereby contemptible. An office-boy would have known this name in an instant. He recalled with a hot flush his kind condescension of the evening before because this girl had sat there beautifully unconscious that she was listening to Aristotle and Kant. And all the time he had sat there beautifully unconscious that he was listening to Rose Fuller! Was she piqued now because he had not known her, or slightly contemptuous, as he had been on the evening before? Neither one. She was laughing.

"You don't even know now!"

In view of his long moment of confusion, Stiles could hardly protest, but, as he stood there embarrassed, the girl took pity on him.

"Don't let it worry you. You're not the only one."

"Yes," agreed Stiles, "there are other hicks."

"Nonsense!" retorted the girl. But from his pinnacle of detached philosophy Stiles had swung to a very frenzy of self-abasement. He was awkward and silent, and as if she did it only when it was necessary, the girl gently assumed the lead. "We didn't get very far last night."

Whether it was Aristotle or Kant, or whether it was the fragment of cake in front of the fireplace, she really seemed to have friendly memories of that evening. It was a direct invitation.

"Do you still want to tell me about the mystery?" asked Stiles.

"If there is any," she answered.

Stiles did not reply for a moment. "No," he said, quietly, at last, "I guess there is no mystery now."

As if Miss Fuller saw that he could again stand alone, she waited patiently for whatever he might want to say next. Happily for him, although he was totally unconscious of it, when he did begin it was in that gentle air, half deference, half comradeship, that the girl liked best in him.

"You know," he suggested, "you said something yesterday when we were standing here before dinner?"

"Yes," said the girl, simply; but, to make sure that they really did mean the same thing, he quoted, "You said that you and Eksberger were not—married."

In her more usual manner, the girl let her silence reply and stood looking straight before her.

"Well," suggested Stiles, "does Eksberger *want* to marry you?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "So he says."

"And Baumgarten, too?"

"Baumgarten is very silly."

"And that," concluded Stiles, "is the mystery?"

"Pretty much," said the girl.

This time Stiles himself adopted her own policy of silence, but she was better at it than he was, and he found himself forced to go on.

"It is fairly clear," he began, "but I can't understand yet why either one of them should come 'way up here."

The girl smiled. "Charlie told you why Stuffy came."

"Because Eksberger had picked out this place?"

This time it was rather more than a smile.

"Charlie Eksberger," said the girl, "is like a stage-manager."

"A stage-manager?"

Miss Fuller explained. "He doesn't mean anything by it, but when he has rehearsed a thing a couple of times he begins to think that he wrote it."

"I see," replied Stiles. "Then he really didn't shout with joy at these rocks and rills?"

"He did when they were pointed out to him."

"By you?"

"Who else?"

Stiles looked at her quickly. "Rose, hold your breath; you're seeing scenery." Both laughed; but in a different tone he went on. "Tell me, please, did *you* want to buy this place?"

Miss Fuller threw out her hands. "Oh, heavens! it never got that far—with me. I said that I liked it. I said that I wished I owned it, that I could make something out of it. Haven't you said that about dozens of places you have seen?"

"Yes," said Stiles, "but it never threw the market into a turmoil."

Miss Fuller laughed. "It wouldn't

Drawn by Wilson C. Dexter Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"WELL, THEN," REPLIED STILES, "I ASK YOU TO STAY"

have in this case if it hadn't been for Baumgarten."

Stiles felt the problem getting too knotty. "I'm stupid," he said, "but please let's have this in A B C."

Apparently Miss Fuller preferred this method to any other. "Well," she replied, "we really did see Baumgarten after we got back that night. He came up to our table in the Claridge."

"And Eksberger did really say that he had his eye on this place?"

"Oh yes, he said all that, but Stuffy's not such a fool as they think him."

"You mean that that was not all that was said at the table?"

"Not all."

"You told him *you* wanted the place?"

Miss Fuller looked at him with rather wide-open eyes. "I didn't tell him. He may have guessed it." She broke off the story and then picked it up again hurriedly, as if, as before, she wanted to get it over and done with. "Stuffy is always trying to do something expensive. He offered to buy a theater for me once. And I will grant him this—that he is not a man to be bluffed."

"So he told me," said Stiles.

"He's told several people," said Miss Fuller.

"But," asked Stiles, thoughtfully, "where was Eksberger all this time?"

"Where is he ever when he's got some wild idea in his head? Lost to the world, swimming in the clouds. As a matter of fact," Miss Fuller added, "even I never had any idea that Stuffy would do any such ridiculous thing as really come up here. Of course, when he got your letter, Charlie was surer than ever that it was merely on account of him that Stuffy was trying to buy it."

"And he still thinks that?"

"So far as I've told him," replied Miss Fuller. She paused a moment, then added a phrase which probably summed up all her viewpoint toward life. "What's the use?"

Without any reason except that both felt that all had been said that could be said, they started to walk to the gate.

"It's clear enough and ridiculous enough," commented Stiles, slowly. "Just as ridiculous as I feared it was going to be. All except," he added, a moment later—"all except these local people. Why did the mention of Eksberger scare them out of their wits?"

Miss Fuller looked up at him and looked very squarely.

"Can't you guess?" she asked, bluntly.

Unfortunately, Stiles could guess, and guess very clearly, but, considering the fact that Miss Fuller herself had come with Eksberger, he could hardly say so. He had an idea that allowed him to escape it. "Wait a minute," he said, suddenly, and Miss Fuller obeyed the command literally. She stopped in her tracks.

"Do you really want the place?" asked Stiles. "You can have it if you do."

Miss Fuller tossed her head. "With a ghost on it? I should say *not!*"

XV

Stiles's intention and Miss Fuller's, unconsciously, had been to walk down to the car to see how Eksberger and his mechanics were getting along, but Miss Fuller was destined to finish the walk alone. As they reached the gate there drove up one Pullar, on the seat beside him a handsome old colonel with brown spats and a white mustache. In the open air, with a wheel to hold, Pullar was a different man, and with the assurance which Stiles had originally known him to possess he introduced, "My brother-in-law, Mr. Cady." He looked around to include Miss Fuller, but Miss Fuller had slipped away.

The handsome old colonel shook hands. He was genial enough, but he looked Stiles over with a critical eye. He was evidently a man used to forming his own judgments, damme, whether they were worth anything or not, and under that domineering eye (the brown spats and the white mustache being still kept in mind) Stiles had a sudden illumination concerning the unhappy state of the boyish Mr. Pullar. Mr. Pullar, when one came to think of it, had all the aspects of a man who has married money, or, worse than that, a man whose wife's relatives have money.

There was something in the air of the stiff Mr. Cady that said he had come to see Pullar at work, had been sent, in

other words, to see that he did his duty now and no shirking, but, being a man himself (who had lived in his time), he let his brother-in-law go at it in his own way.

"I wonder if I could see you a minute," began Pullar.

"Why, certainly!" replied Stiles. "Won't you come up to the house? Will you come, Mr. Cady?"

"Will you come, Jack?" repeated Pullar, as if he were accustomed to act as interpreter between his rich relative and the lower classes.

"I'll sit here," said the colonel.

The two others walked away, leaving the white mustache to glower first at the house and then at the wind-shield. At the conventional distance Pullar filled his pipe with all the fixings.

"Stiles," he said, abruptly (he had evidently been told to be abrupt and had promised to do it), "just what will you take for your place?"

"One million dollars," replied Stiles, promptly.

Pullar laughed. "You haven't come down a cent, have you? But, seriously," he added, "I really want to talk business this morning. It's spot cash and dealing with people who—hang it all, Stiles!—people who really have a right to be given a chance."

Stiles looked at him. "Who are you buying for this time?" he asked. "Mr. Cady?"

It was mean to remind Pullar of his former quick change of clients, but, after all, if Pullar was going to be in business, he had got to get used to these things. Pullar blushed and replied, "Yes—and others."

"All local?"

"All local."

Stiles looked at him a longer time. It had not needed the shrewd, almost cruel question of Rose Fuller, a moment before, to tell him where the value of this property lay with these people. Even the hole two hundred feet deep had not raised any hopes of a copper-mine. He knew that he could talk to Pullar as he liked to talk to a man.

"Mr. Pullar," he asked, after some thought, "would it make any difference if I told you that Eksberger is not going to turn this place into a moving-picture park?"

Pullar himself was a long time in replying. He blew the hot coals off the top of his pipe, drew at it deeply, and then watched the smoke. "Not a great deal," he said, at last.

The two men were getting together now, nearer than Stiles had been able to get with any one with whom he had talked in the past few days, not even excepting Rose Fuller, but the very degree to which they were beginning to understand each other made confidence more dangerous. Nevertheless, Stiles made an attempt to reach it.

"Pullar," he asked, suddenly, "what was the Crater ghost?"

In spite of his boyish weakness, in spite of his queer streaks of yokel, there was a fine strain in this tweedy young man who lived his life largely for motors and trout-flies. He did not evade the question. He merely pondered on how to meet it squarely, seeking help from his real companion, his big black pipe.

"What is the usual ghost of a country gentleman?" he asked, suddenly.

"Rum?"

"Rum.

"Did you ever know your uncle?" asked Pullar, a minute later.

"No."

Pullar smoked a long time. Stiles himself had to reopen the conversation.

"I think I get you," he said. "Then seeing a nephew come along with unknown antecedents and midnight parties and—"

"Heavens and earth, Stiles," interrupted Pullar, "I've got some sense!"

Perhaps if Stiles had been allowed to finish the sentence he would have said all that there was to say, but such sudden confidences, once interrupted, are rarely finished, least of all to a man like Pullar and in the broad sunlight. The two men had been walking all the while they had talked. They had walked rods past the house and had started to turn when Pullar stood still. He seemed always to have a guilty conscience of some kind, or at least some fear of leaving a sting or of trampling on somebody's code. As usual, Stiles had to help him out.

"So the old gentleman was a good deal of a rotter?"

"A good deal," confessed Pullar. He struggled again, and at last he made it.

"Stiles, you have no idea what such things get to in the country—a country like this—and with a man like that—nothing to do all day long—practically nobody of his own kind to see eight months in the year. In the old days it was probably all right. They all did it then. They said that when he was younger he was a dandy. I can believe it. He was a Yale man, famous in his time, I've heard. You knew that the family was all split up?"

Of course Stiles knew it. That was why his own mother had been brought up among distant relations, why he himself had known of Eden only in legend. He nodded, and Pullar went on:

"I guess, then, you never knew how far it went. While the old Major was alive—his father—it wasn't so bad. He was just a good deal of a problem, that's all. Of course I don't remember, but after the Major died—holy smoke!"

"Simply a case of packing a jug into a room and staying there for a week?" suggested Stiles, bluntly.

"Oh, that was mild," answered Pullar. "When he couldn't get whisky it was Jamaica ginger and alcohol mixed fifty-fifty with water and bay rum and wintergreen extract and oil of vitriol, so they tell me." Even at that brutal moment Pullar would not have been Pullar if he had not tried to make it easier. "But he wasn't the only one. Some funny things have happened up in these hills. Only, naturally, people did not come here a great deal. That was what my wife meant."

"So I gathered," said Stiles, simply.

"Used to shoot at 'em with a shot-gun when he was bad," explained Pullar, with his passion for reminiscence. "Nearly killed a boy once."

The two men started walking again, just to make the moment more tolerable.

"Was that all he did?" asked Stiles, at last, "drink?"

"No," replied Pullar, briefly.

Stiles had no need to ask any more, and he walked along silently. So far as Pullar was concerned, which meant Mrs. Pullar and old Colonel Cady and the local money (places you'd never suspect it), his mystery was solved and the answer was even more sordid than he had feared. The gold-mine for them on the old Crater place was to dig the Crater family out of it, root and branch—to burn out the plague spot and all the queer creatures it seemed to attract.

"But he left money," he did say at last.

"Thanks to Judge Tyler," said Pullar.

Stiles looked up sharply. "Then the judge remained his friend in spite of all?"

Pullar's lips closed in a smile over the stem of his pipe. "I don't know that friend would be the word to describe it. Judge Tyler was one of many he threatened to shoot—damning and muttering up and down the village street when he was on the wild. You know the sort."

Even that taciturn man saw that his words needed explanation. "The judge wasn't his conservator," he said. "He just took charge of the property bodily and kept it—kept it for him, of course. Walked into the bank, for all I know, and told them to give it to him. He used to dole out old Crater's own money—your uncle's own money—a dollar at a time. If it hadn't been for the judge, he would have died in the poorhouse. Still, I suppose you couldn't blame him for claiming the judge had robbed him."

He looked at Stiles anxiously to see what he would think of this high-handed exhibition of local finance, but Stiles's eyes were twinkling.

"No wonder," he said, "that the judge was not over-friendly."

Pullar straightened with interest. "You've met him, then?"

Stiles nodded.

"How did he act?"

"He wasn't bad. We're good friends by now."

Pullar appeared relieved, while Stiles mused over the strange, strange story. There came to his mind the earlier story the judge had told. He wondered if the old man had had a moral purpose in telling it. Probably not; the judge was too much the born antiquarian for that; but, almost for Pullar's sake, he remarked, "This was a great crowd of mine!"

He said it as a man does say those things, with a fine show of humor, but no man ever felt very gay at the discovery of a skeleton like this in the

family closet—in recent history, at any rate. He felt no animosity toward Pullar and the people for whom he was acting. He did not blame them for what they were trying to do. For the first time he really saw himself as he must have appeared to Pullar's wife, and his scorn for the good lady was not now so high and mighty—an unknown sprout of that unhappy race who kept sullenly to himself and persisted in letting the place go to rack and ruin, who slouched through the streets in neglected garments and cynically told Pullar himself that the place meant what it would bring, and nothing more; the overturned motor in front of the door; the first visitor a man who looked like a pawnbroker; the house guests a flashy Broadway notable and an unexplained girl—"

But in his self-abasement, Stiles had carried his argument just too far. With a sudden flash he remembered who the unexplained girl had proved to be. It shot all his gloom into nothing. He almost laughed.

"Pullar," he said, "I can't give you an answer now."

Odd to say, in spite of his orders, in spite of what must await him at home and in the house of his brother-in-law, Pullar did not seem upset. He even seemed rather glad. One cannot tell a story as Pullar had told it without a reflex of compassion.

"That's all right," he replied. "Take your time, and when you can—"

They continued to the house, and, with a wave of his hand, Pullar drove off with his colonel. Stiles looked around, but Rose was not to be seen. He started to search inside, when he heard his name, and, after a minute, he located Eksberger's head bobbing back up the slope of the hill. The gray-checked suit had been stripped down to shirt-sleeves, Eksberger's hair was mussed, and on his face was a very queer look. He motioned with his hand, and, as Stiles hurried forward, Eskberger caught his arm as if to lead him away. As Stiles followed with him he looked to the right and the left.

"Stiles," he said, in a very low voice, "they were right. There's no car down there in the brook."

Stiles looked at him blankly, uncertain as to whether or not he should laugh.

"And what's more," gasped Eksberger, "there isn't any brook!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Rondeau of Any Soldier

BY SERGEANT LYON MEARSON

WHEN I come home from Flanders field,
From Flanders field, from Flanders field,
I'll know the taste of everyday,
The little things we do and say,
The joys an even life can yield,
What potent peace a day can wield,
For I have dreamed on Flanders field
Of grace-notes in Life's scale to play
When I come home.

I've seen the thrush grow mute and sealed
On Flanders field, on Flanders field,
For War does smaller things dismay;
I want to live Life's common way,
I'll know the secret War revealed
When I come home.

About Writing Poetry

[Editor's Note.—The autobiographic frankness of the following pages has led the author to withold his name—one, however, familiar to readers of this magazine, who on more than one occasion have seen it signed to verse and prose of peculiar distinction.]

CANNOT remember when I began writing, any more than I can remember learning to read. By writing I mean, of course, composition; the baser mechanism of chirography I was taught when I was about five, and I distinctly recall discovering with surprise that the alphabet was nothing other than a list of the familiar letters from which words were made. So by then I must have been reading for some time. Of course all children make up rhymes and jingles of their own, and turn naturally to rhythm as alike an instinctive pleasure and an aid to memory. The only circumstance unusual in my case was that by reading so early to myself I had more models. I was not (thank Heaven!) a virtuous and bookish child; but to read was as natural as mischief, and nearly as much fun. I would read anything that was a book, especially if there were pictures in it; and more especially if I had been told that it was too old for me to understand, for then I became curious. I did not read Ibsen in infancy, like the Boston child of comic fame; but I read Shakespeare and *The Swiss Family Robinson*, and Miss Parloa's *New Cook-Book* with entire impartiality, and Dickens and Scott and Burns and Longfellow along with Oliver Optic and Mayne Reid. I remember particularly a queer yellow volume called *The Geography of the Heavens*, which was not a geography at all, but contained, besides some stupid stuff about the stars, an account of an entirely new set of gods and goddesses and heroes with unpronounceable names, more reasonable than the fairies, and somewhat more humanly companionable than the patriarchs and angels of the Bible stories. These people I found also in a small, fat Pope's *Iliad* without a cover; and when I tired of reading this I would build a sty for it under the table, and play that it was a pig. On these occasions a big Doré Milton was generally a cow. And there was an *Ancient Mariner*, illustrated also by Doré, which gave me very evil dreams. Of course I impersonated everything I read about, from grizzly bears to gorgons, and from Ivanhoe to Achilles. And equally, of course, I made up for myself, long before I learned or cared to write them down, stories and verses of my own in imitation of my reading. I dictated by the hour to my patient mother, who solemnly read me the result; and I knew when a line or sentence sounded wrong before ever I heard of grammar or versification.

For so much reminiscence I have some excuse, beyond the pleasure of anonymous egoism, for it serves very simply to explain the spirit of my reading ever since, and the instinctive trend of my own writing. From the first, all books were only books to me—a literary commune with no other aristocracy than that of interest. I could have no fear of a classic, being familiar with many before I had heard of such a thing; and I enjoyed endless rubbish, in ignorance of any critic against whom to defend my enjoyment. I had never the chance to be a prig about the one or a Philistine about the other. Milton I read contemporaneously with the Elsie Books, and recognized much the same theology in both, and the same tone of moral melodrama. Milton was better when comprehensible, because he made a gorgeous noise. Mrs. Finley, although equally familiar with the Deity, never called Him Jehovah thundering out of Sion; her hell also was less pictorial, and her heaven a place only for dead people. With these and the Bible stories my mythological gleanings formed a kindred category. I was, of course, informed that those were true stories and these

fairy tales; but the difference, if any, seemed rather in favor of the last. It was all equally real. If I had never seen Venus or Andromeda, no more had I seen Jezebel; and gnomes or dryads, Oberon or Azrael, an elephant or a centaur or a Cheshire cat, would have been alike recognized at once if I had found them in the garden. So, likewise, "Romeo and Juliet" and "As You Like It" and *The Talisman* were books of adventure like *The Bush Boys* and the innumerable works of G. A. Henty—perhaps more musical and less adventurous. And I felt alike for Ariadne and Evangeline and Ophelia, without in the least understanding the complexion of their sorrows. All this, which pedagogy would have expected to spoil my palate, gave me instead whatever critical taste I may possess, for it forced upon me from the first some standard of individual judgment as the only standard possible. I could prefer books only for their power to interest, and form no other prejudices than my own; and that to-day I read George Meredith and George Ade with equal though diverse pleasure; that poetry still seems natural as prose, tradition merely a history that is not dead, and romance more often true than realism, I must owe frankly to the catholicism of apples and gingerbread and the big leather-covered chair. I was so fortunate as to learn first what I liked, and afterward that it was literature. And I have since learned that all great art is nothing but what, in the long run, continues to please many people.

In writing, as in reading, it was much the same. From childhood immemorial verse had been simply a form of speech more moving and more memorable than prose. In stories there was no guide from word to word; but in poetry, if a syllable went wrong it spoiled the rhyme or rhythm; and I had pages of it by heart without having tried to memorize. Also the mere stamp and swing of it were exciting, like the march of soldiers to a tune. As for the sense of anything therein artificial or remote, all children learned rhymes before they could read, and invented them before they could write; and their elders no more than played at the same game. What was the difference between the nightmare "Life-in-Death" and the "Dong with the Luminous Nose"? When I first read of both I was as much afraid of one as of the other. And I could have howled aloud (only that I was not a girl) over the lamentable parting of Ralph Rackstraw and Josephine. It had the same miserable sorry feeling as the lament of Helen over Hector, which I had read a month or two before. So by the age of ten or twelve I had a fair, though irregular, familiarity with most English poets between Spenser and Keats, and had versified pages of nonsense of my own. There would have been more of it if I had not been preoccupied with baseball and stamp collecting and a few first love-affairs. But it never occurred to me until years afterward that any of these occupations might be less ordinary than the rest.

What had, however, occurred to me long since was my technical inferiority to my models. That my ideas were any less worthy of expression than Shakespeare's I could not then perceive; but I was quite aware that I did not express them so well. I could not rhyme like Gilbert or Byron; my hexameters were not even so good as Longfellow's; my iambics lacked the trample and blare of Macaulay; and my attempts at blank verse had such a hopeless habit of stopping for breath at the end of every line that I soon gave up that form in despair. There was also an early lyric about spanking which went to the music of "Bonnie Dundee"; and, despite the impassioned intimacy of this theme, I recognized with regret that my lines would not sing themselves to the melody like those of the original. It was with style, moreover, as with prosody; child as I was I felt that, compared with what I read, my own writing sounded childish; it was play-poetry, somehow, not grown-up and real. At last I discovered in an old rhetoric a chapter on versification which was, happily for me, traditional and sound and sane. A passage in Pope suggested that the sound of a line might emphasize and adorn its meaning. And with this for a starting-point, I set to work, neither more nor less seriously than at football or plane geometry, to puzzle out the science of this game. The little I could find upon the subject I

read; more time I spent upon experiment, and in crude analysis of masterpieces, if haply I might surprise some secret of their golden harmonies. It was a matter no one could tell me much about, and of course too subtle for a school-boy. Tennyson was a great help, and Swinburne and Kipling and Morris and Rossetti. While yet I could no more than smatter at their meaning, I went through pages of Homer and Horace and Vergil for the pure glory of their sound. Then presently, as my small Greek and Latin grew, there came new light from the comparison of languages; and the study of shorthand lent an else unimagined suggestion of phonetics. About my sophomore year I discovered roughly Stevenson's theory of the verbal pattern; and then I found his essay and learned, between vanity and humiliation at once, that my discovery was true and that it was none of mine. I was always doing that, or piling some callow card-house of hypothesis which the next fact blew flatlong. But I kept at it in rather desultory fashion, from sheer curiosity and love of an art which then I had no thought to make professionally mine. And I have been at it ever since.

It is no wonder, therefore, if I cannot entirely sympathize with that now fashionable school which demands a poetry professedly American and up-to-date, which proclaims emancipation from conventional form, and asserts that men work better for not knowing how—Imagist, Modernist, Futurist, *et id genus omne*. With all their sincerity, there seems a certain affectation and advertisement about these popular rebels—as of a huge and swaggering majority with its back against the wall, a heroic Juggernaut claiming the martyr's crown. For some of us their freedom is too hard a bondage, and their anarchy too narrow and inflexible a dogma. On what compulsion must we deny ourselves whatever beauty is not wholly new? Or because this is here and now, shall not all distance and all yesterday make music in us also? Imagine a Shakespeare restricted to Elizabethan subjects, a Vergil imprisoned within Augustan realism, a Keats compelled to be contemporary! Doubtless we are the people, and wisdom was born with us. Being modern Americans, we cannot if we will produce any other than modern American art; and perhaps we might do as well to put away self-consciousness and, instead of trying to make something national, try simply to make anything good. We live in the Great Age, as others have done; but that is hardly a reason why we should make it smaller by imprisoning our souls therein, as others did not do. And the question of form I for one answer by merely declining to be disinherited. Free verse itself, as Miss Lowell is so fond of pointing out, has been written off and on for centuries. Why make a boast, then, of writing nothing else? Convention is but our name for that which very many have approved; and we should call him a foolish carpenter who would do his work without hammer, saw, or chisel because these tools were tainted with the touch of time.

Of course analogy is not argument. But I am here less concerned to argue as a critic than to make plain one poet's prejudice about these things. I can no more revolt against a classic than against an old friend. The distinction between sound and sense, though useful to measure what latitude we may allow ourselves, appears to me as imaginary as the Equator; we may conceive the two apart, like soul and body; but in fact life is their combination. And as regards thought expressed in words, a thing said otherwise is to me simply another thing. Nowadays, when I am called sometimes a technician with more care for style than for substance, the old childhood feeling still persists—that, though the substance of what I write be worthy of perfect writing, my expression remains forever weak and tawdry, and painfully below the beauty of what I read. I suppose I know more about blank verse than any man alive, and perhaps as much about the shaping of words for music; at any rate, it is no very wild boast to say so; yet any day a rich line of Noyes or a blazing phrase of Masefield, or one of Kipling's ultimately expressive sentences—yes, or some slap-bang rattle of a rag-time song—will remind me afresh of artistries far out of reach, and make me feel a beginner or a charlatan. Truly, I do care more for

style than substance; and why not? The thoughts are what I have to say — beyond my creation or control, save that I can in some sort choose among them; but the saying, the embodiment in rhythms and words—that is my own affair, to care for and to work over; the "crafte so long to learne" that I have not learned yet, nor ever shall. At least I know enough for this—to find some fault always in the best line that I can make. Though I think like Sophocles or dream like Swinburne, what shall it profit when certainly I cannot write like them? So, for aught I know, may any other person less articulate than I. And I like to think that I may harmlessly be vain of my ideas—which are not mine, but given to me from God knows where—so long as I keep a decent modesty of my small power to create verses in their image.

This brings to mind a question I am often asked—I mean about the actual psychology of composition. Somebody may be interested if I set down the answer here; and it is really an easy matter to describe. Have you never developed pictures in the dark-room, and watched the image form upon the blank film? You know how first the high lights appear, a touch here and a mass there and an outline yonder, separately and nothing like a picture; then gradually the space between fills into a design wherein the first intense bits have their places; and then the shadows and fine details come last of all. And you know how sometimes one picture never will come wholly clear, or another flashes forth too quickly, only to fade away again; and the result in either case is the same—a flat, dull, foggy thing with all its values wrong. So that your whole work is to bring each image to its best and fix it there, not spoiling force in refinement nor detail for the sake of intensity. Well, it is exactly like that. I have beforehand the idea, the vision of what the thing is meant to be—a plan of rhythm and thought and the tone or feeling of it all. So I sit down and make a dark-room of myself, shutting out every other light except the red glow of imagination. Then first come the high lights, a phrase in one place, a line or a sentence in another, and again some cadence or movement of the verse—as casually and as much without construction or control of mine as the scattered markings on the film. I recognize them by their places in the plan, and I try hard to hold them there until I can fill in the connection and bring all into form and harmony; and that is sheer technical labor. These high lights are the important parts in the sense of being climaxes or openings or endings, dominant rhyme-words or essential sentences that must be just so, and upon which the rest depends; important also in that I do not and cannot make them—they *happen*, as if I remembered them; or they refuse to happen, as if I could not remember; but of course in the completed work no more important than the half-tones and organism of the design which I myself must make. And sometimes I have only the lights, and cannot for the life of me fill in the rest; and sometimes the whole image flares and fades, and the lights get lost among the shadows, and the work dulls into a vile, flat mockery of what I meant to do. And—only sometimes—there are lucky days when thought and mood and movement fit themselves into form at once, so that I have hardly more than to write down words as if I were taking dictation in a dream. But that is too good to happen often.

And always there is work—work at the full stretch at once of patience and of effort, even though it be only the effort of attention. Usually there is emotional excitement mixed up with it, and of course the nauseating struggle with parts that will not come right and must be prevented from making all the rest go wrong. But my facility seems to have nothing to do with the result, either in detail or as to the entire poem. I cannot, once I have forgotten, myself distinguish the phrase that seemed to have been spoken to me from that one which I rewrote a score of times; and, although I perhaps tend a trifle to prefer such of my poems as were made readily, yet in this I am probably wrong, for other people are as likely to impute either force or smoothness to those over which I have fussed and tinkered for months, leaving no line unturned. In any case, nothing of mine is practically

ever finished, because I never can be satisfied; and the proofs of some new printing are only another chance to see if I can fit a word more accurately or improve the movement of a line.

Now all this is, of course, my ordinary work, and about as strange to me as getting shaved: rather less so if anything; for to have songs growing in my head is in itself surely not more mysterious than to have hair growing upon my face; and it has happened ever since I can remember, instead of during certain years. Nor do I believe this experience in any way peculiar to myself or to imaginative art; but that it is the normal psychology of much that we carelessly call thinking, and far more common than we suppose. I think that the better half of everybody's daily brain work is precisely thus intuitive or subconscious; but most people, being not introspective, forget the essential revelation in remembering the conscious labor of arrangement. So that we imagine ourselves to have thought out an idea, whereas in fact the idea has been first revealed to us; and then we have thought *about* it. However this may be, of the source of those fragmentary illuminations which I make into poems I am myself quite unaware. The sensation is altogether external, and I know no sense in which I may accurately claim to be their origin. It may be God or Apollo or Chemistry or the Subconscious Mind—I know as little of one as of another. And I was never of those confident folk who consider themselves to have understood a phenomenon merely by giving it a name—even a scientific name. Life is a tissue of familiar mysteries, and it is only when we talk scientific nonsense or try absurd scientific experiments about these matters that they argue themselves unknown.

At any rate, there are some things about this process which I do know. And, first of all, that all the talk about the artistic temperament and waiting upon inspiration is ultimate bosh and an excuse for inexcusable laziness. If you wait for inspiration, it does not come. It will no more occur unbidden than your photograph will expose or develop itself. It must be sought; and the manner of its seeking is the traditional one known of all seers from the beginning, to shut oneself inward from the senses and concentrate upon darkness until the lights appear. Call it reverie if you will, or auto-hypnosis. I call it, as common folk have always called it, meditation. By any name, it is not done without endeavor, although here also habit helps; and it must be done with a clean heart and a clear head if the result shall be worth having. Inspiration of itself is nothing—mere day-dreams of no use unrealized; and between these and their realization lies all that a man may compass of labor and honesty and hoarded skill. That is why technique seems to me the supremely important thing to toil and talk about; not because the execution matters so much itself as the design, but because ideas happen, whereas their embodiment must be made. Art here is in no special category. The scientist groping for material law, the engineer scheming some new structure, the statesman ordering the affairs of men, merchant or banker or soldier, or whom you will—all have their share in the one sacred fire; they must all alike learn and agonize to forge therein any achieved event of earthly use; and I cannot see why the artist need claim exemption from the study and practice of his proper trade. Here is the radical error of the radicals, that they look for some philosopher's stone of art, some Northwest Passage to invention. They pretend, of course, to have preferred their cubes and jargons and cacophonies as more expressive than conventional craftsmanship, and not as evasions of its difficulty. Surely sometimes these gentlemen deceive themselves; and the proof is that they profess to improve upon that which they have not exhausted, to have done more than what they cannot do. Now and then some true prophet speaks honestly in a strange tongue—Browning, Whitman, Rodin. And for the others, by their fruits ye shall know them. Like the rest of us, they have discovered how hard it is to bring a design to bear and to express imagination; so they make figures without form and sounds without meaning, and call upon you and me to admire the representation of their souls.

Huns of the Air

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

EVERY mouse in the fields and meadows, every rabbit that crouches under the thicket, every grouse and pheasant, even fish and frogs and muskrats in the waters and the squirrels and song-birds of the forest, live under a menace from above, no less terrible to them than the Zeppelins have been to London, and far less effectively combated. They live under the menace of the raptores, or birds of prey—the eagles, hawks, falcons, and owls—certain species of which are still far commoner than the ordinary person supposes, even in the settled sections of our northeastern states. The Terror comes to them out of the air; it drops with the speed of lightning and kills with extraordinary strength and ferocity. Size in itself is little protection, for a goshawk will easily kill a rooster and even carry him off. That menacing shadow over the hen-yard which causes such a commotion on a still summer day hovers in reality over all the land of the little wild folk, by night as well as by day, and tragedy falls like the traditional bolt from the blue in open field and sedgy marsh and silent forest.

One March day I found a strange record on my mountain-side. The body of a small skunk dangled over a bent sapling, about four feet from the ground. Beneath was snow and mud without a track. The skunk showed no mark of shot, nor had there been any hunters in that vicinity. He could hardly have climbed up and straddled a sapling to die a natural death; besides, there were blood marks on his head and throat. In all probability he had been killed by a great horned owl,—one of the few creatures I know which have any fondness for skunks,—and had either been dropped because the owl wasn't hungry or else placed on the limb preparatory to eating, the owl having been scared away before the meal could begin. At any rate, I could see no other explanation.

It was on the 18th day of March that I first noticed the hawks so prominent in the air. It was also the day that bird-song and spring warmth were first apparent. Walking along a highroad above a pine-filled valley, I heard a loud commotion in the trees, and suddenly a score of crows burst up above the pines, like black fragments of an explosion. In their midst was a bird of about the same size, which speedily made off. Four crows went in pursuit, however. I was too far away to make out with any certainty what variety of hawk this bird was, and in addition the light was in my face. It was probably a Cooper's hawk. But I could see the four crows fly over him, and dart down every few feet to take a peck at his head. Meanwhile the crows which remained behind kept up an incessant racket in the pines. The hawk made no effort to fight back, nor did he even seem greatly annoyed. Without any attempt to dodge or change his line of flight, he gradually accelerated his speed, swung down wind, and disappeared, the four crows being left astern after about a mile. Just what he had done to annoy them I cannot say. He may have been hungry and attacked one. But it doesn't pay to attack a crow. *E pluribus unum* is their motto. I have seen literally hundreds of crows gather in less than two hours to attack a great horned owl which had killed one of their number. As a rule, I doubt if the hawks and owls trouble the crows very much, even though their nests are placed so similarly in the tops of the forest trees.

I had hardly finished watching this little battle over the pines when, on looking upward, I saw a big red-tailed hawk (the large bird commonly and mistakenly called a hen-hawk) sailing far aloft on almost motionless pinions. It is a beautiful flight, this of the red-tailed

hawk, exceeded in consummate ease, perhaps, only by the turkey buzzard of the South, which is undoubtedly the king of aeronauts. He was sailing in great circles, apparently aimless, and it seemed incredible that from such a height he could see his prey on the earth below, even prey as large as a rabbit, not to mention mice, which are the chief staple of his diet. Yet he was probably intently watching the earth beneath, as his great loops swung him northward (much like the connected capital *O's* we used to have to push across the page of our "writing-books" at school), and sooner or later he would drop from his aerial pathway and swing aloft again with his quarry.

The same day I saw a third hawk, sitting quietly on top of a large log in a pasture within two hundred feet of the trolley track. The car was moving rapidly, so I had little time for observation, but it seemed to be a red-shouldered hawk, which is a trifle smaller than the red-tailed, but rather closely resembles it, especially in habits of flight. I could see, however, that the noisy passage of the trolley did not disturb this bird in the least. He was facing in the opposite direction, with his head down, as if he were watching the ground. It may be there was some quarry beneath that log which he was waiting for. A cat at a mouse-hole can be no more patient than a hawk.

It is by no means true that all hawks are seriously destructive of desirable bird and animal life. The so-called hen-hawk is a case in point. Because this hawk, and the red-shouldered hawk, also, have soared in their great, beautiful circles high above our clearings since the first settlers came, and because hawks do unquestionably raid poultry-yards and kill pigeons and wild game birds, these most conspicuous raptores have had the burden of reproach heaped upon them. Yet actually the red-tailed, or "hen," hawk does probably as much good as harm to the farmer and the community. In that monumental work, *The Birds of New York*, by Elon Howard Eaton, is a table of stomach contents from all the varieties of hawks and owls found in New York State, compiled from many careful investigations. In only 10 per

THE DUCK-HAWK NESTS ON THE LEDGES OF ROCK PRECIPICES

cent. of the red-tailed hawks was any trace of poultry or game, and in only 9 per cent. any trace of other birds. The red-shouldered had a still smaller percentage. In both species 50 per cent. showed mice, and 45 per cent. of the red-shouldered showed insects. Doctor Eaton classes the red-tailed hawk as "near the border-line of beneficent birds," however, and he puts the common marsh-hawk in the same rather doubtful class, because of its raids on birds, along with the barred and snowy owls. He leaves in the unquestionably injurious class, as birds of prey which should be exterminated, only these—the goshawk, Cooper hawk, sharp-shinned hawk, duck-hawk, pigeon-hawk, and great horned owl. They are the ones which do the real damage, both goshawks and great horned owls, for example, showing as high as 36 and 25 per cent., respectively, of poultry and game in the stomach contents examined, while the pigeon-hawk showed 85 per cent. of other birds, and the duck-hawk 35 per cent. of poultry and game and 45 per cent. of other birds. In none was there any commensurate percentage of mice or insects to balance this destruction.

So far as my own state of Massachusetts is concerned, there is no doubt that the goshawk the last severe winter, next to the weather, has been the most serious menace to all our small wild game, and even a serious menace to our domestic fowls. Not only did this vicious, cruel, and incredibly swift and powerful bird, supposedly an inhabitant of the North, visit regions where hitherto he was comparatively unknown in any such numbers, but he seems to be displaying a tendency to remain, at least for the winter months. It may be he will yet have to be reckoned as our worst winged enemy. I have collected this winter a few records of his exploits from my own immediate neighborhood, which can be duplicated, probably, over most of New England and New York. The total amount of his destruction has certainly been huge.

THE RED-TAILED HAWK DROPPING FROM HIS AERIAL PATHWAY

For example, a single goshawk near the city of Pittsfield wantonly killed seventeen pigeons, carrying away only one of them to eat. A goshawk in Sheffield was seen by a farmer to swoop

upon a pheasant in a field and kill it. Another farmer lost several hens, and on more than one occasion was close by when the raid was made, but could never get his gun up quickly enough to bag the hawk. Finally this hawk killed and managed to carry off a full-grown Plymouth Rock rooster. As the goshawk stands but twenty-one to twenty-two inches high, and weighs considerably less than the fattened fowl, you can gather some idea of his power. There were numerous other records of domestic-fowl and pigeon-killing, and tales by the hunters of pheasants, grouse, and even rabbits slaughtered by this pirate of the air. It is fortunate for us that the bird does not yet breed so far south as this. Though a few of our woodsmen maintain that the goshawks are showing signs of breeding here abouts, as yet I have not seen real evidence to justify the statement.

THE SPARROW-HAWK IS A PRETTY LITTLE FALCON THAT DOES MORE GOOD THAN HARM

Several specimens were shot last winter, one or two by irate farmers who watched the hen-yard, gun in hand, from a cover. The goshawk is certainly a savage-looking specimen, when properly mounted, the adult being slate-blue and gray, with black on the head, and having the longish body of the Cooper hawk, but with more muscular power, fierce talons and beak, and a flashing eye. Every line of him looks cruel—and is cruel. Like the mink and weasel, he butchers for the sheer love of killing, even when he isn't hungry. He and the duck-hawk are the Prussians of the bird kingdom.

The duck-hawk, fortunately, is rather rare, or at least he is rare in settled communities, because he builds its nest, or its apology for a nest, on the ledges of rock precipices (like the golden eagle), and consequently requires more or less a mountain country to breed in. The duck-hawk (which is seventeen inches long, considerably smaller than the henhawk, or goshawk) belongs to the falcon family—it is the *Falco peregrinus anatum*, and practically identical with the European peregrine falcon of the noble days of falconry, those heroic days of old which we of the modern high-power rifle and soft-nosed expanding bullet think so cruel and bloody. The falcons

THE GREAT HORNED OWL OR "SIX-HOOTER"

differ from the hawks somewhat in their bills and talons, which are even better adapted for tearing and seizing prey, and in the relatively greater length and pointed character of their wings. The peregrine falcon, or duck-hawk, is undoubtedly a splendid bird if you judge him solely by strength and speed and cunning in flight. He most often seizes his prey on the wing, and, now that water-fowl are scarce, he takes about any bird he encounters, dropping upon it with a suddenness that leaves it no chance for escape.

The duck-hawks often nest year after year in the same place, apparently either the same birds or young of the parent birds, returning to the familiar cliff. On Sugar Loaf, a curious formation near Deerfield, Massachusetts, and also on the precipitous limestone precipice of Monument Mountain in Stockbridge (the mountain celebrated in a poem of Bryant's), there have been duck-hawks' nests for over a generation. The nesting-place on Monument can only be reached, as a rule, with an Alpine rope, and since the eggs are laid before the 1st of May, while the cliff is still wet, the egg-hunter takes his life in his hands. Last year, for the first time, I did not see the birds about the mountain at all, and three ascents of the cliff with a rope disclosed nothing except a partridge's nest on a dry, mossy shelf. My observation was not continuous nor thorough enough to say definitely that the birds were not there, but apparently this historic pair has met its end at last. I cannot help hoping so, for they took, I am sure, a tremendous toll of bird life, including, I know, many meadow-larks and flickers. Their hunting range, too, is great. I cannot say how great, but once or twice when I was on the mountain summit, I have seen one of them coming from over the mountain on the far side of the valley, winging much like a pigeon, from regions at least fifteen miles away. If they hunt over a circle of only thirty miles in diameter (and probably it is very much more) the territory a pair can cover is considerable.

The Cooper and sharp-shinned hawks (smallish hawks, of fifteen to eighteen and ten to twelve inches, respectively) can be told apart because the Cooper

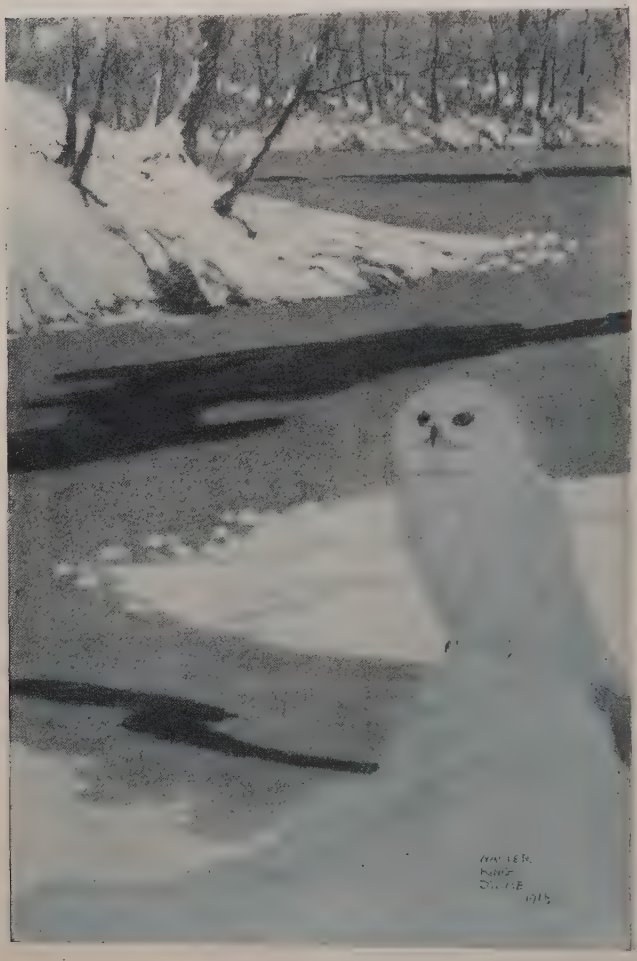
has a rounded tail, the sharp-shinned a square tail. Both may be told from the small falcons—*i.e.*, the so-called sparrow- and pigeon-hawks, because the falcons have long, pointed wings, the hawks short, rounded ones. Both Cooper and sharp-shinned hawks breed in the latitude of New England and New York, and even as far south as Florida. Both build nests in forest trees, the sharp-shinned selecting almost always evergreens, the latter taking an old crow's nest when convenient. They are true hawks in habit, coursing low through the trees and shrubbery in pursuit of their game and employing the cover of foliage with uncanny skill. They take a terrible toll of bird life, from song-birds up to grouse and pheasants, and in summer they are the two hawks which are really responsible for most of the chicken-stealing. I have seen one come up to an orchard where hens were scratching, keeping the trees between him and his quarry, till he was close by. Then he swooped like lightning in under the branches, seized a chicken, and rose with it, all before a man could have reached for a gun and fired. The illustrator of this article tells me he once saw a sharp-shinned hawk fly so low that he seemed to be actually hugging the ground. He reached a thick hedge, simply flowed up over it, and landed in a flock of pigeons on the other side, killing two of them before they knew he was anywhere about.

Personally, I disapprove of egg hunting and collecting. There are plenty of available collections for study, and most eggs would do more good as birds than as neglected "specimens" amid the clutter of a boy's den. But if the boy can be taught to distinguish the eggs of the Cooper and sharp-shinned hawks, the more he collects the better! It will not benefit his clothes, but it will help the community and all the beneficent birds.

The sparrow-hawk (a small falcon) and the marsh-hawk (which may be distinguished unfailingly by the white upper tail coverts) should both be allowed to live. Their food consists, for the most part, of mice, insects, and so on, although both take a certain toll of bird life, especially the marsh-hawk. At any rate, they are South Germans, not Prussians. The

THE MARSH-HAWK

sparrow-hawk is a pretty little falcon, with considerable rosy color on him, and is seen, perhaps, more often than almost any bird of prey by the average unobservant person, because he often sits on roadside telegraph-poles or courses over the fields. I have seen them over the prairie close to the edge of the Rocky Mountains, and again in the heart of a city. Mr. Stone records that once he had a studio in Washington near the Treasury Building and a pair of sparrow-hawks came daily to a telephone-pole near by and lay in wait for the English sparrows, which they apparently took to their young somewhere in a courtyard near by. (They often nest in hollow trees.) This would seem to suggest possibilities to those communities which are infested with sparrows. A few pairs of sparrow-hawks on every block would soon clean things up!

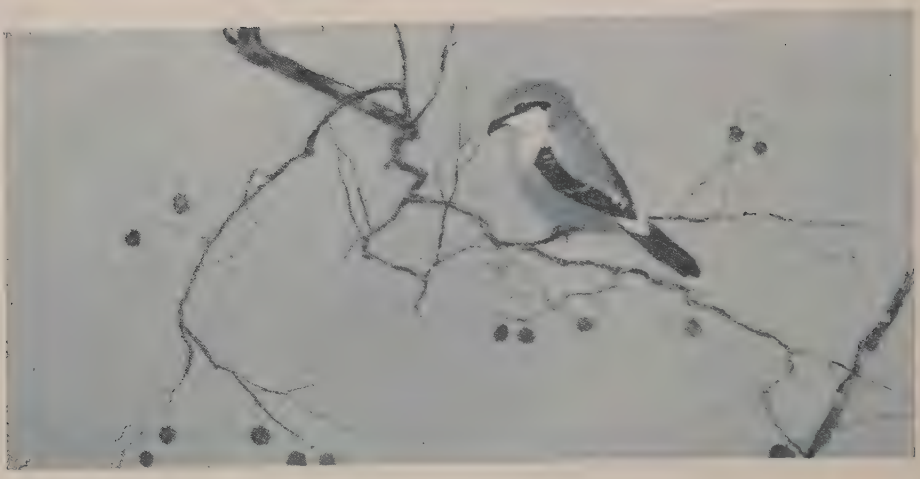


THE SNOWY OWL

The marsh-hawk (which is a medium-sized bird, about seventeen inches long) has apparently the habit of hunting over a regular beat. I have records of this from points as widely separated as New England and Mexico (the latter recorded by Charles Livingston Bull). In each case the bird always appeared from a certain quarter, followed a definite line of flight while under observation, and disappeared at the same place. When the marsh-hawk notes some disturbance in the grass or gets sight of a mouse or young woodchuck or desirable insect, he suddenly stops, mounts a little, hovers watching, and then strikes with great speed. It is estimated that a pair will account for eleven hundred mice, small birds, and other prey in the ten weeks of incubation and rearing of a family. Were it not for the fact that something over 25 per cent. of this total is sure to be birds, the marsh-hawk would not be a bad fellow to have around. At the worst, he is listed only as "doubtful" by most ornithologists. To-day I stopped my motor beside a wide field and watched one hunting. He flew low—not over twenty feet up at any time—and paid no attention whatever to the other birds, which were numerous. He was intently watching

Drawn by Walter King Stone

THE DIM FORM OF A SCREECH-OWL OUTLINED AGAINST THE TWILIGHT SKY



THE SHRIKE MUST BE INCLUDED AMONG THE FOES OF BIRD LIFE

the ground as he flew, and when he finally struck—too far away for me to see clearly—it was at something on the ground, probably a field-mouse.

Eagles are becoming so rare in the East now that few persons ever see one. Sometimes they think they see one, when it is in reality the big osprey, or fish-hawk. That noble-looking and vicious-acting brute, the golden eagle, who nests on inaccessible cliff ledges, has been driven more and more into remote mountain fastnesses. But the bald eagle still is found occasionally. Last winter one was seen in southern New Hampshire, and the next day one was shot in Maynard, Massachusetts, while eating a pig he had just killed. Presumably, it was the same bird seen in New Hampshire the day before. Twenty-five years ago we used to see bald eagles rather frequently both in Rhode Island, along the salt ponds, and in the wilder parts of the Berkshires and the White Mountains, but they are encountered less and less often now. You have to seek the high Rockies to find them a characteristic feature in the aerial perspective.

But the owls we have with us still. The taxidermists agree that more great horned owls were brought in last winter than in any season for years. In fact, the supply of artificial eyes for the stuffed specimens was entirely exhausted before the winter was over. Probably this means that the severe cold added many birds from the north to our resident population. The great horned owl—or "six hooter," as he is called in the Adirondacks, because of his "song" —is the bad citizen among the owl tribe. He is a big bird, standing often a full two feet high, and weighs about four pounds. He hunts by night, as a rule, but more than once he has been caught out in the daytime, and I have seen one with a crow in his talons, pursued by thousands of live crows, in full day. The crows did not molest him while he was perched, but when he attempted to fly they swarmed down upon him. It was in deep woods, and the uproar could be heard a mile away. He did not escape till darkness came. One of these big owls can easily kill a hen, or even a turkey, and on farms which adjoin the wild forests where the owls love to nest (in hollow trees or even in old crows' nests) they are often a serious pest. They kill also skunk, woodchuck, game-birds, and rabbits, as well as song-birds and mice. The call of the great horned owl is generally represented as follows: whoo, hoo-hoo-hoo, whoo, whoo. It doesn't sound unlike the long-drawn toot of a distant steamboat.

I have found but one record of a snowy owl in western Massachusetts, though they not infrequently come down from their northern home to the seacoast in winter, even as far as Long Island. This

one appeared a few years ago, and was captured single-handed by an old lady. She heard a commotion just at twilight in her chicken-yard, rushed out, and saw the great white bird, completely unfamiliar to her, endeavoring to rise with her pet rooster in his talons. The rooster was putting up a good fight, and the old lady rushed to his assistance, armed with her apron. She threw the apron over the owl, and actually succeeded in getting him into the house, though both she and the apron showed the marks of the contest. One of the men then appeared and killed it, and it is now a treasured ornament of the front parlor.

The barn-owl is not found in our region, either, which is a pity, for he is not only one of the most humorous-looking creatures in the feathered kingdom, running a close race for first honors with the penguin and the puffin, but he is also a great destroyer of rodents, far exceeding the much vaunted barn cat, which usually prefers milk to mice. I have often wondered why the bird societies do not try the experiment of distributing barn-owls to regions where they are not at present found. The same barn-owl, in Europe, lives in deserted castles and haunted towers and

> . . . does to the moon complain
> Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
> Molest her ancient solitary reign .

Undoubtedly this is also the owl who, on a certain famous and romantic evening, "for all his feathers was a-cold." It is rather curious that two birds so famous in Old World song and legend as the peregrine falcon and the barn-owl should play so slight a part in our New World life. The barn-owl, at least, deserves recognition and protection. Some years ago a colony of barn-owls lived in the Smithsonian tower in Washington, entering and leaving by a broken window. Somebody mended this window, thus killing all the owls inside and driving away all who were outside at the time. A careful and expert examination of the dead birds, the pellets and the nests, showed that the owls of this colony had been taking a tremendous toll of rodents and small pests; they had been a positive asset to the surrounding community.

I fancy that for most Americans the little screech-owl (so-called, though he doesn't screech) really inspires the romance which in Europe belongs to the barn-owl. That soft, mournful, prolonged whistle of his, that quavering note as if he always had his *vox humana* stop pulled all the way out—whoo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-has been heard by all of us, winter and summer, in the still night, often from the orchard beside the house. Many a night, as a boy, I have lain in bed and listened to the owl calling from his hole in an old apple-tree, while the November wind rustled the dead leaves on the oak beside my window and a delicious melancholy stole over me. Many a time, too, I have seen, in the daytime, the face of the little fellow peering from a hole, and watched it fade mysteriously from sight as I drew near, much like the Cheshire cat. However, if you poked your hand down into the hole it was no spirit nip you got on the finger! The screech-owl, something like the black bear, has a red phase. (The so-called cinnamon bear is not a separate species.) Certain observers have sought to explain this by differences in diet. Doctor Eaton discovered that the red owls he examined had been eating cray, fish. As the screech-owls in the Mississippi Valley, where crayfish are abundant, are more often red than gray, there would seem to be some basis for the theory. The little fellows nest in early spring, laying their eggs in New England before May 1st, and they often use an old flicker-hole. I had an owl nest in a flicker-hole in an old hickory on my place one season, and later in the same season it was used by the flickers again. Undoubtedly the owls could be persuaded into artificial boxes, and this should be done. Not only are they beneficial birds, hunting mice eagerly, but their faces at the nest hole by day are odd and pretty sights, and when they are caught outside the nest and puff themselves out or draw themselves up straight and thin, to look like a strip of bark, they are excellent examples of the protective instinct at work.

I once spent a warm April evening on the edge of a meadow three miles from the village, and directly under the mountain wall. It would seem that

there is a certain migration of screech-owls at this season, for there must have been two-score hunting all over this meadow. They flew low, back and forth, and as they flew they kept up their quavering call, which, when they are on the wing, is fairly loud and sounds a little like a kind of mournful laughter. The air was so full of this sound, which would come rustling at you overhead, and grow fainter into the distance as the dim, receding form of the bird was outlined against the late twilight sky, that it was strangely unreal, almost as if you stood with Dante on a brink where the lost souls fluttered past. Only the shrill peeping of the hylas kept the sense of our familiar fields in April. I had never seen so many owls, of any sort, at one time before.

There is one bird not classed with the raptores which visits us in winter and must be included among those foes of animal or bird life which swoop down out of the air. It is the northern shrike, or butcher-bird. He is purely a winter visitor in the East, and I think is growing much less common. The northern shrike is a little over ten inches in length, gray on top, with black tail and wings. On each wing is a white spot, and the ends of the tail feathers are white. He will pursue a winter bird like a tree-sparrow or chickadee or nuthatch relentlessly through trees and thickets till the poor little thing is exhausted, when the shrike kills him by a blow on top of the head and carries him off. One of his curious tricks is to impale his prey on a thorn or the barb of a fence. If you have ever found a small bird or mouse thus impaled, he was probably put there by a shrike. The captor perhaps was later scared away, or he may even have killed for the love of it, without any intention of eating his prey. One of the oddest shrike tricks I have seen recorded is that described by an observer in *Birds of New York*. This bird was hunting sparrows near the railroad yards in Green Island, New York. He caught two, and impaled them on the point of a lightning-rod at the top of a brick chimney a hundred and forty feet high. A pair of field-glasses was used to verify the fact.

On a little artificial pond near my farm we have seen domestic ducks pulled under and killed by snapping-turtles (the submarine menace); we have seen fish taken by an osprey (the hydroplane menace); we have seen hens and pheasants and other creatures killed by hawks and owls (the aeroplane and Zeppelin menace). When it comes to cruelty, even in our little world of farms and peaceful hills and lovely forests nature has given man most of his lessons; which, to be sure, is hardly a valid excuse for man, at that!

To Eyes That See

BY ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

I HAVE seen lovely sights in far-off places,
Whose very names with sandalwood are sweet,
Luring the tongue until it must repeat:
Canton, and Bangkok on its marshy spaces;
Kioto filled with children's flower-like faces,
And all the marvel of a Peking street,
Or burning Kilauea at one's feet,
And Singapore, the meeting-place of races.
So, having seen, I say, Beauty is one
And needs no journeying nor far emprise.
Across all things its gracious tendrils run
And flower unnoticed by our casual eyes:
The apple-tree that blossoms in the sun
Is not surpassed by all of Paradise!

The High Cost of Conscience

BY BEATRICE RAVENEL

"ANY woman who can accept money from a gentleman who is in no way related to her—" Miss Fowler delivered judgment.

"My dear Aunt Maria, you mean a gentleman's disembodied spirit," Hugh's light, pleasant tones intervened.

"A legacy, Maria, is not quite the same thing." Mr. Winthrop Fowler's perfect intonation carried its usual implication that the subject was closed.

"—is what I call an adventuress," Miss Fowler summed up. She had a way of ignoring objections, of reappearing beyond them like a submarine with the ultimate and detonating answer. "And now she wants to reopen the matter when the whole thing's over and done with. After three years. Extraordinary taste." She hitched her black-velvet Voltaire arm-chair a little away from the fire and spread a vast knitting-bag of Chinese brocade over her knees. "I suppose she isn't satisfied; she wants more."

"Naturally. I cannot imagine what other reason she could have for insisting on a personal interview," her brother agreed, dryly. He retired into the *Transcript* as a Trappist withdraws into his vows. A chastened client of Mr. Fowler's once observed that a half-hour's encounter with him resulted in a rugful of asphyxiated topics.

Miss Maria, however, preferred disemboweling hers. "I shouldn't have consented," she snapped. "Hugh, if you would be so good as to sit down. You are obstructing the light. And the curtain-cord. If you could refrain from twisting it for a few moments."

Hugh let his long, high-shouldered figure lapse into the window-seat. "And besides, we're all dying to know what she looks like," he suggested.

"Speak for yourself, please," said Miss Fowler, with the vivacity of the lady who protests too much.

"I do, I do! Good Lord! I'm just as bad as the rest of you. All my life I've been consumed to know what Uncle Hugh could have seen in a perfectly obscure little person to make him do what he did. There must have been something." His eyes traveled to a sketch in pencil of a man's head which hung in the shadow of the chimneypiece, a sketch whose uncanny suggestion might have come from the quality of the sitter or merely from a smudging of the medium. "Everything he did always seemed to me perfectly natural," he went on, as though conscious of new discovery. "Even those years when he was knocking about the world, hiding his address. Even when he had that fancy that people were persecuting him. Most people did worry him horribly."

A glance flashed between the two middle-aged listeners. It was a peculiar glance, full of a half-denied portent. Then Miss Fowler's fingers, true to their traditions, loosened their grip on her needles and casually smoothed out her work.

"I have asked you not to speak of that," she mentioned, quietly.

"I know. But of course there was no doubt at all that he was sa—was entirely recovered before his death. Don't you think so, sir?"

His uncle laid down the paper and fixed the young man with the gray, unsheathed keenness that had sent so many witnesses groveling to the naked truth. "No doubt whatever. I always held, and so did both the physicians, that his lack of balance was a temporary and sporadic thing, brought on by overwork and—and certain unhappy conditions of his life. There has never been any such taint in our branch of the family."

"No-o, so they say," Hugh agreed. "One of our forebears did see ghosts, but that was rather the fashion. And his

father, that old Johnnie over the fireplace—you take after him, Aunt Maria—he was the prize witch-smeller of his generation, and he condemned all the young and pretty ones. That hardly seems well-balanced."

"Collaterals on the distaff side," Mr. Fowler put in, hastily. "If you would read Mendel—"

"Mendel? I have read about him." He raised the forefinger of his right hand. "Very suggestive. If your father was a black rabbit"—he raised the forefinger of his left—"and your mother was a white rabbit, then your male children would be"—he raised all the other fingers and paused as though taken aback by the size of the family—"would be blue guinea-pigs, with a tendency to club-foot and astigmatism, but your female children might only be rather clumsy tangoists with a weakness for cutting their poor relations. That's all I remember, but I *do* know that because I studied the charts."

"Very amusing," said Mr. Fowler, indulgently.

Hugh flushed.

"I am sure it can't be that way." Miss Maria flapped her knitting over. "But everything has changed since my day, and *not* for the better. The curtain-cord."

"Beg pardon," muttered Hugh. His mind went on churning nonsense. "There are two days it is useless to flee from—the day of your death and the day when your family doesn't care for your jokes.

"For a joke is an intellectual thing,
And a *not* is the sword of an angel king.

"Good old Blake. Why do the best people always see jokes? Why does a really good one make a whole frozen crowd feel jolly and united all of a sudden?" He pondered on the beneficence of the comic spirit. Hugh was a born Deist. It gave him no trouble at all to believe that since the paintings of Velasquez and the great outdoors, which he had seen, were beautiful, so much the more beautiful must be that God whom he had not seen. It seemed reasonable. As for the horrors like Uncle Hugh's affair—well, they must be put in for chiaroscuro. A thing couldn't be all white without being blank. The thought of the shadows, however, always made him profoundly uncomfortable, and his instinct right-about-faced to the lighter surface of life. "Anyhow," he broke silence, "the daughter of Heth must be game. Three to one, and on our native heath."

He looked appraisingly about the room, pausing at the stiff, distinguished, gray-haired couple, one on either side of the fire. The effect was of a highly finished genre picture: the rich wainscot between low book-shelves, the brooding portraits, the black-blue rug bordered by a veiled Oriental motive, the black-velvet cushions that brought out the watery reflections of old Sheraton as even the ancient horsehair had not done; the silver candlesticks, the miniatures, and on the mantel those two royal flower-pots whose precarious existence was to his aunt a very fearful joy. Even the tortoise-shell cat, sprawled between the two figures like a tiny tiger-skin, was in the picture. It was a room that gently put you into your place. Hugh recalled with a faint grin certain meetings here of philanthropic ladies whose paths had seldom turned into the interiors of older Beacon Street. The state of life to which it had pleased their Maker to call them, he reflected, would express itself preferably in gilding and vast pale-tinted upholstery and pink bibelots—oh, quite a lot of pink. This place had worried them into a condition of disconcerted awe.

He tried to fancy what it was going to do to the unbidden, resented guest. A queer protest against its enmity, an impulse to give her a square deal, surged up in him from nowhere. After all, whatever else she might be, she was Uncle Hugh's girl. Like all the world, Hugh loved the dispossessed lover. He knew what it felt like. One does not reach the mature age of twenty-four without having at least begun the passionate pilgrimage. His few tindery and tinselly affairs he uneasily suspected of following the obvious formula: three parts curiosity, three parts the literary sense, three parts crude young impulse, one part distilled moonshine. The real love of his life had been Uncle Hugh.

He sprang up with an abruptness to which his elders seemed to be used. He

stopped before a brass-trimmed desk and jerked at the second drawer. "Where are those letters, sir?"

"You mean—"

"Yes, the one you wrote her about the money, and her answer. You put them with his papers, didn't you? Where's the key?"

The older man drew from his waistcoat pocket a carved bit of brass. "What do you want with them?" he asked, cautiously.

"I want to refresh my memory—and Aunt Maria's." He took out a neat little pile of papers and began to sort them intently. "Here they are on top." He laid a docketed envelope on the desk. "And here are the essays and poems that you wouldn't publish. I considered them the best things he ever did."

"You were not his literary executor," said his uncle, coldly. Another stifled glance passed between the seniors, but this time Miss Maria made no effort to restore the gloss of the surface. She sat idle, staring at the papers with a sort of horror.

"Put them back," she said. "Winthrop, I do think you might burn them. If you keep things like that too long the wrong people are sure to get them."

"Wait a bit. I haven't seen them for years, not since you published the collected works—with Hamlet left out." The young man lifted a worn brown-morocco portfolio tied with a frazzled red ribbon. "And here"—his voice dropped—"here is It—the letters he wrote to her and never sent. It was a sort of diary, wasn't it, going on for years? What a howling pity we couldn't print that!"

"Hugh!"

"Don't faint, Aunt Maria. You wouldn't catch me doing anything so indecent. But suppose Dante's dear family had suppressed the *Vita Nuova.* And it ought to be one of the most extraordinary human documents in the world, perfectly intimate, all the bars down, full of those flashes of his. Just the man, *ipsissimus*, that never happened but that once. Uncle Winthrop, don't you think that I might read it?"

"Do you think so? I never did."

"Oh, if you put it up to me like that! Of course I can't. But what luck that he didn't ask you to send it to her—supposing she's the wrong kind—wasn't it . . ." His voice trailed off, leaving his lips foolishly open. "You don't mean—he did?"

"Yes, at the end, after you had left the room," said Mr. Fowler, firmly.

"And you—didn't? Why not?"

"As you said, for fear she was the wrong kind."

"It was too much to hope that she would be anything else," his aunt broke in, harshly. "Shut your mouth, Hugh; you look like a fool. Think what she might have done with them—she and some of those unspeakable papers."

"Oh, I see! I see!" groaned the young man. "But how awful not to do the very last thing he wanted! Did you ever try to find out what kind of a person she was?"

"She took the money. That was enough," cried Miss Fowler. "She got her share, just as though she had been his legal wife."

Hugh gave her a dazed look. "You don't mean that she was his illegal one? I never—"

"Oh no, no!" Mr. Fowler interposed. "We have no reason to think that she was otherwise than respectable. Maria, you allow most unfortunate implications to result from your choice of words. We know very little, really."

"He met her in Paris when he gave that course of lectures over there. We know that much. And she was an American student—from Virginia, wasn't it? But that was over twenty years ago. Didn't he see her after that?"

"I am sure he did not."

"She wasn't with him when he was knocking about Europe?"

"Certainly not. She came home that very year and married. As her letter states, she was a widow with three children at the time of his death."

"I have always considered it providential that he didn't know she was a widow," observed Miss Maria, primly.

Her nephew shot her a look that admitted his intermittent amusement in his aunt Maria, but definitely gave her up. He carefully leaned the portfolio inside the arm of the sofa that neighbored the desk, and picked up the long envelope.

"A copy of my letter," said Mr. Fowler.

To his sister, watching him as he watched Hugh, came the unaccountable impression that his sure and chiseled surface covered a nervous anxiety. Then Miss Maria, being a product of the same school, dismissed the idea as absurd.

Hugh raised bewildered eyes from the letters. "I can't exactly remember," he said. "I was so cut up at the time. Did I ever actually read this before or was I merely told about it? I went back for Midyear's, you know, almost at once. I know my consent was asked, but—"

"You—did not see it."

"And you, Aunt Maria, of course you knew about it!"

"Certainly," said Miss Fowler, on the defensive. "As usual in business matters, your uncle decided for me. We have been accustomed to act as a family always. To me the solidarity of the family is more than the interest of any member of it."

"Oh, I know that the Fowler family is the noblest work of God." The young man looked from one to the other as he might have regarded two strangers whose motives it was his intention to find out. "I've been brought up on that. But what I want to know now is the whyness of this letter."

"What do you mean?" Mr. Fowler's voice cut the pause like a trowel executing the middle justice on an earthworm.

"Why—why—" Hugh began, desperately. "I mean, why wasn't the money turned over to her at once—all of it?"

"It is customary to notify legatees."

"And she wasn't even a legatee," added Miss Maria, grimly. "He never made a will."

"No," said Hugh, with an ugly laugh, "he merely trusted to our promises."

There was a brief but violent silence.

"I think, Winthrop," Miss Maria broke it, "that, instead of questioning the propriety of my language, you might do well to consider your nephew's."

Hugh half-tendered the letter. "You're so confoundedly clever. Uncle Winthrop. You—you just put the whole thing up to the poor woman. I can't pick out a word to show where you said it, but the tone of your letter is exactly this, 'Here's the money for you, and if you take it you're doing an unheard-of thing.' *She* saw it right enough. Her answer is just a defense of why she has to take it—some of it. She's a mother with three children, struggling to keep above water. She's a human animal fighting for her young. So she takes, most apologetically, most unhappily, a part of what he left her, and she hates to take that. It's the most pitiful thing—"

"Piteous," corrected Miss Maria, in a tone like a bite.

Mr. Fowler laid the tips of his fingers very delicately on his nephew's knee. "Will you show me the place or places where I make these very damaging observations?"

"That's just it. I can't pick them out, but—"

"I am sure that you cannot, because they exist only in your somewhat—shall we say, lyrical imagination? I laid the circumstances before the woman and she acted as she saw fit to act. Hugh, my dear boy, I wish that you would try to restrain your—your growing tendency to excitability. I know that this is a trying day for all of us."

"O Lord, yes! It brings it all back," said Hugh, miserably. "I'm sorry if I said anything offensive, sir, but—" He gave it up. "You know I have a devil, sometimes." He gave a half-embarrassed laugh.

"Offensive—if you have said anything offensive?" Miss Fowler boiled over. "Is that all you are going to say, Winthrop? If so—"

Mr. Fowler lifted a warning hand. The house door was opening. Then the discreet steps of Gannett came up the hall, followed by something lighter and more resilient.

"At least don't give me away to the lady the very first thing," said Hugh, lightly. He shoved the papers into the drawer and swung it shut. His heart was beating quite ridiculously. He would know at last— What wouldn't he know? "Uncle Hugh's girl, Uncle Hugh's girl," he told himself, and his temperamental responsiveness to the interest and the mystery of life expanded like a sea-anemone in the Gulf Stream.

Gannett opened the door, announced

in his impeccable English, "Mrs. Shirley," and was not.

A very small, very graceful woman hesitated in the doorway. Hugh's first impression was surprise that there was so little of her. Then his always alert subconsciousness registered:

"A lady, yes, but a country lady; not *de par le monde*. Pleasantly rather than well dressed; those veils are out." He had met her at once with outstretched hand and the most cordial, "I am glad to see you, Mrs. Shirley." Then he mentioned the names of his aunt and uncle. He did not dare to leave anything to Aunt Maria.

That lady made a movement that might or might not have been a gesture of recognition. Mr. Fowler, who had risen, inclined his handsome head with a polite murmur and indicated a chair which faced the light. Mrs. Shirley sat, instead, upon the edge of the sofa, which happened to be nearer. With her coming Hugh's expansiveness had suffered a sudden rebuff. A feeling of dismal conventionality permeated the room like a fog. He plumbed it in vain for the wonder and the magic that ought to have been the inescapable aura of Uncle Hugh's girl. Was this the mighty ocean, was this all? She was a little nervous, too. That was a pity. Nervousness in social relations was one of the numerous things that Aunt Maria never forgave.

Then the stranger spoke, and Hugh's friendliness went out to the sound as to something familiar for which he had been waiting.

"It is very good of you to let me come," she said.

"But she must be over forty," Hugh told himself, "and her voice is young. So was his always." It was also very natural and moving and not untinged by what Miss Fowler called the Southern patois. "And her feet are young."

Mr. Fowler uttered another polite murmur. There was no help from that quarter. She made another start.

"It seemed to me—" she addressed Miss Fowler, who looked obdurate. She cast a helpless glance at the cat, who opened surprising topaz eyes and looked supercilious. Then she turned to Hugh. "It seemed to me," she said, steadily, "that I could make you understand—I mean I could express myself more clearly if I could see you, than I could by writing, but—it is rather difficult."

The overheated, inclement room waited. Hugh restrained his foot from twitching. Why didn't Aunt Maria say something? She was behaving abominably. She was still seething with her suppressed outburst like a teakettle under the cozy of civilization. And it was catching.

"I explained at the time, three years ago," Mrs. Shirley made the plunge, "why I took the—money at all." The hard word was out, and Hugh relaxed. "I don't know what you thought of me, but at the time it seemed like the mercy of Heaven. I had to educate the children. We were horribly poor. I was almost in despair. And I felt that if I could take it from any one I could take it from him . . ."

"Yes," said Hugh, unhappily. The depression that dropped on him at intervals seemed waiting to pounce. He glanced at his uncle's judicial mask, knowing utterly the distaste for sentimental encounters that it covered. He detested his aunt's aloofness. He was almost angry with this little woman's ingenuousness that put her so candidly at their cynical mercy.

"But now," she went on, "some land we have that seemed worth nothing at the time has become very valuable. The town grew out in that direction. And my eldest boy is doing very well indeed, and my daughter is studying for a library position."

"The short and simple annals of the poor," sighed Hugh to Hugh.

"And so," said little Mrs. Shirley, with astounding simplicity, "I came to ask you please to take it back again." She gave an involuntary sigh of relief, as though she had returned a rather valuable umbrella. Mr. Fowler's eyeglasses dropped from his nose as his eyebrows shot up.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Miss Maria with all the unexpectedness of Galatea. "You don't really mean it?" Her bag slid to the floor and the cat became thoroughly intrigued.

"Do I understand you to say"—Mr. Fowler's voice was almost stirred—

"that you wish to return my brother's legacy to the family?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Shirley, "only, it wasn't a legacy. It was merely kindness that let me have it. You never can know how kind it was. But we can get on without it now."

Mr. Fowler cleared his throat. To Hugh his manner faintly suggested the cat busy with the yarn, full of a sort of devout curiosity. "Pardon me," he said, gently, "but are you sure—have you given this matter sufficient thought? The sum is a considerable one. Your children—"

"I have talked it over with them. They feel just as I do."

"A very proper feeling," said Miss Fowler, approvingly. "I must say that I never expected it. I shall add part of my share of it to the Marian Fowler Ward in the Home for Deficient Children. A most worthy charity. Perhaps I could interest you—"

"Oh, that would be lovely!" cried Mrs. Shirley. "Anything for children. . . . I've already spoken to my cousin, who is a lawyer, about transferring the securities back to you."

"I shall communicate with him at once," said Mr. Fowler. His court-room manner had bourgeoned into his best drawing-room blend of faintly implied gallantry and deep consideration. One almost caught Winter getting out of the lap of Spring. Then the three heads which had unconsciously leaned together suddenly straightened up and turned in the same direction.

Hugh stood almost over them. In one hand he held his aunt's knitting, which he had mechanically rescued from the cat. Now he drew out one of the ivory needles and snapped it into accurate halves. "This is atrocious!" he said, with care and precision. His voice shook. "I shall not touch a cent of it and"—he embraced his uncle and aunt in the same devastating look—"neither will you if you have any sense of decency."

"I think—"

"It doesn't matter remotely what you —we think, sir. What matters is what Uncle Hugh thought." He turned to Mrs. Shirley with an extraordinary softening of tone. "Couldn't you keep it? When he died . . . in the room over this"—with a little gasp her glance flew to the ceiling as though this topographical detail had brought her a sharp realization of that long-past scene—"he made us promise that you should have it, all of it. He felt that you needed it; he worried about it."

"Oh, how kind of him—how kind!" cried the little woman. The poignancy of her voice cut into his disappointment like a sharp ray of light. "Even then—to think of me. But don't you understand that he wouldn't want me to—to take anything that I felt I ought not to take?"

"That's the way out," rippled across Mr. Fowler's face. He was experiencing a variety of mental disturbances, but this came to the surface just in time for Hugh to catch it.

"Oh, well," he murmured, wearily. "Only, none for this deficient child, thank you." He walked to the window and stood looking out into the blown spring green of the elm opposite. His ebbed anger had left a residuum of stubbornness. There was still an act of justice to be consummated and the position of grand-justicer offered a certain righteous attraction. As he reminded himself, if you put your will to work on a difficult action you were fain to commit, after a while the will worked automatically and your mind functioned without aid from you, and the action bloomed of itself. This kinetic process was a constant device of the freakish impulse that he called his devil. He deliberately laid the train.

"There is one more thing," the alien was saying. Her voice had gained a wonderful fluency amid the general thaw. "I didn't dare to ask before, but if he thought of me then— I have always hoped he left some message for me . . . a letter, perhaps."

Hugh smiled agreeably. "In just a moment," he considered, "I am going to do something so outrageous that I can't even imagine how my dear families are going to take it." He was about to hurt them severely, but that was all right. His uncle was a tempered weapon of war that despised quarter; and as for Aunt Maria, he rather wanted to hurt Aunt Maria for her own good.

Into the eloquent and mendacious silence that was a gift of their caste the voice fell humbly: "So there wasn't? I suppose I oughtn't to have expected it."

"Any time now, Gridley," Hugh signaled to his familiar. Like a response, a thin breeze tickled the roots of his hair. He swung around with the pivot of a definite purpose. With an economy of movement that would have contented an efficiency expert he set a straight fiddle-backed chair squarely in front of Uncle Hugh's girl and settled himself in it with his back to his own people.

"Mrs. Shirley," he began, quietly, "will you talk to me, please? I hope I sha'n't startle you, but there are things I absolutely have to know, and this is my one chance. I am entirely determined not to let it slip. Talk to me, please, not to them. As you have doubtless noticed, though excellent people where the things not flatly of this world are concerned, my uncle is a graven image and my aunt is a deaf mute. As for me, I am just unbalanced enough to understand anything." He was aware of the rustle of consternation behind him and hurried on, ignoring that and whatever else might be happening there. "That's what I'm banking on now. I intend to say my say and they are going to allow it, because it is dangerous to thwart queer people—very dangerous indeed. You know, they thwarted Uncle Hugh in every possible way. My grand-father was a composite of those two, and all of them adored my uncle and contradicted him and watched him until he went over the border. And they're so dead scared that I'm going to follow him some day that they let me do quite as I please." He passed his hand across his eyes as though brushing away cobwebs. "Will you be so good as to put your veil up."

"Why—why, certainly!" Mrs. Shirley faltered. She uncovered her face and Hugh nodded to the witness within.

"Yes, he'd have liked that," he told himself. "Lots of expression and those beautiful haunted shadows about the eyes." He laughed gently. "Don't look so frightened. I don't bite. Just humor me, as Uncle Winthrop is signaling you to do. You understand, don't you, that Uncle Hugh was the romance and the adventure of my life? I'm still saturated with him, but there was lots of him that I could never get through to. There never was a creature better worth knowing, and he couldn't show me, or else I had blind spots. There were vast tracts of undiscovered country in him, as far as I was concerned—lands of wonder, east of the sun and west of the moon—that sort of thing. But I knew that there was a certain woman who must have been there, who held the heart of the mystery, and to-day, when this incredible chance came—when you came—I made up my mind that I was not going to be restrained nor baffled by the customs of my tribe. I want the truth and I'm prepared to give it. From the shoulder. If you will tell me everything you know about him I promise to tell you everything I know. You'll want to—" The sound of the closing door made him turn. The room behind him was empty. His manner quieted instantly. "That's uncommonly tactful of them. . . . You won't think that they meant any discourtesy by leaving?" he added, anxiously. "They wouldn't do that."

"Oh, I'm sure not! Your uncle made me understand," faltered Mrs. Shirley. "They knew you could speak more freely without them."

"He's wonderful with the wireless," Hugh agreed. "But they were in terror, anyway, as to how freely I was about to speak before them. They can't stand this. Everything really human seems pretty well alien to Uncle Winthrop. He's exhibit A of the people who consider civilization a mistake. And my aunt Maria is a truly good woman—charities and all that—but if you put a rabbit in her brain it would incontinently curl up and die in convulsions."

She laughed helplessly, and Hugh reported an advance.

"Nevertheless," he added, quaintly, "we don't really dislike each other."

"They love you above everything."

"I'm the last of the family, you see; I'm the future. . . . Can't we skip the preliminaries?" he broke out. "You don't feel that I am a stranger, do you?" He halted on the verge of the confidence that he found no barrier in her advanced age. He knew plenty of women of forty who had never grown up much and who

met him on perfectly equal terms. This, however, was a case by itself. He plunged back into the memories of Uncle Hugh. He spoke of his charm, his outlook on life, sometimes curiously veiled, often uncannily clairvoyant; his periods of restless suffering tending to queer, unsocial impulses; then the flowering of an interval of hard work and its reward of almost supernatural joy.

"He used to go around in a rainbow," said Hugh, "a sort of holy soap bubble. I hardly dared to speak to him for fear of breaking it. It came with a new inspiration, and while it lasted nothing on earth was so important. Then when it was finished he never wanted to see the thing again."

"Go on," said his listener. Her gray eyes plumbed his with a child's directness. He was conscious of his will playing on her. He was keeping his part of the contract, but he was also breaking the way for hers. He must not let them go for a moment, those gray eyes like a girl's that grew absent-minded so easily. Only a little more and his mood would curve around both of them, a glamourous mist of feeling.

"You go on," he murmured. "Can't you see how much I want you to? Can't you feel how much I'm the right person to know?"

"I could never tell any one. You want—"

"Anything, everything. You must have known him better than anybody in the world did."

"I think so," she said, slowly. "And I saw him alone only twice in my life."

For some time he had sat with his long fingers over his mouth, afraid of checking her by an untimely word.

"Of course I was in his classes. You know he had an extraordinary success; he struck twelve at once, as they say there. The French really discovered him as a poet, just as Mallarmé discovered Poe; some of them used that parallel. And the girls—he was a matinée idol and a cult—even the French girls. We went into that class-room thrilling as we never went to any ball. I worked that winter for him harder than I had ever worked in my life, and about Easter he began to single me out for the most merciless fault-finding. That was his way of showing that he considered you worth while. He had a habit of standing over you in class, holding your paper like a knout. And once or twice—I called myself a conceited little idiot—but once or twice—"

Hugh nodded. His pulses were singing like morning stars at the spectacle of a new world.

"He used to say of a certain excited, happy feeling, a sort of fey feeling, that you seemed to have swallowed a heavenly pigeon. And—well, he looked like that. But I knocked my vanity on the head and told it, 'Down to the other dogs.' I was used to young men; I knew how little such manifestations could mean. But after that I used to set little lines in the things I wrote for him, very delicately, and sometimes I fancied I had caught a fish. It was most exciting."

Hugh again impersonated a Chinese mandarin.

"You see, he allowed so few people to know him, he moved with such difficulty in that formally laid-out, small, professional world, with its endless leaving of cards and showing yourself on the proper days. I think they considered him a sort of Huron, afflicted with genius, and forgave him. He ran away from them, he fought them off. And to feel that there was a magic spider-web between this creature and me, new every day and invisible to everybody else and dripping with poetry like dewdrops! Can't you fancy the intoxication? I was nineteen. . . . I had engaged myself to be married to Beverly Shirley. I had known him all my life—before I left home—but I had absolutely no conviction of disloyalty. This was different; this was another life."

"Another you," agreed Hugh, as one who took exotic states of mind for granted.

"Well, yes. . . . It was one of those awful at-homes of Madame Normand's. She took American girls *en pension*, and she was supposed to look after us severely; but as she was an American herself, of course she gave us a great deal of liberty. She was the wife of a *professeur*, and she had rather an imposing *salon*, so she received just so often, and you had to go or she never stopped ask-

ing you why. You have been to those French receptions?"

"Where they serve music and syrup and little hard cakes, and you carry away the impression of a lordly function because of the scenery and the manners? Indeed yes!"

"I slid away after a while, out upon the iron balcony, filled with new lilacs, that overhung the garden. Something had hurt my little feelings; a letter hadn't come, perhaps. I remember how dark and warm the night was, like a gulf under me, and the stars and the lights of Paris seemed very much alike and rather disappointing. Then I heard his voice behind me, and I was as overwhelmed as—as Daphne or Danaë or one of those pagan ladies might have been when the god came.

"He said, 'What are you doing, hanging over this dark, romantic chasm?' And I just had presence of mind enough to play up.

"'Naturally, I'm wailing for a phantom lover.' Then the answer to that flashed on me and I said in a hurry, 'I thought you never came to these things.'

"'I came to see you'—he really said it—and then, 'And—am I sufficiently demoniacal?' And he *had* swallowed a pigeon.

"'Oh dear, no!' said I. 'You are much too respectable. You are from Boston.'

"'And you from Virginia,' said he. 'I hear that a certain Stewart once unjustifiably claimed kinship with your branch of the family and has since been known as the Pretender.'

"'That is quite true,' said I. 'And I hear that once when the Ark ran aground a little voice was heard piping: 'Save me! save me! I am a Fowler of Boston!'

"That was the silly way we began. Isn't it incredible?"

"He could be silly—that was one of the lovable things," Hugh mused. "And he could say the most nakedly natural things. But he generally used the mandarin dialect. He thought in it, I suppose."

"No," the stranger corrected him. "He thought in thoughts. Brilliant people always do. The words just wait like a—a—"

"Layette," said Hugh. "What else did he say?"

"The next I remember we were leaning together, all but touching. And he was telling me about the little green gate."

Hugh's hand shut. "He always called it that. Was he thinking of it even then?"

"Oh yes!"

"He never was like a person of this world," said Hugh, under his breath. "The loneliest creature I ever knew."

They fell silent, like two old friends whose sorrow is the same.

"He believed," Hugh went on, after a moment, "that when life became intolerable you had a perfect right to take the shortest way out. And he thought of it as a little green gate, swinging with its shadow in the twilight, so that a touch would let you into the sweetest, dimmest old garden."

"But he loved life."

"Sometimes. The color of it and the unexpectedness. He believed the world didn't have any definite plan, but just wandered along the road and picked up adventures. And he loved that. He said God made a new earth every day and he rather fancied a new heaven oftener. But he got so dead tired at the end, homesick for underground. . . . I wonder . . ."

The little woman was looking past him, straight into an evocation of a vanished presence that was so real, so nearly tangible, that Hugh was forced to lay violent hands upon his absurd impulse to glance over his shoulder. "I wouldn't let him," she said, in a tone the young man had never heard before.

"You mean . . ."

"I couldn't bear it. I made him promise me that he wouldn't. I can't tell you that. We talked for a long time, and the night was full of doom. He was tired then, but that wasn't all. He felt what was coming—the Shadow . . . and he was in terror. What he dreaded most was that it might change him in some way, make him something beastly and devilish—he who had always loved whatever was lovely and merciful and of good report."

Hugh got up with a shudder. "Hush!" he said, sharply. "It's too ghastly.

Don't tell me any more about it." He wandered across the room, pulling a leaf from the azaleas, stopping at the window for a long look out. The wind was blowing some riotous young clouds over the sky like inarticulate shouts. There was an arrogant bird in the elm; there were pert crocus-buds in the window-boxes. The place was full of foolhardy little dare-devils who trusted their fate and might never find it out. After all, that was the way to live—as long as one was allowed. He turned suddenly with his whimsical smile. "I look out o' window quite a bit," he explained, "well, because of my aunt Maria." When he sat down again in the Sheraton chair Mrs. Shirley shifted her story to the plane of the smile.

"I don't know how late it was when Madame Normand popped her head out of the balcony door."

"'Who was then surprised? It was the lady,' as dear old Brantome says?"

"It was everybody. The company had gone and Mélanie the *bonne* was putting out the candles.

"'Miss Stewart and I have just discovered that we are very nearly related,' said he.

"'But how delightful,' said Madame, thoroughly annoyed."

"And the other time," Hugh hinted. What he wanted to say was, "So you prevented it, you kept him here. God bless you!" His natural resilience had asserted itself. Vistas were opening. The Hugh who accepted life for what it was worth was again in the ascendant, but he found a second to call up the other Hugh, whose legal residence was somewhere near the threshold of consciousness, to take notice. He had always known that there must have been something in Uncle Hugh's girl.

"That was a few days later, the afternoon before I left Paris. I went quite suddenly. Somebody was sick at home, and I had the chance to travel with some friends who were going. He had sent me flowers—no, not roses."

"Narcissus?"

"Yes. Old Monsieur Normand was scandalized; it seems one doesn't send yellow flowers to a *jeune fille*. To me it was the most incredibly thoughtful and original thing. All the other girls had gone with Madame to a very special piano recital, in spite of a drizzling rain. It had turned cool, too, I remember, because there was a wood fire in the little sitting-room—not the *salon*, but the girls' room. Being an American, Madame was almost lavish about fires. And it was a most un-French room, the most careless little place, where the second-best piano lived, and the lilacs, when they were taken in out of the cold. There were sweet old curtains, and a long sofa in front of the fireplace instead of the traditional arm-chairs. Anybody's books and bibelots lay about. I was playing."

"What?" This was important.

"What would a girl play, over twenty years ago, in Paris? In the *crépuscule*, with the lilacs that *embaument*, as they say there, and with a sort of panic in her mind? Because, after all, the man to whom one is engaged is a man whom one knows very slightly."

"Absolutely," said Hugh.

"And I didn't want to leave Paris. . . . Of course I was playing Chopin bits, with an ache in my heart to match, that I couldn't bear and was enjoying to the utmost. What do girls play now? Then all of us had attacks of Chopin. Madame used to laugh and say, 'I hear the harbor bar still moaning,' and order that particular girl's favorite dessert. She spoiled us. And Monsieur would say something about *si jeunesse savait*. He was a nice old man, not very successful; his colleagues patronized him. Oh yes, he was obvious!

"And then Mélanie opened the door and announced, '*Monsieur, le cousin de Mademoiselle*.' I don't know what made her do it except a general wish to be kind. She remembered from the other night, and, besides, she hated to attempt English names; she made salmi of them."

Hugh had ceased to hold her eyes long ago. They looked into the window's square of light. He had no wish to intrude his presence. She was finding it natural to tell him, just as he had acknowledged her right to explore the intimate places of his soul. Things simply happened that way sometimes, and one was humbly thankful.

"'Go on,' he said. 'Don't stop.' He sat in a corner of the sofa, and for a

while the impetus of my start carried me on. Then the bottom dropped out of Chopin. I went over and sat in the other corner. It was a long sofa; it felt as long as the world.

"Do you remember that heart-breakingly beautiful voice of his that could make you feel anything he was feeling? It was like magic. He said at last:

"'So you are going home to be married?'

"I nodded.

"'Betty,' he said, 'are you happy, quite happy, about—everything?'

"'Oh yes!' I said. 'Oh yes, Professor Fowler!' The curious thing about it was that I spoke the truth, when I considered it seriously.

"He said, 'Then that's all right.' Then he laughed a little and said, 'Do you always call me Professor Fowler, even when you shut your door on the world at night and are all alone with God and the silence?'

"'And Claudia Jones,' I added, stupidly.

"He considered that seriously and said: 'I didn't know about Claudia Jones; she may inhibit even the silence and the other ingredient. I suppose you call me Teacher.'

"I cried out at that. 'I might call you *cher maître*, as they do her.'

"He said, 'That may do for the present.'

"We looked into the fire and the lilacs filled the pause as adequately as Chopin could have done. All at once he got up and came over to me—it seemed the most natural thing in the world—across that wilderness of sofa.

"'I suppose,' he said, 'that you won't let me off that promise.'

"'No, no!' I cried, all my old panic flooding over me again. I threw my hands out, and suddenly he had caught them in his and was holding me half away from him, and he was saying, in that tragic voice of his:

"'No, no! But give me something to make it bearable.'"

"Allah, the compassionate!" sighed Hugh, in ecstasy. He had never dared hope for all this. His very being went on tiptoe for fear of breathing too loud.

"We sat there for ages and ages, gazing into the fire, not saying a word. Then he spoke . . . every now and then. He said:

"'The horrible thing would have been never to have known you. Now that I've touched you I'm magnetized for life. I can't lose you again.'

"'It isn't I,' I told him. 'It's only what you think me.'

"'You are the only creature outside of myself that I ever found myself in,' he said. 'And I could look into you like Narcissus until I died. You are home and Nirvana. That's what you are. When I look at you I believe in God. You gallantest, most foolhardy, little, fragile thing, you, you're not afraid of anything. You trust this rotten life, don't you? You expect to find lovely things everywhere, and you will, just because they'll spring up around your feet. You'll save your world like all redeemers simply by being in it.'

"No woman ever had such things said to her as he said to me. But most of the time we said nothing. There wasn't any past or future; there was only the touch of his shoulder and his hands all around mine. It was like coming in out of the cold; it was like being on a hill above the sea, and listening to the wind in the pines until you don't know which is the wind and which is you. . . .

"It couldn't last forever. After a while something like a little point of pain began worrying my mind.

"'But there won't be . . . This is good-by,' I cried.

"'Don't you believe it,' he said. 'God Himself couldn't make us say good-by again.' He got up and drew me with him. It was quite dark now except for the fire, and his eyes . . . they were like those of the Djinns who were made out of elemental fire instead of earth. 'You'll come to me in the blessed sunshine,' he said, 'and in music, and in the best impulses of my own soul. If I were an old-fashioned lover I should promise to wait for you in heaven. . . . Betty, Betty, I have you in heaven now and forever!' . . . I felt his cheek on mine. Then he was gone. That was all; that was every bit of all."

"And he had that to live on for the rest of his life." Hugh broke the silence under his breath. "Well, thank God he had *something!*"

The little woman fumbled in her bag for a handkerchief and shamelessly dried her eyes. As she moved, a brown object fell from the corner of the couch across her lap. Hugh held his hand out for the morocco portfolio.

"It seems to have the homing instinct," he observed; then, abruptly, "Wait a moment; I'm going to call them back." He paused, as usual, before his favorite confidant, the window. "The larger consciousness, the Universal Togetherness," he muttered. "I really believe he must have touched it that once. O Lord! how—" His spacious vocabulary gave it up.

When he followed his uncle and aunt into the room Mrs. Shirley came forward, her thin veil again covering her face.

"I must go," she said. "Thank you once more for letting me come."

With a curious young touch of solemnity Hugh laid the brown case in her hands. "This belongs to you," he said, "and I wanted them to see you receive it."

"And you intend to permit this, Winthrop?"

Miss Fowler turned on her brother. She had suppressed her emotions before the intruder; she had even said some proper things without unduly speeding the parting guest. But if you can't be hateful to your own family, to whom, in the name of the domestic pieties, can you be hateful?

Mr. Fowler swiveled on her the glassy eye of one who does not suffer fools gladly. "I permit anything," he responded, icily, "that will keep that boy . . . sane." He retired anew behind the monastic newspaper and rattled it.

Miss Maria received a sudden chill apprehension that Winthrop was looking much older lately. "But—" she faltered. Then she resolutely returned to the baiting. "I suppose you recall her saying that she has a daughter. Probably," admitted Miss Maria, grudgingly, "an attractive daughter."

"It might be a very good thing," said the world-weary voice, and left her gasping. "Two excellent Virginia families." He faced his sister's appalled expression. "He might do something much more impossible—marry a cheap actress or go into a monastery. His behavior to-day prepares me for anything. And"—a note of difficulty came into what Hugh had once called his uncle's chiseled voice —"you do not appear to realize, Maria, that what Mrs. Shirley has done is rather a remarkable thing, a thing that you and I, with our undoubted appreciation of the value of money, should probably have felt that we could not afford to do."

Hugh came in blithely, bringing a spring-smelling whiff of outdoors with him. "I got her a taxi," he announced, "and she asked me to come down to their place for Easter. There's a hunting club. Oh, cheer up, Aunt Maria! At least she left the money behind."

"Look at my needle!" cried the long-suffering lady. "*You* did that. I must say, Hugh, I find your conduct most disrespectful."

"All right, I grovel," Hugh agreed, pleasantly. He picked up the cat and rubbed her tenderly the wrong way.

"As for the money, I don't see how her conscience could have allowed her to accept everything. And she married somebody else, too."

"So did Dante's girl. That doesn't seem to make all the difference. Conscience?" Hugh went on, absently. "Conscience? Haven't I heard that word somewhere before? You are the only person I know, Aunt Maria, who has a really good, stanch, weather-proof one, because, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, it altereth not."

"I should hope not, indeed," said Miss Fowler, half mollified.

Hugh smiled sleepily. The cat opened one yellow eye and moved mystified whiskers. She profoundly distrusted this affectionate young admirer. Was she being stroked the wrong way or ruffled the right way?

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright," murmured Hugh. "Puzzle, Kitty: find the Adventuress."

Men of Bohemia

BY OLIVE GILBREATH

[Miss Gilbreath, who will be remembered as the author of that extraordinary Russian romance, *Miss Amerikanka*, has had exceptional opportunities in Vladivostok to study the Czecho-Slovaks, as the following pages attest. In a letter to the editor Miss Gilbreath refers to her article as "an inadequate record of these unique Slavs (about whom one cannot tell the truth with any hope of being believed), but for me it is a mosaic of some fascinating contacts"—with General Paris, the French commander of the Czech forces in Siberia, Lieutenant Broz, and Admiral Knight. The author wishes to acknowledge the kind assistance of these officers in the preparation of this article.—The Editor]

BOHEMIA—a multitude of suggestions, vague but vivid, rise at the sound of the word, most of them, so far as concerns actual Bohemia, illusory. Generally it suggests something delightfully wicked or artistic or unwashed, or fascinatingly freighted with the sensations of a more joyous world. To extremely few the word recalls a virile, strongly nationalistic, anciently democratic people, shaped and tempered by three hundred years of persecution, and for three hundred years opposed to the German. The typhoon of war has lifted the mists from Bohemia and blown her out into the world, no longer a legend. And yet, now more than ever, to write the tale of Bohemia is to write a legend.

Perhaps it is muddled great Russia that has thrown into relief small but incisive Bohemia. Perhaps the inchoate futility of the hundred and eighty million Slavs to the east has temporarily exaggerated the distinction of these Slavs from beyond the Carpathians, who deserted Austria for Russia and, Russia failing, cut their way across Siberia to offer their swords to France. It may be that it has invested them with a glamour which time must dim. But to the man who has seen this fragment of a nation, adrift from Europe, disentangle itself and emerge in Siberia, Bohemia, as well as Greece, has written her *Iliad*. And she still is writing it across two continents; the tale is not told in either Europe or Asia.

Book one of the Bohemian epic ended with the extrication of the first echelons and their arrival at Vladivostok. The second has begun now with their return across Siberia, whence they came, without ammunition and artillery, with bridges blown up and tunnels wrecked, into stretches which could close over an army as a jungle closes over its dead. Aided by Bolshevik and German and Magyar prisoners of war, commanded by German officers, the Czechs are turning back to rescue their echelons trapped at the corner of Lake Baikal. Doubtless the men of other nations, under the same conditions, would perform with equal credit; valor is now a commonplace, and no nation need question the bravery or the fortitude of her sons. The quality of the Czecho-Slovaks, which has lent them a bright distinction, has been, if one may so name it, the madness of their heroism; heroism which, without support, might have been both futile and fatal, but which, enlisting—as it has largely by its gallantry—the aid of the Allies, may yet save Russia.

The hills above the harbor were rimming with green, after a weary and uncertain winter of Bolshevism, when the first contingent of Czecho-Slovaks arrived in Vladivostok. But little news had forerun their appearance and it was with near amazement that the inhabitants of the port heard the steaming of their samovars interrupted one morning by a steady tramp, tramp of troops, and, hanging out of their broad Russian windows, saw in the April sunshine not the usual band of tatterdemalions, but actual *soldiers*. From box-cars at the station they were said to be issuing, easy-

muscled men in dusty gray, with a twist of red and white in their caps, knapsacks on their backs, and turquoise eyes set in thin, tanned faces. Column after column came welling up through the Aliutskaya, pouring out on the broad Svetlanskaya which hangs above the bay, and disappearing in the direction of the hills beyond the city, where barracks for thousands of the Czar's fighting-men at this time lay tenantless. They moved with a professional stride long since become strange to Vladivostok, and as they marched they sang a chorus which sounded unfamiliar among the Vladivostok hills, more vigorous and less melancholy than the song to which a Russian marches, just as the faces of the singers differed from the faces at the windows and on the streets, by a clearer outline and a less perplexed expression. Fourteen thousand came on that and succeeding days. And forty thousand, they said, were still to follow from somewhere there across Russia and Siberia.

The Russian, like the Irish, has only one permanently assured quality, a divine discontent. Whatever is, he is against it. True to his nature, the Russian, with the arrival of the Czecho-Slovaks, began immediately to ferment. Meetings assembled at every street corner. Whoever praises free speech has not lived in Russia, and whoever has seen Russia fallen on her evil days shudders at the sound of *meeting*. The conservatives said little, they had withdrawn from life; but the peasants' and workmen's newspapers were openly hostile. The Czecho-Slovaks were mercenaries of capital, they asserted, tools of French and British imperialists, and therefore enemies of Russia. Ostensibly they had come to sail for France, but their real object was "with unclean and unhappy hands to overthrow the power of the Soviet in Siberia." The Czecho-Slovaks, to be sure, had seized the Admiralty for headquarters and begun to diminish the number of the Red Guard at the barracks, but otherwise they were unobtrusive figures on the streets—unobtrusive but not obscure. The Central Soviet in Moscow had granted them permission to occupy the barracks, contradicted at every step, but still once granted; and there in the barracks they proposed to wait while every day they prayed fervently one prayer, "*Ships to carry us to France.*"

The Bolshevik words whirled and turned in the air like the prelude of a snow-storm, but they fell upon deaf ears out at the barracks. It was good to stretch one's legs in the spring sunshine after three months of frozen steppe, and the beaver discharged from the box-car was already busily hauling red earth and pebbles for a bit of landscape gardening. Men of all nations have moved to war with greater cultural impedimenta in other ages, but Bohemia, uprooted, wherever she has drifted has retained her civilization. A pause in soldiering, and the Czech orientates himself in the affairs of life with deft swiftness. Men came and went to classes so eagerly at the old Russian barracks, with its texts of admonition to love the Czar and pour out blood for the Holy Mother, that it took on the air of a university. A convalescent lying in the sunshine meant a reading man. No one can quite explain how French horns and trap-drums came through the mêlée of Siberia, but they came, and the Czech orchestra nearly established Bohemia in the heart of her reluctant hosts. But the real début of the Czecho-Slovak was his field sports. Up to this time the suave mid-European had been a quiet, potential figure on the streets, gaining daily in interest, but those present that day saw the hills lined with clear-skinned athletic men reminiscent of the Olympic games at Stockholm, and never forgot. As for the Anglo-Saxons, the spectacle of a thousand bodies in tricot, beautifully accurate and harmonious in movement, reduced them —after a badly ventilated winter of the Golden Horn and the Vladivostok operetta—almost to tears. It was an exhibition peculiarly impressive, after the Russian débâcle. In a word, for the non-Bolshevik and the foreigner, at any rate, the Czecho-Slovak became the man of the hour, invested with the glamour of a hero for two reasons: he was the safest assurance against the predatory Red Guard and he was also the symbol of an order somewhere there in the world not entirely disrupted, the one point of civilization in a sea of hopeless disintegration. Only those who have experi-

enced Russia through her chaos can comprehend how faint and far grow the impressions of a world which, while not sane, has yet traces of sanity, and how greatly to be treasured any sign thereof. Only those who have endured a Bolshevik régime, seen the pavements falling to pieces, the plumbing decaying, washed and collared people disappearing from the streets while *tovarischi* "joy ride," with gasolene a dollar a gallon, and have occasionally contributed when funds ran low, realize the sentiment inspired by the presence on the street of this suggestive stranger.

The reader, doubtless, is already putting his finger on the spot in the map of north Austria-Hungary from which had drifted this figure that took possession not only of the barracks, but also of the imagination of Vladivostok; doubtless recognizes him as one of the twelve million Slavs built against their will by Germany, together with thirty-six other nationalities, into a barrier against the Turk, and oppressed in the north by the Austrians, as the Jugo-Slavs in the south have been oppressed by the Magyars. Perhaps he is acquainted with his past and sees in him not so much the casual flotsam of war, as a man with a singularly clear purpose which has severed him from Europe and led, rather than cast him, here into the East. Perhaps he can recount the oppression of Bohemia. Poland has a history no more cruel. If Bohemia has failed to lift up her voice in the wailing-place of nations and trouble Heaven, it is for the grimmest of grim reasons. She has been headless. With all her woes, dismembered though she was, Poland still had her spokesmen, but Bohemia was left in the condition in which a people tells no tales. It was three hundred years ago that this nation, which had early developed a brotherhood and which holds to-day John Huss for her hero, put her head into the lion's mouth by inviting a Hapsburg to her throne. Instead of reconciling the varied elements of the nobility, as Bohemia had hoped, the Hapsburg filled the important posts in the government with Spanish and German favorites and answered the protests of the Bohemian nobles by executing them in the great square of Prague and stringing the bridges with their heads. For many years after that red day in the square of Prague, Bohemia lay quiescent and inert. But her fiber was too vigorous to perish and she began to stir again, especially under the influence of that great stimulus to liberty, the French Revolution. As she strengthened, her racial spirit reasserted itself until, at last, in spite of three hundred years of Austrian attempts to strangle her, she has again found her voice.

But it is no longer the voice of aristocrats, but of the masses themselves. During these three hundred years of gathering energy Bohemia has had no aristocracy. But, like orphan children, working together, playing together, suffering together, the Bohemians have developed—uniquely for Europe—into a homogeneous people among whom no great social chasms exist. And now, in the twentieth century, they have made themselves heard. "National aspiration," historians call it; the right to be Bohemian and not German; more definitely, the right to withdraw from the wall and form the four principalities of Bohemia, Moravia, Slovatch, Silesia into a kingdom as the center of a federation of Slav states. In all this shifting of aims and chaos of values little Bohemia's ideals of old and her steadfast purpose flame with torchlike beauty. And yet, but for the war, how long would her voice have remained silenced within that German ring, her light hidden?

In no other possible epoch could her rights have been so perfectly comprehended, for men now suddenly perceive the truth, that the foe which the Allies struggle to conquer has been Bohemia's immemorial enemy, and the object of the greater group of nations in the world—to break the domination of the German—obscure Bohemia has been about, unheard, for three hundred years.

The attempts to strangle this vivid people offer an interesting study in scientific methods. The suppression of the national language and the limitation of schools are commonplaces in the history of all oppressed peoples. These Bohemia has also suffered, but the further methods visited upon the "bread-takers from the mouths of the Germans"

have been more ingenious. How many travelers from Berlin to Vienna know also Prague? The *portier* buys the traveler's ticket and arranges for his luggage, but the route is not by Prague. Why, the traveler hardly knows; a railway map makes it clear that by a clever manipulation of railways, of which the war has proved the German to be the past master, the Bohemian capital has been shunted. Prague lies geographically on the highroad, but by juggling with iron and steel it is rendered difficult of access and isolated. And Prague is not the only thing Bohemian that has been shunted; Bohemian literature and Bohemian music have also been set aside. Why do we hear no more musically of the country that has given us Smetana, Dvorák, Kubelik, Destinn? Singers and violinists are heralded to us as Austrian. Why has the command of the Czech forces in Siberia fallen to a former colonel in the Russian army, picked up at the crisis in a freight depot at Kiev? Because, unless the Czech would trim his sails to Austrian winds the higher posts of the army, as well as of the clergy and the official world, have been closed to him. Out of all the superb military material, not one Czech officer had had sufficient training for the high command. Ambition is spelled in ciphers for the Czech in Austria. For the last three hundred years Bohemia has been fencing, guarding, parrying, thrusting, against the German Goliath. And it has not broken or dulled her spirit or her effectiveness, as it might that of less mettlesome men, but rather hardened, sharpened her into that rapier force to which no other Slav in the world has attained and which she probably would not have become without her Teuton protagonist. "*Slava bogu!*" a Czech staff-officer was heard to exclaim, even after the uprooting from Austria into Russia and from Russia into Siberia. "We have not lain off alone like great Russia—dinner and sleep!" And a world of significance lay in his exclamation. Bohemian spirit has been largely wrought from her struggle. Of all that dreaming multitudinous world, lying both in thought and space between Occident and Orient, the Czech is the unique product, more cultured than the Serbian, more Spartan than the Pole, and less miasmatic than the Russian. He is one thing more—in this hour of despair over Russia, the best pledge for the future of the Slavic people.

History heard from the lips of men may not take on a proper perspective, but it is a fascinating occupation, piecing together folk-drama from a wandering nation. Whether one gathers the tale from the staff-officers at the hospitals or the stations, from a Fra Angelico angel in the guise of a Sister of Mercy, or from a young lieutenant wounded at Bakhmach and transported ten thousand miles overland, there gradually accumulates, as could never accumulate from the pages of history, the sense of a personality joyous and unwearied which expresses itself in a variety of forms, but, with amazing constancy, primarily in a love of country. For Bohemia, inextricably bound up with love of country, like a twin memory, is the consciousness of ancient wrongs endured from the German, and hatred—a clean-cutting hatred of which the Russian Slav is incapable until his nature is less a flux of impulses and more definitely informed by principle. Here is a vigorous, energetic personality robbed of superficiality. As always behind the Russian lies the shadow of his vast unhappy land, so beyond these other determined, clear-eyed Slavs lies also tragedy, but of another type; not the hopeless despair of Russia's black millions, but the tragedy of a land, loved as only a people of vivid nationality can love, lost once through a misadventure. "You can love only a country little and persecuted, as we love Bohemia," the Czech will tell you. It is not the emotion of a day, but of centuries—centuries of sorrow.

None of the colors in the Bohemian mosaic are pale. The nearer colors of the days in Austria at the beginning of the war, picked up from the young cavalry staff-officers waiting to join their regiments up on the Manchurian plain, are almost barbaric in their vigor. Their voices do not rise, but the blood races close beneath their skin as they talk of the taking of Czech leaders; of the arrest of Olga Masaryk, a case so flagrant that it brought a protest from the women of

America; of soldiers marching rebelliously toward the Carpathians and singing:

> "A red flag flies in the air;
> We are marching to Russia,
> But we don't know why—"

and cut down with machine-guns if they did not march; of the sullen mutterings of the populace driven to celebrate the German victories; of hints of revolution both at home and at the front; of the desertion of regiments; of the tragedy of Kiev when nine men who read a pamphlet dropped by an airman flying over the city, promising freedom from the Czar to the Bohemian Slavs, were shot.

From staff-officers and from lean-muscled soldiers, the gigantic canvas of war *without* peace grew. Individually or by regiments, as soon as the opportunity offered, the Bohemians went over to the side of the Russians. One served four months in the Austrian trenches, another a year, one escaped at the end of eight days. Shuttled back and forth over Russia, sleeping on stone floors, eating sometimes (if the guard did not abscond with the funds, which he did two days out of three), bathing in wintry rivers, if at all, with never a change of clothing; their life in Russia is the old story not of Russian malice, but of Russian unpreparedness. The German prisoners often declared themselves Czech in order to receive better treatment, but the Russians could not be said in any case to have added to the luster of their hospitality.

From the fall of the old régime a new period dates for the Czechs. Prison doors swung open for the Slav as well as for the criminal, releasing them from prison, but not from suspicion. The one dirigible force for order east of the Carpathians was liberated, but they were still to eat bitter bread, for Czech regiments were forbidden, and at last, when they were formed, aeroplanes hovered over them lest they betray the country to which they had deserted. It is one of the little ironies of war of which this land of "unlimited impossibilities" is incredibly full. And more than ironical was that spectacular advance under Kerensky during the spring of 1917 from which the Allies entertained hope for a day that "Russia had still kick left in her," for the regiments which broke the German lines then and sent the enemy across the marshes were not Russians, but the suspected Czechs.

New blood temporarily stiffened the Russian army, but nothing could save it after the dismissal of discipline. It was fast breaking up, and as it crumpled the recruits from across the mountains separated themselves from the Russian soldiers and traveled south to assemble under their national leader, Professor Masaryk.

Doubtless when the men from Bohemia chose Kiev for their concentration they did not see in it one of the bloodiest scenes of the Bolshevik mania in south Russia. But such it proved to be. For a week in the early winter of 1918 the Bolsheviki bombarded it heavily, wrecking the quaint city gates and littering the streets with dumps of dead, and then they joined the Germans to march against it. The trans-Carpathian Slavs found themselves in the anomalous position of defending the rich old Russian capital against itself. And they did fight for Kiev until it was not a question of flight, but of direction and of how soon the Germans would envelop them from the north. Then they abandoned Kiev and began the hegira across Siberia.

Perhaps some day a complete account of this flight of an army across the waveless plains of south Russia and of Siberia will be rendered, and we shall understand. At present there are as many versions of the trek as there were travelers, and it is only fragmentarily—as it were, by flashes of lightning—that one sees the echelons struggling across the winter wilderness. On any question the French point of view is interesting. As General Paris, now representing France with the Czech army, told the tale in a candle-lighted drawing-room, terms stripped, it seemed a chapter from Cæsar's Gallic chronicles rather than that of a modern general.

"Flight, yes, but which direction? The west was closed. South toward the Black Sea or west over the Urals and across Siberia? We held a conference; it lasted hours in a peasant's smoky little hut. I feared treachery from the

Magyar prisoners, but we decided to hazard Siberia. What else was there to do? Sixty trains were commandeered. The engines the men themselves put together as the Germans were closing in from the north. For eight days we had only a pound of bread a day. No more was possible; we were in too great danger. The first regiments got away with not too much difficulty, but every day the escape became more arduous as the Germans came nearer. The staff itself made off only in time, traveling in carts, walking. Sometimes the peasants in a village would drag us into a crowded inn to explain ourselves; it is a wonder that they did not kill us and end their suspicions. Penza and Bakhmach were the crucial places. The first trains passed Penza without trouble, but we knew that we should have to fight the Germans there and at Bakhmach. . . . I remember the first meeting with the Germans at Bakhmach. Our men were guarding a road down which came a big motor flying the Russian flag. The men stopped the motor and out stepped German officers, a tall blond colonel first. They were all shot. It was hard fighting at Bakhmach to shield the trains pulling out, and some were entangled there for three months. The Bolsheviki showed their usual bad faith. The Central Soviet had given us permission to pass, but Lenine and Trotzky soon began telegraphing the local soviets to put every hindrance in our way, to shunt us and divide us and hold the trains.

"And then came the order to disarm. To disarm! . . . You can understand that for the soldier that was a tense moment—to give up his guns, and to the Russians! Only thirty rifles were allowed to eight hundred men. We did surrender, however, except for a few hidden—you know. At one place where the guns of one of our regiments were to be turned over to the Russians, they had only to come, sign each his name, and take away a rifle. You can imagine it did not take our soldiers long to discover that. They cut the colors from their caps. Each man marched up to the officer, signed his name 'Ivan Feodorovitch,' 'Piotr Stepanovitch,' and took his rifle back again. . . . The advance regiments had no difficulty except to get trains. At Irkutsk, Professor Masaryk, chief of the National Council, started for Washington, and I came on ahead to arrange for transports to France. We came through without mishap, but the regiments following were not so lucky. It was the 26th that fought first at Irkutsk. When the train pulled into the station they were ordered to surrender all arms. The officers said it was necessary, but the men asked for fifteen minutes to decide. After five minutes, machine-guns were turned on them by orders *given in German.* The men dropped to the floor of the car like bats. Some of them crept off the train and along the ground. They killed the machine-gunners with bombs and stones and bare hands, and took the guns. In three seconds the guns were in their hands, and in fifteen minutes the whole station. They came through in safety. It was the first. From that time every regiment has had a fight at Irkutsk. Fourteen thousand came through—forty thousand are still out there somewhere. We left the sanitar train with guarantees, but we don't know. . . . There has been no news. . . . Nobody knows . . ."

"Nobody knows." These two words explain the return of the Czechs and begin the second book of the Bohemian epic.

The second book of the Bohemian epic—the opening page the clearing of Vladivostok. One reason for the return of the Czechs has been named; there was another. On guard one morning before dawn, British marines found the Bolsheviki exporting munitions to the Germans; the marines spoke no Russian, but they argued with English rifles. This was a prelude to the ultimatum to the Soviet and led to the action which overthrew the Bolsheviki, gave the most important port in the east into the hands of the Allies, and started the Czechs on their Siberian career.

The Soviet was surrounded and arrested on the morning of the 29th. By noon Bolsheviki were at a premium on the streets. At the big white staff headquarters across from the station, however, the Red Guard had concentrated for the main effort. Through a gray rain soldiers were marching in from the barracks, many without rifles, but each with a hand-grenade shining in his

belt. A pallid fact on paper, hand-grenades, but they held a world of significance. The Allies had landed a patrol, but their attitude was tentative, to the immense grief of the marines. The hand-grenades meant that as the Czechs had fought their way through Siberia bare-handed, so they were taking Vladivostok and starting to the rescue of their echelons without rifles and ammunition, and also without artillery. A few Russian officers had joined them, one man in a uniform, with a civilian's hat, pumping a Lewis gun, and another, balanced on the station roof, sharpshooting, with the hat of reviving self-respect. In the main, however, it was conceded to be a Czech affair, and Vladivostok watched the professional despatch with feelings as varied as its politics. While the shops in the rear were being cleared of Bolsheviki the soldiers in gray occupied the station across the great square from the staff building. Since there was no artillery, the object was to drive the Red Guard away from the windows, so that the doors could be destroyed with hand-grenades. A face at a window and a puff of flame streaked the ominously empty square. The Lewis gun sputtered industriously. A few furtive figures tried to escape from the *krepost*, to be potted on the wet cobblestones. Once the Czechs, running across the cleared space at the sign of a white flag, were met by a treacherous bomb. Within half an hour of the time set by the officers, a grenade blew in the door and the building was rushed. A few German officers captured were marched away under British guard. Rumor pointed to a pool of blood where a deserting Czech tried to beat his brains out on the pavement; two were killed with rifle-butts. No one who saw the Czecho-Slovaks cut down their deserters can ever forget the ruthless rage of these trans-Carpathian Slavs. It was the most amazing feature of an amazing day. If a consensus of impressions could have been made they would probably have agreed that little "dove blood of the Slav" flamed in these Bohemian veins, and that there would be interesting news from the north.

By the time the long Siberian twilight closed down on the memorable Saturday, Vladivostok was non-Bolshevik. To what it was a prelude one could but wonder as one watched the soup-kitchens clattering into the great square. Soldiers squatted here and there in the fading light, tired groups. The crowd had begun to move vaguely, the dusk dimming the bright colors of their blouses and kerchiefs. The Golden Horn took down its shutters and Vladivostok went home to dinner. At the station a different scene was being enacted. Box-cars stood on the tracks, swallowing men into their interiors, as they had stood once before emitting them; row after row crawled into the lantern-lighted cars, piling up on bare planks. By the time the Russians had settled comfortably to the gaieties of "Mlle. Houp-la," the Bohemian echelons were already moving out to the north.

Within twenty-four hours the guns captured in the Vladivostok arsenal, lacking certain small but important parts while in the hands of the Bolsheviki, owing to Japanese forethought, were on the road. But in the mean time, immediate action being imperative to prevent a concentration at Nikolsk, the Czechs made their first attack without artillery. And a costly attack it was, a part of their mad heroism. Had lack of equipment held them, however, the wind and the rain of a season ago would now be whitening their bones on the plains of Russia and Siberia. They take it as a matter of course that they must capture as they go, wrest from the enemy himself the material to defeat him.

Issues, at present, are shaping rapidly in the east. The calendar travels a week overnight. Since the Czechs vanished into the north many events have occurred. The lost sanitar train has arrived from Habarovsk. The echelons have disentangled themselves, have taken Irkutsk and moved two days farther east to the corner of Lake Baikal. The scant news which comes by messenger indicates that the situation there at Baikal has developed seriously. Four thousand men are trapped without ammunition; food is to be had only from Irkutsk; railway tunnels along the road are blown in. Apparently the echelons have reached a position from which they are unable to advance, else they would

move to a station two days east, where telegraphic communication might be established with Peking. But winter has advanced until it is only a few weeks away.

The Allies have come, too, since the Czechs departed, and not too soon if the echelons are not to perish. Vladivostok now takes on the atmosphere of a populous and militant Port Said. Troops are constantly departing for the front; French *casquettes* drink coffee in the little gardens; British officers are stiffly hunting the baths; "The Dollar Princess" ("*po Russki*") plays nightly to rows of American khaki. A British transport is here from Hong-kong, a French ship from Saigon. The Japanese are here with white gloves and limousines and more troops than they care to confess. The Americans are here, not pretty, but serviceable, with mules and prairie-schooners. The railway engineers who have been playing pinochle in Nagasaki until, to quote them, they are "as jumpy as old maids," are here, living on Kerensky gold, imploring work. The Salvation Army is here. All the materials for a campaign are here in embryo, and much more will follow. From the size of the shadows, the events started by the Czecho-Slovaks are big ones. "The Queen of the East" promises to fulfil her name. The trans-Siberian—that thin line of communication between east and west, whose traffic, pouring Siberia's myriads of troops into Europe and feebly emitting *emigrés*, chronicles the history of Russia—will again see moving into Siberia the paraphernalia of war, men in khaki with modern guns, as during the first year of the conflict it saw millions of clumping gray figures with black bread under their arms, and shaggy little ponies, streaming along its length to fight for the White Czar.

What is the meaning of the Allies in Russia? No one can say with assurance. The Czechs have constantly and consistently affirmed that they have no wish to fight the Russian people, and they have, with the utmost caution, kept free from entangling alliances. The Allies have been equally definite, in their separate proclamations, declaring their intentions not to interfere in Russian internal affairs. Both by Czech and Allies, Russia has been handled with velvet gloves—assured of her territorial integrity, of her inalienable right to choose her manners and her morals, of her liberty, the color and stripe of her destiny. She has been promised everything—money, food, shoes, even commissions! She has been as delicately flattered as a woman; humored, clothed, and fed like an orphaned child; coddled like a sick man; wept with over her past; exalted for her virtues; promised a future; cursed for her sins; distrusted; pitied and held in contempt; supported; speculated upon; believed in with little visible reason, as no other nation in the world. And how will she respond?

The landing of the first troops evoked a storm of words and pamphlets; "the bourgeoisie had betrayed Russia, sold her to the foreigner." A student at the Far East Institute began an oration: "To-day England lands troops; war has begun with England."

To-day the Russian is a little tired. "What is to be done?" he asks. The stamp of the old régime is still upon him. But the mood of to-morrow?

As this leaves Vladivostok the opening of the Siberian railway to Irkutsk is practically accomplished, and if to Irkutsk, then to the Urals, since the Siberian government holds the line from Irkutsk westward. The optimist seems to have seen the situation more clearly than the pessimist. There will certainly be a strong movement to reach the Czechs in Russia fighting about Vologda and toward Archangel. And of all this two months ago there was not a sign or a vestige. To contrast the Bolshevik days with all this movement of war for saving Siberia is to have an admiration, which can hardly be exaggerated, for that disciplined, determined band who less than five months ago emerged from the steppe. What will yet be in Siberia no one knows. But whatever it is, the Czecho-Slovaks have been the motive power.

With every nation exhibiting unexpected excellencies, it is becoming increasingly difficult to define the qualities of any people, but one may always inquire into the springs of men's actions;

enthusiasms, philosophy, necessity, will, or some deeper mystery. At the present moment, when the world is disappointed in Russia, it is well to remember that the Czech is by blood a Slav, an inheritance written in his mobile face, in his eyes softening under the spell of his folk-music as he marches away to war with a boutonnière in the top of his bayonet. General Diterichs describes him, "hot-boiling, passionate," and with it tender and imaginative. That sympathy, that poignant sensibility, that immense naturalness which are Russian and which, with generations of discipline, will make him the towering figure of the world when the lesser races with the superficial knowingness have passed—all these are the fundamental qualities of the Czech. His other qualities are the result of discipline.

If you ask the Czech himself, he will tell you that the secret of his life is perhaps what President Wilson calls *enthusiasm*. He calls it love—love of country, which lays down life without question or stint; love of beauty, without which he considers life stupid, neither to be lived through with joy nor departed from with dignity. In this esthetic apprehension which we call by the thin and unsatisfactory word "taste" the Czech is like the French—surely he must be likened sooner or later to the French!—bearing the mark of a race old in living, rich in tradition, discerning in its appreciations. He is, too, a lover of love, worshiping women; a lover of life, more joyous than the Russian, less light-minded than the Gaul. A lover not of the form, but of the substance. Life is short; youth is short. It is to laugh, to work, to weep, to think, to love, to be aware of that complex and ever-changing stream of consciousness. When a Czech dies, somehow one feels that one may say of him what may not be said of every man, "He is dead, but *he has lived.*"

If you ask the American he will tell you that the Czech's secret is "Allied ideals with Teuton training." It is his efficiency that endears him to the American, especially if he is recuperating from the Russian army. The reputation is wide-spread. In Austria the Czech is known as the cleverest hand-worker, the most capable servant. In Vladivostok the Czech doctors are the most efficient; at another spot, Czech engineers repaired in three days the bridges which, experts said, would require three weeks. How tell the tale of the Czechs without its seeming a legend? This practical ability is, doubtless, the result of contact with the German, the result of a struggle to exist, and it is an immeasurable asset in personality. To try to fit him with a phrase, the Czech is a man not lifted from the Slav dream, but rescued from the miasma of sickly thinking and, under the more intensive civilization of the west, trained to act. His philosophy is practical. What can be done he does. If nothing may be done, he accepts the inevitable, even death. And this is not weakness, but strength, part of his constructive interpretation of life.

One hesitates to say that he is a democrat, after the banality of Russia. But Bohemian democracy bears no taint; it has been a natural growth, the evolution of a people deprived of their aristocracy; a "beautiful democracy," to use a term of the Czechs themselves, in which a man does not deny the genuine differences of ability and training, but scorns to recognize the artificial distinctions of privilege. Democracies are not always charming in their terms; their people are so often uncouth and ignorantly groping, attaching a false connotation, that one forgets that an enlightened democracy is really one of the beautiful things in the world. The Czechs recall the fact that it is. France, England, America—one expects them to be great, but there is new inspiration in finding an ancient beauty in this little and hitherto obscure people, thanks to the typhoon of war which has lifted the mists and blown Bohemia into the world—an actuality.

Called to Service

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

ALMOST at the moment when the impulse assailed Henderson to break from rapid strides into a trot he came to an abrupt halt. In spite of the gathering dusk, he felt sure that the open road was no place for him. Besides, the rain, coming down with pitiless monotony, was steadily foundering him as an angry, gray sea might founder some worm-eaten hulk. He had been so long a stranger to the elements that he was confused and frightened by them. He knew now the cruelty of forcing freedom upon a caged bird, and for a moment there came over him a sick desire to retrace his steps. Had he been sure that he could slip back within the prison walls as unmarked as he had walked out, he would have decided to return. But such a feat was impossible, more impossible, if anything, than the one he had just accomplished. To sweep arrogantly by the guards in the jaunty cap and swaggering ulster of a prison director was one thing; to creep back a drowned rat of a man was quite another.

Even with the icy-cold reality of rain pelting him clean of illusion, Henderson had a vague hope that he was dreaming. With only a scant six months between himself and legitimate freedom, what had urged him to this stupendous piece of folly? What malicious and evil angel had dared him to tempt chance so futilely, so magnificently? *Magnificently*—the thought subconsciously stiffened his drooping courage. He, Colin Henderson, to have carried through successfully so madcap an adventure! It was inconceivable! An hour ago the harsh corridors of San Quentin were echoing his footfalls with a crushing hollowness that he had long since ceased to resent; now he stood upon the wind-bitten marshes of Marin County, for the moment free, a harried creature, sagging beneath the unaccustomed weight of a dripping ulster, dragging, through an ooze of tenacious mud, feet that for four spiritless years had known only the insinuating smoothness of stone courtyards. There was a tang of spring in the air, despite the rain-raked dusk, the same restless tang that for the past week had scaled the prison walls and crept fleet-footed down uncarpeted corridors into every gaunt cell. Could it be possible that this intoxicating presence from the open highway had fanned with its perfumed breath the feeble flame of Colin Henderson's racial courage until it leaped up to answer opportunity? Was there an affinity between this restless urge sweeping across the California moorland and the selfsame gray-cloaked fragrance hurtling over the moors and fens that lawlessly sheltered the race whence Colin Henderson sprang? Did the skirling pipes of adventure prick Scotch blood the world over at the appointed season? Was it something that defied flat gaol walls and beguiled even the wan-cheeked impotence of a prison trusty? These thoughts stirred vaguely in the mind of Colin Henderson as he brought his fingers up toward his rain-soaked cap. He took the covering from his head and wrung it dry between his pallid hands. The rain continued to mock him and the wind railed at his dripping hair. Standing thus upon the naked rim of the marsh, he might have been Lear's fool intent on wresting a bitter jest from the elements.

He returned the squeezed cap to his head and pushed on. Behind him the lights of San Quentin blossomed through the gathering gloom with a cold flame. Even in the kindly twilight, veiled by slanting rain, these lights were of a violet-blue harshness.

The storm continued with an almost systematic fury. The wind was rising steadily, tearing across the open country in a vicious, impotent rage. Colin Henderson was cold and miserable and at

odds with his folly. In six months freedom would have met him with a friendly kiss upon the brow; now he had forced her lips, and already his mouth was full of bitterness.

He began to wonder whether his escape had been detected. Was the meeting of the board of prison directors at an end or were they still haggling over paroles and pardons and petty indulgences? Would they eat dinner with the warden or climb eagerly into their cars and speed home, glad of an escape from their depressing duties? There was a grim humor in the thought of the surprise that would follow the fact that a green ulster and a cap were missing from the anteroom where the directors had hung their coats and hats. Even now it was hard for Henderson to realize his daring. The impulse had seized him in a flash. But that was what really explained the successful issue. Premeditated foolhardiness would have foundered in a sea of self-consciousness. He knew that Colin Henderson, prison trusty, was the last man that any one concerned would think capable of so impudent a piece of outlawry. . . . By to-morrow, the daily press would be humming with his exploit, telling the story with almost sardonic glee of how a trusted prisoner had thrust his arms into a convenient overcoat, pulled up the collar, and, shadowing his face in the exaggerated visor of a fashionable cap, walked calmly and unchallenged past the guards out into a pitiless storm. And all this while the prison directors were devising ways and means for a slacker tethering of their unwilling charges! It would make a good story and his name would glow for a season in the high lights of the public's unconcealed delight. For, after all, it is a sluggish nature that does not quicken to the spectacle of justice outwitted.

By this time it had grown quite dark and Henderson began to feel himself snapping under the weight of fatigue. It was not so much the actual effort of driving forward that crippled his energies, but the wind and rain and gloom assaulted his spirit, extinguishing every spark of enthusiasm. The landscape stretched blackly ahead and seemed like nothing so much as a dank corridor without opening or escape. He had an impulse to sink down and yield himself up to nature's fury, but almost at the same instant he became aware of a hillside leaping suddenly into the lap of the unbroken marsh. He had forgotten about the hills! He took fresh courage. Hills meant trees and thick underbrush. And the instinct of a harried animal urged him toward these shelters without further debate. He was stumbling blindly in the direction of higher ground when he discovered that his feet were following the scarred unevenness of a beaten track. He edged close to the bank into which the road ate its sinuous way, and felt with his hands. The first turn shut out the wind and presently he knew that there were trees overhead by the broken way in which the moisture fell. He stopped for a moment and took a deep breath. Things began to seem more hopeful. After all, he had been shielded too long to brave at once the indifference of a flat, open country, and even so small a protection as oak boughs gave him a sense of greater security.

When he moved on it was with a more assured manner. His eyes were becoming accustomed to the darkness, and already he had a vague conception of his surroundings. Suddenly it occurred to him to question the road's termination. Where could such a truant highway be leading him? All at once he felt himself to be upon a flat surface again, and the rain driving down in gray, unchecked anger. And in the twinkling of an eye he sensed a clear space, and caught the blind outline of a house rearing itself darkly enough against the gloom to make its presence known. His impulse to turn and flee was put to rout by the furious barking of dogs. It would be futile to attempt escape, now that his presence had been announced. No, better by far to stamp boldly up to the squatting porch and beat upon the front door.

His defiant demands for admittance went unanswered. Not a light flashed within. There was no confused movement of people startled out of their dreary complacency, no muffled murmurs in the darkness. Not even the sharp gasp of a suddenly opened door broke the stillness. The first snap of vigilance which

had colored the dogs' barking had been succeeded by long, hungry, wolflike wails.

For a moment Colin Henderson stood puzzled; then suddenly he understood. The house was temporarily deserted. Chance was favoring him again. Yes, without question, the way was being prepared. Providence was on his side. This thought gave him a certain arrogance—the arrogance of a favorite child of fortune; and without further ado he pushed against the yielding door and entered the house. The dogs were wailing like possessed demons.

He felt his way through a musty front room into a corridor, and finally he came upon the kitchen. He knew it was the kitchen by the imprisoned smell of food which greeted him as he opened the door. And presently, fumbling against the wall near the stove, his fingers found the match-safe. He struck a light. An old-fashioned lamp stood upon the table.

As he lifted the lamp-chimney and watched the wick sputtering into life, a chill seized him. He threw aside his wet covering and began to lay a fire.

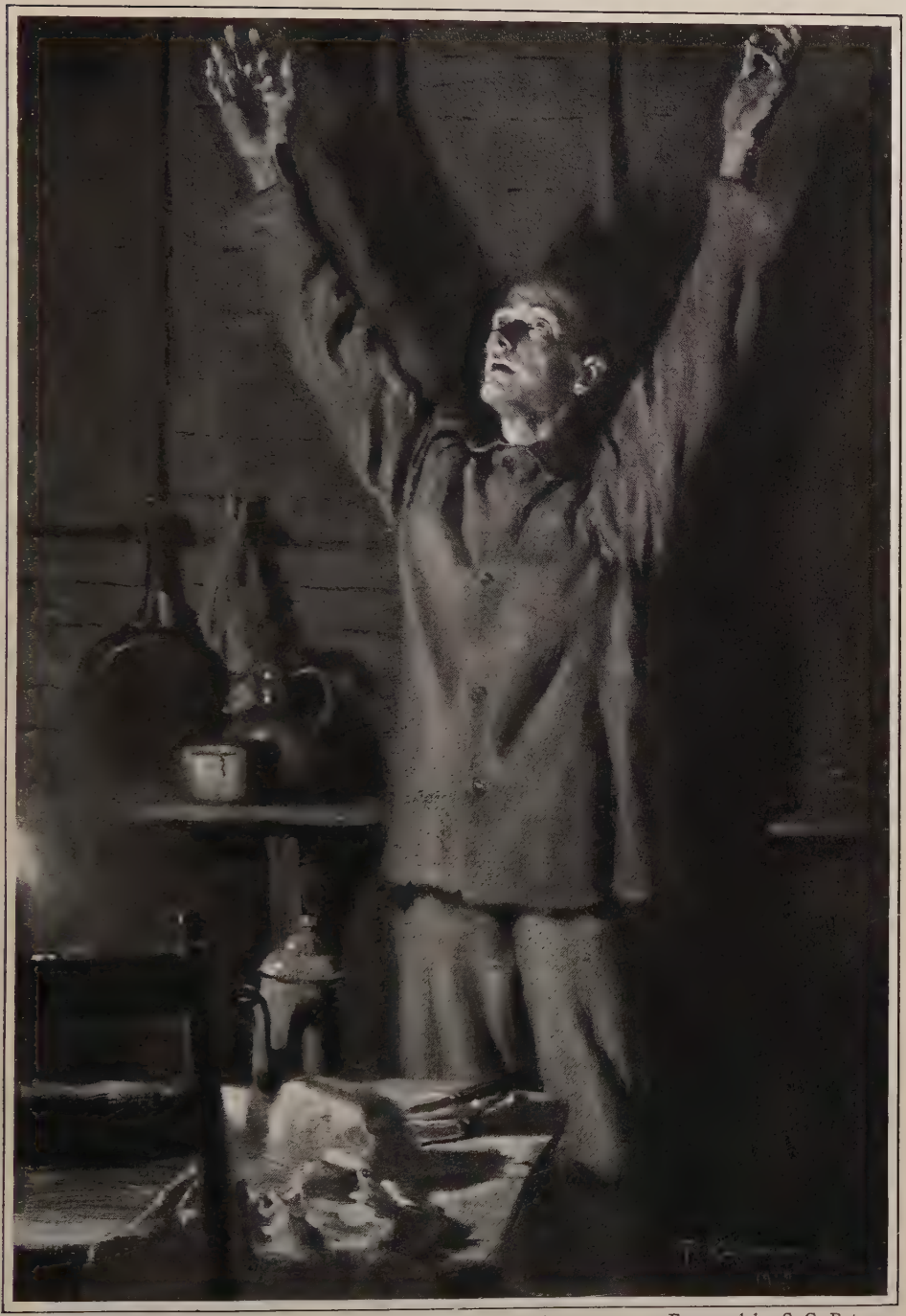
The room was, without question, the kitchen of a foreigner. A loaf of stale bread and a jug of red wine stood upon the drain-board of the sink, and, set back upon the stove, a soup-kettle full of odds and ends of food had turned sour in the muggy dampness. The disorder was of not more than two or three days' standing—the bread was dry, but by no means hard, and the fermentation in the soup-kettle a matter of hours rather than days. Colin Henderson was at no pains to solve the mystery of this deserted farm-house. He could have conjured up a score of prosaic reasons in explanation, had he been inclined. Instead, he contented himself with acknowledging the grateful warmth which leaped toward him in widening waves from the garrulous pine chips. It was not likely that any one would choose such a night for his home-coming, so Henderson felt that he could take comfort with reasonable security.

He broke the crusty bread into convenient pieces and filled a cracked cup with wine. There was something solemn in this austere supper, spread for the first time in four years at freedom's table.

He drew up his chair and thrust his feet into the oven. The wine had dyed his cheeks a courageous red, and he felt suddenly strong, daring, sufficient, content with the present and reckless of the future. But for a moment the past held him in a last bitter embrace, like a discarded mistress winding herself in fawning terror about his impatient form. The *past*—how he hated it! The past that once had been so valiant a future, so tricked out in the golden gauds of hope! Well, it was all over now—the mistakes, the shames, the fawning humiliations; he was to start fresh.

To-morrow they would be scouring the hills for him, digging their way into furtive cañons, cutting through the chaparral, beating up the hiding-places of nature like hunters attempting to startle quail from the underbrush. Fate had already given Colin Henderson his cue, and he was determined to do none of the things that escaped convicts usually do. He made up his mind to swagger impudently into the open, to take chance at its word, to finish the game as he had begun it—recklessly. His plan was quite simple—he would saunter into the nearest town and ferret out an odd job or two, and when he had enough money he would plan a more ambitious move. It was easy, so ridiculously easy! While the prison guards were following the stupid lead of custom, he would be quietly establishing himself in the most matter-of-fact way. He did not go into the matter minutely. What was the use? Two hours ago he had not foreseen liberty hanging limply in the guise of a green overcoat in an anteroom of San Quentin, nor had a shelter from the storm presented itself until his necessity had cried aloud.

He was learning at this late day that life was a well-ordered advance, continually halted and put to rout by the unexpected. One must count on nothing and be prepared for everything. It was well to start with a definite end in view, perhaps, but to waste time and hope and energy upon a minute plan of action was a vain futility. Indeed, plans of action lacked the elements of



Drawn T. K. Hanna Engraved by S. G. Putnam

ONCE AGAIN YOUTH TOUCHED HIM

faith and courage. There was nothing heroic about calmly weighing odds and proceeding along the lines of greatest security. Better sometimes to desert sheltered paths and gallop suddenly into the open, leaving the issue to God. One got scant vistas following the leafy glades of caution.

As Henderson sat dozing before the grateful warmth of the stove, his life flashed over him in a series of filmlike pictures. His childhood, his youth, the later years — all had been fettered by a spirit-breaking weight of prudence. Even his crime had lacked the savor of impulsiveness. He had been a systematic pilferer, a trusted employee who robbed by rule and covered his tracks deliberately. He had always chosen the screened highways of life, caution had been a vice with him, and yet he had fallen. He had forgotten that forest glades were poor shelters when the lightning flashed.

Prudence had marked his prison life, also. Defiance, revolt, disobedience—all these sputterings of the spirit, turned cankerous under restraint, had never leaped up within him. Colin Henderson was a man to be trusted, in prison as well as out of it. . . . For a moment a certain shame swept him, a shame that he had for the second time in his life betrayed the estimate of his fellow-men. But he took courage in the realization that this second lapse had been without calculation, unpremeditated, a quick flowering of stunted daring under the fleeting warmth of opportunity. It had been the outward manifestation of a hope that he had reckoned as dead. For, if the truth were known, he had looked forward to the day of his liberty with a certain dread. Prison walls were at least a shelter, and he had seen too many derelicts cast adrift, struggling for a safe harbor, to be contemptuous of the reefs and shoals awaiting him. What, then, was the explanation of even a truant buoyancy? Was it really the urge of spring or did the impulse stir before the breath of something deeper? Was it the perfume of flowers only that drifted across the Marin County moorlands, or did the tang of far-flung battle mingle with the windy March flood? And in the mornings when the meadow-larks had sung upon the very stones of the prison yard, had not their carolings a new clarion call, and the air been subtly tremulous with the beating of distant drums? Yes, somewhere outside, sacrificial fires were burning, fires that could sweep clean all the ignoble festerings of the soul.

He began to wonder how many men sick unto hopelessness were renewing themselves at this Pentecost of service. How many were there worn to thin despair by the constant drip of failure, quickening to new life at the sight of a horizon blood-red with promise? Under ordinary circumstances what chance had Colin Henderson, thief, compromiser, breaker of pledges, to stand upright again? None. But now—now—

He had risen from his seat in a sudden ecstasy of anticipation, and he found himself pounding the drain-board of the sink with his two hands as he sensed the scope of his new spiritual freedom. Once again youth touched him and he had the courage to imagine himself true and brave and valiant.

"Yes . . . yes . . ." he muttered, flinging up his arms in triumph. "I shall volunteer . . . volunteer! . . . I shall go into the army. . . . Now, I know what tempted me. God has called me! God has called me!"

This feeling which swept him—the feeling that he had been called to some sacred service—revived in him every hopeful thing that the relentless years had sought to wither. And he remembered, now, that this ideal had always been with him. As a child, waking in the night, he had shuddered with exquisite terror, half hoping, half dreading that the voice of God would call him as it had once called the child Samuel. How often he had waited, parted-lipped, for the miracle to repeat itself! His early imagination had been fed upon the heavy folk-tales of Israel, and they had awed him. He had missed the gay fantasy of a fairy world, genial and full of brave inconsequence.

With a definite goal in view, all his instinctive caution rose again to the surface. He must plan! plan! It would not do to tempt chance further.

The howling of the dogs broke in upon his indecision. He listened. The wind

seemed to have died and the rain was no longer flooding against the window. He opened the kitchen door and peered out. The air was still, full of the fragrant truce of sudden calm and the moon stared vacantly through a threadbare cloud. Above the mournful yelping of the dogs there rose the swift, clipt note of an automobile honking its way along the highroad.

"The meeting is over!" flashed through his mind. "They are going home. . . . By this time they have discovered that I—"

He looked up at the moon. "When it clouds over again I shall leave," he decided. "It would be foolish to walk along the road now, in the light. . . . And these clothes of mine . . . and this overcoat and cap. . . . I shall look through the house and see what I can find. Surely there must be an old suit somewhere about."

He closed the door and lifted the lamp from the table. Then he went out into the shallow passageway that separated the front room from the kitchen. A flight of steps rose sharply toward the stunted second story.

"In the bedrooms—up-stairs . . . that will be where I shall find old clothes," he reflected. He put one foot on the first step. He fancied that he heard a voice, or was it a smothered groan? A sweat broke out upon his forehead. . . . He tiptoed back into the kitchen, set the lamp down, and stood, erect and quivering. Outside the dogs were howling.

"Can it be possible that up-stairs—No, no. . . . Surely the house is deserted . . . otherwise—"

He sank into the chair before the stove. Suddenly Colin Henderson was himself again—a warped creature of circumstances.

He felt at once that he should leave. What did a change of clothing matter, after all? The gray uniform of a prison trusty was inconspicuous, and, besides, he could always slink into the security of the green ulster. If he were to be caught it would be in spite of any ridiculous disguise. No, he had come near falling foul of his instinctive caution again, at the very moment when a sense of daring had stirred him to swaggering action.

By the time he had reasoned all this out his poise was recovered. There was nobody up-stairs. The kitchen of any house was the surest proof of occupancy; it had been hours, perhaps days, since this kitchen had ministered to human hunger. He decided to leave at once, and yet, in spite of his decision, he lingered in the shallow corridor and listened. The dogs had stopped their throaty clamor, and there were no other sounds to confuse his senses. . . . It came again—a heavy, painful cadence that was something more than the thick breathing of fatigue. A sudden, terrible idea came to him.

"Murder! . . . Can it be possible that some one has been murdered? . . . wounded? . . . left to die?"

And for a moment he pictured the low-browed room up-stairs frowning upon the spectacle of slow-bleeding death.

"I must get out of this! . . . I must get out of this!" he kept repeating.

But, instead, he sat down upon the stairs and began to draw off his shoes. Presently he climbed up, feeling his way. The house creaked and snapped beneath his stealthy weight. What was he doing? Why was he interesting himself in the secret of this upper chamber? What was it all to him? These questions flashed at him insistently, but he held to his purpose. Upon the threshold of unraveling the mystery, he was almost beaten back by panic. Suppose murder *had* been done? Murder in the very house that was sheltering Colin Henderson, escaped convict? A pretty situation, truly. If they came upon him suddenly in the room with a dying man, what chance would he have to clear himself of the deed? And if he fled and fell into the law's hands again, what would the verdict be? Already, in the first brief hours of freedom, he was tasting the bitterness of the discovered transgressor. Would even the thick pall of distant battle-fields really shroud the past in a kindly haze? He felt like a fly, rescued from ignominious death in a syrup-jug, but condemned to trail forever a sticky reminder of his imprudence.

He had come to the end of the stairs' modest flight, and the sounds had grown

more ominous and insistent. He no longer doubted the presence of another human being in the house. He discovered now that he had neglected to provide himself with matches. There was nothing to do but to return to the kitchen. Cautiously he groped back.

Again the impulse to flee seized him. But suddenly he seemed as chained to this unsolved mystery as he had been to his prison cell. He struck a match and retraced his steps. The sputter of light gave him a dash of courage. Both the match and his bravado failed as he stood before the closed door, shutting out everything except the sound of raucous breathing.

He clenched his fists, struck another light, hesitated, turned the knob. The squeak of a rusty hinge answered his quick thrust. . . . Presently he was standing in the center of the room, holding a flickering match aloft. There was no figure sprawled upon the floor, as he had expected. But in a far corner upon a low couch he fancied that he caught the outline of a human form. He went up to it and pulled back the tattered covers. Nothing more terrible than the gnarled, parched face of an old woman met his gaze. Her lips were black with fever and her breath rattled in her throat. Plainly, she was desperately ill and unconscious. Henderson touched the match to a candle standing upon a chair near, and covered the old hag's face again. A sigh of quick relief escaped him. A dying old woman! The house might as well have been deserted, for all the hindrance she could give him. But it would be just as well to leave before she died. After all, he was an ex-convict, and it was conceivable that even a natural death might be charged to his account.

He took a swift survey of the room. It was pitifully bare, but full of a frugal cleanness. A crucifix upon the wall near the couch and a cheap lithograph of the Mother of God added a further touch of austerity. What should he do —extinguish the light and walk calmly out of the room, or let it flicker in company with the waning life? He decided to let the candle sputter on to its end. He went down-stairs; the sound of the old woman's heavy breathing pursued him. When he opened the kitchen door he found that it was hailing.

"Ah, the storm is breaking up from the west!" he said aloud. "I shall wait a few moments . . ."

He went back and sat before the stove. In ten minutes, at the most, this last gasp of the storm would spend itself and then he could be on his way again. Which course would it be best to take—to strike at once for San Francisco or bend his way toward some obscure town? If he had money in his pocket—Money? Of course that was what he needed—money. Even a half-dollar would carry him to the city. But there remained the danger of that walk along the open road to the nearest railway station. And his clothes—yes, he decided that, after all, it would be best to look again through the house for another suit. Surely the old woman did not live alone; there must be a man about somewhere, perhaps away on business. . . . If he only had some money . . . a dollar . . . fancy what a dollar would do! . . . Suddenly he thought of the old woman.

"Under her pillow! Of course! . . . Why didn't I think of that before? . . . There must be some small change about. . . . Even poor people have a bit of silver. And, besides, they are Italians . . . a thrifty lot. Yes, without a doubt there is money somewhere."

He settled back in his chair with smug satisfaction. Only the prospect of the walk along the open highway bothered him.

"Can it be possible that they have a horse?" he mused. He rose and peered out of the window. "Yes, that must be a barn. . . . No doubt they have a broken-down old nag and a cart of some sort. . . ."

In a flash every detail of his further plans seemed perfected. He would rummage the house for money and a disguise, hitch up the old nag who must be shivering in the gloom of a dripping barn, and jog comfortably along the highway to the nearest railway station. After that it would be easy. He had but to clamber aboard the train, and in an hour the paved streets of San Francisco would echo his footfalls. . . . San Francisco meant reasonable safety. He

could hide in the fastness of the town for a season and finally enlist. . . . And some day he would achieve the scarred fields of France and glory! The prospect made him drunk with a heady joy. Had any one ever lived through a more wonderful night than he? Everything to his hand as if months of careful planning had been spent upon it!

"France and glory! . . . France and glory!" he kept repeating. And there came to him every heroic story that he had read or heard since the first news of the war had filtered in through the prison gates. Only that morning, in a magazine upon the warden's table, he had glanced through the pathetic tale of two British soldiers whose dead bodies had shielded a living child from death. There were tales also of old women and men rescued starving from the wreckage of demolished towns, and tales of Sisters of Mercy struck down by bombs as they dragged the wounded from the burning wings of hospitals. Yes, chances came over there for the ennobling things of life.

It struck him that he was wasting time. Every moment was precious. They must be searching for him already. Why was he delaying? He decided to make sure first that there was a horse. The hail had ceased its tattoo upon the roof. The moon had come out into the open again.

As he made his way to the barn the dogs began their yelping. He found everything as he had imagined it—a horse, unmistakably lean in the cold moonlight streaming through the open barn door, and a crazy cart. The poor nag greeted him with a pathetic frenzy. It was starved and thirsty. He watered it and threw it an armful of hay.

So far so good. There remained nothing further than to find a suit of clothes, and money beneath the dying woman's pillow. But as Colin Henderson made his way into the house he had not the slightest doubt that chance would fail him.

It was all too ridiculously easy! Just as he had expected, the old woman's head impotently guarded a pitiful heap of silver. There it lay, knotted firmly in a gay handkerchief, a blood-red spot upon the white sheet. Looking down at the swollen hands and the lean, sun-dried neck of the spent creature before him, Colin Henderson guessed how much sweat and labor had gone into the hoarded treasure which he so greedily coveted. A vague shame swept him. But almost at once he thought:

"She is dying . . . it will soon be over. While I—I have my life before me. . . . The money would have gone for a doctor or a priest, anyway."

He put the pillow back in its place, lifted the gaunt head to an easy posture, shook the tattered quilts into orderly lightness. At least he would leave her comfortable. The old woman stirred, gave a profound sigh, and slowly, very slowly, opened her eyes. She did not move again, but lay motionless, staring up at Colin Henderson as blankly as if she had not grasped his presence.

"I could smother her!" flashed through his mind.

And instinctively his hands flew toward the bed-coverings. At that moment the woman smiled. . . . Henderson fell back. He was trembling all over. Her smile widened, displaying toothless gums. He put his hands before his eyes.

Suddenly she began to talk in a hard, rasping voice that even the liquid fluency of her native tongue could not soften. Tears began to glisten in her eyes, her hands came together in supplication.

"She fancies that I am a priest!" Henderson thought, as he drew nearer to the bed.

Her words choked her. She was strangling. Henderson bent over and lifted her up. Presently she grew quiet again and he had a sense that she was imploring him silently for water. He laid her head back upon the pillow and went down-stairs.

"Good God!" he muttered. "What am I wasting time for? . . . If I could save her, that would be one thing. But she is as good as dead. . . ."

He carried her a drink. She drained the tin cup to its last drop, and as he drew his hand away she reached up and clutched it. He fell upon his knees, waiting for her to release him. But she held his fingers with grim determination.

Drawn by T. K. Hanna

IN A FAR CORNER HE FANCIED HE CAUGHT THE OUTLINE OF A HUMAN FORM

Finally he jerked himself free. She started up and whined as some dog might, sensing the departure of its master. Henderson shifted the candle to the floor and sat down upon the chair. She reached out and took his hand again, and as she did so she closed her eyes.

"I shall wait," muttered Henderson, "until it is over. Yes, in God's name, I can't do less. . . . Surely she won't last long."

At the end of a half-hour he grew impatient. What was he waiting for? Every inactive moment was carrying him back rather than forward. What was this dying old hag to him?

He remembered having once read the story of a thief fleeing from an officer, who had stumbled upon an abandoned child in a doorway. The thief had not had the heart to desert the baby, and it had ended in his capture. But that was different. A child—well, there was an element of hope in the rescue of a child; it was like turning up the wick of a well-filled lamp. But if the lamp were empty? Better to blow it out quickly.

This old woman—what a ghastly old thing she was! And how she clung to him! To-morrow would be a beautiful day, drenched with sunlight. And the air would be full of the laughter of meadow-larks. Over the seas, somewhere on the other side, heroic deeds were being done—dead bodies sheltering children, old men and women led out of gaping ruins, Sisters of Mercy braving bursting shells. On the other side were all these soul-stirring things, while here—here were prison-houses, and despair, and wretches dying unshriven by either priest or a brave performance. . . . How easy it would be to smother her! How easy to draw the covering higher and shut the air from the feeble channels which sucked in life to such little purpose! It was only a matter of hours, anyway.

What was she doing? Lifting herself up, raising her withered arms aloft, blessing him with the sign of the cross. . . . Now she was still again, her head upon the pillow, her hand still closely locked in his. . . . Would she die presently and leave him his scant chance for freedom, or would she lie there, held by a slender thread, clutching his fingers until the end? . . .

What time was it—midnight or nearing morning? He had no idea. . . . How cold she was! Could it be possible . . .? Yes, it was finished. He was free to go now. But first, he must close her eyes and fold her hands upon the withered breasts. . . . And the crucifix? Should he place that above the knotted fingers? She would have liked it so, poor spent soul, smiling upon the threshold of Paradise.

The dogs were barking again, more furiously than ever. Was that the sound of footsteps clattering along the porch? And the door? Who was beating upon the door? . . . Now there came talking . . . smothered oaths . . . more rappings.

"The prison guard!" said Henderson aloud. "Well, everything is over now!"

The candle was flickering to its death. . . . How easy it had all been—everything to his hand! He crossed over to the window. The first flush of morning was upon the face of the east. This was to have been the day that sealed his freedom. Instead, they were waiting for him below.

How far afield his hopes had flown! What splendid deeds had beckoned him! . . . Had he pushed on ruthlessly, perhaps all these fine things would have been his portion. His bubble of glory had been shattered in a cup of cold water carried to a spent creature. He had missed his chance.

He left the window and stood for a moment before the bed. How gently, how secretly she smiled! Would she have smiled in any case, or had the drip of her blessing frozen itself in arrested beauty upon her still lips?

What had the night profited him? Nothing but the blessing of a dying old woman. . . . Had it been to so little purpose, after all? Was he returning empty-handed?

Called to service! Well, and why not? Did fife and drum alone muster one into the ranks? . . . Was every accomplished duty lit by the flame of battle? . . . *The blessing of a dying old woman*—could any one have wished for a more honorable discharge?

Outside a meadow-lark began to sing. . . . Colin Henderson went down the stairs, smiling.

Side Shows in Armageddon

BY SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER

"BETTER slow up a bit, eh?" suggested the Colonel with the red band around his cap.

I agreed.

Half a mile ahead, two German shells had burst on either side of the road, throwing up great black geysers of earth.

"The devils know we've got a battery behind that wood and they are trying to root it out."

It was early morning and the broken roads were miry. We sat and smoked our pipes in the gray car of the British War Office, waiting till the way was "a bit less unhealthy." We were both feeling something of the monotony of war, for even an artillery duel can become monotonous.

The old soldier with the tanned and crackled cheeks began to chuckle. "You know Thingamy?" he asked.

I did not know him personally. But he was a famous newspaper correspondent who wrote fervid descriptions of battle which made the blood pulse as one read them. I admired his brilliance, and said so.

"He was along with me in this very car last Sunday morning," said the Colonel, still laughing. "We were held up as you and I are held up by the boche. He's a great writer, is Thingamy. You see, when we got back to General Headquarters I had to censor his stuff."

"Well?"

"Well, it was deuced funny. We were having as lively a time as you and I are having; but it was wonderful. I didn't know till I read that article that we drove along the road with shells bursting by the dozens all round us, and that I was nervous and pale, while the newspaper man insisted that we drive on, though the car rocked with the convulsions of the explosions. It was good reading, exciting, though Thingamy did suggest I was a coward and he was very much of a hero." He chuckled again.

"And when you censored the article I suppose you cut out all that rubbish?"

"Not a line. Don't you know that it is not the business of a military censor to cut out lies? His job is to prevent unwise publication of the truth. I think we might slowly push on. Don't you?"

Modesty is a characteristic of the British soldier. Perhaps there is a little affectation about the modesty, for the man who tells about his own exploits is guilty of "bad form," and that is a heinous offense.

Here is a story I heard in an English hospital. There was a considerable rumpus one day when it was discovered that money left lying on an attendant's desk had disappeared. Neither the doctors nor the nurses were suspected; the thief must have been one of the men. A strict watch was kept to see if any of the wounded soldiers had more money than he could be expected to have legitimately.

At last suspicion fell upon a Scotch soldier who most carefully guarded a purse under his pillow. The nurse tried to maneuver a peep into that purse, but the Highlander wouldn't minister to her inquisitiveness. Besides, his manner was confused.

So the matron went to him. She told him that, unfortunately, some people thought he had taken the money, and therefore she would like to see what was in his purse. He stammered and objected.

"But," said the matron, "I am told that whenever you think you are not being observed you take the purse and look at the money you have in it. Of course we do not want to use force, but if you don't want people to think wrong of you you'd better let me see."

The Scotch soldier sulked for a moment. "There you are," he said at last, pushing the purse toward her, "though what is in it belongs to me and has got nothing to do with anybody but myself."

The matron opened the purse. Within it was the Victoria Cross.

I know of one officer who talked freely about how he won the little bit of purple-and-white ribbon on his left breast, indicating the British Military Cross; but he talked only to assert he was not entitled to it. Suppose we say his name was Captain Smith-Jones.

He was well up to the front in a trench that was almost knee-deep in Flanders mud. It was raining and the English Tommy was "grousing" at the ruddy war—for the English Tommy is never a hero to himself. Suddenly the boche began to put some well placed shells in the vicinity of that trench.

"Indeed," said Smith-Jones to me, as he lay back in the club saddle-bag chair, "it began to be beastly unhealthy. After a time a message came over the 'phone that we were to get out, sharp. The men scooted to a safer spot where there were some funk holes. I decided to take a short cut by jumping over the trench. Just as I was about to take the spring the step struck into the bank, gave way and I floundered all my length in a foot-deep of slush. It got in my mouth, my ears, and my eyes. I flopped about like an old hippopotamus. When I scraped some of the mud out of my eyes so I could look about in the darkness, all my fellows had gone. So I didn't want to do anything else clever; I just crouched down a bit, scared, for those boche shells were lively. Then maybe ten minutes later I crawled along by a narrow communication trench. That's all—except that later on I heard I'd been recommended for the M. C. because under a heavy fire I was the last to leave the trench."

"And you took it?" I remarked.

"Of course I didn't want to take it. When I heard I'd been recommended I went to General X and explained I had no right to it, for the only thing which had caused me to be the last man in the trench was that I had fallen into a puddle and got my eyes full of mud, and there was nothing particularly gallant about that. The old general laughed and said: 'Take it, my boy. You'll be doing lots of things deserving the M. C. and nobody 'll take any notice; so hold on to this one when you've got the chance.' And that's why I'm wearing the bit of ribbon."

I tell the story as Smith-Jones told it me, though I do not believe it is the true one. He has always been a bit of a humorist, and no doubt, under frequent questioning, he thought that this was as good a yarn as another.

Nothing is more irritating to a real fighting-man than to be interrogated about himself. There was a sailor in a railway carriage. As he had only one leg, he excited the interest of two elderly ladies, who in a round-about way began endeavoring to find out how he lost his leg. For some time he sheered them off. He did not like being cross-examined, but neither did he like to be rude. So at last he said:

"Well, mums, if I tell you how I lost my leg will you stop asking me questions about it?"

"Of course we will," they agreed.

"Well, mums," he answered, slyly, "it was bitten off."

The public has an idea that soldiers are all aflame to "go over the top" and do some bayonet work among the Germans. The illustrated papers give pictures of the lads sweeping over a shelled land, driving their bayonets into Germans who are mostly represented lying on their backs, which is not always strictly accurate.

I remember one day when there was a "push." It was raining, and it is curious that most of the big British battles have been fought in the rain.

During the night a battalion had tramped many miles forward and was put in the shelter of a wooded hill, ready to be rushed forward at the moment the men were required.

It was a miserable day and the men were tired from their long march. There was heavy fighting a couple of thousand yards ahead. There were the bursting of shells and the rattle of the machine-guns, and overhead in the gray sky three aeroplanes were humming busily.

The men were ready for their work and they stood for hours at ease, waiting orders. Then they squatted on the ground and smoked their fags and made jokes. Any moment they might be sent forward to their death. That didn't

worry them. What caused them to curse was the wet and the clamminess and no food. Hour dragged after hour. It was about three o'clock when "Attention" was given. They pulled themselves up. Then the story ran along they were not needed ahead; they were to be marched back to their billets.

By all the rules they ought to have been indignant. They ought to have protested against being balked of their prey. They did not do anything of the kind. They let loose one great whooping cheer that fighting was "off" for the day and they were going back to get some grub. Which shows that there is a lot of human nature in the soldiers.

It was during the same battle that I found myself in the neighborhood of one of the medical dressing-stations. The wounded were being brought in rapidly —so rapidly that many of the poor fellows had to be laid on stretchers in the mud and rain to await their turns to be attended to by the doctors.

As I looked upon that scene I thought I should never be able to smile again in this world. With my companion I walked away, away toward a heave of ground where there was not a single blade of grass and not a single leaf on the stark branches of any tree. Then I saw a wonderful sight.

Down one of the broken trenches there was returning a party of men. The scene was not at all like military processions I had seen in Paris, in Petrograd, in London, and in New York, when the soldiers in fine uniforms marched along with sturdiness in their stride and valor in their eyes, with bands playing ahead and flags waving overhead and enthusiastic onlookers cheering rapturously. There was no such accompaniment to these men. They were not marching in step; they were stumbling along like the worn, tired men they were. Their cheeks were pale with the pallor of death. Their caps were gone; their tunics were torn; their putties were ripped. Their bare breasts were covered with blood and their hands were clotted with mire. There were less than a hundred of them—left out of a thousand. And as they lurched down the trench they were singing, "Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag and smile, smile, smile!"

At the time we were raising Kitchener's Army in Great Britain there was a good deal of crude humor evolved from the fact that married men were more eager to enlist than those who were single. The obvious joke was that men would rather go abroad to fight Germans than remain at home to be nagged by their wives. Indeed, it was only after Britain had raised a volunteer army of some four million that conscription was applied; and one of the reasons was the popular recognition of unfairness that young fellows should stay at home and draw increasing wages while the married men were risking their lives for scant pay.

In a night railway journey from Newcastle to London I fell in with a northern soldier returning to the front after short leave.

"Sorry to be going back?" I inquired in the course of conversation.

"Sorry! Garn!" and he made a grimace. "You won't be finding me in a hurry to get back to the missus," and again he made a wry face.

"So you're married?"

"I should just think I am married. Life's a bloomin' box of conundrums, isn't it?"

I agreed quietly.

"You see, guv'nor," he went on, "the missus and I didn't hit it. I didn't go into the army because I was any blessed Napoleon. I went and enlisted one Saturday night because I was fed up with her tongue. Perhaps you're a married man yourself and you'll understand.

"Well, you know how it is. Over there I did sometimes feel a bit lonely. I got a dose of being homesick. Sometimes I thought even a row with the missus would have been welcome. Though she had her bad points, she could cook; I'll give her her due, she could cook. And one got fed up with the army rations. And sometimes, when I was on duty or lying in the dugout and not able to sleep, I thought that maybe I was a bit to blame. You know how you feel when you're down, don't you?

"'Course I wrote to her. At first I just wrote, 'Dear Liz.' Later on I was writing her, 'Dear old girl,' and telling her how lonely I was. I used to think a lot about the house and the puddings

she made, and I saw she wasn't such a bad sort, after all. Indeed, the more I thought, I knew she was a darned good sort. You know how sloppy a fellow gets when he's a long way from home, and he thinks about his missus and going to the movies on Saturday night and having some fried fish for supper and lying in bed on the Sunday morning, reading the papers. It sort of gets you by the throat, don't it?"

"Lord! how I did want to get seven days' leave and skip it home from France. You see, there was no telling when a German sniper would cause me to send in my checks, and I had no hankering after getting wounded—not on your life. You may laugh, guv'nor, but I started writing my Liz love-letters, just as I did when she was a slavey and I was running a coal-cart. I used to lie awake thinking how cumfy it would be at home with dear old Liz. Dare say other men is just the same as me—when they're away from their wives they forget all about the old shindies they used to have and they think their missus is a bit of a fairy queen. It's like that, isn't it? For three months I wrote and called her 'Darling'—s'help me, I did. And when I got my seven days' leave I was just all in a sweat to get home. And I've been home."

"And did you find your wife all that your fancy painted her?" I asked.

"Did I? Huh!" he answered, spitting on the floor despite the printed prohibition against spitting. "I found her the same old cat that ever she was. You don't find me in a hurry to ask for any more leave to go home to my wife! Garn!"

Curious have been the amenities between combatants. I have heard much more bloodthirsty talk four thousand miles away from the fighting-line than ever I heard four miles behind it.

In the old days of two years ago, when British and Germans seemed to be holding each other in a tight grip, the opposing trenches were often not more than twenty or thirty yards apart, so that it was possible to shout sarcasms across the tiny "No Man's Land"—and it is remarkable the number of Germans there are who speak English.

There is an infinity of stories of informal fraternization, though the next morning the two sides might be in the death grasp. A favorite amusement was to write something in chalk on a board, and hoist it above the trench so that it could be read through the spy-holes on the other side. It is quite true that one morning a German regiment hoisted a board addressed to the English, "You are Saxons and we are Saxons, so go gently." The next day the same board was hoisted with another message: "We are being relieved by the Bavarians tonight. Give them hell."

Some wags in an English regiment on a stretch of the line that had been quiet for weeks put up the message, "Lloyd George is coming along here this afternoon." In the afternoon a civilian billy-cock hat was obtained and poised on the top of a stick. It was carried bobbing just above the trench, as though there was a civilian beneath that hat. The Germans evidently thought the British Prime Minister was passing along, for at once a tremendous fire was opened on the trench and there were not a few casualties in the British line. Somebody I know got a wigging for this joking which unnecessarily provoked the fire of the enemy.

I never saw any animus on the part of British soldiers toward their German captives. More often have I heard, "Cheer up, matey," while a cigarette has been offered to the German prisoner. And I recall being in Moscow just before the revolution, when a train-load of Austrian prisoners were brought in. They were not an unhappy lot, though many of them were wounded. I remember a badly injured Austrian being helped out of the carriage, and hearing a Russian soldier say, "You'll soon have a Russian girl as a sweetheart, and then you'll be all right." But there will not pass from recollection a German officer who was among those Austrian prisoners. The crowd of Russians were most good-natured and the Austrians were reciprocal. The German, however, stood haughtily, with a sneer of infinite contempt toward his captors. In all my life I have never seen a human countenance portray such utter loathing and arrogance.

But to cite a different experience: Once I was on board a British destroyer-leader somewhere off the coast of Scotland. After dinner the commander and I sat smoking and sipping port, and he told me his experiences during the sea battle of Jutland. I repeat one.

The British destroyer and a German destroyer had a "set to" which lasted twenty minutes. The upshot was that the German ship was sent to the bottom. The British destroyer at once put over a boat to save as many of the enemy as possible from drowning.

"Among those rescued," said my naval friend, in casual British-sailor way, "was the German commander. He was pretty exhausted from being in the water; so I took him into my cabin and gave him some whisky. Then while he was having a hot bath I got my man to hunt out some shore flannels of mine for him.

"Oh, he wasn't a bad chap, though he was terribly upset at having lost his ship. I cheered him up as best I could, said it was all in the game, and that night we dined together. He was anxious to know what I thought of the way he had handled his ship while we were fighting. With a couple of matches on the table we went through our maneuvering again. You would never have imagined, seeing the two of us sitting there smoking together after dinner, that he was my prisoner and that three hours before we were pelting one another to the death off Jutland. Well, it's all in the game, isn't it?"

In the summer of 1916 special business took me to Petrograd. I had luncheon one day with the Princess K—— and there met her uncle, General H——, who held a high position in the court.

In a chat afterward I lamented the erroneous idea held by the crowd in England and America about the life of the Czar and the Czarina, which I knew was very simple and chiefly engrossed with the welfare of their children. Then General H—— told me that Nicholas II had a cinematograph operator who had taken pictures of the royal family in unimperial circumstances. "Ah," I sighed, "if only I could get those pictures, how fascinating they would be when I lectured in England about my experiences in Russia!"

The general thought the idea was a good one and said he would talk to the Emperor about it. He did, the very next morning. The Emperor recalled that he had not seen some of the pictures for some months, and so had the films run through the machine in his private theater, thoroughly enjoying the representations of himself and his family. Think of the scene: Russia at war, a revolution brewing, and the Czar with one companion spending over an hour enjoying "movies" of himself.

The general lunched with me at the Hotel Astoria that day, and later he handed over to me the negatives, from which I could make my choice of pictures. I found there was no reproducer in Petrograd. So I took the imperial films to Moscow, where Pathé Frères have an establishment, and I made the usual business arrangements for printing.

Two days later the manager came to me in alarm. Where had I got those negatives? What right had I to have them? Did't I know they were private films of the imperial family? Wasn't I aware of the crime it was to print such films without special authority? Had I authority?

I had no written authority, and, although I was amused, and assured the manager it was all right, he politely and nervously refused to have anything further to do with the films unless he had a royal warrant. I suppose he visioned a sojourn in Siberia.

I set the telegraph working to Petrograd. General H—— sent his authority. The French manager of Pathé Frères had never heard of General H——. So it took four days before special authority came from the Emperor himself.

No private individual ever had so unique a film. When ready, I had it run through a machine in a dark room for my special benefit. The pictures were delightfully informal. There was the Emperor playing tennis—not very well. There was the Emperor on a see-saw with his son, the Czarevitch. There was a tug-of-war between the daughters, the grand duchesses, and their imperial father; the Emperor lost and was hilari-

ously dragged along the ground. There was a snow-fight in which the Emperor was routed by his girls. There were picnic scenes. There was dancing on the royal yacht *Standart*.

The reel, some three thousand feet in length, was stuck in a tin box at the bottom of my trunk, preparatory to my return to England. Back in Petrograd, I telephoned to my friend the general to lunch with me, as I was off to England *via* Sweden the next morning.

He came to me in great trepidation. Those films! The Emperor did not at all object to me having them shown in England, but the Empress objected to those parts which were "not imperial." So there was a wish which amounted to a command that I would cut out the parts where the Emperor "lacked dignity."

And that afternoon the Russian court official and I went to a cinema firm for a private view, and with scissors we removed the sections where the Emperor "lacked dignity." What remained was interesting and appreciated when publicly shown in London.

I have often been asked whether it is true that poppies grow where brave men lie sleeping the long sleep in Flanders and in France. Yes, it is true.

How wonderful it was to go across a battle-field, say the Somme, all scarred and torn, and see the poppies blooming over the graves of the soldiers, little rows by the roadside, graves in front of shattered and rusty tanks!

Some folk talk about restoration of this desolated region. Perhaps. Others think of the buried unexploded shells and of the sacrilege of driving plows over God's acre of heroes. I have heard it urged that the land be given over to forestation, so that tall and stately trees mark the saddest spot on earth.

But often when my fancy is wayward I picture the battle-fields turned into a garden of the brave. I would have sunshine and brightness over the fields where lie the men who did their duty. In my mind's eye I see the flowers of America blossoming and flourishing where the Yankee boys rest. I picture the blooms of Belgium where the Belgians sleep. I see a great stretch of golden fleurs-de-lys to mark where the Frenchmen died so valiantly. There will be the gorgeousness of the maple where the Canadians lie, and the luxuriance of the wattle where the Australians are shoulder to shoulder. I think I see a carpet of vivid green, a mantle of shamrock, over the Irish. And blessed and tearful to my Highland eyes will be the stretches of purple heather, for I know that as I stand among it and the wind plays I will hear the wail of the pipes which are always to be heard softly over the graves of Scotch soldiers. And I see banks of roses, red and white, a sweet-scented monument, over the tomb of five hundred thousand Englishmen in France.

I know there can be no garden of the brave such as I fancy. Yet I often wish it were so!

Education and Self-Government in Russia

BY MANYA GORDON STRUNSKY

SPEAKING last March before the Americanization Council, a distinguished and representative body, the Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane, uttered the following judgment in reference to Russia:

"The cause of the Russian disaster was the ignorance of the Russian people, eighty per cent. of whom could not read or write, and none of whom, practically, ever had participated in the affairs of their own country." Secretary Lane, among our public men, is far indeed above the ordinary man in thought and feeling. But in this instance he was the victim of a dreary and unfortunate commonplace. Too often we hear, even from well-wishers of the Russian people, that the difficulty of establishing a responsible government in Russia, the surrender to the Lenine-Trotzky régime and its irrational utopian teachings, the demoralization of the army, the naïve peace negotiations with the Central Powers, the dismemberment of the empire, and numerous other evils preying upon the Slav nation, all emanate from the ignorance of the Russian masses. Having thus discovered the bacillus which ravages what would otherwise be the healthy Russian organism, they reason that it is too wide-spread a malady for America or her Allies to attempt to combat.

The thing is not quite so simple. Before venturing an opinion it is obviously essential to have at least an elementary knowledge of the facts of popular instruction in Russia and of social conditions, apart from the question of literacy, that are intimately related to a nation's capacity for self-government. Conceding that an enormous number of citizens of free Russia can neither read nor write, is it true that they are as four to one against the educated portion of the population? In the second place, are we not in danger of thinking of the Russians as a solid mass of illiteracy, and forgetting that even a small percentage of literacy in so vast a population would give us a very respectable body of intelligence upon which to build a free government? But further than that, is literacy the only test of fitness for self-government? Have the Slavs a civic viewpoint apart from education? Wherein does the communal life of the ignorant Russian differ from the communal genius of other nations? What share have the masses had in recent educational development in Russia? What are the aspirations in that direction? What are the prospects? It is easy enough to make Slav ignorance responsible for Russia's collapse. Presumably it was Russia's illiteracy that made her a prey to the Bolsheviki. But bearing in mind what havoc has been wrought by evil leadership in highly literate Germany and Austria, one hesitates to agree with Secretary Lane's explanation for the "crumpling of Russia."

What are the facts as to Russian illiteracy? Out of a population of 130,000,000, according to the census of the year 1897, only 21 per cent. could read or write. If we deduct the number of children under nine years of age, that would make the literacy rate 27 per cent. Russia has now, or had till its dismemberment, a population of 175,000,000. But in spite of the obvious progress made in the last twenty years, the old ratio of illiteracy remains in the text-books and in too many writings and speeches about Russia. Against the prevalent conception, we may take the opinion of a specialist like Mr. J. V. Bubnoff, who, in

The Co-operative Movement in Russia, declares:

> At the present time (1897) these figures must be regarded as entirely out of date. Judging by the local censuses undertaken by some of the provincial authorities and also by the general progress of the country in all educational matters, it can be assumed with certainty that no more than 50 per cent. of the people remain to-day in a state of illiteracy, their number having greatly decreased both in the towns and, what is more important, in the villages.

A few simple figures will bear out this statement: In 1880 only 8 per cent. of all children between seven and fourteen years of age attended school. In 1911 the children of school age in attendance were 44 per cent. Three years later the percentage was 51 per cent. This measures the rate of progress.

The spread of elementary instruction in rural Russia implies much more than a general progress in schooling. It has given the peasant a new attitude toward education. There was a time, soon after the emancipation of the serfs in 1861, when the peasant wanted land and nothing but land. To-day if a peasant were asked what he desires most he would say: "We need schools. We have learned that land is not enough. Education and machinery are what we need. The one is necessary in order to apply the other. We must know how to cultivate the land. Of course, we need land, but that is another matter." The present-day peasant understands the need of education, and, what is more important, he is beginning to appreciate the fact that he makes up 85 per cent. of the entire population. The recent growth in primary instruction shows plainly that the much-abused peasant means to be his own letter-writer as well as his own interpreter in the future. He has become convinced that neither the rogues nor yet the idealists have interpreted him rightly, and is making ready to dispense with the one as well as the other.

From whom has the principal encouragement of education come? A mere glance at the educational budgets will show the share that the Zemstvos and all other popular elements have had in the spreading of education in Russia. In 1900 the entire expenditure for elementary education amounted to about 50 million rubles, of which the government supplied only 10.3 millions. On the other hand, the Zemstvos gave 11.4 millions; village associations, 8.3 millions; the cities, 6.9 millions; private individuals, 6.7 millions; and tuition fees, 3.1 millions.[1] To Americans, the pitiful sum contributed out of the government exchequer will appear incomprehensible. But we shall discuss the government's share in public instruction later.

Another illustration emphasizing the efforts made by the Zemstvos toward general enlightenment is furnished by the figures from the military recruiting stations. In 1898 the number of recruits from Zemstvo provinces who could read and write was 59 per cent., whereas the literacy among the non-Zemstvo provinces was only 36.3 per cent. During the twenty years from 1878 to 1898 literacy in Zemstvo provinces increased threefold, while in the non-Zemstvo regions it had less than doubled. It does not follow that the people in the non-Zemstvo regions were lacking in the desire for knowledge. They simply were not sufficiently influential to oppose the will of the government.

Concerning secondary education in Russia it is barely possible to do more than make a general statement. As a result of governmental discriminations directed against the Jews, who were restricted to 3 per cent. of the total attendance in the high schools and universities, and because of the shortage of schools, tens of thousands of young people acquired their education through the medium of private tutors, and were for that reason not included in the statistical reports. According to the data given by H. P. Malinovski in *Russkaya Schola* (*The Russian School*) for April, 1916, the number of gymnasia for boys in 1914 was 441; pro-gymnasia, 29; realschulen, 285. The number of similar institutions for girls was 984. The attendance at the boys' schools was 140,910, and in the girls' schools, 334,520. The same considerations make it difficult to arrive at an exact estimate of university educa-

[1] For these figures I am indebted to Mr. A. J. Sack, of the Russian Information Bureau, New York, whose kind assistance in other respects I am happy to acknowledge.

tion. The government looked upon every university student as a rebel and limited his freedom in the most unscrupulous manner. A great many students found the university atmosphere intolerable, and all those who had the means and desired more freedom looked for their education abroad. In 1914 the number of university students in Russia was only 39,027.

However, even if it were possible to present complete and exact figures, they would not convey the passionate longing for knowledge among the people. In the empire of Nicholas II, where men and women were compelled to acquire their instruction in underground cells, and where many preferred to pass as illiterate in order to avoid persecution, statistics are well-nigh meaningless. To get a true meaning of the yearning for knowledge one would have to go to the records of the secret police. Therein would be revealed the cultural aspirations of the Russian people and the attitude of the autocracy. When speaking of Russia one must always bear in mind that the government of the czars preferred a prostitute to a woman with an academic degree, and a man who signed with a cross to a college professor. The fact that there were women who did not hesitate to inscribe themselves on the police lists of professional outcasts in order to gain residence in the university towns illuminates the entire situation.

An instance of the autocratic government's zeal in furthering education among its subjects is furnished by Peter Kropotkin in the *North American Review* for May, 1901:

> While even now we have in European Russia only one school for each 2,230 inhabitants, and while only one child out of twenty or thirty children of school age goes to school, the Ministry of Popular Instruction for years in succession under Alexander II returned every year to the state exchequer one-half of the poor allowance of 4,000,000 rubles a year for the primary schools. The more free a region of Russia is from the direct influence of the Minister of Public Instruction the better it stands for education: this may be taken as a general rule. Thus, the province of the Don Cossacks, of which the Cossack territory is under the Minister of War, has beyond comparison the greater number of the best schools, primary and secondary, for boys and girls alike. Again, the provinces which have local self-government (Zemstvos) have nearly twice as many schools, in proportion to their population, as the provinces which get their schools from the Ministry.

Kropotkin thus makes it quite clear that in Russia every element, excepting the central government, has been endeavoring to further education. Under the reign of Nicholas II the Ministry of Public Instruction dared not return to the treasury money which was assigned for education. But it did the next best thing in blocking the way of public enlightenment; it turned the money over to the Holy Synod and hence to the clergy. Presumably, the money was given to the clergy for educational purposes. But the clergy in Russia is overworked, very poor, and ignorant, and no competent teachers were provided. The only individuals who derived any benefit from the budget thus spent were the uneducated deacons and others of their kind. Of course, all that the government desired was to convey the impression that it was doing something toward general enlightenment. The various Procurators of the Holy Synod were so persistent in their policy of obstruction that they earned the ill-will of Russians, conservative and liberal alike. It is, therefore, not singular that Kropotkin's criticism of the government's attitude toward education was answered, not by the Minister of Education, but by M. Pobiedonostseff, then Procurator of the Holy Synod and a notorious reactionary.

We thus find that of the three elements responsible for public instruction in Russia — government, clergy, and popular bodies—the element which labored with most success was the one which represented the people — the Zemstvos most notably. The Russian people have a passion for knowledge. All they need is free scope for their natural impulses. The Russians are fortunate in this much, that those among them who have had the advantage of an education have the desire to share their knowledge with those who wish to acquire it.

Going back to figures, let us assume for the moment that after twenty years the ratio of literacy in Russia is still 27 per cent. only. This would mean that at

the very worst there were at the time of the Russian collapse some 50,000,000 literate men and women in Russia, or 10,000,000 more than the entire population of France. The true number is probably nearer 100,000,000; surely a sufficient foundation upon which to build a modern democratic state.

Well, one will say, what of that? What is their measure of knowledge? If we can tell a man by the books he reads, then we shall find the task of gauging the intelligence of these Russians rather simple. There are in Russia numerous popular editions of books upon all conceivable subjects. These books range in price from one copeck, or a half-cent, to ten copecks, or five cents. Take, for instance, the Universal Library. It supplies a complete, paper-bound volume for five cents, of which paper and print are both excellent. Its catalogue shows not only all the important Russian writers, but also what is best in foreign letters.

Other publishing houses, like "The Hammer," publish works on economics, agrarian problems, and social science. These books sell for half a penny to two cents. The sale of these books, enormous though it is, does not measure their circulation. In Russia, as a rule, books are not considered private property. The one who has the means to secure possession of a volume is sufficiently recompensed by the pleasure of serving others. It will never occur to a Russian that the book he has read is too serious or otherwise unsuitable for his friend, the laborer, whom he is educating. All he might say is, "Here, read it, brother, and we will talk it over." Thus we find that in Russia the little that has been done by the government has been supplemented by an army of volunteers whose zeal not even the scaffold could destroy. It is largely through the efforts of these missionaries that literacy in Russia has risen, as I quoted above, to probably 50 per cent., or more than twice the ratio usually allowed by critics of Russian ignorance. The Russian people have acquired knowledge largely through their own endeavors and in spite of the impediments created by the government. The Russians have shown in their cultural labors an unmistakable unity of purpose.

It is my point, therefore, that a true understanding of Russia would check off against the heavy percentage of illiteracy the great progress that has been made by the people toward self-education under the most discouraging circumstances. As against the 100,000,000 who cannot read or write we must set off the 75,000,000 who have achieved literacy in the face of great odds. But more than that, we must be cautious in judging a nation's capacity for free government from this factor of literacy alone.

There is, undoubtedly, a huge army of illiterates in Russia. But have we any right to infer that these masses have no civic viewpoint, or that their conception of social and economic values differs radically from that of the educated portion of the population? If Russia's illiteracy is accountable for her yielding to bad leadership, what of Germany and Austria? Surely illiteracy was not responsible for the subservience of the Prussian people to the will of the Kaiser and his Junkers. Indeed, the activities of the militarists of Central Europe have tended to destroy cultural standards. Shall we hail the gods of a culture which inspired German professors to justify the sinking of the *Lusitania* or the slaying of children from the air? When one recalls all the lies and perversities manufactured in Germany these last four years we are ready to revise our opinions as to the connection between literacy and the moral qualities.

Lack of popular education is not the principal cause of the present chaos in Russia, but rather certain facts of the national history and character. A brief examination of social, economic, and political conditions before the war would demonstrate beyond all doubt that the Russians were peculiarly susceptible to the teachings of collective ownership and the communist ideal, even when carried to excess by the Bolshevik adventurers. In order to grasp this outstanding feature of Slav psychology we have to go back a good many years into Russian history. There we find not only an explanation for present events, but a basis for firm hope, a sure ground for believing that the Russian people possess the elements and capacities of democratic government.

The Mir, or village commune, took on its present form with the abolition of serfdom in 1861, but its roots go far back into the Russian past. The commission which had the land question in hand at the time of the emancipation was mindful of the peasants' established mode of living. It was fearful of the consequences of an excessive economic dislocation and set itself to make the transition as easy as might be. During serfdom the peasants on each estate cultivated the land assigned to them in common. The commission maintained that this method of land tenure was peculiarly appropriate to Russia. Thus the abolition of serfdom did not materially affect the relations of the peasants as among themselves. The liberated peasants continued to hold in common the land allotted to the Mir, or commune. The Mir was accountable for the redemption tax imposed upon the peasants as the price of freedom. The motive of the government is only too obvious. Individual ownership would have made the collection of the tax extremely difficult. The peasant was poor and the product he derived from the land assigned to him was scarcely sufficient for his mere sustenance. Similarly, his poverty made the individual ownership of agricultural implements impossible. Thus the communal system of land tenure was found equally advantageous to the government and to the peasant.

It is true that there were ways by which the individual householder could separate from the Mir. After he had paid his share of the redemption tax the land was his. Likewise the Mir could be dissolved by a vote of two-thirds of the householders. Nevertheless, prior to 1905, the number of peasants who severed their relations with the commune was very small. On the other hand, there were numerous instances where individual landowners adopted the communal arrangement. The peasant's opinion of the Mir can best be expressed by his numerous proverbs. Such as, "What the Mir has settled is God's own judgment." "If the Mir gives a whoop, the forest will groan and bend." "All for one and one for all, that is the Mir." According to Mr. J. V. Bubnoff, as recently as the year 1905, out of 19,000,000 peasant households and 124,000,000 acres of allotted lands, only 23 per cent. of the peasants and 71.3 per cent. of the lands were under the individual holding plan.

The agrarian reforms from 1905 to 1912 furnish an interesting illustration of the attitude of the Russian peasant. The new laws abolished the ever-burdensome redemption tax and gave the peasants more land. These innovations were directed at breaking up the solidarity of the village commune. The peasants were in every way encouraged to withdraw from their communes or to dissolve them. Yet very few took advantage of the opportunity. Apart from the fact that they were very poor and unprepared for a radical economic change, there was unmistakably the pull of the ancient tradition of the Mir.

We gather from this that collective ownership is the dominant trait in Russian economic thought, as individualism is in western Europe and with us. This collectivist way of living is traditional for the peasant. He is not aware of being a socialist or communist. All he knows is that for centuries he worked the land, paid his taxes, and shared the harvest in common with the other members of the Mir. This solidarity has found praise even with conservative students of the Russian people, like Leroy-Beaulieu.

It would have been extraordinary if the spirit of collectivism in regard to the land had not found an echo in industry. And so we find that industrial co-operation is highly developed in Russia. Most of us know something of the Mir. But how many outside of Russia have heard of the Artel, which is even more characteristic an institution? The Artel (association) is another term for the collective ownership and operation of industry. It is one of the oldest and most wide-spread institutions in Russia. The most ancient of these is the famous fishing Artel of the Cossacks of the Ural. This association had a membership of 15,000 to 20,000 men whose work was carried on under conditions of absolute equality. The fishing-waters, as well as the necessary equipment, were owned in common. The proceeds were divided equally among the members without regard to special skill or any other con-

siderations. The association as a whole was divided up into groups, or minor Artels, of perhaps a score of workers. Each group had its "Elder" who supervised the work and looked after the accounts. The various branches had complete freedom of action, though they shared expenditures and profits.

The organization of the Artel was much simpler than that of the Mir. There were no written agreements. Slacking was dealt with by admonition and in chronic cases by expulsion from the Artel. No admission fees were required. All that was required was the capacity and willingness to work. A rather disjointed organization, one would say. On the contrary, it was almost militaristic in the unquestioning obedience rendered to the Elder who was elected annually. Apart from the duties he owed to the Artel, every member was a free agent.

I have described the most powerful of the Artels. But this scheme of association was by no means restricted to the fishing industry. As a rule, small groups of men engaged in active labor organize themselves into an Artel. Although the various Artels prefer the communal mode of living, their general characteristics vary. Some associations, unlike the one I have described, do not own their equipment. In that case, by general agreement the wealthier members of the Artel, who supply the necessary implements, receive extra recompense for their property. Again, there is the Artel which is hired by an employer, or a person who supplies the capital. The Artel members share their earnings in common. The significance of these organizations is best expressed by Leroy-Beaulieu:

> It may be said that, in certain respects, the Russians, thanks to the Artel, have known and carried into practice the principle of co-operative societies before the very name became the fashion in the West.

Co-operation has flourished in Russia. The government authorized the first consumers' society in 1865. In 1870 a consumers' society was established at the Kynov Works in the Urals, the region of the powerful fishery Artel. Societies were soon created in other factories. In January, 1914, there were over 10,000 consumers' societies in Russia, with a membership of 1,500,000. Three years later the number of societies had risen to 20,000. Prior to 1905 the co-operative societies were as a rule created by employers for the worker. The temporary liberties acquired by the peasants and workers after the revolution of 1905 released their energy. They became deeply interested in the co-operative associations. As a result, in 1917 there were 8,020 co-operative societies in the villages and 522 urban, or working man, societies. The advantages that these societies open to the villager will be clear to any one who knows to what extent the peasant lives at the mercy of the shopkeeper.

The rapid development of the consumers' societies in the villages stimulated the establishment of credit associations. There are two co-operative credit associations in Russia. Although they differ somewhat in their general characteristics, their purpose is the same—the endeavor to improve the condition of the peasant and small business man by supplying their needs through loans. The loan and savings societies, which were organized as far back as 1866, are more popular among small tradespeople. The peasants are too poor to belong to them, because every borrower is required to be also a subscriber. The credit associations, on the other hand, do not call for any subscription and are for that reason the most prevalent among the peasants. In 1916 there were in Russia 11,768 of these credit associations and 4,239 loan savings societies, with a membership of 10,000,000 householders. Apart from advancing money and receiving deposits, the credit associations act also as purchasing agencies. They supply their members with whatever commodities they require. However, their sphere of activity is limited to small property-owners. Laborers who possess neither land nor cattle are not admitted. According to J. V. Bubnoff, "the leaders of these societies are mostly peasants, sometimes illiterate, who have the assistance of a bookkeeper.

It must be noted that the initial aid for the inauguration of these associations was furnished by the government. But like everything else in Russia, their

rapid development caused apprehension in official circles, where every concerted effort on the part of the people was feared. Nevertheless, the two credit societies have succeeded in contributing 470,000,000 rubles to their aggregate capital of 800,000,000 rubles without the assistance of the government. This throws a new light upon the peasant's capacity for leadership and the communal spirit of the Slav peoples in general.

But if, to some extent, we were all more or less cognizant of the fact that the Russian people have had experience in local self-government and mutual aid, we are still to learn that they are capable of concerted national solidarity. This aspect can best be illustrated by the activities of the Russian masses in the development of the following national organizations: The Union of Co-operative Credit Societies, the Union of Co-operative Consumers Societies, and the Union of Co-operative Wholesale Societies which is concerned with the supply of agricultural and other implements and the finding of markets for agricultural and manufactured products. The co-operative bank is another link in the national movement. In The Moscow Narodny Bank (The Moscow People's Bank) 85 per cent. of the 4,000 shareholders are the co-operative societies.

All these institutions were created mainly through the efforts of the Zemstvos. The name Zemstvo (provincial council) has taken on a much more than provincial meaning, in view of the unity and accomplishments of this truly national institution. Its long experience with local as well as nation-wide conditions makes it the most competent institution in the empire. The Zemstvos, created in 1864, were originally concerned with education, public health, fire insurance, and rural conditions in general. This gave them the opportunity for studying the psychology and capacities of the people. It is, therefore, not at all singular that in time of need this intimate knowledge should have given the Zemstvos a weapon against the autocracy. Since the revolution of 1905, and particularly during the first three years of the war, the Union of Zemstvos was the only competent organization in Russia. Its efforts for the prosecution of the war contrasted sharply with the vacillating inefficiency of the government. A few words about the origin and growth of the Zemstvos will explain the powerful influence they have exerted in the past and their possibilities in the future.

The Zemstvo is the modern offspring of the assemblies of nobles which were created by Catherine II. The assemblies were made up of titled people (*tchinovniks*), landowners, and those who possessed an academic education. They were concerned with local or provincial affairs only. But they soon lost most of their prerogatives through their utter indifference and incapacity. Nevertheless, they were compelled to meet every three years and discuss local conditions. This function and the right of petition remained until the emancipation of the serfs in 1861, when they were transferred to the newly created Zemstvos (1864). The abolition of serfdom and the legal organization of the Mir destroyed the nobles' monopoly of representation in the assemblies. With the winning of land the peasant acquired the right of participation in the assemblies. Henceforth the representatives of the Zemstvos were gathered from three classes—the towns, the peasant communes, and the nobility. Each class elected its own delegates.

Until very recently the functions of the Zemstvos were largely local. This must be ascribed not to the ignorance of the peasants or their indifference to national affairs, but to their slender budgets and the restrictive measures of the government. For all that, the Zemstvos succeeded in affiliating themselves with every progressive element in the empire. The ability with which the Union of Zemstvos utilized their resources during the war is shown in the report of its general committee under Prince Lvoff, published in 1916. It began with Red Cross work. This was followed by commissariat and other military work. It supplied 173,000 hospital beds, whereas the War Office furnished only 160,000. The Union of Zemstvos maintained 50 hospital trains with more than 22,000 berths. It looked after the feeding of 300,000 laborers engaged in construction work in the rear of the army. It pro-

vided the army with 3,200,000 tents and more than 35,000,000 garments. In 1916 the Union of Zemstvos was commissioned to furnish all the warm clothes for the entire army. It furnished food for 4,000,000 refugees on the southwestern front. The work of the Union of Zemstvos was so commendable that it was asked to take charge of all the relief work in the Caucasus, in which connection it supplied 15,000 hospital beds—a similar number being supplied by the Union of Towns—and undertook the maintenance of roads for transport. In the Caucasus alone on January 1, 1916, there were 124 establishments operating under the supervision of the Union of Zemstvos. For all Russia during the first year and a half of war the Union of Zemstvos collected more than 150,000,000 rubles.

I have tried to show what capacities there are in the Russian people for democratic co-operation, to serve as an offset against the backward state of popular education which is so readily quoted as the great reason for Russia's collapse and her unfitness for free government.

It is clear that the Russian people are capable of united effort and that they are not without a national consciousness. What the Slav masses do lack is the international outlook. Had their revolution occurred at any other time, when their immediate participation in international affairs was not required, they would have managed well enough. Nor would the Bolshevik experimentalists have had them in their grasp. Herein lies the tragedy of Russia to-day—her failure to recognize how closely related was her newly acquired freedom with the cause of the Allies. No matter whether the Allies restated their war aims, as Russia desired, or not, it was her duty to fight for the preservation of her own liberties. Had the pernicious influence of Lenine and Trotzky not beclouded this all-important need, Russia would have been safe from the clutches of the Kaiser. The Bolsheviki not only promised the Russians peace; they assured the people that if they laid down their arms the war must stop everywhere. With the credulity characteristic of all popular masses the Russians believed.

It must be acknowledged that the Russian masses were peculiarly susceptible to the Bolshevik preaching. To a great majority of the peasants the authority of Nicholas II, though somewhat impaired since 1905, was still a colossal fact. The overthrow of the Romanoffs must have been to them a miracle. Here, then, was this accomplished miracle reinforcing the Tolstoyan aversion to war which is a Slav trait, to say nothing of the misery and disorganization caused by autocracy's incompetence. And here were Lenine and Trotzky begging them to accept peace, land, freedom, bread, for themselves, and at the same time to put an end to the slaughter in Europe. The purely materialistic appeal was tremendous. People have been known to be tempted by much less. Let us recall for how many years the American voter was lured by the "full dinner-pail." It is necessary to keep all this in mind in order to view the situation impartially. The important thing is not to forget Russia's achievements in the internal sphere because of her failures in the international sphere.

The key to an understanding of Russia's internal affairs lies in recognition of the fact that the Slavs think collectively where we think individually. What may seem Utopia to us is a familiar practice to the muzhik. To him communal ownership of land, as well as co-operation in industry, is a commonplace. This was recognized abroad long before the revolution, but there is a regretable tendency to forget. The first Duma, in 1906, turned over all the land to the peasants. It matters little that during the reaction which ensued this law was not acted upon. The important thing is that the peasants came so near getting what they have so long and so passionately desired.

Now they have the land, and with it liberty. What use will they make of the precious gifts? An impartial study of Russian conditions and history will show that although the nation is lost to the Allies—and to herself—for the moment, given time she will yet become the reserve nation for world peace and liberty. All that Russia needs is time.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

"WELL, I wanted to outlive the war, anyway," the younger sage of two said from the bench where the kind reader may remember him sitting with an elder octogenarian some years ago in pleasant autumn weather very like that of this writing, but not palpitant with the glorious news of Allied victory which now thrills the air.

"I don't see why," the more advanced veteran returned. "What good will it do you? You will just have more people telling you how young you look—as if you *shouldn't* look young at eighty!—and pretending that they would not have thought you were more than sixty, which they usually suppose is the 'psalmist's limit.' The worst of second childhood is that people think they have the right to treat you like a child. They want to keep you from the fear of dying, or thinking about it, by kind words. Of course we old fellows think about it a good deal, but kind words won't keep us from that, and I doubt whether we are any more afraid of it than our comforters are. I consider it a liberty for them to try cheering me up, unless I ask them to."

"Yes, of course, I quite agree with you there. But I don't see how that forms any objection to outliving the war."

"No. But all this talk about the war has been as tiresome as being told how well you are looking. And the writing about it is worse. What we old men want is cheerful reading. I used to think, back in my early seventies, that I ought to keep on with the useful reading, informational or edifying, of my youth. Now I don't care a hang for that kind of reading. What I want is something amusing, without any love interest, but plenty of fun. What's the reason that when the fellows 'have mastered their art,' as they say, they take to tragedy? They begin with comedy, and give you a good time, but when they've got their grip they begin to work in pathos on you and disappointment and bad conscience, and that sort of thing. Look at Dickens with the *Pickwick Papers*, and then *Bleak House*, and the rest! I don't know better reading for declining years than those rollicking early things of Thackeray's, and then he comes to *Vanity Fair*, and *The Newcomes!* Hardy starts off with *Under the Greenwood Tree*, and fetches up with *Jude the Obscure*. And so on. Shakespeare had some comedies at the beginning, but he ends, or nearly ends, with "Macbeth" and "Hamlet." And Mark Twain, with the *Innocents Abroad* to begin with, and *The Mysterious Stranger* to end with! There ought to be a school of fiction for old people, all gaiety and lightheartedness, or at least a spirit of optimism, and no hint of mortal sickness or fatal accident anywhere in it."

"There's something in what you say," the younger sage admitted. "But you would have to go to the past for it. You couldn't expect it from anybody now living."

"Yes, I expect it, and I get it— I get it from that *Ruggles-of-Red-Gap* man. I've just been reading his sketches, *Somewhere in Red Gap*, and they've made me ten or twenty years younger; I feel like a man of seventy. I don't know a merrier murderer than that old Indian of his who puts off his massacres on a brother-in-law who never existed; and Cousin Egbert who was in the other Red Gap book, and that fine old ranchwoman, Ma Pettingill as "mixer" in the local good society. But I suppose the author will turn serious or psychological, and begin reminding me that we are in the midst of a world war and had better all be dead. I wish I *were* when I read some of the books about the war; but

there's one war novel that makes me grateful to be alive. There's *The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me*, by—by—" The sage felt round in his memory, helplessly.

"Oh!" his junior came to the rescue. "William Allen White."

"Yes. Those sweet, kind, ridiculous experiences of two country editors of his out of the West (where so many of us belong) made me happier than anything I remember since I've begun forgetting. The thing was perfectly charming and full of human nature, and self-knowledge and lovable modesty. Heartache and heart-break in it, too; and only a trickle of love-interest that one needn't mind."

"Yes," the younger assented, "but you mustn't forget some other war books, such as that volume of letters from the young aviator Edmond Genet to his mother, all alive with the dead boy's undying affection for her. And if you come to Brand Whitlock's record of the Belgian tragedy, monumental as if cut in bronze—"

"But terrible, terrible with its truth to life and from it—yes, I lived through it, but I almost died. I can't bear the sorrows of others now, which I couldn't get enough of when I was young. That's one reason I can't stand poetry, unless it's out of poets who've been dead so long that there's nothing personal in it. I can't stand the new stuff; not because it's mostly poor, but because it's new. I've no doubt a lot of it isn't altogether poor, but I can't help it along as I used to help poor poetry. No! Give me good, long, cheerful fiction. I don't mind whether it's old or new. Better new, I should say, though. The laugh is apt to go out of the old fun. You know how Mark Twain felt about Shakespeare's humor. Well, I don't scream over the 'Comedy of Errors' as I used to; but there's a good deal of the Prince Hal and Falstaff business that doesn't bring the tears yet. We're queer, we old men! I can laugh as well as I used to; but I don't want to sing, or even whistle!"

"I know, I know!" the other smilingly assented. "The laugh does outlive the song. I wonder why?"

"I suppose most of us *never* could sing. Humor is as good as ever when it *is* good. I don't believe *Henry and Me* would have been any better sixty years ago than it is now. But we human beings—not women so much as men born of women—we mostly get lost in this wilderness of a world, and work round in a circle. When I was young I wanted humor and I wanted incident; in my middle years I didn't care for either; I invited my soul in the sorrowfulness of Russian fiction, in Turgenieff and Tolstoy, and even Dostoyevsky; but now I want gaiety again, and I want something kept going. I've got through the subjective and round again to the objective."

"I see what you mean, and I don't say I don't follow you. But when I find a book like *Boone Stop*, by that new man —Homer Croy—"

"Ah, there you're right! His boy makes me think of that great Norwegian Björnson's *Happy Boy;* he has the same sense of a boy's sense of girlhood, and his devotion and duty to girlhood's world; but the whole thing's so absolutely our own! I didn't care so much for the old Puritanic Second-Adventist father; but the son who tells the tale and his sister who comes to grief—all that is beautiful, though it mostly happens in a squalid Western mining town named after a station on a railroad. What a *good* boy that boy is, and sure to come out right with his ridiculous ideals and blackguard heroes, and his anxieties about right behavior in society, and his instinct for the best in the little grimy world around him, and his passing perversion by the worst! That book lasted me like a whole series, and it lasts me yet. I wish the author of it would write more; I believe I could trust him. The West is still showing itself a literary center, and giving us fresh fiction out of its later life. I wish the South was doing as much; there ought to be as good stuff there; but Harben seems to be the only Southerner who's keeping the promise of its first generation after the war on its own ground."

"Well, I don't know," the younger sage objected. "What about that Miss Olmstead of Savannah—as Georgian as Harben himself—and her clever New York novels that you liked so much?"

"But she ought to have done Georgian novels."

"Well, her last *is* Georgian, and quite in the line of that earlier Southern promise."

"I don't know but you're right. And there's that last book of Cable's, full of his lovable Creoles, and those pathetically heroic runaway slaves. It's very nice of him not turning tragic in his later years, but keeping to the sweetest of his first stories. As women say, one "loves" his Creoles, with that winning unworldliness in their hopes of capturing a New York publisher for the romantic narrative that one of them has discovered and that pieces itself out with others from others. The thing is done with such tender delicacy, and such fine recognition of the black as well as the white nature it deals with in different places, though I got impatient with the dimness of its interrelation. But it's all beautiful and sweet and wise, and I wish there were rows and rows of it. I don't know that I can choose which place in it I like best; but I think my heart goes out most to those Creole ladies, with their enchanting parlance that changes from person to person, and is so finely modernized from the Creole parlance in *The Grandissimes*. Yes, Cable ought to do a whole new row of books."

"Well, I don't object to a single novel when you get it good," the other said. "And I'm not difficult if it comes to short stories when you get them good. There's that lot which Miss Katherine Mayo calls *The Standard Bearers*, about the Pennsylvania and New York State Police, who are beginning to keep the peace and make life and property safe in the rural districts."

"I know about those stories," the elder returned. "But, as I am always saying, the book isn't a row of novels. Before I know how glad I am of it, I'm through with it."

The younger sage apparently reflected. "Then I don't see what you're to do unless you write a row of novels yourself."

"You mustn't be trivial," the elder returned. "You know what I mean, well enough. The Victorian fellows knew what to do and did it. We needn't go back to Scott; Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope — they all wrote rows of books."

"But you say they soured upon you before they got through."

"Not always. *Philip* wasn't so bad; and we don't know but *Edwin Drood* might have ended well if it had ended at all. I haven't any personal experience of those immense romances which that Frenchwoman—I forget her name —used to write in the sixteenth or seventeenth century; they were each the making of a row of novels; but we needn't go back so far. The greatest of the Russian novelists had the secret of interminability, and his longest books ended well, though they threatened not to. I don't say *Resurrection* is cheerful, or some passages of *War and Peace*. But they don't leave you in despair; Dostoyevsky, even, doesn't do that in his *Crime and Punishment*, which I suppose is his best, if it isn't his longest. I got the hope from it that I might murder several old women with a view to my intellectual development and future usefulness if I would own up, finally. But I couldn't wish for a row of it; I go back to my first ideal of reading for an octogenarian; it won't do merely to have it long; it must be cheerful, especially if it's going to be in rows. Why, I almost wish people hadn't left off writing long poems."

"Like *Lucille*—novels in verse?"

"Not exactly. But epics; epics that ended well—like the Odyssey. I wonder how *Paradise Lost* would read? They say it's the most popular book in the world with the Russian common people. They read it as we do the *Arabian Nights*. To be sure they have it in a prose version."

"Does it end well?" the younger sage inquired, dreamily, wearily.

"Why, I don't know, exactly. Adam and Eve had to leave Eden, but they got away rather cheerful in the hope of a new home somewhere else. Yes, I felt that their story rather 'ended well.'"

EDITOR'S DRAWER

The First and Only Cruise of the "Caoutchouc"

BY ANTHONY F. MOITORET

"STRANGE? I should say it was—beastly strange! Ridiculous, I call it. Bless me, yes! so blasted ridiculous that I don't wonder the newspapers got none of it. Why, people wouldn't believe it if the story had been in the papers. It may be, you see, that even the government doubts our story."

Tuggins looked at me questioningly and I nodded assent. I myself, had not yet had the full story of the *Caoutchouc* for Tuggins, my butler for the last ten years, had only just returned from his first and last cruise. It had been his way of doing his bit, offering his services to the Shipping Board and signing up as a steward on one of the new fleet of supply-ships. Two months before, he had left my employ in the first full glow of practical patriotism. Now he was back, dejected and morose, much thinner, a mere ghost of his former self, requesting his old place until he should be drafted.

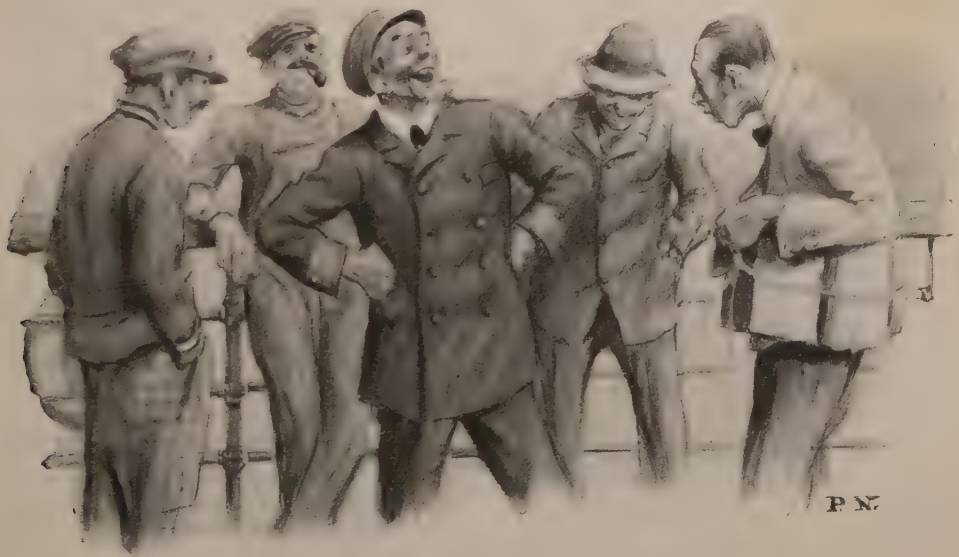
"It's been a frightful experience, sir," he wailed, bringing out his handkerchief and wiping the sweat from his brow, "not being a seafaring man in the first place, you understand; and I fancy even an old sea-dog would become a bit unsettled by such carryings-on as we've gone through."

"Tell me all about it, Tuggins—everything," I urged, hoping to relieve his mind of the heavy burden under which it was struggling.

Henry Tuggins had been a faithful servant, an excellent butler, by the way, and, sorry as I was for his unfortunate experience at sea, I was genuinely glad to have him back, temporarily though it might be, on account of the extension of the draft limits to eighteen and forty-five.

"Torpedoed, were you?" I asked, by way of coaxing him to take up the tale.

"Oh, worse than that. Torpedoed twice, sir, and once by request. That's the—if



I WAS AMAZED TO FIND CAPTAIN SKINNER LAUGHING AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE

you'll pardon my saying it—the dence of it—torpedoed twice, and neither time sunk!"

"I should think a ship that could stand two torpedoes and not sink would be a pretty good model for the government to adopt, to standardize."

Tuggins had already hinted to me that the ship to which he had been assigned was no common craft, but a new experiment, a vessel built along entirely new lines.

"Well, there are worse things than getting sunk," he went on, "as you soon shall see. If the *Caoutchouc* had gone down when the first torpedo struck us, I dare say we might have received a nasty ducking in the water, sir, but I'm sure we would not have missed so many square meals, a fate which has had dire consequences, as you can well understand by looking at me."

Tuggins's coat and vest were a trifle loose, I had to admit. But I was anxious to hear his tale, and I offered no comment that might interrupt his story.

"Well, sir, when I left your employ, two months ago, I had no idea what I was going into. I wanted to do my bit and, being troubled with rheumatism, especially in the cold season, as you know, I regarded service in the trenches as being out of my line. My experience in your employ, I believed, would serve me in good stead as a steward on one of the Shipping Board's boats. I had no difficulty in qualifying for just such a position, and was assigned to the *Caoutchouc*, a vessel of seven thousand tons, just off the ways, sir, on the Delaware.

"You've heard, no doubt, of the various substitutes they're using these days in building ships, concrete ships, fabricated ships, and back to ships of wood. I had a pretty good idea what a wooden ship, a steel ship, or a concrete ship might be like, but when I saw this vessel, the *Caoutchouc*, I says to myself, 'This must be one of these here new fabricated ships they're building,' for she was neither steel, wood, nor concrete.

"But I was wrong. She wasn't a fabricated ship, but a rubber ship. Yes, sir, a rubber ship. The captain, sir, Hector Skinner, had something to do with the invention of this new type of ship. An old sea-dog he was, and seemed to understand pretty well just what is expected of a ship in all sorts of weather. He had good ideas, too, this Captain Skinner, and if it wasn't for the war I don't doubt that the rubber ship would be a success.

"Yes, sir, I fell in love with my new home at once. It was not as commodious and well furnished as the surroundings here, of course, but then this is war. She was not supposed to be a house-boat, anyway. As a ship, she seemed to be everything I imagine a ship ought to be, and Captain Skinner was quite enthusiastic over her behavior.

"We took a cargo of steel rails from Philadelphia, and two days out ran into rather heavy seas. It was in rough weather that the *Caoutchouc* proved herself an immense success. Rubber, you see, has that peculiar quality of give and take, a bouncing consistency, I might say—resiliency, I believe they call it—that defies the buffeting of the waves. The *Caoutchouc*, instead of opposing the movement of the ocean's surface, gave way to it. The cargo of steel rails held us rigid enough for safety, but the lines of the ship took a gentle up-and-down motion, trembling and shivering—"

"I think I get the drift of your story, Tuggins," I interrupted, cutting off his description. "This was a rubber ship and you're going to tell me that torpedoes launched at her were bounced off her sides without doing any damage. Isn't that it?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you anticipate me," he replied, excitedly, I thought. "If that was all there was to it I should have little to tell. Doubtless the idea you suggest was in Captain Skinner's mind when he ventured to sea in a rubber ship, but he could not foresee, no more than can you, what was going to happen.

"As I said, Captain Skinner was delighted with the behavior of the ship. His fame was made, he seemed to think. 'Tuggles,' he said to me—he could never think of my right name, sir, and insisted on calling me Tuggles—'Tuggles, I've sailed the seas for thirty years now, and never yet have I seen a ship that took as natural to the water as this here craft. She's just made for it. I tell you, Tuggles, the Skinner rubber ship, built with a skin of rubber, is a success.'

"And so we all believed. We had two guns, one in the front part of the ship and one on what would be the back porch if we were speaking in terms used on land. The naval gun-crew were quite keen about the ship, sir, insisting that the day was coming when even battleships would be built of rubber. One of the gunner's mates explained to me that a submarine would never get within range of the *Caoutchouc*, because the very fact that each part of the ship took the motion of the waves gave the gun platforms a superiority of position, as he put it, that would nail a sub—it's the very term he used, sir—every time.

"Before going to sea I had been a bit worried about submarines, having read so much about them, but when I heard this I thought my lot indeed a fortunate one and ceased to worry about the U-boats. In fact, sir, I never slept better in my life than that first week aboard the *Caoutchouc*. The gentle

motion of the vessel seemed to rock me to sleep.

"It was not until the second week, sir, that we ran into trouble. It was the thirteenth day out—an unlucky omen, at that—about the middle of the afternoon, when I heard a dull thud. A tremendously loud dull thud it was, but, nevertheless, it was dull and no more than a thud.

"'Torpedoed!' I heard one of the crew yell. Just then the gun up in front was fired twice, and I realized that I was having my first taste of actual warfare on the high seas.

"I collected my wits as best I could, sir, and I don't think I acted cowardly, being careful to preserve outward calm. I ran down to my quarters to get my life-preserver, feeling sure the ship would sink very shortly.

"When I returned on deck I was amazed to find Captain Skinner laughing at the top of his voice, surrounded by members of the crew, who were also laughing. I began to think they had all gone mad.

"'Tuggles,' Captain Skinner called out to me, 'what did I tell you about the seaworthiness of a rubber ship! Here we've been torpedoed amidships, but the swab of a torpedo bounced off without exploding. We've scared away the blooming sub with our guns. Rubber's the stuff to make ships out of, eh?'

"It was only too true, as I soon discovered. The peculiar bouncing quality of rubber, sir, had prevented the torpedo from exploding, while the texture of the ship's skin was sufficiently tough, you see, to resist penetration. There was nothing to be seen of a submarine.

"'Oh, rubber's the stuff, is it?' I heard the first mate yell from the bridge with a sneer. 'Well, take a look at the shape of this here wagon,' he says; 'just take a look at it.'

"The first mate, I should mention, sir, was the only man on the ship whose enthusiasm about rubber ships seemed to be a bit lukewarm. He had secretly confided to me that if a rubber ship ever caught fire gas-masks would be the only means of saving us from a horrible death. He may have been spoofing, sir, but I considered the advice a friendly tip, inasmuch as you never can tell what might happen."

"What was the matter with the shape of the ship, Tuggins?" I asked, noticing that he was getting off the trend of his tale.

"Oh yes, pardon me, sir, the shape of the ship, yes. Why, the blasted ship was bent out of shape entirely. The tremendous force of the torpedo, sir, had bent the ship into circular shape. Instead of being straight, she was now a quarter of a circle, I should say, sir. Yes, sir, ridiculous as it may seem, that ship was shaped like this"—and Tuggins quickly sketched on a slip of paper.

"You see," he explained, pointing with his pencil, "the torpedo had struck here

"'I HADN'T FIGURED ON ANYTHING LIKE THIS,' HE SAID"

where I have marked a cross, on the right hand, or starboard, as they call it at sea, and bounced off apparently in the direction of this dotted line."

"That doesn't sound at all plausible, Tuggins," I objected. "If the torpedo had sufficient force to bend the ship, how can you account for it not exploding?"

"I don't account for it, sir, I don't account for it," Tuggins came back. "I'm only telling you. You must remember, sir, that this was a rubber ship. As no one ever heard of a rubber ship before, you can't account for what a rubber ship will do.

"Well, you should have seen the look on Captain Skinner's face when he noticed what the first mate had called his attention to. It was a quizzical sort of look, as though he didn't know whether to keep on laughing or become angry. He scratched his head, looked first at one end of the ship and then at the other, muttering to himself.

"'I hadn't figured on anything like this,' he said. 'Must have been a devil of a powerful torpedo to bend all those steel rails below.'

"'I reckon General Pershing will have the Germans going around in circles if he ever builds a military railroad with these rails, eh, Cap?' the first mate says.

"'That 'll do from you,' snapped the captain. 'Give her full speed ahead.'

"'Aye, aye, sir,' replied the mate, and I heard the engines turning, for the bend, you understand, was not near enough to the position of the engine-room to interfere with our locomotion. We started ahead, all right, but it wasn't long before we discovered that we were making no progress.

"'This blooming wagon's going round in a circle, sir,' I heard the first mate report to Captain Skinner.

"'How's your rudder?' asked Skinner.

"'Steady on the course, sir.'

"'Well, then, what in Sam Hill's the matter? I told you to give her full speed ahead, didn't I?' The captain was getting r'iled.

"'That's the whole trouble, Captain,' says the mate. 'Full speed ahead doesn't mean the same thing for this wagon as it did before that torpedo hit us. The bow's doing the best it can to follow the course, but when a ship's got curvature of the spine as bad as this one, Captain, "ahead" means going around in a circle.'

"The captain went up on the bridge and looked the situation over. The first mate was right. It was a difficult problem in navigation, and the captain was puzzled. He put the rudder hard over, as they say, first in one direction and then in the other. But it was no use. The *Caoutchouc* had become a stubborn ship, sir. She was shaped as part of a circle and you couldn't budge her from the determination to keep steaming around in a circle.

"Well, sir, Captain Skinner and the first mate and the captain of the naval gun-crew stayed up all that night trying to dope it out. They drew diagrams, argued with one another, and nearly came to blows trying to decide whether it was a problem in navigation or physics.

"'It must be a law of physics that governs this particular kind of a situation,' I heard Captain Skinner say, 'because I've never come across anything like this in all the years I've been navigating. But I'll tell you, men,' he says, 'getting down to brass tacks, if it wasn't for the cargo, we might straighten her out in a stiff wind, but them there steel rails are too rigid for the stiffest kind of a gale. They'll hold this poor craft bent like this until—'

"'Until we get an equally hard bump on the port beam,' said the first mate.

"'The only way we can do that is to be

THEY DREW DIAGRAMS AND NEARLY CAME TO BLOWS

rammed by a fast ship, a twenty-knot scow, and we'd have to lay to directly in her path,' Captain Skinner replied. 'And we can't do that, because I'd lose my papers, because, naturally, I'd be blamed for the collision.'

"'Yes,' said the mate, 'and if we didn't get hit in exactly the right spot we might be knocked into the shape of the letter S, which would be worse than ever.'

"That's the way the matter stood when the little conference in the captain's cabin broke up at dawn. They decided to let the matter rest until they got some sleep, in the meanwhile continuing on our circular course.

"Well, sir, there isn't much of a story after that, because one day was pretty much like another. We pinned our hopes first on one thing and then on something else. One day Captain Skinner was sure the tides would carry us along, while another day he was equally confident we might drift toward shore through the aid of a powerful wind.

"I've heard of vicious circles in logic, sir, but, bless me, this was past all belief. We got dizzy from going around in a circle. All ocean scenery is pretty monotonous, but the monotony of one spot in the ocean was even more so. I lost all count of time, sir. It may have been weeks, it may have been months; all I know is that our stock of provisions began to get low. The coal-supply was holding out much better than our commissary department. You see, the only pleasure of each day came to be the three meals, and while the stock of food held out I succeeded in keeping all hands in good humor. But when we got down to one meal a day, and that of canned bill and hardtack, sir, the crew began to get mutinous.

"You'd never believe what actually came to our rescue, sir, but it's the honest truth, upon my soul—another submarine! Yes, sir, and a godsend it was, too. Never before was a submarine such a welcome sight. We were jogging along at our usual pace, without any hope of ever getting any place, when somebody noticed a torpedo skid by, just missing us.

"'Submarine off the starboard quarter, sir!' I heard the first mate tell Captain Skinner.

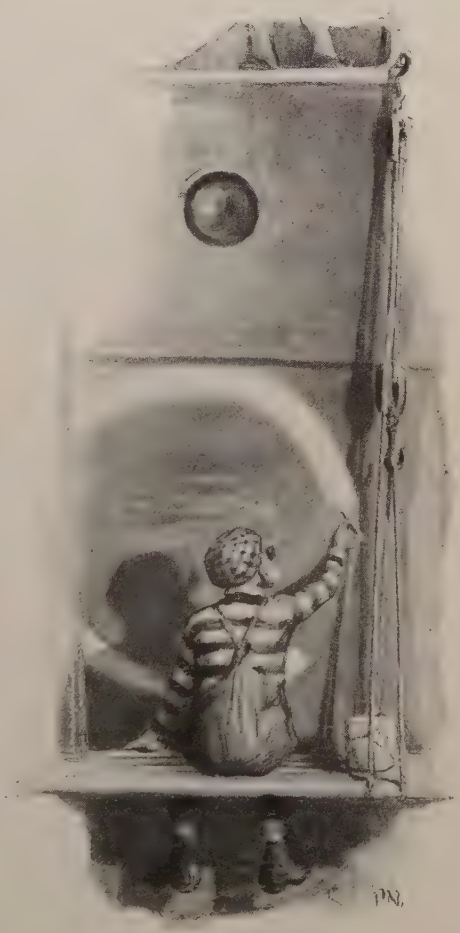
"'You don't say so!' he exclaimed. 'Tell her to haul around till she's on our port beam.'

"In the mean while another torpedo whizzed by, missing us again. You see, that bend was the best kind of camouflage and it completely confused the submarine commander. He fired at us again and again, but each time we had moved from the spot aimed at by the time the torpedo got there. Finally we ran up an international code signal and hove to, as they say on board a ship, and the submarine came to the surface right alongside.

"'Ahoy, there, submarine!' Captain Skinner shouted through a megaphone. The commander of the submarine, who had crawled out from the conning-tower of the U-boat, replied.

"'Say, old top,' Captain Skinner went on, 'would you mind torpedoing us from the port side? If it's all the same to you, it would be a big favor to us. I can't exactly explain the reason, being rather a technical sort of proposition, but I warn you beforehand, you'll tire yourself out on the starboard side, and your chances of hitting us are pretty slim.'

"The U-boat commander hesitated at first, held a conference with some of the submarine crew gathered about him, and finally agreed, after Captain Skinner offered



OUR SHIP'S PAINTER QUICKLY PAINTED A GLARING TARGET

to have a target painted on the port side to aid the operation.

"Our ship's painter slid down over the left-hand side, which they call the port, exactly amidships, as the term goes, and quickly painted a glaring target. The submarine maneuvered to a suitable position, we prepared ourselves for the terrible shock that we felt was sure to result, and presently the torpedo came whizzing for us. It was like having a bad tooth pulled, sir, watching that torpedo. You see, it wasn't a pleasant bit of business, but we knew it 'd be good for us.

"The aim was true and the torpedo hit the bull's-eye of the target, but instead of a terrible shock and explosion, there was the same dull thud that I had noticed on the former occasion. As we were all watching intently this time, we saw the torpedo rebound and fly back toward the sub, narrowly missing it. The U-boat, frightened, I suppose, by this unusual procedure, quickly submerged and was seen no more. And when we surveyed the ship a few minutes later, she was straightened out, again in her natural shape as she had been built.

"There's not much to tell after that, sir. Our provisions and coal were so low that Captain Skinner thought it best not to continue on the voyage to France. He headed for the nearest port, and we put into Halifax last Wednesday, sir, and abandoned the *Caoutchouc*.

"'Tuggles,' Captain Skinner said to me the last time I saw him—he had that habit of calling me Tuggles instead of Tuggins, you see—'Tuggles,' he said, 'you seem to be an intelligent sort of man and I suppose you think I was a rummy to place any confidence in a rubber ship. Well, it wasn't an original idea with me. A tire manufacturer out in Ohio gave me the idea and the ship was actually designed and built out there, although put together down on the Delaware. Of course the idea was all right, but between you and me, Tuggles, as ship-builders these fellows as far inland as the Middle West had better keep to manufacturing automobile tires.'"

An Aspiration

I HAVE many ungratified wishes—
I suppose nearly every one has;
I'd like to have silver nut-dishes
And a library rug from Shiraz.

I'd like to be sent on a mission,
I'd like a new bag of shirred silk;
But this is my greatest ambition,
I want to belong to an ilk.

In the papers it's frequently quoted—
I notice it 'most every day;
They mention some names that are noted,
"And others of that ilk," they say.

The people are so interesting,
So talented, clever, and bright;
They seem to be merry and jesting,
And often they paint or they write.

Could I but to an ilk be elected,
And really belong to it—Oh!
I'm sure 'twould be all I expected
The "others of that ilk" to know!

CAROLYN WELLS.

Waste of Time

ONE Hoyt was fishing from the banks of a stream when there approached him an individual named Gates, who remarked, with a yawn: "Time ain't very valuable to you, brother, that's plain. Here I been a-watchin' you three hours and you 'ain't had a bite."

"Well," drawled the fisherman, "my time's too valuable, anyhow, to waste three hours of it watchin' a feller fish that ain't gettin' a bite."

Stopped Too Soon

"A PRIMARY school building had burned down overnight in my town," says an Ohio man, "and all the contents, including the children's books, had gone up in smoke. The next morning one of the pupils was stolidly surveying the smoking ruins, when there passed a crowd of boys on their way to another school.

"Gee!" exclaimed one of them, enviously. "Don't I wish I was you, with your books all burned up!"

"Huh!" retorted the bookless one, contemptuously. "You don't know much. The *teachers* ain't burned up."

The Way Out

MICHAEL and Marie had gone to the corner store to get milk for mother.

On the way back Marie gave a glance into the pitcher and exclaimed:

"Mercy! We have drunk too much of the milk! What shall we do?"

"That's easy," said Michael, with a grin. "We'll drop the pitcher."

Not His Fault

HAROLD had brought home for several weeks perfect spelling papers. Soon, however, he began to bring in returns showing misses of five and six out of ten.

"How's this, Harold?" asked the dad.

"It's the teacher's fault."

"How could it be the teacher's fault?"

"Why, she moved the boy that sat next to me."

Entitled to a Drink

A YOUNG man had sauntered carelessly into the court-room of one of New York's superior courts, eyed the judge through his glasses, and taken a survey of all the attorneys. Then he walked up to the bar and poured out a glass of water.

The judge, who was nervous and testy, had observed the young man and was not pleased with his appearance. The youth was just raising the glass to his lips when the judge roared:

"That water, sir, is for attorneys and other officers of the court!"

The glass dropped from the young man's hand; he started violently, turned red, then placed the glass on the table, and walked out of the court. The judge chuckled.

Half an hour later the young man entered the court-room again with a roll of parchment in his hand. The judge glared at him savagely, but the young man never flinched. Finally, there was a lull in the proceedings, and he addressed the court:

"Your honor!"

"What is it, sir?"

"I wish to submit to the court my certificate of admission to practise in the supreme court and all other courts of this state," and he passed the parchment to the clerk.

"Well, what of that?" growled the judge.

"Now, your honor, having presented the proofs of my admission to the bar, I would move the court that I be permitted to drink from the official pitcher," and he calmly drained the glass of water he had left on the table.

Why He Came

"I ONCE had a very backward pupil," remarked a Baltimore teacher, "of the hopeless sort that taxes one's patience to the utmost.

"One day when he seemed to be more dense than usual, I completely lost my temper and exclaimed:

"'It seems to me, Henry, that you are never able to answer any of my questions. Why is it?'"

"'Well, ma'am,' the boy replied; 'if I knew all the things you ask me, my father wouldn't go to the trouble of sending me here!'"

Due Recognition

AT the conclusion of the school term prizes were distributed. When one of the pupils returned home his mother chanced to be entertaining callers.

"Well, Charlie," asked one of these, "did you win a prize?"

"Not exactly," said Charlie, "but I got a horrible mention."

A Noble Work

A MINISTER who lived in the suburbs during his discourse said, "In each blade of grass there is a sermon."

Late the following afternoon a broker, a member of his flock, discovered the good man pushing a lawn-mower about his garden and paused to remark:

"Well, parson, I am glad to observe you engaged in cutting your sermons short."

Unexpected Help

THE landlord had just dropped in on Mrs. Flanagan and informed her gently, but firmly, that he had decided to raise her rent.

"It's th' darlint ye are, sir," replied Mrs. Flanagan, enthusiastically. "I wor wonderin' how I c'u'd raise it mesilf."

"Gas attack! quick! put on your mask"
"Aw! forget it. I used to work in a glue factory"

"Doing His Bit"

When the Government called for ships

A Follower of Hoover

ROSEMARY'S father sent home a bushel of white sand and had it put in a corner of the yard for his little girl to play in.

He took delight in watching her, and one day when he came home from the office at noon he was surprised to see that she had carried some black dirt from the roadside and was mixing it with the sand.

"Why, Rosemary," he called, "why are you mixing that black dirt with your nice, clean sand?"

"Because," she enlightened him, "I'm going to make pies and this is my substitute."

A Chip of the Old Block

"DANNY," scolded his father, "you must not eat so much! Everybody will be calling you a little glutton. Do you know what that is?"

"I suppose," Danny replied, "it must be a big glutton's little boy."

Small Choice

JOE MORGAN, a darky living in an Alabama town, was confiding to a friend the fact that work was scarce just then.

"But I got a job last Sunday that brought me six dollahs," said Joe.

"What!" exclaimed the friend. "You don't mean to tell me that you broke the Sabbath?"

Joe was very apologetic. "Well, suh, it was like dis: it was one or de odder of us dat had to be broke."

Diplomacy

SIX-YEAR-OLD Jimmie had told a fib, and his mother commanded him to go to bed in the dark.

Jimmie reluctantly started, but upon taking one look at the dark stairway he turned to his mother and asked:

"Mamma, don't you think that you had better come along and see if I really go to bed?"

An Anticlimax

TO a certain boarding-house in a Western town came a cheerful young fellow who, upon his introduction into the dining-room, immediately put this question to his neighbor:

"Say, how's the grub here?"

"Well," said the older boarder, "we have chicken every morning."

Whereupon the new man actually beamed. "Chicken every morning! And how is it served?"

"In the shell," grunted the veteran.

Something More Wanted

THE applicant for the job of office-boy presented his credentials in a manner that bespoke his entire confidence that the position would be his. The sour-looking old gentleman at the head of the establishment read the paper carefully and then surveyed the boy searchingly.

"It is certainly a very nice thing for you to have these recommendations from the minister of your church and your Sunday-school teacher," said he, "and I must admit that you look honest. All the same, I'd like to have a few words from some one that knows you on week-days."

Painting by Walter Biggs

Illustration for "Praying Sally"

"WE CAN'T HAVE THINGS COVERED UP BETWIXT YOU AN' ME"

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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Changing America

THE NEW NATIONALISM

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

THE world will never be again what it has been. The United States will never be again what it has been. The United States was once in enjoyment of what we used to call splendid isolation. Now from across the Atlantic and from across the Pacific we feel to the quick the influences which are affecting us; we are provincials no longer. The tragical events of the months of vital turmoil through which we have just passed have made us citizens of the world—we are partners with the rest. What affects mankind is inevitably our affair as well as the affair of the nations of Europe and of Asia. We must have a Society of Nations, not suddenly, not by insistence, not by any hostile emphasis on the demand, but by the demonstration of the needs of the time. There can be no turning back. Our fortunes as a nation are involved, whether we would have it so or not. And yet we are not less Americans on that account. American purposes are going to be tested by the purposes of mankind and not by the purposes of national ambition.

In the memorable series of addresses from which the foregoing excerpts are taken President Wilson called upon Americans to recognize the profound change which the war was working in America's relation to the world even before we became belligerents. Whether we would have it so or not, the resistless currents of a new age had swept over us and destroyed our traditional isolation forever. We were not to be less American on that account. Under the threat of imperialistic aggression, we were discovering a national will; our nationalistic spirit had been intensified. But its fundamental character had been changed. The months of vital turmoil through which we had passed—even before our entrance into the war—had made us citizens of the world. Henceforth our nationalism was to be inseparable from the new internationalism to which the war was giving birth. American purposes were to be tested, not by selfish national ambition, but by the purposes of mankind.

At the time when President Wilson was leading us to see and understand the nature of the change that was striking at the roots of our traditional isolation, so that we might be prepared to recognize the part America would soon be called upon to play in the reconstruction of the world, his statements were jeered at in certain voluble quarters as emptily rhetorical, academic, sentimental, vicious, silly. Many Americans were not yet ready to follow his penetrating vision. But the fact which long before our entrance into the struggle he repeatedly stressed as the most important product of the war all the world came in time to acknowledge with him. On all hands the war intensified the nationalistic spirit. The possibility of a divided allegiance in America has happily been swept away forever. The British Empire has undergone a new unification.

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Frenchmen are more passionately French than ever. The submerged nationalities of Europe—the Poles, Czecho-Slovaks, Jugo-Slavs, Croatians—have all felt the breath of national resurrection. And yet all thoughtful men, however intense their nationalism, now see with President Wilson that the essence of the new nationalism is a new internationalism, that the central problem of world reconstruction is the reconciliation of national sovereignty with world organization.

On the day following Germany's surrender, Premier Lloyd George, speaking for the British government, said: "We must not allow any sense of revenge, any spirit of greed, any grasping desire, to override the fundamental principle of righteousness. Are we to lapse back into the old national rivalries, animosities, and competitive armaments, or are we to initiate the reign on earth of the Prince of Peace? . . . The peace of 1871, imposed by Germany on France, outraged all the principles of justice and fair play. Let us be warned by that example. . . . We shall go to the peace conference to guarantee that a League of Nations is a reality." And Premier Clemenceau, in his reply to the German delegation which on the day following the final armistice crossed the shell-torn lines asking for food, declared: "Our duty is to help. We make war not against but for humanity." On all hands, the war has not only strengthened the spirit of nationalism, but rededicated that spirit, not to purposes of national ambition, but to the purposes of mankind.

How are the superficially hostile principles of national sovereignty and humane internationalism to be reconciled? How is the intensified nationalism of all the belligerents to be harmonized with the requirements of effective international co-operation in the maintenance of peace?

If the reconciliation is to be achieved, America, together with all the other parties to the League of Nations, will have to revise her traditional attitude both toward her domestic economy and toward her international relations. America will have to look upon her unique material inheritance as a fund held in stewardship for the purposes of world civilization. Americans will have to see the League of Nations, not as an Olympian conclave of rarified abstractions—liberty, justice, democracy—but as the living, flexible instrument through which the national aggregates of seething, hungry human beings can work out a world budget for themselves and one another, can take stock of the world's larder and apportion it according to their several needs.

We have unfortunately been accustomed to conceive the League of Nations too much as a supernational court of arbitration, applying the principles of abstract justice to quarrels born of petty, selfish national rivalries and animosities, with a denationalized police force at its back to enforce its decisions. But not even a supernational court of law can make an unwilling horse drink. What is a justiciable question to one nation is too likely to be regarded as non-justiciable by another. When Austria presented her ultimatum to Serbia, Serbia asked that the indictment should be submitted to an international court. What Serbia regarded as a proper subject for arbitration Austria held to be a non-arbitrable question involving her national honor. The futility of any purely legalistic machinery should have been made clear to us by the helpless failure of the Hague Tribunal to stem for an hour the onrushing fury of the great war. Nations, like individuals, do not live by bread alone; but neither can they live by the *ex post facto* lucubrations of the courts. Hungry men have lost their likeness to their Maker; they have ceased to be calmly reasoning human beings; they are the easy prey of mob violence and infuriating animosities. The fatal weakness of the method of arbitration is that it is rarely resorted to until the quarrel has reached the exploding-point. Like the old science of medicine, arbitration deals in cure rather than prevention—reaches the bedside when the patient is at the point of death. We shall not be able to dispense with international judicial machinery; but the first condition of national, as of international, accommodation and security is that all men should be fed.

"*Sitting at a common table with*

our allies, we divide with them our wheat loaf."

This statement of President Wilson's, which the United States Food Administration made its own, embodies the essential spirit which must pervade the new nationalism and the new internationalism if the principles of national sovereignty and international co-operation are effectively to be reconciled. In the same sense in which food won the war, so also will food win lasting peace.

In terms of practical administration, how was this common table served; through what instrumentalities did we divide with our allies our wheat loaf?

As early as August, 1914, France, with the co-operation of Great Britain, established the *Commission Internationale de Ravitaillement*, which was soon extended to co-ordinate the purchases not only of Great Britain and France, but of all the Allies, so as to prevent competition among them and to facilitate the satisfaction of their several and joint needs. In December, 1915, the British, French, and Italian governments initiated a system of joint purchases of wheat, flour, and corn which was later developed into the Wheat Executive, consisting of one representative of each country, "to purchase, allocate, and arrange for the transport of wheat, flour, and other cereal products for the three countries." This Wheat Executive proved so useful in welding the co-operative unity of these Allies that it led to the establishment of other similar bodies to deal with the garnering throughout the world of other necessaries—meat, animal fats, oil seeds, sugar, nitrate of soda, hides, wool and wool products, explosives, and the raw material for the manufacture of explosives, lead, copper, coal. And, of necessity, the Allied governments established an international executive through which to pool and allocate their shipping tonnage.

These were the instrumentalities—not a legalistic court of arbitration—through which the common table was supplied, through which harmony and effective co-operation were made possible among the nations associated against the individualistic autocracies of the Central Powers—through which the military triumph of the armed democracies was guaranteed.

What was America's contribution to the common table? In the five years preceding our entrance into the war the average per capita consumption of wheat in the United States was five and three-tenths bushels. For the year 1917–18 we reduced our per capita consumption to a little less than four bushels. We had no bumper crop that year; we produced less than with care and disciplined intelligence we could have produced. We ourselves did not go hungry. Never before had so large a percentage of our own people been decently fed. And yet, according to the British Food Ministry, the United States, from July, 1917, to April, 1918, exported to the Allies 80,000,000 bushels of *wheat products*, of which 50,000,000 represented the voluntary gift of the American people. On September 24, 1918, the United States Food Administration made the following announcement:

"Under the agreement entered into by the Food Administration with the food-controllers of the Allied nations, our breadstuffs export program for the coming year will be, wheat, rye, barley, and corn, or flour calculated as grain for breadstuffs, 409,320,000 bushels, of which from 100,000,000 to 165,000,000 may be cereals other than wheat."

The reference here to the agreement with the food-controllers of the Allies invites special notice. The Allies, like ourselves, were looking upon the bread-supply of the entire world, not as the plaything of the so-called law of supply and demand—and incidentally of profiteering middlemen—but as the common stock of all those who sat at the common table, to be consciously and deliberately apportioned to each of the co-operating nations according to their several mathematically determined needs. More than this. The computation went beyond the requirements of the individual nations as aggregates, to the needs of the individual men and women and children within each national group. At its first meeting, held in Paris in March, 1918, the Inter-Allied Scientific Food Commission succeeded in doing what until then had been regarded as a fantastic impossibility—it arrived at an agreement on the minimum food requirements

of the average man. As reported in *The Survey* for August 3, 1918, the commission, at its second meeting, held in Rome, worked out the food requirements of each of the Allied countries on the basis of the *average man* and in the light of population statistics; setting against these requirements the home production, actual and potential, of each nation in order to determine how much food would have to be served to each at the common table. Thus the Inter-Allied Scientific Food Commission, acting in co-operation with the Allied food-controllers and the international Wheat Executive, brought "the vision of a world organization for the feeding of mankind an appreciable step nearer."

Without this international economic organization for the co-operative apportionment of the world's supply of food, harmony among the nations associated against imperialistic militarism would have been impossible. Revolution within the nations whose domestic supplies were inadequate to feed their people would have forced other nations than Russia to capitulate—to make a separate peace.

And as with wheat, so with all other basic commodities. What America did with her wheat loaf she did also with her sugar, meat, fats, steel, cotton, coal, timber, and whatever things of value to the common cause she had. On July 17, 1918, the Food Administration announced that if the people of the United States continued to abate their normal consumption of sugar as they had done during the preceding year, their saving, and thus their contribution to the common table, measured by the price of sugar then prevailing in Canada, France, the United Kingdom, and Italy, would total for the coming year alone about $600,000,000. During the year 1916–17 the United States exported 2,000,000,000 pounds of meats and fats; during 1917–18, 3,000,000,000 — 1,000,000,000 pounds of meats and fats was one of America's contributions to the common table. About one-half of our output of more than 1,000,000,000 pounds of copper from January to June, 1918, went to the Allies. We packed our dry groceries in paper containers instead of tin because the Allies needed the metal. We stopped building houses for ourselves in order that ships might be built to carry our contributions across the sea. We stopped wearing all-wool in order that not only our own soldiers, but the soldiers and civilians of England, France, Belgium, Italy, might be warmly clad. Before the war the United States had never loaned money to any foreign state. In September, 1918, the Bulletin of the Paris Chamber of Commerce noted with admiration that the total of America's advances to the Allies then exceeded $6,000,000,000. In addition to this vast sum, America had, during the first four years of the war alone, freely given more than $4,000,000,000 to war charities. And what the United States did, it is important to remember, is but an illustration of what all the Allies did to serve the common purpose.

The common table, not a court of arbitration, became the symbol of a new nationalism and a new internationalism.

If, now that the war is won, we are to perpetuate the harmony which the war established among the democratic nations associated against the German military autocracy, we shall have to set the common table, not for the Allies only, but for all the nations associated in the League of Nations. Not the principles of abstract justice only, but food and all other needful things of which food is the world-old symbol, must be the enduring foundation of the league. At home and abroad, we shall have to preserve and strengthen the instrumentalities through which we ourselves were welded into one people and through which we were enabled to make our national will practically effective in the scheme of international co-operation. This is not the Utopian dream of impractical idealists; it is the outstanding practical necessity which the experience of the nations that triumphantly sustained the stress of more than four years of war has conclusively demonstrated. It is the outstanding practical truth to which the authoritative exponents of public opinion in England and France gave earnest expression in the days immediately following the end of the war. To its realization the willing co-operation of America is essential. In an address delivered on November 14, 1918, in behalf of the British government to a party of Amer-

ican editors, Lieutenant-General Jan Christian Smuts said:

"We must feel that in the call to common humanity there are other purposes besides the prevention of war, for which a League of Nations is a sheer practical necessity. One of the first steps must be to create an organization against hunger. . . . Not only the liberated territories of our allies, not only our small neutral neighbors, but the enemy countries themselves, require our helping hand. Let us extend it in all generosity and magnanimity. The idea of organizing food-supplies for those lands will help to purify an atmosphere cursed with war, hate, and untruth. . . . The evils bred by hunger threaten not merely the old institutions, but civilization. . . . In the period of reconstruction after the war all countries, Allied, neutral, and enemy, will have to be rationed. The existing Inter-Allied machinery probably will undertake this task. . . . We are thus making straight for a League of Nations charged with the performance of these international functions."

If America is to take her appropriate part in the building of the new world order, the traditional spirit of her nationalism will have to undergo a purifying change. What was America to us before the war? Was it not, first of all, to most of us a boundless opportunity for grasping individual aggrandizement? Was not the fame of America too much the fame of individual, dollar fortunes? Was not the promise which we held out to the millions whom we invited to our shores the promise, not of democratic service and responsibility in a community of economically free men, but rather the promise of quick material wealth? Was it not our prodigal natural resources rather than our Spartan loyalty to the spirit of the Declaration of Independence that saved us from the extreme pitfalls of anarchy?

The history of our municipalities was predominantly the history of graft and civic corruption. Why? Because franchises, contracts for public works—all municipal undertakings—were primarily looked upon as legitimate opportunities for selfish individual aggrandizement rather than as opportunities for public service. The history of our free lands—of our forests, our mines, our water-power, our railways—is slimy with the filth of civic perversion. In our Federal government, the River and Harbor Bill, which should have been the annual embodiment and symbolization of democracy's ideals of public service, was desecrated by the cynical humor of the pork-barrel. Like blind fish in a cave, we were permitting our fat isolation to corrupt our sense of stewardship for the humane purposes in whose light our Republic was born. Our nationalism was a provincial and self-centered nationalism.

Then came the invasion of Belgium and that startling sequence of events that again differentiated for us the gross brutality of economic selfishness from the true ideals of democracy. It was Belgium that first reawakened our sense of stewardship to mankind for the wealth inclosed within our national boundaries. It was with the stricken people of Belgium that we first divided our wheat loaf. But in those days, what was later to become the salient inspiration of the war had not yet found explicit definition. Not the cause or causes of the war, but its objects were becoming America's chief concern.

How deeply the purposes of the western nations were modified by President Wilson's fearless reiteration of the unselfish purposes which in behalf of America he steadily advocated is indicated by a significant passage in the report of the British War Cabinet for 1917. Before 1917, the report says:

> The external policy of the Empire was rather concerned to preserve the peace by the maintenance of the balance of power than by promoting the active co-operation of all free nations for the defense of freedom and justice in international affairs. . . . The entry of the United States into the war . . . widened the war itself . . . into a world-wide struggle for the triumph of free civilization and democratic government.

In our hearts, we longed for an unequivocal appeal from the democracies of Europe to our own latent idealism. But, failing that unequivocal appeal, we continued in our habitual spirit of self-aggrandizement to enrich ourselves out of the war necessities of Europe. Except to Belgium, and in a measure to Serbia,

Armenia, and other similarly devastated nationalities, the help we gave was given in scrupulous conformity with the profiteering rules of international law. The Allies were merely buyers in our markets because they controlled the highways of the seas. What they *got* they paid for at *stiff* war prices. The bonds between them and us were first of all commercial bonds. During those days, the restrictions which the Allies, and especially England, placed upon the freedom of our commercial traffic raised almost as black a storm of protest as the German submarine campaign.

But there was a fundamental difference in the consequences of the Allied policy and that of Germany, which President Wilson seized upon to differentiate the objects of the belligerents, and which he used not only to mold American opinion, but to lead the Allies so to define their war aims as to bring them into consonance with his own high conception of American purpose. On September 2, 1916, in making clear the difference underlying the methods he had pursued in dealing with Great Britain and Germany, he said:

"Property rights can be vindicated by claims for damages, and no modern nation can decline to arbitrate such claims; but the fundamental rights of humanity cannot be. The loss of life is irreparable."

This declaration marked the turning-point in the attitude of American opinion toward the belligerents. In view of Germany's persistence in the unrestricted use of submarines, it marked the end of our neutrality. It prepared the way for the great utterance of April 2, 1917, in which the President called upon Congress to accept the status of belligerent and defined the salient object of the war, not for America only, but for all the nations allied against the old autocracies of Central Europe.

"We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind."

From that day America sat at a common table not only with Belgium, Serbia, and Armenia, but with all the Allies, dividing with them her wheat loaf. Henceforth America felt the need of being strong, not for selfish aggression, but in order that through her strength she might contribute worthily to the world-wide struggle for the triumph of free civilization and democratic government. The spirit of the new nationalism was born.

Through such international instrumentalities as the *Commission Internationale de Ravitaillement*, the Wheat Executive, the Inter-Allied Maritime Committee, in the maintenance of which we joined, America was enabled to co-operate effectively in spreading the common table. But she would not have been able to strengthen the machinery of international co-operation if she had not found the will to break with her tradition of domestic anarchy, to which dry-as-dust economists have given a spurious dignity by calling it *freedom of individual initiative* and *laissez-faire*. America's greatest achievement was the conquest of her traditional individualism and the socialization of her domestic business through the creation of such instrumentalities as the Food Administration, the War Industries Board, the War Trade Board, the Fuel Administration, the Shipping Board, to correspond with the functional instrumentalities—the International Executives—already established by the Allies. Through these America was able to bring about a domestic pooling of resources in the interest both of her own population and the common table of the democratic peoples of the world. It is essential that these instrumentalities of domestic unity should be perpetuated if America is to take an effective part in the administration of the international functional machinery through which alone international co-operation can be achieved—through which alone we, too, can honorably guarantee that a League of Nations shall be a reality. They are the symbols of our new nationalism, of the reborn democratic idealism which made American participation in the war decisive for victory.

*[In the articles on "Changing America," which are to follow this introduction to the series, our new nationalism will be discussed in its relationship to Business, Public Utilities, National Resources, Labor, Education, and the Professions.—*THE EDITOR.*]*

The Importance of Being Mrs. Cooper

BY HARRISON RHODES

IT began at lunch one day at Betsey Ferris's. The meal was already notable, so Johnny Fairchild told me, for a triumph of Mrs. Ferris's cook, by which a boned chicken was somehow put inside a boned young turkey, a guinea-hen inside the chicken, a squab inside the guinea-hen and finally a quail inside the squab, so that in the end you cut straight across these incredible geological food-strata as if you were sawing through a Chinese puzzle. The production of this *chef d'œuvre* along with the presence of an excellent light Barsac had already made the social atmosphere particularly agreeable.

This, of course, all happened in ante-bellum days when none of us saw anything much wrong in a social atmosphere's being agreeable. Johnny Fairchild has been in France, Ernest Wilmerding was at Foggia, in Italy, for the aviation, and so on. Things are different now. In those days there was no great merit, perhaps, in any one who was lunching that day—but they were all gay, pleasant, good-looking people, and, for better or for worse, they came very close to running New York society. There is probably no great harm, in these serious days, in trying to recapture something of the tone of a period which is not likely ever to come back, and to compile, while we may, what the French call "memoirs to serve for the writing of history." Viewed in this light, the whole business about Mrs. Cooper is almost historical, and so Mrs. Ferris's lunch and that quail so richly and abundantly inclosed become worth our attention, for it was on this occasion that Mrs. Cooper appeared, or didn't appear—whichever may be the more accurate way to describe the event—for the first time.

It began with Edgar Walton, and here at once I perceive that I was wrong in describing the young men present as engaged in running New York society. Walton neither ran nor was run. He was the kind of quiet person who could go everywhere, just because he was Walton, but rarely did. Every one liked him, but no one saw much of him. He was reserved rather than in any way mysterious. But in the end it comes to about the same thing—no one knew a great deal about his private life. He was reported once to have said to Mrs. Barfax, who is from Michigan, that he went very little into New York society because he liked seeing New-Yorkers. But on the whole the speech doesn't sound like the kindly, calm, amiable Edgar we all know. However, all this is neither here nor there. Our story begins when the Ferrises' butler, while they were still on the concentric birds, bent over Edgar, and Edgar, rising, said that Mrs. Cooper wished to speak to him on the telephone.

"I saw through it at once," said Johnny Fairchild, reporting the matter to me in some secrecy, when he let me into the great Mrs. Cooper cult. "It was obvious."

"Of course," announced Johnny to the table, "there is no Mrs. Cooper."

"Obviously not," assented Eva Morpont.

"But it's an excellent alibi," went on Johnny. "I shall always say it is Mrs. Cooper wanting me on the telephone."

"So shall I!" And then Mrs. Morpont turned to Edgar, who was just coming back.

"How is dear Mrs. Cooper?" she asked, very sweetly. And as he stared at her rather coldly, she went on, quickly: "Oh, we all think she is an excellent invention, Edgar. She's going to mean a great deal in all our lives."

After that, by Mrs. Ferris's account, nothing much more was thought about Mrs. Cooper, although I can believe

that there must have been a suspicious twinkle in Johnny Fairchild's eye.

A little later, as she rose to go, Mrs. Knox turned to Johnny.

"Can you dine on Tuesday next, Mr. Fairchild?" His reply came with no perceptible pause:

"I'm sorry I can't. I'm dining that night with Mrs. Cooper." (Edgar Walton, it may be mentioned, had already gone.)

"Oh, are you?" exclaimed Mrs. Morpont. "Then I shall see you. That's nice."

Ellen Knox looked slightly annoyed. "Are you two always asked out together nowadays?" she inquired, not quite without malice, perhaps. She had evidently meant to ask Eva for Tuesday, too.

She may have been annoyed, but she is no fool. There was a singularly awful party with music of some kind at the Grenville Frams' that night, and these same two ladies encountered each other, and unfortunately their host, just as they were about to make a quite shamelessly premature escape.

"You're not going, Mrs. Knox," protested old Mr. Fram, with a great deal of manner.

"I'm so sorry," and she flashed one look at Eva Morpont, "but I really must look in at Mrs. Cooper's. I was engaged to her weeks ago and she'd never forgive me."

"Cooper? Cooper?" mumbled old Mr. Fram.

"Oh, don't try to make us believe that you don't know every charming woman in New York," Mrs. Morpont cut in with. "I must go, too, Cousin Fred. Explain to Cousin Ella, won't you, that I'd really promised Beatrice Cooper before I got her card."

Mrs. Knox was not to be outdone. "Dear Beatrice!" she breathed, softly. "She's so firm, for all she's so sweet."

"Yes, of course," assented Mr. Grenville Fram. It was evident that most honestly he was beginning to remember Mrs. Cooper.

At that moment young Mr. Fairchild, with young Mr. Wilmerding, drifted toward them.

"Johnny," said Mrs. Morpont, "if you and Ernest are going on to Mrs. Cooper's I'll give you a lift. And there's Betsey Ferris. Make her come along, too."

After they were safely outside, it appeared that Johnny had telephoned to Mrs. Cooper, and she had said her party for that night was so small that she had decided to make it supper at the Biltmore, where they could dance.

Even at the restaurant door, Johnny kept it up. "Mrs. Cooper telephoned for a table, didn't she?" he asked of Henri. And when the good head waiter looked confused, Mr. Fairchild compromised by himself taking one of the best tables for her. Mrs. Cooper was unaccountably delayed (Johnny paid the bill for her), but her party was considerably better than the Frams'.

From now on the pen of a philosophic historian would be needed to describe the growth of Mrs. Cooper's vogue among our best people. Of course in the end probably not more than twenty ever were told of her purely imaginary quality. But those twenty who were supposed to know her were carefully picked. (That I was in the secret I consider the greatest tribute of friendship Johnny Fairchild ever paid me.) It was just our heroine's exclusiveness that made her lovely legend flower so.

Mrs. Cooper—I never got really to call her Beatrice—was in no Blue Book or Social Register, and her friends got no farther as to her address than to speak of her charming house in the East Sixties. Here in an enchanting environment she lurked, and to describe her special note an old story, originally told of another famous lady, was revived, and it was alleged that Mrs. Cooper's dining-room contained only eight chairs and that she said in defense of this meagerness of equipment that there weren't more than seven people in New York that one cared to have for dinner—at one time, of course.

It was astonishing how little Mrs. Cooper went out. She stayed at home because she found her own house and her own food and her own parties so much better than other people's, a judgment in which her friends heartily concurred. It was no wonder, for the hostess herself had every grace of nature

and every adornment of art. Her person was, it was universally admitted by her friends, of an exquisite loveliness, of an unequaled radiance of beauty. She was indescribable, some one said. It was rather a pity that this had not been true—there was an extremely critical moment when it appeared that Ernest Wilmerding *had* described her to some one as an absolutely dazzling blonde, while Eustace Henry had to some one else seemed to hint at hair like the raven's wing. Johnny Fairchild, as generalissimo of the Mrs. Cooper forces, held hurried secret conferences and in spite of the two young men's protests, the lady's hair from then on was officially "darkish, but shot with gold," whatever that description may exactly mean.

"I'M SO SORRY, BUT I MUST LOOK IN AT MRS. COOPER'S"

She had delicious tastes, of course, for music and all the arts. And one constantly heard the most wonderful singers and performers there in a most informal way. We were never too specific in our statements, for Mrs. Cooper disliked having her parties talked about. But the house was unquestionably the most delightful in New York. Of course, besides New-Yorkers, everybody of importance and title from abroad went there—Mrs. Cooper had lived much abroad and, of course, knew everybody there.

She had a way with foreigners—I took young Prince Begnitelli, who by chance hadn't known her in Rome, on to her house from a largish dinner at Mrs. Barfax's, and he became at once one of her most ardent admirers. He was always leaving everything and everybody to go to her, and people began to wonder if she thought Princess a pretty title. I have forgotten, by the way, to mention that the less said about the late Cooper the better. We drew a veil, but we admitted that his poor dear wife must have suffered terribly. In any case, nothing ever came of Begnitelli's courting, as this story in time will show.

I must say for us that we were discreet, that we did not overdo the thing. Even Edgar Walton, who is not much on jokes, took it up. He smiled knowingly and said that nothing that could be said about Mrs. Cooper was half as flattering as the truth. And Johnny Fairchild, who had never much liked him, admitted that Edgar was a good fellow. It was not long before Mrs. Cooper had the very nicest position in New York. Young Mr. Fairchild told Mrs. Morpont to her face at a fairly large dinner that he considered Mrs. Cooper the most fashionable woman in New York, a statement which, made to Eva, who had unquestionably, up to this time, been that herself, could not be beaten. Eva, who was sweet about it, pointed out to Johnny (and to others who were listening) that with some show of justice she might claim that it was perhaps her own support of Beatrice which had in the beginning helped our lovely friend to her present position.

"Now if Mrs. Barfax had had you as her friend—" began Johnny.

"Yes, but she hadn't. And hasn't now, so far as I know," Eva smiled, but her tone was, for her, acid.

And thus we introduce Mrs. Barfax. It ought not to be necessary to introduce her to any reader. Though Eva Morpont did not like her, or thought she didn't, a great many other people in New York did, or thought they did. And the newspapers went on about her like mad. She was, and is, an extremely handsome, amiable, generous woman. It was her amiability and her sense of humor that made even Johnny Fairchild her friend. He had once accepted a dinner invitation of hers, and then written the next day, really with scandalous impertinence, to say that he couldn't dine, as he had just discovered that he had a subsequent engagement. Mrs. Barfax laughed and said that she loved him for it.

For such qualities most people forgave her frankly proclaimed social ambitions. But Eva Morpont would not ask her to the house nor go to hers. And, it is needless to say, Mrs. Barfax did not know Mrs. Cooper. Equally needless to say that she wanted to and meant to. It is probable that it got to a point where the very mention of Mrs. Cooper got on Mrs. Barfax's nerves.

I made, perhaps, a mistake earlier in speaking of those as days before the war —I should have specified before what kind of war I meant. Mrs. Morpont and Mrs. Barfax inevitably were meeting, as they went to many of the same houses, and the state of tension between them grew till it may almost be said that they were belligerents.

This was the condition in January when Mrs. Morpont had sent out cards for what was to be her most definitely exclusive party of the winter, a smallish dinner, only eighty, and perhaps a hundred people in afterward for a half-hour of Zimbalist. It was, I think, rather expected by most of the people who were asked that they would on this occasion meet Mrs. Cooper. But Eva sighed lightly and said that no, alas! dear Beatrice could not be tempted to leave her own charming fireside for so large a function. Mrs. Barfax was also not to be at Mrs. Morpont's, for different reasons. And no one could much blame her if, four days before Mrs. Morpont's party, which was to be on the 15th, Mrs. Barfax issued invitations for the same night. It was a risk, but there was reason enough for her to run it. Caruso and Josef Hofmann were excellent cards to play. But Mrs. Barfax had more and better—in fact, her hand was all trumps. Delicately written in on one corner of her invitations were these epoch-making words, "To meet Mrs. Cooper"!

There was never in my own mind any question as to which of the two parties I should attend, and I had no great doubt as to how others would behave. But I had no intention of waiting till the 15th to know more. I got my card by the four-thirty delivery and in fifteen minutes I was afoot on the Avenue on my way to Stella Barfax's. And from now on the story is my own as much as Johnny Fairchild's, which, since I had not been at Betsey Ferris's for lunch that first day, is fortunate for me.

I had anticipated something of a crush and I was not surprised to meet Johnny at the door. In the drawing-room was Mrs. Graham Perkins, probably the oldest living white woman and certainly the only person in New York who didn't know or care about Mrs. Cooper. She was about ten minutes saying good-by and going, which is, for her, record fast time. That left Ernest Wilmerding, Eustace Henry, Mrs. Knox, and Johnny and me at last. Then we went into immediate action.

Johnny murmured something about how delightful it was that our hostess had induced dear Mrs. Cooper to break her rule and go out.

Mrs. Barfax smiled expansively. Her eye twinkled. There was no fear or nervousness about her.

"Yes, isn't it?" she answered.

She still merely smiled. The nervous tension was racking. Mrs. Barfax was clearly enjoying herself. Finally she saw we could not bear it much longer, so she explained further:

"Dear Ernest Wilmerding is arranging it all for me. You see, I don't know her. But he's bringing her."

Ernest Wilmerding had been one of the original conspirators. Johnny looked at him aghast.

"You are, Ernest? Whom are you bringing?"

"Mrs. Cooper, Johnny. Beatrice is doing it for me. I tell her she ought to go out more and—" Ernest was going on fatuously when we suddenly became aware that Eustace Henry had risen to his feet and was like a black thundercloud overhanging us all.

"*I* had hoped to have the pleasure of introducing Mrs. Cooper to you, Mrs. Barfax. In fact, I was talking with her about it last evening. And it's rather curious that she said nothing to me about Ernest Wilmerding or any arrangement he had made."

Mrs. Barfax already looked ten years older. "Ernest!" she gasped.

"I was talking with Mrs. Cooper last evening myself," he said, in what I believe is called a low, tense voice. "There is no possible question of her not coming to you. You may trust me."

"I'm not sure I do, Ernest," she answered, with a helpless, lost kind of laugh. And as Eustace brightened at this, "Nor you, Eustace, either," she said. "Oh, what is it all about?" she wailed.

"It sounds to me," I ventured to suggest, "as though they were not the same Mrs. Cooper."

Johnny rose now, fairly pale with emotion. "There is but one Mrs. Cooper!"

I do not mean to be irreligious, but he had somewhat the air of Mohammed reciting his creed.

At this moment Mrs. Knox, who is at heart a light-minded, trivial woman, laughed. It relieved the strain.

"Eustace," said Mrs. Barfax, turning to young Mr. Henry, "does your Mrs Cooper live at fifteen and a half East Sixty-fourth Street? Is she an extremely pretty and cultivated woman with lovely golden hair? Is she a friend of all of you? Is she *the* Mrs. Cooper?"

"My Mrs. Cooper," replied Eustace, with a very dark, passionate air of pride, "is an extremely pretty, cultivated woman. She is a friend of all of us—except possibly Ernest. She is *the* Mrs. Cooper. But she has, as a matter of fact, lately given up her house and is at the Ritz. Furthermore, she has almost black hair; indeed, she considers bleached golden hair the height of vulgarity."

This all may sound comic, but to us there the note struck was rather of tragedy. Mrs. Barfax trembled on the verge of tears. Johnny was better controlled, but he seemed as one who stood in the wreckage of his life's fairest work. He looked very noble, it is not to be denied.

"Mrs. Barfax," he said, "*I* will tell you the truth. There is no Mrs. Cooper."

"Oh, dear me, dear me! Is she dead?"

"No; there never was any Mrs. Cooper. We invented her."

He explained things a little more to the stricken woman in a grave, sad voice.

"We made for her," he finished up with, "a position in New York such as never was by sea or land."

THE PRINCE WAS ALWAYS LEAVING EVERYBODY TO GO TO HER

THE STATE OF TENSION GREW TILL THEY WERE BELLIGERENTS

"That's the sickening waste of it, quite apart from my trouble," observed Mrs. Barfax. "This wonderful social position, and no one to use it."

At almost the same moment Eustace and Ernest burst forth, as one man, "That's what we thought."

Each, so it appeared, had been trying to hatch a Mrs. Cooper, if that phrase is permissible.

Ernest showed us his Mrs. Cooper's photograph—he carried it in a green morocco case. She was, quite unmistakably, Trixie Cooper who had been in "Oh, Pshaw!" though I'm sure no one ever knew then that she was Mrs. anything. She had left the stage and seemed to disappear. Now everything was explained.

Eustace had, unfortunately, no photograph. His Mrs. Cooper was, as her raven locks made plausible, slightly Oriental in origin, but very highly, though distantly, connected with the London Rothschilds. She was an enchanting creature, so Eustace averred. So she is, I can now testify.

"But, dear boys, it doesn't seem to me that either of them will exactly do as *my* Mrs. Cooper, as Mrs. Morpont's Mrs. Cooper," came from our hostess.

"Well, perhaps not," we all agreed. In any case, to choose either of these ladies seemed to involve bloodshed between their respective champions, who continued to look death and destruction at each other.

Mrs. Barfax was despairingly turning over the telephone-book.

"There are such a lot of Mrs. Coopers!" she wailed.

"How about Edgar Walton's?" I asked.

"Has he a Mrs. Cooper?" she asked.

"It would seem that every young man in New York society has one, except me," I commented. "But as I remember the story Johnny told me, Edgar had his first."

There was no time wasted. The but-

ler telephoned Edgar, who was discovered at the Knickerbocker Club, and told him to come to Mrs. Barfax's on a matter of life and death. We were exhausted and had tea. Johnny and the belligerents had whisky and soda, and our hostess explained that she was ruined and might as well leave New York. She was even cheerful in a kind of hysterical way, and we discussed whether socially she could ever make her way in Brooklyn. Finally Edgar arrived, breathless.

"Do you know Mrs. Cooper?" Mrs. Barfax asked before he was fairly inside the door.

"I do."

"But I mean really. No joking."

"But I do really. I was never joking about her." He smiled almost patronizingly at us. "I never much cared for you fellows' joke."

"Is she radiantly beautiful and the most charming creature in the world?"

"I think so," said Edgar.

"Is she really Mrs. Cooper?"

"No, she really isn't."

"I knew it," said Mrs. Barfax.

At this Edgar only walked over to his hostess's writing-table and appeared to hunt among her letters.

"Ah," he said, holding one of them up. "You haven't opened it yet. It's the announcement. We were married very quietly two weeks ago at her uncle's in St. Louis. We've just got back. It's been more or less of a secret till now."

"St. Louis!" gasped Mrs. Knox.

"You married her?" screamed Mrs. Barfax. "Well, you can divorce her! In time for the fifteenth. You should be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Walton."

It didn't appear he was. He started to tell us how she was in mourning and that that was why it was all quietly done, etc., etc. —all things quite unconnected with the present emergency. But no one much listened. Everybody talked at once, but from time to time you could hear Mrs. Barfax insisting that she was a lost soul.

All joking aside, her position *was* excessively awkward.

By this time it was about six-thirty and what now happened was historic. Mrs. Barfax was continuing to lament.

"Of course," she said, "I was trying to spoil Mrs. Morpont's party. Now she'll spoil mine and me and make me just a scoff and a byword in New York."

It seemed reasonably likely to happen when—well, there was a hurried movement outside the doors. Two footmen opened them, quite as if they were admitting royalty. And there stood a radiantly beautiful creature, her eyes twinkling with humor and her very presence radiating fashion. She was all that Mrs. Cooper should be. Naturally, since she was Eva Morpont.

"I just had to come, my dear," she

"MRS. BARFAX," HE SAID, "I WILL TELL YOU THE TRUTH. THERE IS NO MRS. COOPER"

THERE STOOD A RADIANTLY BEAUTIFUL CREATURE

said, as she advanced to Mrs. Barfax. "I think you are too wonderful and too darling and too humorous. I've been horrid to you, but when I got that enchanting invitation of yours I saw that I must know you better."

Mrs. Barfax and Eva clasped hands. They are both, in their ways, great women. Mrs. Barfax, for example, made no attempt to explain anything; she just let Eva have her head.

"We don't want two parties spoiling each other that night. Now, my dear Mrs. Barfax, shall I come to yours or will you come to mine?"

"Your invitations were out first," replied Stella Barfax. "I think I'll come to yours."

"That's nice of you, dear. And really it's just as well. I've just come from Beatrice Cooper's. She's not well, and the doctor has ordered her South at once."

"I think I'll join her at Palm Beach later," said Mrs. Barfax.

"Do, dear! She's so fond of you, I know," replied Eva.

The two ladies are now great friends. But no one but Mrs. Cooper could have brought them together. In fact, there just is no one in New York like Mrs. Cooper. There never has been.

The Wind in the Hemlock

BY SARA TEASDALE

STEELY stars and moon of brass,
How mockingly you watch me pass!
You know as well as I how soon
I shall be blind to sun and moon,
Deaf to the wind in the hemlock-tree,
Dumb when the brown earth weighs on me.

With envious dull rage I bear,
Stars, your cold, complacent stare;
Heartbroken in my hate look up,
Moon, at your bright immortal cup,
Changing to gold from dusky red—
Age after age when I am dead
To be filled up with light, and then
Emptied, to be refilled again.
What has man done that only he
Is slave to death—so brutally
Beaten back into the earth
Impatient for him since his birth?

Oh, let me shut my eyes, close out
The sight of stars and earth and be
Sheltered a moment by this tree.

Hemlock, through your perfumed boughs
There moves no anger, no grim doubt,
No envy of immortal things.
The night-wind murmurs of the sea
With a veiled music ceaselessly,
That to my shaken spirit sings.
From their frail nest the robins rouse,
In your pungent darkness stirred,
Twittering a low, drowsy word—
And me you shelter, even me.
In your quietness you house
The wind, the woman, and the bird.

You speak to me and I have heard:

If I am peaceful, I shall see
Beauty's face continually;
Feeding on her wine and bread
I shall be wholly comforted,
For she can make one day for me
Rich as my lost eternity.

Misunderstood Rhythms

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

IN these unfinished days we can write down nothing with finality. If we would record the times with any truth, we must forego the use of periods and force our sentences to no full rounded end. A phrase, a single word, detached and without context, striking itself out above the tumult, bears more significance than all the careful argument of yesterday. Perhaps, if we are to make a record at all, we shall need to employ a kind of futuristic scheme—the method of the imagists—of Gertrude Stein—and put down each word as it comes to us, no matter how absurd it seems. For constantly, recurrently, struggling out of the chaos, some meaning seems trying to make itself plain. Out of the discordant mêlée, some mighty harmony is striving to resolve itself. Themes emerge, tenuous, fragile—sink, and emerge again—strange, fragmentary rhythms—chords sudden, dominant, and loud; all to be overwhelmed and lost, at last, in the tremendous cacophony of the age.

Here, then, I shall attempt to capture and set down, with a more or less impressionistic pen, certain of those same fragmentary rhythms which, recurring frequently enough, and vibrating upon the memory of other rhythms heard long since, and causing them to sound anew, have seemed to me at least to compose themselves into one such clearly discernible theme.

You remember the marching armies of France. If not there, you have seen them here, in the war pictures, on the screen. And you remember how they seemed not to be marching at all, but just so many individual soldiers going forward together in the same direction; so many highly personalized Frenchmen trotting happily along, some with long steps, some with short, diminishing, accelerating, no attempt at keeping time, the same diversity in dress, in equipment, in mood, expression, temperament. We were puzzled at first, and then we laughed a little, and said, "Do they call that marching, I wonder?" We had in mind our own straight ranks—left, right, left, right—every footfall exact, every angle alike, every movement the same—parts of a single body, moved by a single brain. We thought of them pridefully; there at least no one could touch us; there we were really superior! For a long time in France we Americans gave one another a little fraternal, indulgent smile whenever there passed one of those ragged-edged detachments of veterans in horizon blue, *musettes* bobbing grotesquely about their waists, some straggling, some hurrying to get ahead, but all keeping in a kind of general way together, as they moved along the middle of the street, on the way, perhaps, to entrain. "Marching!" we would say, knowing, of course, what we meant.

But, though much of the old order changeth, pride still goeth before a fall. One day, watching some French military manœuvres near Paris, the wife of an American army officer stood by my side. Across the field before us formations of soldiers moved, progressing with that curious, unrhymed, running step, met, wheeled, weaving and interweaving intricately, to emerge in formation again—all with that astonishingly informal effect of keeping together spontaneously.

Beside me the American officer's wife spoke suddenly, "How beautifully they do march, these French!"

"What!" I said. "What! After our men?"

"But the French are the most perfect marching men in the world," she said.

I knew that she, as an army woman, ought to know more about such things than I, but, if she said *that*—well, it was

only another evidence of that ridiculous prejudice some Americans have for everything French, and I couldn't let it go.

"They're so—unmilitary," I said, "from our point of view!"

"They hold all records for forced marches, endurance, and speed. Nothing need be more military than that!"

I began to see that she meant it, then.

"But they don't even keep time! They've no sense of *rhythm*, as our men have—"

Her astonishment stopped me. "Rhythm?" she cried. "*Rhythm?* Look!" She gestured with one gloved hand. In one compact blue cloud the soldiers advanced, sweeping toward us across the field. "See how they flow," she said, "like water, like sand; not a forced step among them; it's the rhythm of the mass, *mass rhythm*, that they've achieved. Surely you must see how beautiful it is!"

And abruptly I saw. The scales, so to speak, dropped from my eyes, and I could see the truth of what she had said, and the beauty of it, too. The French swept forward, a rhythmic mass, composed of many intricate rhythms, the contributing, collaborating rhythms of many men, more complete and compact than our own, which, after all, is but an infinite multiplication of one rhythm —no counterpoint, no shading, and no subtlety.

It is the difference between Debussy and (irreverent comparison!) Sousa.

That day opened my eyes to many things. I saw that it is that same quality which runs through everything in France. It is in their intricately shaded thought, in their music, in their art, in their apparently frivolous accomplishment of serious deeds. All Americans must have felt it at first. I recall a remark of my own, repeated with some frequency during the first weeks I spent in France. It was to the effect that I was surprised to find that the French, who, I had always been led to believe, were a graceful, lyrical people, had, in a crowd, in shops, in the street, no sense of rhythm at all. For at first we are jostled and elbowed in the street, or, what is more annoying, always just escaping being jostled and bumped into and elbowed. We complain that the French never seem to know where they're going; they never flow as our crowds do at home. We decide that it must be because Americans have better nerves than the French, and better manners, oh, far better manners, in public. And we forget that it is *our* nerves that are frazzled in trying to elbow *our* way through the French crowd, and that they continue self-centered and gay, not even aware of our remarks or our rage. We think with longing of the old crowds in New York, flowing incessantly along in two steady, amiable streams, one up and one down. And then we notice that the Americans who have lived in Paris for several years seem to have no such trouble as we. And after a while we ourselves come less and less to clash with them; we are beginning to get on within the rhythm, so to speak. And we perceive a kind of "filtering" process going on—for that is the word which best describes the movement of the Paris crowds, they "filter," fast or slow, so that within the confines of Paris a vast movement, at once harmonious and intricate and difficult, goes on—a filtering process, as of thousands of separate little particles, well defined, no two alike, bound hither and thither on projects of their own, yet all making up Paris, and so all France.

The little railway trains with their miniature engines trundle about over France like absurd baby-carriages, and arrive with irritating promptness at the most remote destinations, deposit your luggage with equally irritating completeness on the platform, and trundle off, hooting ridiculously, into the distance. Nothing is more maddening to an American on his first stay in Paris than the efficiency of the underground "Metro" trains. We get our educations in the Subway in New York, but lose yourself for an instant in a paper or magazine in the "Metro," and you've run past your station, no matter how far distant it had seemed. And the intricate simplicity of the signs and colored maps at every stop, sending you right in spite of your determination to get lost!

These experiences are multiplied a hundred times a day. One sets out to go to the Boulevard des Batignolles. One

finds oneself in the Boulevard de Courcelles. It is surely the neighborhood. It ought to be, one feels, the very spot. One goes on a few paces and inquires of a gendarme the way to the Boulevard des Batignolles.

"*Ici, madame!*" says the gendarme, bowing and spreading his hands to indicate the very street in which one stands.

"But this is the Boulevard de Courcelles!"

"*Non, madame, c'est le Boulevard des Batignolles.*"

"But the sign!" One points over one's shoulder to the sign, not ten steps back.

"Ah! Where the sign is, *oui, madame*, that *is* the Boulevard de Courcelles! Here, where madame stands, the Boulevard de Courcelles has become le Boulevard des Batignolles!"

And there you are! Arrived, yes, but not *regularly* arrived. One would almost rather not have arrived at all! And there is nothing, nothing whatever, to be done to the gendarme.

I remember a strapping blond fellow, American, whom I overheard in the Boulevard des Capucines inquiring the way to the Boulevard des Italiens. The gendarme assured him, gesturing, that it was immediately before him; he was already there. The American glanced along the street, recognized apparently some landmark of the Boulevard des Italiens, glared at the gendarme an instant, turned, and as he turned he said, aloud, "Damn!" and marched on in disgust.

All this, you see, is just as soothing as it would be to dance a slow, dreamy, swinging waltz with a partner who insisted upon jiggling and hopping and putting in fancy steps.

A matter, purely, of tempo—of rhythms, conflicting, misunderstood.

Here, then, emerges the theme. And, once the theme has appeared, how quickly the variations and the progressions write themselves!

Has every race a rhythm of its own? Is that the secret of our difference? Occultism, that mad, estranged little sister of Science, would cry out, delightedly, "Yes!" but that is her trouble—she has never learned to say "No." Musicians know most about rhythms, but if I were a musician, I should in all probability be fascinated by the mere idea, and begin composing a concerto for my favorite instrument based upon the theme, without the slightest interest in its falsity or truth. Mathematicians should know; but if I were a mathematician, well, that is what I should be. I should likely insist that two and two make four, and be entirely unable to understand how two and two make sometimes twenty-two.

No, I submit that this is a matter for the layman's view; that for this kind of thing, glimpses are truer than examinations, more accurate than scrutinies. . . . You see, I cry, "King's excuse!" before we begin. I absolve myself from responsibility. I am only telling you things I have heard and seen, and the speculations they have set going in my mind.

In the West, I had a Japanese girl friend, named Toyo. And one summer night we were walking together along the street of the California town where we lived, when for the first time it occurred to me that, since she was wearing American shoes (she wore always Japanese dress, except for the shoes, which were like my own), there was no earthly reason why she should shuffle along like that, with those silly mincing steps, four to my one.

"Toyo," I said, "can't you walk any other way? *Must* you walk like that?"

She laughed, and her merry black eyes glinted little lights. "No," she said. "I can walk like you, if I try. See! This is American girl!" She was before me, striding widely along, in the most grotesque and inimitable bit of pantomime,—Toyo, demure, exquisite little Toyo, her arms, free of the flowing sleeves, swinging exaggeratedly to the athletic stride of an American college girl! Suddenly she paused and looked back at me, her graceful head poised in an attitude purely Japanese. "You like it?" she asked. "That is you!" and prepared to go on again.

I caught her sleeve and pulled her back to my side. "Please!" I begged. "Please! Never do it again! *Are* we as dreadful as that?"

"It is for *you*," she said (her pretty hands were folded again within the voluminous sleeves), "but it is not for *me;* I am Japanese." She was shuffling

along softly beside me again, four steps to my one. . . .

Is not that same diminished rhythm plain in everything Japanese? In their art, their speech, their architecture, in the agile receptivity of their minds? Is it not that difference of rhythms which makes me, though an inch under her height, look and feel a giant in Toyo's Japanese garden, while she, in her flowing robes and her little shuffling step, seems so perfectly to harmonize?

Why is it that the tone of the voice changes, takes on a different key, when speaking a foreign tongue? Why must we shout German, and use an unnatural heaviness of tone, and thumping gestures to correspond? Why do we speak French in a higher key, and faster than English, and spread the hands, and lift the eyebrows, and shrug the shoulders, and, I actually believe, think of more graceful, witty things to say? Is it that we adopt unconsciously the vibration, the rhythm of the people whose language we speak, and that languages are built out of the harmonics of the race?

There are the Chinese, who remain unknown to us because they live within a rhythm which we do not understand. We speak of the "inscrutable face" of the Chinese; yet the faintest flicker of an eyelid is as expressive among Chinamen as a complete facial contortion among men of an Occidental race. Their music we usually, on first hearing, deny to be music at all. We are not hearing what they hear. They make use of enharmonic intervals too subtle for our Occidental ears. Their speech is made of delicate inflections, shaded intonations; their poetry and art reflect them, too. And their philosophy is realmed in such alien spiritual overtones that we call them heathen, and send missionaries to give them a solid base to build upon.

And so it goes. Who will deny the unity that runs through Spanish life? The sun-filled valleys, and the rugged, cruel hills. The languorous dance, and the sudden stamping heels. The soft, accented speech. The sentimentalist—and the quick hand on the hilt. . . .

And who will say that Russian music and the Russian ballet have not done more than all the books to elucidate Russia to us? A stage filled with people, leaping, stamping, whirling, turning, at a tremendous speed, and through it always a kind of tragic gaiety, an irresponsible profundity, which filled us just at first with a sensation half akin to fear. Nijinsky in "Petrouchka," grotesque though he was, will forever remain one of the most deeply pathetic figures of the stage. How he accomplished it I do not know. Perhaps it was the music; perhaps it was Nijinsky's art. Whatever it was, it was something ineffaceably Russian. One could merely acknowledge and accept it as that.

Who has heard "Boris Godunow" this year and not felt that he has veritably witnessed the tragic disintegration of Russia to-day. "Boris" has ceased, mysteriously, to be the Czar of the opera, and has become, instead, the anguished soul of Russia itself. There is an almost too vivid analogy in that bit of "insane music" at the end of the second act, where the lurking madness of Boris overtakes him alone, when the music becomes for an instant so intolerably, so subtly disintegrating that all one's faculties seem undermined, and one must in another moment cry aloud for some power to stop the insanity, for any authoritative force to take its place. One would welcome Lenine, or the old Czar, so he proved himself sufficiently strong to command.

But no one, so far as I know, has blamed Moussorgsky for the Russian tragedy. Yet we have heard often, and seriously, that Wagner's music caused the war.

They say that Wagner's message of violence entered into the soul, the will, and finally the body of the German people; that Wagner set going in their minds the rhythm of violence, the dream of power through might, and so brought on the war. I, for one, would rather lay it to the docile sentimentality of the old German songs, which set up a rhythm the outcome of which was to make it possible for them to heavily, unquestioningly, repeat a thing until they believed it to be true, and to go on repeating it until it grew into a kind of fanaticism, and they moved, self-hypnotized, to their own doom.

We should not forget that Wagner was a revolutionist, and spent years in exile for refusing to conform. He was a

builder, and a sustainer of principles. I came across, in moving last autumn, a little ragged, bethumbed note-book filled with all sorts of things in the handwriting of the intense young person I must (from the note-book) have been at nineteen. In it I found a page written after hearing Wagnerian music for the first time, played by an orchestra in Texas! No, incredible as it may seem, I had never heard Wagner until I was nineteen. Nor, doubly incredible, had I ever been told how sadly my culture lacked. We were pioneers, and in the little Western towns where we lived the few people who had pianos were not up to Wagner, nor was he a topic of daily conversation in the home. There was the town band, which—well, as to fanatical repetition, I spoke feelingly a moment ago; I know what it drives people to!

And so, since the young person who wrote it can never return to convict me of plagiarism, I submit that note as the evidence of an entirely unprejudiced witness almost phenomenally free from outside influence in the case of Wagner. It begins with the splendid authority of youth, thus: "Wagner plays on all the seven planes at once. One hears the changeless inanimate base of solid rock—the vivifying growth of vegetable life—and the stirring abroad of animals; then through all the planes of man's existence—physical, emotional, mental, spiritual—until the music seems to leave the body, mounting higher, finer, free of earthly things, up to the very summit of heaven itself. I think there is not an atom in me unresponsive to his music—all at the same instant—even to the 'permanent atom' that is myself and knows what I am not aware of knowing. I am swept up and abolished into it." Well, I couldn't have written it to-day. I could not be so sure. I have cluttered my head with too many things, and have heard all the things that people say, and listened to fierce arguments of partisans. But the responses of that age are fresh and true, and music that can have that effect upon nineteen is not bad, is not destructive music, but curative. Heroic treatment, to be sure, but it is of that the world has need. And I believe and pray that there are men in Germany to-day whose souls are tuned to those great harmonies—men who, like Wagner, refuse longer to conform, who have broken the chains of tyranny, and who also will prove themselves builders, and sustainers of principles.

And now, ourselves! Is it possible to segregate, out of the medley that is in America, a rhythm strictly our own? We come back to our soldiers again. When our men went into uniform and began to appear on our streets, singly, in groups, and in parades, we saw, with a start of surprise, that those men bore the features of an unmistakable race. And those uniforms revealed other and deeper unities, equally new to us. In France, where all the races of the world were gathered during the war, one saw the contrast best. One saw why the French spoke always of the "calm" of the Americans, of their "gravity, their youth, and their size."

"Who are these giants," a writer in a Paris journal asks, "who walk calmly by, looking in at our second-story windows—giants imperturbable and blond, with the serious faces of youth?" And again, "There is a smaller model, more slender, and more fine, *un modèle supérieur*, but cast in the same mold." So their unaccustomed eyes discerned and emphasized the type. And so it seemed revealed to us. So we discovered how true, in spite of its many crossings, the Pilgrim stream has run. How, in our look, our manner, our speech, and in our very gait, there is still somewhat of the sober stride of the Puritan fathers on their way to church. And in the music to which we march is an echo of their old straight-rhythmed hymns. It is not in New York that we see and hear these things, for there we have had to adjust ourselves to many alien steps; but America of the Middle States, of the North, of the South, of New England and of the West, there the rhythm beats, strong and dominant and sure. Our music, that which was really American, was built into that regular straightforward rhythm. You remember our popular songs, our two-steps that had whole phrases taken from Methodist hymns, so that going to church became an ever-present vexation to the feet.

Musicians of the later generation grew

impatient of that staid rhythm, and realized, all of a sudden, it seemed, that something must be done to break its regularity. And so they went at it in their own "American" way, which was a direct and dominant way. They took a hammer and broke it, and so created, if a process of destruction may be called creation, our American syncopation, our "broken time," and so, in a climax of destructive creation, "jazz."

That more lasting, beautiful, and artistic things will come of this same impulse, are coming now, have come, indeed, is evident every day. A young American is at work now upon a composition for piano, which he calls "Kaleidoscope," passages and bits of which I have had the fortune to hear. It reproduces, in music, precisely the effect of that delightful optical toy in which we see, by merely turning it in the hand, an endless successive variety of beautiful colors and geometrical designs. He brings to completion his harmonic design, crystallizing it static an instant, then letting it fall apart into its myriad colored notes, which resolve themselves immediately into another design, more brilliant, more barbaric, more fairy-like, than the last. Now and then one is held longer than the rest, as if a child held the toy breathless in his hand, trying not to move, hoping *that* design would stay — a tremor, a slipping of one or two bright particles out of place, and suddenly the whole figure is gone, and there before the eyes is a new one equally lovely and strange. It is as ingenious, as simple in structural plan, and as fascinating to the grown-up's ear as is that amazing toy to the grown-up's eye.

In all this runs the quality truly American and truly of to-day. There is youth, and the old dominant rhythm which is our heritage and which will remain always ours; but there is also the new thing—we have become testers, impatient of old forms no matter what their excellence, ardent devotees of change. And we are discovering beauty with a never-ending amaze.

Some, to be sure, have traveled, and have brought back sophistication from foreign lands. They have thought to drown out the old rhythm with others more to the cosmopolitan taste. But the old dominant rhythm is going on all the time underneath, so that the others but jangle them both out of tune.

And this, perhaps, may be the meaning of the theme. If, in the vast orchestration of the earth, each race has a part to play, a rhythm to sustain, and if we could be persuaded to conceive of it so, might we not each well grow more zealous that our performance be not, at any rate, the one to disturb the harmony? Should we not more carefully attend to the beauty and perfection of our own individual score than if we believed it to be merely a solo part, dependent upon nothing, nothing dependent upon it? And perhaps we should be brought to see how its value lies in its difference, as does the value of every part, and, for pride in the symphony, be more vigilant to respond to the great Maestro who conducts.

Poppies

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

WHEN I grow old
And dull and cold,
I'll warm myself again
Where poppy petals drift and fall
Like drops of scarlet rain,
Thinking of gallant soldier-men
With poppies for a pall.
When I forget their deeds, oh then
Come Cold and Dark and all!

Praying Sally

BY ALICE BROWN

SALLY TREADWELL had been known all over the town and county, through the last half of her fifty years, as having some peculiar influence with the powers above. Therefore she was known as Praying Sally, and not only women, but men, mired in some slough of destiny, came to her shamefacedly, as their forebears may have gone to a witch by night, and begged her to pray them out of it. She accepted the task, or the privilege, with an ingenuous simplicity, and, when she was said to have succeeded, welcomed the boon also with an elation equal to her patience when the heavens failed to speak. Her own affairs were continually the subject of a silent running commentary to God. She prayed for what seemed to her desirable, yet in a perfect and listening humility, never, she hoped, for what conduced merely to her selfish gain, and ever with that accompanying cheerful confidence in the wisdom of the Higher Will, whether it withheld or gave. When the neighbors heard of answers that came pat, they were remembered to her credit, and omissions were as generously ignored. And Sally, though accessible to genuine interest in her spiritual experiences, was never boastful, even at her highest notch of faith. She was a modest, God-fearing woman who took her Bible literally, and found one promise in it so warm, so friendly, that it loomed tremendous and dwarfed the rest.

This early spring morning she was at work in her kitchen, facing the western line of hills, a slender, straight figure with a shrewd, smiling face, its soft skin netted with wrinkles, the "Treadwell nose," of an imposingly high elevation, deep-set blue eyes that pierced and twinkled, and a quantity of fine auburn hair screwed up in a knot at the back of her head. She was making oatmeal porridge at the stove. She and her sister Clelia liked it cold, with maple sugar and cream, and, besides, if you cooked up a quantity at once it saved heat through the day.

"Who's that comin' up the path?" called Clelia from the bedroom, where she lay in the high four-poster which had been "mother's bed."

Clelia was older than Sally, and she had been bedridden now since she was twenty-five, while Sally had not, as she reported, when the neighbors tried to commiserate her on her lot as nurse and housekeeper, had an ache or a pain. Nobody was surprised at Clelia's retirement from the world. Everybody knew it followed on the day when Anson Bridge was arrested and taken away on a charge of burning his lower barn to get the insurance—perhaps in impetuous young desire to advance a hasty step on his way to Clelia. She was a sweet pretty girl then, the neighbors said, and set the world by Anson. She had the Treadwell backbone, though, and it did seem queer she couldn't stand up against her trouble; but then, mebbe it worked the other way round and after she'd once took to her bed 'twas her setness that kept her there.

Sally never showed a trace of the family backbone save in her persistency toward the powers above. Yet it was remembered that some Treadwells were just like other folks until along late in life. The backbone served them through their young activities, and then it had a spasm and threw them by the heels, though always, according to their certainty, for ends of righteousness.

Anson never came back. When he was released—they "fixed it up somehow," according to the neighbors—he went out West without a word to Clelia, and there he died, and the inheritor of his name, Henry, a grandnephew, was engaged to a Treadwell—Lucy Ann. And she was Clelia's niece and Sally's. It gave

Sally a strange feeling to hear Lucy Ann, sitting by Clelia's bedside, innocently running on about Henry and what he said and what he meant to do. She felt as if Clelia were looking in a mirror at her own youth, and wondered whether there was bitterness in her knowledge of Henry's simple honesty, or whether she rejoiced in it. But Clelia had never spoken of Anson after he went away, and now she never spoke of Henry as if he wore any significance to her except through Lucy Ann. Only, as time went on, Sally thought she could begin to see that when Henry did well with his crops and brought the day of his marriage nearer, or when he gave Lucy Ann a trinket or a flower, Clelia smiled a little less wistfully than usual and said she was having a good day.

Clelia was by no means exiled from the neighborhood life. She was sweetly interested in it, and Sally was the untired messenger between her and their world. At the time of the county fair they planned their exhibits together, sometimes a quilt, or tumblers of jelly made at the exact stage of ripeness and of the clearness of a gem; and every Sunday, while the neighbors were at church, they had services, with singing and silent prayer.

All Clelia's senses seemed to be the more acute from her dependence on what they brought her, in the isolation of her state. She could hear a step on the road long before Sally, at the window, could name the coming figure, and often she told whose team was driving by. Now she called again, because Sally had not been able to leave her porridge for the minute:

"All right. I know who 'tis. She's comin' right in."

It was Lucy Ann. She came up the steps and into the kitchen with the question that, in one form or another, was the preamble of even daily visitors, though the answer was so evident that they hardly ever paused to hear it.

"How's Aunt Clelia?" said Lucy Ann.

"You come right in here," called Clelia. "Sally, you come, too, soon's you get your porridge stirred."

Lucy Ann was a tall, long-legged girl with a radiance of blond beauty, and when, in her faded blue dress, she stepped into the room where the bed emphasized its importance by its bigness, and called attention, in a dramatic way, to Clelia's imprisonment in it, she seemed to bring the morning itself. So Clelia thought, as she looked up at her fondly and felt the thrill and heartbeat of pleasure in her.

"Wild roses," Clelia murmured to herself. "Bluebirds."

"What d'you say?" Lucy Ann inquired, absently.

She ran a hand over the foot of the bed to see where Clelia's feet were, and then perched herself. Then she looked at Aunt Clelia and thought how pink and fair she was. She might be a dozen years younger than Aunt Sally.

"Rosebud yourself," she said, and smiled.

But she did not speak with her usual gaiety of tone, and Aunt Clelia inquired at once:

"What's the matter?"

Now Sally came in and took the straight-backed chair at the bedside, and Lucy Ann turned at once and seemed to answer Clelia's question to her.

"I didn't mean to upset Aunt Clelia with it, but I guess I've got to, after all."

"What's the matter?" said Clelia again, quickly.

"Well," said Lucy Ann, "I s'pose you'd have to know it sometime. Henry's enlisted."

Clelia said nothing. Only the red ran into her cheeks, and Sally noted it anxiously. But even a deeper red had come into her own cheeks as well, and she spoke before she could check herself:

"I'm terrible pleased."

"Pleased!" echoed Lucy Ann. Now her cheeks, too, showed the hue of damask roses. "Pleased because Henry's going to war? I s'pose when you hear he's had an arm or a leg shot off you'll be pleased all over again."

Two tears rolled out of her eyes and down over the damask cheeks. She was angrily ashamed of them and took up a corner of her blue apron to wipe them away.

"No, I shouldn't, either," said Sally. "I should feel terrible bad to have Henry crippled. You know I should. But you can't read the papers an' hear what's goin' on over there without hopin' every

young man 'll see it the way you do, an' get into it just as quick as he can. Why, Lucy Ann, I don't really believe you'd keep Henry to home if you could. You'd be ashamed of him. You'd be the first to feel a thing like that."

Here Clelia turned her head on her pillow, and Sally felt a quick remorse. She could follow Clelia's mind, as Clelia could follow hers, and she knew her sister was going back to the old days when her own lover had brought shame on himself and her.

Lucy Ann rose and shook her head in a decisive little fashion she had.

"Well," she said, "all is, Henry's going. I don't know what I came over here about it for. Yes, I do, too. The minister was talking about you yesterday, Aunt Sally, after he called here, and he told about your praying and everything, and how your prayers got answered. And I was doing the dishes this morning and thinking about Henry's going, and it all came over me, and I threw down my towel and ran—because I thought I'd ask you to pray something would happen, so he needn't go." The last she stumbled over because she was half angry at herself and half ashamed; but she looked imploring, too, as if, after all, her request being made, she would give it what weight she could.

Sally got up out of her chair. She was so earnest her face looked puckered to a point. She spoke with eagerness:

"Why, Lucy Ann, you don't s'pose I ain't been prayin' all this time they've been doin' such awful things over there! I guess I have. I've prayed night an' day. An' I've prayed for Henry, too. I've prayed, when our gover'ment see the rights o' things, an' we got a chance to fight, Henry 'd be the first to go. I guess I wouldn't leave Henry out, a time like this. I set too much by him."

Lucy Ann was confronting her, an incredulous anger in her face. For the instant Aunt Sally's conceded privilege of special pleader at the courts above seemed to her an actual and tremendous thing, and dangerous also. It was power, undefined, mysteriously conceded, and Aunt Sally was using it against Henry.

"You don't mean to say you've been praying for him to go?" she asked. "You've done it, then, and that's all there is to it."

She got off the bed, "like a shot," Clelia thought, and out of the room. She was angry, their Lucy Ann; she would leave the house, they saw, without a word. But Sally followed her, and under the old pear-tree, half-way down the path, she overtook her. She laid a hand on her arm and Lucy Ann stopped, though she was trembling and would not look at her.

"Lucy Ann," said Sally, "don't you see why I prayed for him to go? 'Twa'n't only because I want them devils over there put where they'd ought to be. But don't you know—don't you remember—'twas Henry's great-uncle Anson that 'most broke Clelia's heart? I dunno but he did break it. An' 'twa'n't only his goin' away an' stayin' away. I guess that was the least he done. 'Twas his disgracin' himself an' his name. Don't you s'pose it 'll mean suthin' to Clelia to have Henry come out an' take the right side? An' don't you s'pose 'twould make her live that time all over again if she found he se' down an' waited for the draft? I guess 'twould. Time an' again she said to me, 'Don't you s'pose Henry 'll enlist?' That's what started me out prayin', but God wouldn't ha' answered if 'twa'n't right He should."

Lucy Ann looked down at the eager, wrinkled face impatiently and yet in awe. This was the first time Aunt Sally had ever mentioned Anson Bridge to her, or, she was sure, to any of the neighbors who knew Aunt Clelia's tragedy. She guessed how sorry Aunt Sally must be for her to open the door into that guarded room. But her heart was sore, and there was no easement for it but the bitterness of words.

"All right, then," she said. "You're just sacrificing Henry to Aunt Clelia, that's all. I haven't got so far as that myself." And then something bitterer still rose out of her sore heart—mother, she knew, would call it wicked—and because she thought it would hurt Aunt Sally she said it. "And I don't know why I should be certain you did it, after all. I don't feel so sure about your prayers being answered. You must have been praying for Aunt Clelia all these years, praying she'd get well and all.

That's the first thing you'd do. And nobody's answered that."

But if she meant to hurt, she got no pleasure out of it. Aunt Sally gave no sign. Instead, her face shone with a light Lucy Ann had never seen on it before. It's earnestness redoubled.

"Why, course I've prayed for Clelia!" she said. "Anybody 'd know that. I ain't let up a minute in all these years. I've prayed she'd rise an' walk, an' sometimes I've been so sure my prayer was answered I've run home—s'posin' I'd been out of an errand—or come in from the barn where I'd been prayin', an' expected to find her bed was empty."

"Well!" said Lucy Ann, conclusively. She hoped the word held all the scorn and unbelief she felt; but her voice was trembling.

"Well," echoed Sally, in a high triumph, "that don't prove nothin'. Yes, it does, too. It proves 'twa'n't the Lord's will—proves it ain't been, so far."

She took her hand from Lucy Ann's arm, and they turned, each on her own way. Sally went slowly up the path, and paused a moment in the doorway to look off at the hills, where great blue patches of shadow quivered in the sun. The hills were a comfort to her, and she often begged Clelia to have her bed moved into the fore room where she could see them, too. But Clelia had grown into her place; she was vaguely terrified at even the thought of change. Sally sometimes felt if a great wind or wave could sweep her to her feet she might stand there and forget her fear.

"What you doin' of there on the steps?" came Clelia's voice. "You ain't cryin', be you?"

Sally turned instantly; she seemed to shake herself into another frame of mind, and her expression changed as quickly.

"Law, no!" she called. "I ain't cryin'. What d'you think I'd got to cry about?"

"You come here," Clelia persisted, "an' le' me see."

Sally at once went into the bedroom and bustled up to the bed, where she pulled and patted the wrinkles Lucy Ann had left at the foot, and restored the square corner with a practised touch. Clelia's face had worn a little anxious frown, but it smoothed out instantly.

"I didn't know what Lucy Ann might ha' said," she explained. "She's got a kind of a hasty tongue. I thought she might say suthin' to you—suthin' she'd be sorry for when she come to think it over."

Sally stood by the chair, looking absently at the wall in front of her and wishing Clelia was in the fore room where she could see the hills.

"Oh, no," she said, "Lucy Ann couldn't say nothin' to put me out. Besides, when she thinks it over she'll see I had to pray about Henry. I couldn't do no less."

"Sally," said Clelia, shyly, after a moment, while Sally wondered if she'd better leave the dishes and come in with her sewing a spell, the morning had been so upset, "I don't know 's I should told you if all this hadn't come up—but I've been prayin', too."

Sally looked at her in a quick responsiveness. "Course you have," said she. "We never 've spoke o' Henry an' his goin', but you must ha' been thinkin' of him, same 's I have."

"I wa'n't prayin' for Henry," said Clelia. "I ain't had time. I've been prayin' for the Germans."

Sally stood for a minute, looking down at her, the red surging into her face.

"What?" she said, at length. "You've been prayin' for the Germans, them devils that do things you can't hardly speak about for fear you'll forget you're a professin' Christian an' swear like a pirate an' wish such punishment on 'em pretty soon you'd be as bad as they be?"

Clelia, too, had flushed, and her eyes met her sister's in a quick defiance.

"I guess I've got a right to pray for what I want to," she said, doggedly, and Sally's heart sank. She saw the Treadwell coming up in her. "I needn't ha' told you if I hadn't wanted to. I wish now I hadn't."

Sally, too, had the Treadwell backbone, and she felt, with a thrill of fear over her own unplumbed possibilities, that it was stiffening within her. That was the way of the Treadwells. They felt it coming, this obstinate reaction against the world without, but they saw no way of limbering up again. Sally spoke, and her words were strange to her:

"I guess you've got to tell me a thing like that, so 's I can put a stop to it."

Clelia, her eyes brighter now and her cheeks a blaze of red, was looking up at her unflinchingly.

"I guess you won't put a stop to it," she said. "I guess I can keep my prayin' to myself if I want to."

And suddenly Sally felt a terror of it all, of Clelia's perversity, of her own anger, and of her own cruelty, indeed, in standing there to discipline a helpless creature. And yet Sally meant to keep on standing there and she knew Clelia must be disciplined. Sally was a self-contained woman who found the world so divinely ordered that she never allowed herself complaint over its obvious shortcomings; but now, with a physical strangeness of misery that was terrifying to her, she felt she was going to cry. She hurried from the room, across the kitchen, and out of doors. It seemed to her for a moment that Clelia was in straits and that she was on her way to call help. She ran down the path to the gate and stood there, gripping the pickets with both hands, and seemed to be gripping herself as well, lest she run on to the neighbors to tell them Clelia was out of her head.

Sally stayed out of doors nearly all the morning. She weeded the poppies and four-o'clocks with a wildness of energy that dulled her apprehensiveness. At eleven, when she knew it was time to get dinner started, she went in, washed her hands at the sink, and then, after a moment's doubtful pause, stepped to the bedroom door. It looked as if Clelia had not moved an inch since she left her. She lay there, bolstered on pillows, staring straight in front of her at the mirror, where she could see the top of her head, and her gaze, though unfaltering, was calm. The red had gone out of her cheeks and she looked tired and old; yet she had not, Sally saw with relief, been crying. Sally thought she could not have borne that.

"You all right?" she asked her.

"Yes," said Clelia at once, as if she had the answer ready. "I've been prayin'—for the Germans."

Sally went out of the bedroom and sat down in a chair by the sink, where the potatoes were waiting to be washed. She sat there a long time, wondering what she could do. Suddenly Clelia was like a stranger to her. Never once in all the years had she heard that Treadwell tone in her sister's voice, and here it was, and there, in evidence, was the Treadwell backbone. Yet the Treadwell backbone in herself told her Clelia must not be allowed to pray for the Germans.

Dinner was late that day. Sally carried in Clelia's tray and arranged it before her with her accustomed delicate care. She brought the little three-legged table to the bedroom door, according to their habit, and put her own plate on it. They talked a little, about the weeding and whether Sally had better put some ashes round the cucumbers. But nothing was the same. The Germans, Sally thought, had come between them. After dinner she prolonged the clearing up because it did not seem to her she could take her sewing into the bedroom, as usual, and sit down to desultory talk. But when she had finished and the kitchen was in order, she stood a moment holding absently by the roller towel where she had wiped her hands. For the first time, the absurdity of it all struck her. It must strike Clelia, if she could be made to see it properly. She went at once to the bedroom, and now she was smiling in her old shrewd, kindly way. The Treadwell, she told herself, whimsically, was all out of her.

Clelia lay as she had since dinner, propped on her pillows and looking at the top of her head in the glass.

"Clelia," said Sally, "never was such a fool as I be, lettin' them heathen come betwixt you an' me. I'd ought to seen what you meant, an' not gone off all of a whew."

Clelia turned clear eyes upon her sister. "What d'you think I meant?" she inquired.

Sally was taken aback. She was seeking peace at any price, and the price seemed to be that of her integrity. But she was ready to pay.

"Why," said she, "I guess I didn't give enough attention, an' I kep' studyin' on what you said an' not what you might ha' had in mind. Anyways, we needn't go into that now."

"What did I say?" Clelia asked, calmly.

"Why, you said," Sally answered, "you was prayin' for the Germans."

"Yes, I did," said Clelia. "An' that's just exactly what I meant. 'Twas what I was doin' and what I'm goin' to do, an' you can't stop me—not so long as my name's Treadwell."

The Treadwell backbone was pliant enough in Sally now. Clelia seemed lost, in some dread way, and she knew she must find her and lead her home.

"Clelia," said she, "just you think what you're doin' of. You're puttin' up your petitions for them creatur's the like of which there ain't been since the world was made. An' 'twould ha' been wicked enough before, but it's ten times as wicked now 't we've declared war. It's ag'inst God, an' the gover'ment, too. I dunno but you could be took up."

Clelia lay looking at her with unswerving eyes.

"I'm prayin' for the Germans," she said again. "I was doin' it before you come in, an' when you stop talkin' I'm goin' to pray ag'in."

Sally felt the panic of terror. "Don't you do it, Clelia," she implored. "I'm afraid suthin 'll happen to you."

"I s'pose you remember," said Clelia, "what father used to tell us about the first Treadwell that come over here? He come because he wanted freedom to worship God. Them was the words. They were in that piece I learned to speak, an' spoke it every last day for three years. Sometimes I say it over to myself when I lay here, whiles you're steppin' round the kitchen. An' if you think I'm goin' to stand any livin' bein's comin' betwixt me an' my Maker an' tellin' me what I've got a right to pray for an' what I ain't, you'll miss your guess, that's all."

Upon the last words she was a little breathless and Sally cried out to her in anguish:

"Clelia, don't you get all worked up. I'd ruther cut off my right hand than have you beat out talkin', layin' abed so."

"Then you go right straight out o' the room," said Clelia, "so's I can 'tend to my prayin'. Didn't I tell you I'm only waitin' for you to stop talkin' so's I can pray? An' you needn't make no mistake. I'm goin' to pray for the Germans."

Then it seemed to Sally that something snapped in her. She felt a rush of warm emotion, whether anger or not she could not tell. But she knew it was entirely just.

"Then if my talkin' is what's goin' to keep you from puttin' up wicked petitions, you'll have to wait quite a spell."

And as if some power stronger and quicker in action than her own will irresistibly moved her, she seated herself by the bedside and began to sing. Lucy Ann, coming up the path, nearly an hour later, heard the singing and wondered at the wildness and abandon of the tune. And yet it was not an impetuous tune. It was "Greenland's Icy Mountains," and the spirit Sally was putting into it was the product of her own mood. She had dashed from one hymn to another, from "Hearken, Ye Sprightly" to "Invocation," and, so far as time and stress went, they were all alike. Lucy Ann, appearing in the doorway, stood there and looked at the sisters, her eyes wide with wonder. Sally sat upright in the straight-backed chair, her eyes closed, singing. Clelia, her hands clasped on the coverlet, lay so still she hardly seemed to breathe, and her eyes, too, were tight. Sally reached the end of a verse; she felt the new presence beside her and opened her eyes.

"Mother sent me over," said Lucy Ann. "She heard you singing. She said she'd heard it one steady stream since two o'clock, and she wondered what under the sun's the matter. She thought if you were having service, maybe she'd come over."

Clelia, too, opened her eyes. "Nothin's the matter," said she, "except I ain't free to worship, same's the first Treadwell of all when he come over here an' built on this very spot where we be now."

Lucy Ann stared at her. "What under the sun do you mean?" she asked. "Aunt Clelia, I should think you were out of your head."

"Oh, no," said Clelia, "I ain't out o' my head. I'm only sayin' my prayers, an' Sally here 's made up her mind I sha'n't."

"Sha'n't say her prayers?" echoed

Lucy Ann, turning to Aunt Sally. "The idea! Why, you're the last one, Aunt Sally. You're forever praying, yourself!"

Sally did not give back her gaze. She sat looking at the wall in front of her, and her cheeks were an angry red. Clelia was unfair, she thought, bitterly, to tell the half and not the whole. But Clelia was telling it now.

"The trouble seems to be," she said, defiantly, "I'm takin' the liberty o' prayin' accordin' to my own ideas, an' that's what I ain't allowed to do."

"Why, Aunt Sally," Lucy Ann exclaimed, "do you mean to say you're trying to bother her, singing and all, so she sha'n't say her prayers? Why, I never heard of such a thing, and I don't believe mother has, either!"

"If you're goin' to tell your mother," said Clelia, "you can tell it to her just as it is. I be prayin', an' Sally's tryin' to prevent me, an' I'm prayin' for the Germans."

It seemed to Sally she must break the silence that followed this. She knew why Lucy Ann didn't answer. She couldn't, Sally thought, the revelation was so terrible. She wished Clelia had not told. It would have been better to let the wicked petitions rise unhindered than to have it fly all over the neighborhood that one of the Treadwell girls was praying for the Germans. Sally thought she might, if she hadn't lost her temper, have managed it another way. She might have let the criminal prayers fly as they chose, and she herself have prayed them down. Sally had a vision of good and evil fighting in midair. And Lucy Ann was appropriately shocked.

"Praying for the Germans!" she echoed. "Well, I don't wonder Aunt Sally's been singing hymns. If 'twas me, I guess I should have sung something different from hymns. Henry going off to war and you praying for the Germans!"

Her young voice thrilled with an indignation neither of them had ever heard in it, and Sally involuntarily gave a little moan and then clapped her hand over her mouth to keep from moaning again. Lucy Ann couldn't be right, she thought, to speak in such a tone to Clelia, and she wouldn't allow herself, Sally knew, if she would only read Clelia's face in its startled misery. Clelia was looking at Lucy Ann now as if she begged her to understand and even pity her.

"You tell Henry—" she began, and then stopped. The Treadwell came up in her again and she knew, whatever propitiation was in her mind, it was not for Sally. Lucy Ann was speaking now in the same indignant voice.

"I don't want to be saucy, Aunt Clelia. I s'pose mother would say I'm being saucy now. But Henry's going. He's going to-day. He's talked to me so I feel reconciled, and I think about it just as he does. But if you think I can stand it to hear my own aunt praying for the Germans—well, I can't, that's all. And you wouldn't do it, Aunt Clelia, if you knew how I feel. It's a pretty serious thing for a girl to be engaged to anybody like Henry and have him go off and leave her and maybe never come back. I shall tell him about this hurrah-boys. I tell Henry everything. But I sha'n't tell mother. I'm too ashamed."

She turned about before Sally could stop her, and was gone. Both sisters called after her. "Lucy Ann!" they called, piercingly, but Lucy Ann, on the path now, if she heard them did not turn.

"Oh, Sally," said Clelia, "you run after her an' tell her— No, you go an' tell Henry 'fore she has a chance to. I wouldn't for the world—" There she stopped, remembering again that Sally was her adversary.

"What be I goin' to tell Henry?" Sally inquired, ruthlessly, yet with hope. "I can't tell him you've been prayin' for them creatur's over there unless 'n I tell him you never 'll do it again."

It was a warm day, but Clelia drew the sheet up to her chin. The firmness of her small hands as they tucked it about her seemed to be asserting their determination to tuck in all her secrets and her longings.

"No," said she, "you needn't tell him anything."

"Clelia," said Sally, bending over her, the tears now on her cheeks, "you stop prayin', won't you? That's all I ask o' you—only to stop prayin' that wicked prayer."

"Be you goin' to stop tryin' to make

me?" asked Clelia, as ruthlessly, "or be you goin' to sing an' holler an' push yourself in betwixt me an' my Maker?"

Sally straightened from her suppliant attitude and dashed the tears away with the back of her hand.

"Yes," said she, "if anybody's goin' to pray for the Germans, I'm goin' to hender em, so long as I'm above ground an' my name is Sally Treadwell."

"Well," said Clelia, "maybe there's folks you can stop, but I ain't one of 'em. Now you can start out singin' an' I'll start out prayin', an' we'll see which of us 'll come out ahead."

Sally stood looking at her for a full minute, horror on her face. Suddenly she saw, not the enemy for whom she would not pray, but Clelia and herself at war. The world anguish faded into blackness beside her own. The impossible had happened. Clelia and she had quarreled.

"My soul!" she cried. "My soul!"

Clelia gave a little scornful laugh, and Sally, at the first note of it, turned and ran blindly out.

Sally made her way to the spot where she had always fled in her childish griefs, to the dark old barn, threaded by enchanting lines of light through the gaping cracks, and the ladder to the mow where she and Clelia had been allowed to burrow when the hay was low and where they had more than once found a hole with wonderful mewing kittens at the end. If she had not climbed the mow in these later years, for solitude and crying, it was not because she had had no trials, but because she had taken them to God and Clelia, and, the burden shifted, her mind walked lightly and unafraid. She climbed the ladder and stepped round it to the dusty dark where there was no hay now, and instantly, as if her knees failed under her, sank in abasement to the floor. But she could not pray. All she could do was to say over and over, the words choked by tears:

"O Lord, we've had words. Clelia an' I've had words!"

That was no sort of prayer, she knew, but it was all she could summon, and after a time she lay down on the dusty boards and clasped her hands about her head and cried violently, as a child cries, though without noise. Sally was a long time up there in her refuge, and as her tears dried and her sobs spent themselves it suddenly came to her, with that prescience she had of Clelia, as if her heart beat doubly, for them both, that Clelia needed her. She got up and pulled herself together and, catching her breath in that wretched way grief takes of leaving the body it has tortured, went slowly down the ladder and into the house again. She washed her face at the kitchen sink and then went slowly to the bedroom, not prepared with what she should say, but only positive, past all debating, that Clelia and she must not be at war. At the door she stopped. Her dream had come terribly true. Clelia's bed was empty.

Sally stood there, as it seemed to her, a long time, looking at it. Then she called, loudly: "Clelia! Clelia!" There was no answer; but when she was about to call again the clock struck and terrified her. It seemed to be striking to tell her something, and Sally could not bear to hear. She put her hands to her ears and ran out of the house and down the path. But at the gate she stopped. Lucy Ann was coming slowly along the road, her arm about so strange a figure that Sally put her hand over her eyes to look. It was a slender creature, a little bent and with disordered hair about the face. But it was Clelia, and she was walking. Sally ran to her along the road, and all she could say, when she had her own arm about this dearest of all earthly creatures, was, laughing and scolding at once:

"Why, Clelia, your hair's all over your head."

Clelia was breathless, but she laughed a little, too. "You let go o' me, both o' you," she said. "I want to see if I can take a few more steps alone."

"You've been taking steps alone," said Lucy Ann, in a warm anxiety, while they stood aside and watched her getting her poise and confidence. "Why, Aunt Sally, she was walking along this road—slow, but she was walking—and I met her, and made her turn round with me. I was coming over to say I was sorry if I'd been saucy. Mother told me to. But she was walking."

Clelia had got control of the Treadwell

backbone and she was walking now. After four or five quite decided steps she stopped and put out her hand to Sally.

"There, Lucy Ann," she said, "you go home an' tell your mother I'm out o' bed. An' about Henry—you tell him what I told you."

Sally put an arm round her again, and they went slowly on together, while Lucy Ann stood in the road and watched them anxiously, until she saw them turn in at the gate and going up the path. Then she took her own way home again, wondering if she should be as queer as the aunts were if she lived to be as old. But Lucy Ann was crying a little herself, and when she got into the house and gave her mother Clelia's message she cried again.

Sally had some ado to get Clelia up the path, she was so bewitched by the garden flowers.

"Why, Sally," said she, "I believe that's mother's old root o' white phlox! I never thought to ask you if 'twas there. You ain't got a weed. I dunno how you've kep' the garden as you have, all you've had to do."

But Sally could not answer. She helped her up the steps and into the kitchen.

"Here," said she, "I'm goin' to set you right down in the old rocker till I get your bed spread up."

Clelia allowed herself to be deposited in the rocker, and then, her head leaning back against the cushion, she began to laugh.

"You ain't said a word," she remarked, "about my clo'es."

"I've had my eye on 'em, just the same," said Sally, laughing a little, too. "I thought I was poor, but they hang on you like a broomstick." It was the short gown and petticoat Sally kept in the clothes-press to wear out of doors at her roughest jobs. "You set where you be, an' when I've got your bed spread up I'll strip 'em off o' you an' mebbe you can get a good sleep."

"Sally," said Clelia—and Sally turned about and waited—"I guess I've got to swaller my pride an' tell you what 'twas I prayed."

"No," said Sally, weakly, "don't you say it ag'in, Clelia. Seems if I couldn't bear it."

"You've got to," said Clelia. "We can't have things covered up betwixt you an' me. I did pray for the Germans, an' I prayed they'd receive what was best for 'em. And what's best for 'em is to get their come-uppance. The Lord He knows that as well as we do."

"Then," said Sally, "why under the sun didn't you say so before an' save us both what we've been through?"

"I dunno," said Clelia, considering. "I guess the Treadwell kinder riz up in me. Sally, you come back here an' make us a cup o' tea. I ain't goin' into that bed any more, except night-times. I made up my mind to that when I was crawlin' along the road to tell Lucy Ann what I meant. I said, 'if the Treadwell backbone can make me stand out ag'inst my own sister it 'll keep me on my two feet'—that's what I said."

After Battle

BY BEATRICE RAVENEL

THE guns were ranged like organ-pipes and thundered praise, O Lord, to Thee,
Their flames like flames of sacrifice went shuddering out across the sea.
We offered up amid their smoke our best, O God of Victory!

The first-born of our flesh we gave, the vision of our souls unpriced,
No gift less precious had availed. O Father of the living Christ,
Thy best the world required of Thee: no smaller service had sufficed.

Savannah Twice Visited

BY W. D. HOWELLS

WHEN James Oglethorpe wrote home to the trustees of his English Company in 1733, he gave the look of the land at Savannah in terms which graphically map it still. "The river," he said, "has formed a half moon, around the south side of which the banks are about forty feet high, and on the top a flat which they call a bluff. The plain ground extends into the country about five or six miles, and along the river for about a mile. Ships that draw near twelve feet of water can ride within ten yards of the bank. Upon the river-side, in the center of the plain, I have laid out the town, opposite to which is an island of very rich pasturage. The river is pretty wide, the water fresh, and from the quay of the town you can see its whole course to the sea. For about six miles up into the country the landscape is very agreeable, and bordered with high woods."

The river, though it still skirts the bluff in a golden tide, sweeping to the ocean so swiftly from the inland that it pushes the salt savor far seaward, would hardly be recognizable by him who first described it. The wild emptiness of the shore he saw has changed to a vision of commerce and industry, and of foundries on the banks, pouring their clouds of smoke out over a far stretch of steam and sail in the river, and beyond the river a vast expanse of docks, dense with the cotton and turpentine and resin which the railroads have brought down from the fields and forests of the whole Georgian interior to form the selvedge of the salt marsh here stretching to the horizon and fading into it.

If the river banks and the expanses of its sea meadows were estranged to the eyes of the founder, the town itself as it thickens over the plain above would be yet more incredible. The financial and official and commercial streets stretch eastward and westward in impressive succession, and the quays and the roadways to them are paved with blocks of lava and marble and granite brought overseas in ballast by the ships that for nearly two hundred years have ridden at anchor in the bold water of the stream below. Then begins that noble sequence of wooded and gardened squares which form the glory of the city. These lengthen and widen far beyond eyeshot over "the plain country" where, at the moment Oglethorpe wrote, the colony was chopping its place out of the primeval forest and building its houses in little formal rows along the river bluffs, but he was already imagining those open spaces of grove and lawn which lengthen at last into a park thrice their extent.

Each square of those expanding from the main avenue of the city has its pillar or statue commemorating the events of a city storied in all our wars, from the revolt against Great Britain to the reconciliation of the States after our Civil War. Count Pulaski, the Polish exile, and Sergeant Jasper who fell in the same fight in 1778, on the field where the oldest railroad station stands, has each his figure in bronze and monument in stone in the square devoted to him. But, fitly, first and finest is the figure of Oglethorpe, where, in the somewhat swagger presence of a cavalier of the Second George's time, one of the truest Christians overlooks in the shadow of the live-oaks the rude monolith of the Indian chief whom Oglethorpe made and kept his friend lifelong. The statue, as Mr. French has imagined it, and the whole gardened ground, with its curving marble seats, are of a respective charm which I suppose I must not say is surpassed by that of the lovely little children who play about in all the city squares under the fostering neglect of their kind black nurses, but seem to superabound in this, as if for the peculiar pleasure of the good and brave Ogle-

thorpe. I may as well also say here as elsewhere that the children of Savannah are the best of Savannah; but if their mothers will not allow this, then I think no one will dispute the primacy of the beautiful young girls, of the flapper age, who seem to be perpetually going to and from the many occasions of ice-cream soda along the wide, well-shaded pavements, after the pretty school-girls have flocked home. Still, however I submit openly in this matter, I shall always secretly cling to my preference for the little or littlest people, who, with their nurses, or in their own personal safe-keeping, abound from early morning to early nightfall; and for all reason I allege the instance of three small girls going along at twilight well outside the sidewalk in a quiet talk about school, and leaving the many whirring motors to take care of themselves. By day the children are of course safe from the electric phaetons of their mothers, grandmothers, and aunts who drive these over the smooth levels of the well-kept, and well-bricked, or well-asphalted streets; and I suppose that in the early dark a kind Providence is equally mindful of the children, even if their little steps should stray beyond the vast suburbs to the forest where along the horizon its engulfing green hides the multitudinous house-tops and countless church spires and factory chimneys.

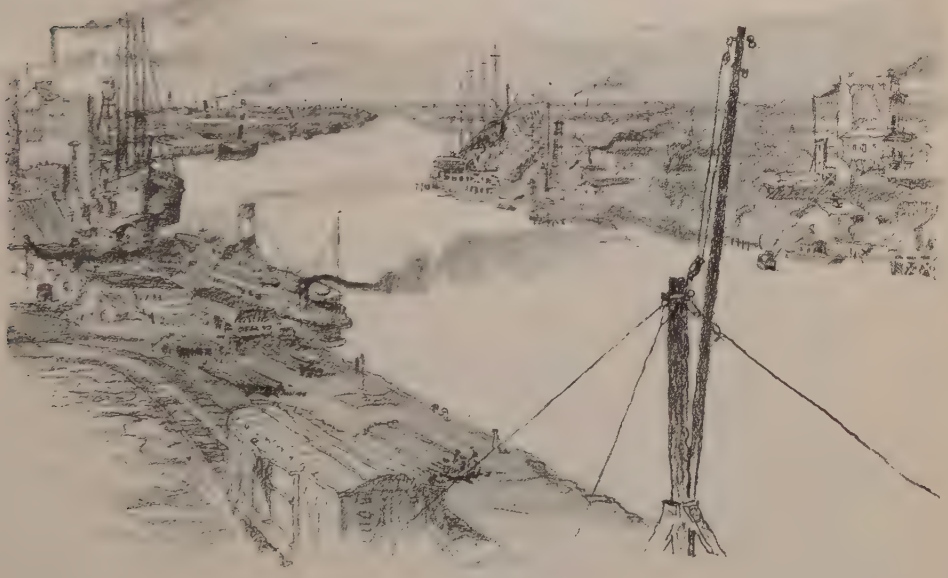
We had come to Savannah for our second visit in the earliest spring when the leaves were at their palest green, and we saw the foliage harden and thicken and darken till at last the mellow walls and roofs were almost hidden to the eye looking down on them from a high place, and the chimes from the belfry of a neighboring church seemed to peal from the heart of some dense and lofty tree, possibly one of those vast live-oaks which were letting their small leaves drip earthward in a belated autumn consciousness. Then the green tops mixed and sank together, till at last the whole thickly wooded city billowed spaciously away to a sunset sky and carved itself in a Greek bordering of black along the golden horizon. Our first visit was timed for the famous freeze of February, 1917, when we saw the buds and blossoms perish in the public grounds and dooryards, which now triumphed through an unbroken warmth with a wealth of the white dooryard roses and the milky streaming of the dogwood flowers in the other wooded squares and avenues. There is nothing of our Northern grass in Savannah, but there is the green of Italian rye which must be sown every spring but withers away toward the end of the long summer, and meantime forms an admirable camouflage of our lawns, which we now saw in its tenderest prime.

Perhaps the affection of the noble founder of the Georgian state was prophetically dedicated to its best future interests; for above everything Oglethorpe was devoted to the love of his fellow-man, though this did not prevent his being a valiant soldier and a very gallant gentleman. He served in the great wars under Prince Eugene with splendid courage, and he knew so well how to defend his own dignity that, when a silly Swabian princeling once flipped some wine from his glass on him at table, Oglethorpe, aware that he could not challenge royal blood for the insult though he could not ignore it, said, quietly, "Ah, that's very well; but we do it much better in England," and flung his whole glassful in the prince's face. It was a very Thackerayan incident which might have come out of *Henry Esmond*, where Oglethorpe's Jacobitish opinions, or any of the fine qualities which went with them in him, would not have found themselves amiss. Thackeray might have followed him with love and praise in his whole career, and would have known how to honor him for the philanthropy which, before Howard's, moved Oglethorpe to visit the prisons and to rescue the hopeless debtors in the abominable jails where they languished. He would have liked in him the manly poetry of helping these captives to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in a new world, and he would have found a peculiar relish in this generous royalist's being the first Englishman of his class to call upon the first American ambassador to England, and hail him upon the success of his country, and his own happiness in coming to represent it at the court of the British sovereign

whom the Americans had so Englishly outfought.

Oglethorpe had then lived to be nearly a hundred years old, and to be the generalissimo of the British armies. In this quality he was not less the friend of the envoy from the rebel American nation than if Mr. Adams had brought our submission to his sovereign, and he was equally the friend of every worthy Englishman who needed one. He was more eminently but not more gladly the friend of Samuel Johnson, and Oliver Goldsmith, and Doctor Johnson's henchman and superior, James Boswell. These last celebrities urged Oglethorpe to write his life, but Oglethorpe urged the work upon Johnson, who so far consented as to say that he might send him the materials for it. Oglethorpe never did so, or, if he did so, Johnson did nothing with them, but left it open for me to write it if I should live to the ripe leisure of Oglethorpe's ninety-seven years. I could desire nothing better than such an employment, for to my mind no better or greater man has lived. But life is short and in one's eighty-first year one cannot promise anything positively.

Oglethorpe not only brought to Savannah many sorts and conditions of capable and incapable colonists besides those hopeless debtors whom he delivered from prison, but he duly attracted apostles for the salvation of the colonists' souls. Chief among these were John Wesley and George Whitefield, and Wesley preached his first sermon on the site of one of the stateliest structures of the stately business section; but I shall not betray its identity because I cannot remember it, and the traveler can easily find it by the tablet in its wall. Wesley was, as his journals show, a saint of a troubled and troublesome mind, and he presently involved himself in a love-affair, or near-love, with a very lively young lady whom some of his friends advised him not to go further with. He took their advice, but when he wished to retire from this likeness of love-making,



THE RIVER PRESENTS A VISION OF COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY

neither the lively young lady nor her family liked it, and when Wesley, after her marriage with another, forbade her the communion because of her levity of make and manner, her brother-in-law took up the matter in the courts of law; and then Wesley departed out of the gates of Savannah, such as the gates

THE ANCIENT MANSIONS ARE LOVABLE

were. Whitefield was of more fortunate experience in the colony, and the traveler who goes to visit the earliest and greatest of American charities at the Orphan House of Bethesda several miles out of the town, will do well to remember Whitefield as its founder and the first great preacher there. Later Bethesda enjoyed the beneficence of Lady Selina Huntingdon, who made Whitefield her chaplain when she established that "Connexion," so called, of the English Church which promoted the cause of the early Methodists in England. Her portrait, quite impossibly attributed to Sir Joshua Reynolds, hangs in the Historical Library in Savannah, and represents a lady of rather hard-favored countenance, but of iron resolution such as could very well face down the Duchess of Buckingham, who wrote her: "I thank your ladyship for the information concerning the Methodist preaching. Their doctrines are strongly tinctured with impertinence towards their superiors, in perpetually trying to level all ranks. It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth. I wonder your ladyship should relish any sentiments so at variance with high rank and good breeding."

The prevailing faith of colonial Savannah was evangelical, but all faiths, except the Roman Catholic, were tolerated, and Oglethorpe found among his followers some forty Portuguese Jews, who at once took a leading part in the smaller commerce and a rank in society still conceded to at least one family of them. Their synagogue can scarcely claim distinction in ecclesiastical architecture, and only the beautiful church of St. John can be called dear to both ear and eye. Its spire rises from the sea of foliage which sweeps the plain to the horizon, and at the appointed hours its chimes fill the air through and over all the other city noises, on weekdays as on Sundays. Especially on the memorable Saturday when the first Liberty Loan was inaugurated, there was such burst of patriotic tunes after the pious hymns from the bells of St. John's that the hearer's love of country might well have known a consecration to his hope of heaven. It was something that spiritualized the financial moment and gave the church a primacy which in architecture must be yielded, above every other religious edifice, to the famous Presbyterian church rebuilt in exact form after its destruction by fire. The structure on the outside is of such Sir Christopher Wrennish renaissance that one might

well seem to be looking at it in a London street; but the interior is of such unique loveliness that no church in London may compare with it. Whoever would realize its beauty must go at once to Savannah and forget for one beatific moment in its presence the ceilings of Tiepolo and the roofs of Veronese.

If this is the end of our praise for sacred or civil structures, the beholder will have pleasure enough in the many lovely old mansions in the heart of the city, or where the heart once was before its life went to find other residence in the ever-enlarging suburbs. It was a fancy we cherished from the first of our first visit to the last of our last that these old houses reminded us of certain dear old English towns like, say, Leamington or Cheltenham, though it would be hard to say how or why. Perhaps it was because of their gardened keeping, oftenest glimpsed over garden walls, with roses clambering or climbing upon them, and other blossoms like azaleas and wistarias within them, and even now and then a mesh of ivy covering the whole side of a house. But we could not claim for association with Leamington or Cheltenham the mellow red-brown or the softened pink of other old houses at once so stately and so kindly. These colors brought back the sense of Latin sojourn, and perhaps it is not too extravagant to imagine the early returning from their forays into the Spanish neighborhoods below with a liking for the coloring of the old Spanish houses of St. Augustine. I do not insist; I only say that these old mansions are lovable, if not always lovely, and that the soft damp, coolish air of late March which clung about them after rain was undeniably English, if not Bostonian, and sometimes specialized itself as Liverpoolish. One of the best of them, or which earliest took our fancy, is the house where Thackeray stayed when he was in Savannah and immensely liked staying, in 1855. It was built for Mr. Andrew Low, an Englishman, and it is of the general presence of an Italian villa, or some *palazzino* in a subordinate Italian city. While the illustrator was sketching it, there came out on the veranda and down the stately stairway and then over the garden walk to the garden gate a lady like the legend of a lady living or haunting there, and transfiguring it all to Southern European keeping. Another house of supreme interest and beauty was the Owens house, famous for the visit of Lafayette when he came to Savannah in 1825. The in-

OLD SLAVE QUARTERS AT THE HERMITAGE

terior of the house naturally does not show in the picture, but it is more French than Italian and is suggestive of the sort of *hôtel* which is native in Paris, where its like may have been studied by the English architect Jay who built the Owens house and many another sympathetic mansion of such as give Savannah that effect of an English town which I have imagined. Such houses abound chiefly in and about that sequence of squares which follow up from the business streets along the handsome length and breadth of Bull Street. One of these, but not one of the most characteristic, is the Green mansion built by yet another Englishman, who left his name to it, and left it to be chiefly famed for becoming the headquarters of General Sherman in 1864. The gardened space about this is more open to the public eye than the grounds of most other similiar houses, and it keeps itself less an allure to the fancy for that reason; instead of a high, solid wall, it has an iron grille about it, graceful enough, but not so English in effect, or even so Spanish.

These very characteristic and memorable mansions can still be counted by scores, but every now and then one of them disappears through natural causes, as well as through that effect of bad taste which asserts itself everywhere, or from some real or imaginary public demand. Only last year one was pulled down to free a site for an Auditorium, but now and then one is dedicated to the general advantage with little or no change, as in the case of the Telfair mansion. As if in response to the sympathetic tenderness with which this has been done, the Telfair Art Gallery remains a collection of pictures which no other American city of Savannah's age or population can invite the traveler to visit.

The former slaves' quarters in the rear of these mansions front on the narrow streets or alleys where you may see colored people darkly coming and going, though whether they are still the servants of the resident quality I do not know. Sometimes, but rather rarely, you find in Savannah an aged black with frosty wool who boasts himself slave-born, and counts from "before the Freedom," as they call the emancipation. The phrase is touching, and in the case of one at least of these bondsmen-born, the pathos went with both respect and self-respect and with those good manners which all men seem to have in Savannah, or for that matter the whole South in comparison with our Northern unceremoniousness. Perhaps I shall here be reminded of the savagery of the lynchings which goes along with the Southern good manners, especially in Georgia; but there has been no more powerful protest against this savagery than the paper which Judge Samuel B. Adams, the most distinguished jurist of the state, delivered a few years ago. It is a pity that his paper should not be known throughout the North where the abhorrence of the Georgian lynchings most insists. These have their causes, if not their reasons, in the jungle-lust of the criminals, but in relation to our slave-born friend (he liked to speak of our "friendship") such abominations are unimaginable, and even an infraction of good manners could not be supposed of him. I should call him a gentleman if gentlemen were not often such poor things, but as it is I will call him a man, more than manly in his moments of such extreme courtesy as always lifting his hat when he spoke to us, and of first assenting to whatever we said until he could gather himself for a necessary dissent. He was a most intelligent guide to the city and its objects of interest, and if his top phaëton, which we preferred to any hireling automobile, left at last, as at first, something to be desired in style and repair, it somehow grew to seem newer and handsomer. If it had been at its worst somewhat tattered in its leathern and linen appointments, the presence of our friend on the front seat constituted it an establishment of prime quality, especially with those whose social rank he recognized when he said, one day after a round of calls with us, "You seem to know *all* our best people."

His delicate recognition of our good fortune in this was a finer compliment than could have been paid to our merit, and it kept our regard for our slave-born friend untainted by suspicion of flattery. In fact, there was no suspicion of this in

THE GOTHIC SPIRE RISES FROM A SEA OF FOLIAGE

the intercourse of the races, so far as I noticed it. What was apparent was the absolute submission of the colored people in all public matters to the rule of segregation. I never witnessed any attempt to transgress it, but the compliance was for me so nearly painful that when I got back to New York it was a relief to sit down next to a chocolate-colored fellow-man in the first street-car I took. Yet I am bound to say that in the very wide-mindedly imagined city which Oglethorpe founded there seemed no abuse of their superiority by the white people, and there was no apparent willingness to keep the blacks ignorant or intellectually inferior. The Georgia Industrial College is one of the several institutions which testify to this fact, and if I speak especially of the Cuyler Street School for the training of boys in the manual, and the colored girls in the domestic arts, it is because the visit I paid to it in the company of certain Savannah gentlefolks was practical proof of what I say. I heard the pupils of both sexes read and sing excellently; I saw the boys working at carpentry through the school windows, and I sat down with my friends to a tasteful and admirably appetizing lunch which the girls had cooked. It would not have been possible for the near-white teacher who talked with us over our shoulders to sit at table with us, but neither would this have been probable in Boston, and I think several of these kindly Southern gentry felt with me the irk of that modest man's obvious inferiority; but then I do not like to have a pure white man wait behind my chair in the character of servant. I have no right to suppose any great parity of feeling in myself and my commensals concerning our conventionally enforced superiority, but I may at least own my sympathy with one of our company when he said, in noting several of the children who looked as Caucasian as either of us, but were hopelessly negroes in reality, "Yes, that is the tragedy."

It is useless to deny a sense of the situation which remains for the South from the enslavement of the negroes in the obscure, beginnings of colonial life. Here as elsewhere, slavery was not desired at first; Oglethorpe did not want it, nor his Trustees, but the easing of

labor to the colonists by the toil of the slaves was insidious, and even the good Whitefield could justify slavery as a providential means of civilizing the Africans. When the cotton-gin gave its touch to the pecuniary profit of the cotton culture, and the institution ended in the chaos of "the Freedom," the North madly took a part in it, and turned the slaves with all their unfitness into sovereigns. This could not last, and then nothing but patience remained, the patience of the whites with the black masters changing back into servants, and the patience of the blacks with their old masters doing them the civil wrong, which seems to be the only possibility of the impossible situation. How long this can endure no one thinks or dreams; there is no tangible or imaginable outcome. The incongruity confronts the witness from every point, and when he would escape from the comedy of it he is stopped by the tragedy taking form in the jungle-lust which imperils every white woman in an unguarded house, as from invading Germans.

His tenderness of feeling for the past transmits to the young Southerner a faith in the pre-historic kindness of the slaveholding days, but no trace of it appears to the traveler. If he deals honestly with himself, he finds only ugliness and hatefulness, which in such a relic as The Hermitage becomes monumental. People motor out of Savannah to see this famous place and return to suffer from the thought of it unless they can rejoice over the shame that has befallen its pride. The mansion which was once so stately and beautiful is now a dismal presence of barred windows, and verandas flocked over and defiled by goats, with a rabble of black boys scattering over what was the lawn and assembling to mob the stranger with a clamor for money and afflict him with their shapeless dances and their version of the variety-show songs instead of the "spirituals" which he may have hoped for from them. Behind them scatter a few lank black girls with black babies on their hips, and then beyond the squalid dwelling of these lies the desolation of what had been a walled garden. On the river-front of the mansion stretch the grounds of what had been its flowery pleasaunce, but the wilderness has stolen back upon it all and the waters of the swollen river have leaked among the paths which once led to it. Beside it an autumnal cotton-field shows the husks of the gathered bolls on its withered stems, and to the landward of the mansion, under the boughs of the moss-hung live-oaks, stretches a row of slave-huts built of brick, with each a hearth and a single window to light its only room. The things have the effect of having been boastfully shown as the homes of the happy slaves who must have always groveled in them. I suppose they are now the nightly lairs of those rabble boys who were waiting our return to our motor; but only one of the huts showed any sign of habitation; and the gloom of the hovering live-oaks, with their funeral wreaths of moss, seemed to swoop down upon them.

Possibly I might have found gainlier memorials of the past if I had duly sought them, but the traveler must take his chances, and I had chosen The Hermitage as the most typical. I wished to forget it as soon as I could in my return to the charming city, where I found nothing to remind me of slavery except the slaves' quarters opening in the alleys behind those mansions which I can never be tired of praising. Out of their doors sometimes issued elderly uncles or aunties laden with whatever burden they were bearing to or from the great house or their own, wrapped in the gloom of their habitual black which I never saw relieved in either sex except once when one of the aunties suffered herself to wear a gay handkerchief turban-wise. I have the belief that this, so universal in the times "before the Freedom," could hardly have been well seen by her neighbors; and I have a like doubt for a like reason that the only surviving street-cry was not heard with pleasure as a voice from the past. Every morning, however, we had our own pleasure in it as it issued from the ample lips of an ample hucksteress who bore a wide, flat basket on her head, in the classic manner, and cried the wares which we never could be sure of till we stopped her and bribed her to tell. What she seemed very nasally to call was: "A *crab!* Buyer! *A* crab!"

and we had our difficulty in convincing her that we did not wish to buy the crabs which she took down her basket to show us; but eventually we prevailed, to her joy in our absurd curiosity as great as if she had sold us all her crabs.

These crab-women and the children's nurses, of various dusks and pallors, and those elderly uncles and aunties were the colored folk whom we saw oftenest; but probably we might have seen the coming and going of the domestic servants, who as in other Southern cities could not be persuaded to "sleep in," but had their custom of abandoning their mistresses' household at nightfall, and "sleeping out" wherever their own shelter was, with such basketfuls as remained to them from the meal they may not otherwise have fully shared with their employing families. They may have gone with this provision for their own families as far as the quarter called Yamacraw, now given almost wholly up to them, after being first the tribal capital of the Indians whom Oglethorpe placed there, and then the home of some of the proudest and finally the poorest of the white colonists. It is a very dismal quarter now, little enlivened by the aspect of leisure in the inhabitants hanging from their doors and windows or sprawling over the steps of their porches. Yamacraw is not so squalid as it might be, but it is very dispiriting from the gloom of the unpainted, weather-worn wooden houses which partake of the dismal coloring, voluntary and involuntary, of the inhabitants in their persons and clothing. One could wish they wore flaming scarlets or flaring blues, but they do not, and they probably would not think such dyes respectable. Even the young girls who wore a semblance of the modern fashions in the better quarters of the town subdued them to a quieter taste even than that of some white ladies; and expressed the abeyance of their race in all outward things.

THE TOUCHING RECORD OF A NAMELESS GRAVE

The city seemed largely given over to the white children and the young girls who kept their supremacy well into maturity. We fancied an absolute deference to their sex which it might have been mortally perilous for any one of the other sex to default in, if such a thing had not apparently been impossible; and here again I wish to testify my pleasure and comfort in the good manners of the Southern men of all classes. This Southern courtesy did not wear away with use; it was as if the men always had time for it, and I chose to believe that if I had been young or middle-aged I should have met the same politeness which soothed and reassured

my senility. I could not say whether it was ever based upon the danger of reprisal. The violence of some "lewd fellows of the baser sort" among Georgians toward the negroes is notorious, but if there was ever anything homicidal in the resentments of gentlemen among themselves, the duel is now apparently quite extinct. There is a record of it incomparably touching in an epitaph of that beautiful old cemetery which the city keeps for a playground of the neighboring school-children, and the resort of sympathetic frequenters. In rural graveyards everywhere the grief of the survivor is apt to express itself with unsparing passion, but here, beyond elsewhere it imparted the pang of indignant anguish. "He fell," this epitaph said of the dead below, "by the hand of a man who a short time before would have been friendless but for him. By his untimely death the prop of a mother's age is broken, the hope and consolation of sisters is destroyed, the pride of brothers is humbled in the dust, and a whole family, happy until then, is overwhelmed with affliction." The words must have been primarily meant for the eye of the homicide, but they wrung my heart with abhorrence for the custom which wronged him and his victim alike and made me feel its atrocity and stupidity as never before. There were other touching records in the place, but perhaps no other so personal as one which was impersonal to the point of leaving the gravestone without any inscription. A serpent coiled in the symbol of eternity, with no name or date in the circle, tacitly offered a choice of legendary sins and shames to the credence of the stranger, where time had often obliterated an epitaph or left a head-stone to fall upon the grave like some desperate mourner prostrated there. Often the stone was broken, but where this had happened the fragments were piously gathered up and set in a boundary wall of the cemetery with other fallen memorials to the effect of tablets in a church. Constantly I was impressed by the youth of the dead, whose ages were oftenest under thirty and seldom beyond forty, and I easily accepted the theory that they were victims to the pestilential air of the river-flats in the time when these were the flooded rice-fields. But one day when I noted this youthful mortality to another stranger whom I met in the old graveyard, he opposed the theory, and made me observe how commonly the early dead were from the North. In the ignorant old days as soon as consumption intimated itself to the victim he was hurried to the South, and especially to Savannah,

IN SHAPE AND INSCRIPTION THE TOMBS SPEAK OF A STATELY PAST

where the soft climate was fatally imagined beneficial in the white plague when the wiser science of our day would have prescribed the pure rigor of his native cold. I believe that people live as long in Savannah now as anywhere, but I am not versed in the statistics, and know only from hearsay that the long summer is exhausting chiefly because it is so very long, and the winter is never what we Northerners would find severe in the lowest of its habitual temperatures.

The old cemetery is now given up to the school-children for a playground, and in the adjoining common they have their games unmolested by the kindly ghosts who would not resent the forays of the boys among their tombs (often built in a grotesque likeness to brick ovens), but could not like the marauders breaking the limbs of the low trees that embowered their strange roofs, though at the worst they seemed to make no spectral reprisals. The marauders were, in fact, comparatively few, and were probably truants from a distance; the other frequenters of the place were young mothers with their babies in perambulators, and young lovers sitting hand in hand on the benches, or sauntering through the aisles under the level boughs of the milky-blossomed dogwoods. The children from the school-house next their playground were drilled one morning by a lady teacher in civil and military exercises, the girls eagerly responsive to her commands, and the boys, as their nature is, reluctantly and grotesquely, if finally, obedient. To our ignorance she seemed an excellent disciplinarian, and so did a young lady tip-toed and high-heeled who taught them old-fashioned English folk-games and dances. I remember nothing pleasanter than the times we gave in all practicable weather to this old burial-ground in both our first and second visit. In the first we felt the tourist's obligation to see the famous Bonaventure cemetery, with its grandeur of live-oaks and solemnity of moss-hung aisles, but I thought its fame exaggerated and went to it only once. I forget just where on the way coming or going we passed one of those negro graveyards which seem of a conventional pattern in the South, with a fantastic decoration of bottles and tumblers holding feathers and flowers in whatever tradition of ancestral savagery, and wildly expressing the grief of the wild hearts that broke in compliance with it.

Our second visit included Easter Sunday, which is an especial feast of Savannah, but was now spoiled for outward show by the rain that lasted far into the afternoon. The bright summer things to have been worn by the young girls and little girls, whom bright summer things are meant for by nature, had mostly to be left at home with their wearers. But no malice of the elements could quite extinguish them, and curls and flapping hats tardily dared the best of the bad weather. The clouds broke and then in the cool air youth came forth, sometimes in the company of khaki-clad figures which were so often finding their way into town from the nearest camps. A moment of vivid expression devoted itself to the white of two intensely black little girls whom no one could have had the heart to deny it, and who looked glad enough for a whole cityful of gratified children.

I am trying to believe that I know more of the social life of Savannah than the facts justify. One of the things I have heard is that receptions for ladies, especially young ladies, are often given in the forenoon, and are followed by lunches which do not prevent the ladies from going home to dinner at two o'clock, with supper at seven, when the gentlemen of their families come from business to join them. The office hours of the city, whose chief business is that of cotton, are much governed by the hours of Liverpool, where the difference of time makes itself felt in this domestic derangement. But the like derangement prevails elsewhere in the South, and fifty years ago in Boston, where very little cotton is grown, I remember people used to dine at two, and half past two.

Since the world-war involved us the ladies of Savannah have been devoted to the duties of the Red Cross, and the Gordon house, one of the most memorable and beautiful old mansions, was given up to its various work. The wonted amusements of the town were re-

linquished, though perhaps not totally; but I must recur to the experiences of our first visit if I would give an idea of the gay abandon of the young people in amusing themselves and delighting the public. There was then a whole evening of colored song and dance and conundrum, in the conventional ideal of negro minstrelsy, when they took part in the only form of drama which America has invented. They exhausted the resources of this, and then they added events studied from the colored life of their own town or country homes and remembered with affectionate fun in what may often have been the portrayal of actual character. As strangers, we were necessarily on the outside of much and could only guess at the truth of the hits from the pleasure of an audience which filled to the roof the friendly old theater (the oldest in the country), but was more wont to yawn over the drama of one-night stands.

I hope I am not very guilty in so far omitting mention of those intellectual clubs which largely occupy the Savannah ladies, as well as the ladies of our whole land. I can only plead that this paper is a less serious study than I should like to make it if I could, and that I must seem to neglect many facts of interest, when I am merely ignorant of them. We heard vague mention of picnics which young people enjoyed when the cold of the early winter made the woods safe in the torpor of the rattlesnakes; there were friends who drove us in their automobiles in widening circumferences beyond the city and showed us the reach of its ambition and prosperity everywhere; and there was one excursion down the river to the sea which was a revelation of the enterprises and industries promising a business future far beyond the great business present. Not every visitor has the luck or the leisure for a sail beyond Tybee Light, but no one need fail of seeing the expanse of the freight sheds with their cotton and turpentine in the shore across from the city, or on the city side the magnificent dock of the coastwise steamers, which is the last and loudest word of dockage in the whole world, a thing absolutely so fitted to its vast use as to be as much a thing of beauty as a painting or a flower.

As the river seeks the sea both shores find the same level with a like low boscage and the same reaches of reedy swampland, which cease as the yellow current ceases in the ocean tides. There is at one place an old fort of the Vauban design which does not succeed in being very historical, but in another there is a human event which makes a more dramatic impression. "Now, watch, and you will see her," we were promised as we drew abreast a house with a veranda opening toward the river; and in fulfilment a woman came out and waved a white kerchief in salute. "She waves the cloth by day to every ship that passes, and by night she waves a lantern, and she has done it ever since she was a little girl." The sailors remember her in every sea, and when they come near always return her salute. It was a poetic impulse, and it was one-half possible, but for the other half, the nightly half, the tradition had its difficulties for a mind perplexed with the details of waking up, or keeping awake for the moment of romantic drama.

The lure of the great river was not seaward, but inland; and I longed to take a steamboat for Augusta, but I was warned against the too great simplicity of the life on board, and eventually I contented myself with that excursion in a government yacht. The yellow waters were practicable as far as Florida, I heard, but again I denied myself and went only so far as the Isle of Hope in a friend's motor. There we visited the famous terrapin farm (a roofed-in space of the native swamp), which supplies Baltimore terrapin to the whole world, and to the visitor is accompanied by a lecture from the "farmer," which does not well transport entire. One of the most portable jokes was his scientific explanation of the difference between a mud-turtle and a terrapin of the same size; the terrapin is worth three dollars and the mud-turtle is worth nothing. Another difference appeared experimentally in the course of the lecture when the farmer made a low chirping noise to the terrapin lurking by hundreds, perhaps thousands, in their oozy beds, when they cast off their covering and started toward him chortling in tender affection or expectation of food, while the mud-turtles in their

haunts outside remained mute if not motionless.

The terrapin farm is what mostly attracts the stranger, even if he cannot afford to eat terrapin, but the Isle of Hope adds the attraction of dancing and dining for the Savannah youth, or perhaps the lower middle class. The suburb of Thunderbolt has a restaurant of peculiar merit for its fish, rolls, and coffee; and the whole region is of suburban residence and resort throughout the year and in the summer months, when the activity of the rattlesnake forbids the neighboring groves to the picnicker. Throughout the South, indeed, you must count with the rattlesnake in your love of nature, and I should be loath to give an exaggerated notion of peculiar peril in the neighborhood of Savannah. I suspected that in its season the mosquito would be a far more constant and insistent enemy even in the city itself, but in neither springtime of our visits had I any experience of it. I saw nothing even of the alligators which in the earliest colonial times are said to have come up from the river and prowled the streets after nightfall to the terror of the inhabitants, until the paternal Oglethorpe caught a monster twenty feet long and invited the boys to beat it to death with sticks. The boys liked the sport so much and the alligators so little that the sole incident of record sufficed to end the peculiar danger.

So much cannot be said of the annoyance which the colonists suffered for a long series of years from the Spaniards who came up out of Florida and put to proof the effectiveness of Georgia as a buffer for Carolina, which valued it mainly for that use. There was no trouble with the Indians from the first, for the simple reason that Oglethorpe made friends with them by justice and mercy; but the Spaniards were another matter. They claimed the whole country round about where he had settled his humanitarian colony, and he had to fight them everywhere in the wilderness, which their men-at-arms infested. He always beat them, but this did not avail, and even his siege of St. Augustine was in vain, perhaps because it had to be raised after the bombardment of the great fortress of San Marco, which still remains perfect there, but his campaigns served for the comfort of Carolina till a general peace between the mother-countries could be made to include their colonies.

In the mean time divers experiments were tried at Savannah for the material and spiritual prosperity of the settlers. Every form of Christian faith except the Roman Catholic was welcomed in its missionaries, while negro slavery was established for the release of the white settlers from the heavier labors of the field and in the several forms of experiment. It was supposed that with the gentle climate the grape would flourish and the best wines be made, but the sandy soil did not second the sun in its favor, and the olive shared the fate of the grape. From the beginning it was hoped that the silkworm would prosper, and experienced Italians were imported for its care, while it was fed from the mulberry-trees which promptly took root and produced an inexhaustible abundance of foliage for its food. It is not clear why the silk culture followed the disuse of the wine and oil culture; it was almost universally attempted, and within the memory of men still living the silkworms remained in the warm attics where they were fostered, and attested in death their attempt to justify the wisdom of the experiment made in their introduction. The cotton culture, which is now the supreme industry of Georgia, and is incomparably the greatest commercial interest of Savannah, far excelling the famous Georgia pine and its resin, was the reason why the silk culture began to decay, and forbade all competition. The cotton exchange of Savannah is not quite the cotton exchange of Manchester, but it was of a presence equally interesting as it evoked itself from the clouds of tobacco-smoke, and was of a certain authority as being a main cause of the Lancastrian consequence. I cannot say that I found it so impressively housed in Savannah, but it was incomparably more magnificently placed. A window of it hospitably lent its outlook over the river to the illustrator; and the obliging host realized to the author the difference between the long-fiber cotton of the Sea Islands and the short fiber of the Georgian uplands as it showed in the comparative samples put

side by side on his coat-sleeve, as I suppose they are shown to actual customers. I yielded my highest admiration for the silky Sea Island fiber with some such regard as one pays to rank in society, and viewed with the lessening consideration which one pays to middle and lower middle class merit, the shorter and shortest fibers of the decline from the aristocratic filaments. Cotton is still King in the South as it was before the states went to war with one another in our great civil contest, but its sovereignty is founded now upon the industry which is not bought and sold, but is practised in free competition by black as well as white planters. This seems to me an advance, and it is a comfort which I like to think Oglethorpe would share with me in his generous humanity.

I am always coming back to him, and I do not wish to leave him again in these inadequate notices of the city he founded. Of all the fathers of our American civilization, I think him the kindest, and the wisest because the kindest, and I offer to the visitor Savannah for all and full proof. There is a very Roman legend of a local Fountain of Trevi (by whatever other name it is known) and a superstition that any one who drinks of it will be sure to come again. For my own part I do not think I need drink of Tomochichi's magic source; I shall hope to return without the draught, unless something among things here ventured should spoil my welcome; but I shall trust that Oglethorpe where he looks down from his column on the Indian's monolith will invoke a friendly spirit in my behalf. I will not turn from Mr. French's brave statue of the good hero, the true gentleman, without trying again for fit recognition of its inspiration, and I will say that if Oglethorpe is not the highest praise of Savannah, then at least Savannah is a supreme honor to the Jacobite philanthropist, of whom it could be said far beyond the Jacobite prince and martyr—

"He nothing common did or mean."

The Path of the Stars

BY THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

DOWN through the spheres that chant the Name of One
Who is the Law of Beauty and of Light
He came, and as He came the Night
Shook with the gladness of a Day begun;
And as He came, He said: Thy Will Be Done
On Earth; and all His vibrant Words were white
And glistering with silver, and their might
Was of the glory of a rising sun.
Unto the Stars sang out His Living Words
White and with silver, and their rhythmic sound
Was as a mighty symphony unfurled;
And back from out the Stars like homing birds
They fell in love upon the sleeping ground
And were forever in a wakened world.

The Friendship of Men

BY MARIA MORAVSKY

THE SONG OF FATE

I SAT on the window-seat and looked out at the Neva. It was the double-paned Russian window and the frame of it was in the form of a cross. Through the dusty panes the Neva seemed even more gray than was usual in rainy autumn. The view of the opposite bank, with the gloomy Winter Palace in front and innumerable domes of the churches behind it, was crossed by that dark frame, and it looked as if that cross marked the whole picture and was an omen of its coming destruction.

I was in a pessimistic mood. All our acquaintances had deserted us. My father was being tried for mismanagement of the railroad district which had been intrusted to him. I was so ashamed of him, of Russia, of myself, of life!

The house was as silent and gloomy as the office of an undertaker. Only my younger brother, Vasia, was bright and gay, as usual. I never understood how he could preserve his joyfulness in our gloomy home of scoffers and failures. He had a touch of the *connaisseur* in his boyish soul, and he was always collecting something. At that time it was strangers.

Every Sunday he would bring a new man into our quiet flat. There were French aviators, English engineers, and various others. There have been many foreigners in Petrograd since the war began. My brother said he brought them home "to cheer up his old-fashioned family."

One day he brought a Hollander.

The new-comer was not a young man, as most of Vasia's acquaintances were.

"You are always accusing me of showing you only greenhorns. This gentleman is an old sea-wolf—a first-rate sea-wolf! Look at him!"

I lifted my eyes from my knitting (everybody was knitting at that time) and for a moment met the deep-blue eyes of the Hollander, eyes that were serious, almost severe.

"Mr. Voorick, a prominent merchant, my big sister—a very good sister—Miss Dolinska! Now you are acquainted, I may go and order some tea."

The stranger and I talked in French, Polish (the language of my mother), and Russian. He knew many other languages, and it seemed wonderful to me. Talking with him was like traveling around the world. He knew every continent, every ocean, and innumerable cities. He knew the legends of the Hindu and the songs of Japan. He was clever and strong—his arms as strong as his soul. I learned that, one evening when we had a trip down the Neva and my brother deserted us—on purpose, I suppose. We stood on the rear deck of the dimly lighted little steamer, and he talked about his future, about his solitude in the Orient, and told me that he had to leave the first of August. Suddenly he paused; then he took me in his herculean arms and whispered:

"I shall take you with me to Japan!"

Three days later we were married. I liked him, but I was a little afraid of him. I did not know that man well. He was still a stranger. I felt that he despised Russia. But I had no choice.

My father was in prison—I could not bear the infamy of it. We were poor—I was tired of it. Mr. Voorick offered me a new country, riches, and the care of a loving man. All that was tempting. And so I became his wife.

The waste yellow fields of Siberia; the great, high pines and oaks; the sacred Lake Baikal, that immense lake which is called the "Baikalian Sea" by the natives—all ran by the car window within a space of nine days. I looked at

these wild lands like one in a dream. I wondered what fate would be mine in Japan.

We Russians with our fatalistic, half-Oriental souls used to believe blindly in fate. We call it "Sudba."

At the curious stations with Mongolian names which we slowly passed I heard the sad songs of vagabonds. They were mostly refugees from jails. They earned their bread by singing. Sometimes among them are dangerous criminals, and yet the cruelest of them like the most sentimental folk-songs. Such are the extremes of Russia.

One evening I said to myself, "The first song that I hear to-night will be the prophecy of my future."

The next station was Harbin. I got out of the train. Among the Chinamen in their blue silken coats, among the Kalmucks in their rich and dirty fur wraps, stood a typical Russian vagabond in a blue shirt without belt and with *lapti* on his sunburnt feet. He sang, and the crowd listened attentively. He sang the popular song about Stenka Razin, the pirate from the Volga.

The words were beautiful and sad. It is impossible to translate it into English without taking away the wild freshness of it. It was a song of friendship—the cruel friendship of men.

The Persian princess of the song was the captive of Stenka Razin. He loved his beautiful booty. But the eyes of too many of his comrades looked with envy on the Kniajna. The wise head of the pirates' band foresaw the inevitable quarrel between his men and himself—and he threw his dangerous beloved into the waves of the Volga River, shouting:

"Take a present, Mother Volga!"

My heart grew cold when I heard that song. There was such cruelty in it; and still it was beautiful, that sacrifice on the altar of friendship. I imagined the olive-tinted Persian girl drowning in the green waters of the Volga. I heard the words, her cry for help. I seemed to hear the crew of the pirate ship utter a wild scream of horror and enchantment. I thought: "Oh, how great and pitiless is the friendship of men!"

And—that was my omen? No, no! Fate never sends us omens; it is too wise or too cruel for it! How childish and silly it was to think of such a thing! In that old folk-song there could be no answer to my future! My life in Japan would be smooth and quiet. My husband loved me. We should be happy!

I gave some coins to the vagabond singer and repeated once more:

"Fate never sends us omens; it is too wise or too cruel for it." But that dimly remembered phrase of Oscar Wilde's sounded unconvincing on the waste fields of Siberia! The Asiatic fatalism was mightier there than the light and bright paradox of a writer of the Occident. That night I saw in a dream the green-gray eyes of the vagabond singer, and fatalism conquered. When we arrived in Vladivostok I believed blindly that my fate had been foretold by the singer of Siberia.

We stayed in Vladivostok for two days; my husband had business there. One day I asked him:

"Have you any friends in Japan?"

My heart began to beat madly when he answered:

"My best and only friend lives in Yokohama. But I don't know his present address. I lost touch with him, and I must ask some one here. All the way across Siberia the memory of Rumelin was with me, but during these last days I had so many business appointments and talks that I forgot everything but tea cargoes. How fortunate that you reminded me of him!"

"You know Rumelin? You have never talked of him to me before."

"Of course I did. But I did not tell you his real Russian name. He was that young fellow who lived with me in Holland for two years; he ran over there after his first escape from the Fortress of Peter and Paul."

Oh, I had heard of that man long before. He was a famous political prisoner. Lately he had run away to Japan, but he was not safe even over there, because he was an anarchist, and the Japanese government turned over anarchists to the Russians just as they did common criminals. Accordingly, he often changed his name and address and always concealed them.

"It is he! It is he!" I repeated to myself with wild excitement. And I

myself had reminded my husband of him! It must be fate's doings.

We went to the *Dalnia Okraina*, the most radical paper of the city. The editor shook hands with my husband and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Yes, I remember you very well! You have always given shelter to our homeless exiles when they happen to run to Holland. Do you take part in the revolutionary movement now?

"Oh no! That was the folly of my youth," answered my husband, with an embarrassed laugh. I am just a merchant now. I came to ask you the address of my friend Rumelin."

The editor took a sheet of paper and wrote two lines of fractions. I understood—that was the popular secret writing. I knew the bare principle of it, but I did not know the key. And as I looked at that mysterious scrap of paper I thought: "My future unhappiness is hidden in it!" Suddenly I wanted to destroy it, to tear it up or to burn it!

But my husband put it carefully into his note-book. And we left the house where I had seen the first clear footprint of my fate.

"Sudba!" I repeated to myself. "Sudba!"

THE STINGS OF FRIENDSHIP

Perhaps it was self-hypnosis, after all? Now, when I am older, I am willing to think so. But then, when I saw Rumelin for the first time, I was quite sure that his fate was inextricably bound up with mine.

His appearance disappointed me a little. There was nothing about him to remind one of the romantic danger of anarchism; he seemed very young; he was light-haired, with kindly gray eyes. His ways—I learned very soon—were somewhat childish. He would jump and sing and crack jokes like a school-boy. His nervousness was the only indication of his adventurous past. Every noise was painful to him. He would tremble suddenly if the twig of a cherry-tree so much as touched the paper window of the Japanese hotel.

We found him in a humble hotel in Tokio, near the famous Asacusa Park. When my husband asked the little Japanese maid where Mr. Rumelin was, she answered:

"He is visiting the goddess in the park."

My husband began to laugh, and in that very moment Rumelin appeared and threw his arms around my husband's neck.

"I recognized your voice at once, and your dear, hearty laugh, old friend!"

They were so excited over their meeting that I stood silently by, unnoticed by the new-comer and forgotten for a moment by Mr. Voorick. I felt a little lonesome and I was envious of that boyish-looking man whom my husband greeted so warmly.

"Let me introduce to you Mrs. Voorick," I heard at last, and my married name sounded quite strange and disagreeable to me. I was not accustomed to it, and, besides, it seemed to me that I was deprived of my personality by that foreign name, "Mrs. Voorick."

Rumelin looked at me with unconcealed admiration. "That is your wife, old chap? How beautiful she is! Do you know, within the past six months I have never seen a white woman! Only these little Japanese monkeys."

I felt hurt when, a few moments later, the boy expressed his delight over the new pipe of Mr. Voorick:

"How beautiful it is! Where did you buy it?"

The first three days we three were inseparable. My husband asked Rumelin to live at our house in Yokohama. It was a little Japanese house, a genuine doll's house with a tiny garden. To my great surprise, there was every convenience in it—electricity and even a telephone.

The little smiling "monkey" in the bright kimona had to be my servant. But she seemed so gentle and weak and unaccustomed to any hard work that I had no heart to let her work alone, and I shared the housework with her. Rumelin sneered at it and called me a sentimental Russian *barishnia*. He treated me like a child, although I was older than he. For him I was just my husband's charming property, with whom he was permitted to play. He would bring wood for the fire, and wash

the dishes with Toyo, my maid, just to please my husband—at least, I thought so.

"Your little wife would spoil her hands with Japanese housekeeping. Let me help her. She is so nice! How did you win her?"

He might have said with the same adoring eyes: "Your Siberian *laika* is a splendid dog! How much did you pay for it?"

He liked everything which belonged to his comrade. They were extremely good friends.

One day I asked my husband how their friendship began.

"It was due to my first meeting with the Russian police," he answered, with a smile.

"It happened in Odessa, after a good bargain with the French merchants who so often visited that international port. The generous dinner with the old Caucasian wine, which sealed my bargain, made life rosy. Leaving the restaurant, I sang merrily the 'Marseillaise,' quite unaware that I was committing a heavy crime. It gathered a little crowd, and the policemen appeared immediately . . ."

I could see the whole picture and laughed.

Poor greenhorn, singing aloud the forbidden hymn on the streets of the Russian town, before the alarmed crowd! The misunderstanding between the innocent foreigner and the heavy-minded Russian policemen, who took him for a revolutionist, seemed so funny! But it might have been a real tragedy for him.

"The young student who saved me then was Rumelin. He was the only one in the whole crowd who dared to argue with the 'gods in blue.' And afterward, when I was sent to the police court, he took much trouble to release me. And —that is the main thing—he visited me during my imprisonment. He would come down into that horrible, dirty cellar and we would talk for a while."

"Did he arrange your escape?"

"Oh no. It ended not so romantically! The police were simply persuaded, at last, that I was a foreigner who did not know the law, and I was set free with a thousand apologies."

"And that was all he did for you?" I felt disappointed.

"Yes. You see, he did not save my life, or anything of that kind. But . . . sometimes loneliness is as terrible as death.

"I felt so desolate, so desperately alone in the strange city, in jail! Every one of his short visits was like a cup of cool, fresh water to one lost in the desert.

"Much later, under the influence of my friend, I took a real part in the Russian revolution of 1905. We had many struggles and dangers together."

Then it was loneliness which started their friendship! I understood it well. I missed my mother, my gloomy home, my unhappy Russia. My husband could not replace them all. I loved him too little, I knew him too little. . . . We had no common struggles and common dangers; we had nothing in common but our little Japanese home! And it was not a real one—I thought, with a bitter smile—its walls were made of paper.

The friendship of these two made me envious and angry. I was a woman, after all, and my feminine pride was constantly injured by these men. Sometimes they were so occupied with each other that I felt superfluous in the house. I was jealous, and did not recognize yet which one I was jealous of.

I began to chide Rumelin. Once, when he was chaffing me, as he did so often, about my sentimental kindness to my maid, I ran away from the kitchen so impetuously that I broke the tiny bamboo door and hurt my hand. He ran after me, caught me easily, and began to apologize. I withdrew my bleeding hand from his and blurted out:

"I hate you!"

We stood face to face, breathing heavily. He paled a little and said, plaintively:

"For what?"

I repeated with trembling voice:

"I hate you—because . . ." But I could not find any reason.

His eyes then resembled the eyes of a punished dog. Our Siberian *laika* looked at me that way when she was scolded. I could not bear it and I dropped my eyes.

Then he slowly took my hand and wiped the blood from it with his silken handkerchief. I saw the large red spots

on the blue Japanese silk. And I heard his simple words:

"You hurt your hand."

His voice was so gentle and melodious when he said that! I never supposed it possible to put such deep tenderness in a simple sentence.

From that day his conduct changed entirely. He ceased the endless talks with my husband about their past adventures in Russia. He had a guilty air and a capricious mood. After a few days he announced that our house was too small for three persons and that he would move.

My good-natured husband agreed with him and advised him to take the little bungalow opposite with the garden of chrysanthemums. It was inviting and not at all expensive. He decided to take it.

For two weeks we had scarcely a glimpse of him. He excused himself by saying that he was awfully busy with his flowers. He tidied his little garden and tended the chrysanthemums as if he meant to be a real gardener. My husband visited him frequently. I went only for a few moments at a time.

It was an exceptionally humid day in the late autumn. The sharp-roofed pagodas, silhouetted on the far horizon, seemed extremely high in the foggy air. The little glass bells in my garden rang anxiously and sadly. The salt wind from the great green Pacific moistened my hair and I felt its bitter taste on my lips.

I felt as restless that evening as my Japanese bells which tinkled plaintively at every gust of wind. My heart was helpless, homesick, and—lovesick. I knew now that I would never be able really to love that stranger, that Dutch merchant who had given me his name!

Mr. Voorick was in Tokio on business. Oolong tea from Formosa—that interested him now more than I. We women are always jealous of man's work even when we do not really love our husbands.

I went out and looked at the moon. It was big and red and dimmed with the mist. I smelled the faint perfume of the flowers in my neighbor's garden. People say that the chrysanthemums have no scent! That is untrue. Every flower has its soul, but one must be susceptible to it. All my feelings were extremely keen that evening, and I sensed the bitter fragrance of the flowers in his garden.

I inhaled their breath with delight. Instinctively I came nearer, and—then I saw Rumelin leaning on the bamboo grating which protected his flower-garden. I wanted to run away, and instead I came closer. I moved noiselessly, and he noticed me just when our faces almost touched. I was mad that night! I leaned on the same grating from the opposite side.

He shuddered suddenly, as if he saw a ghost. Then without a word he stretched his hands to me, and I clung to the thin grating through which I felt his warm body.

We stood silently for a moment. The moon became clearer and whiter. The wind from the ocean cooled my face. But he drew me closer and closer until I could feel painfully every tiny stick of bamboo which separated us.

It was torture, sweet torture! I recalled the Catholic saint who was tied to a red-hot iron grate and sang hymns with an enchanted face lifted toward the skies. I, too, would sing hymns in that heavenly hour.

My self-possession returned to me slowly.

I heard something which resembled the tramp of strange animals on the road. I recognized the sound after a while.

"Oh yes, they are rickshaws that gallop from the station," I whispered to myself, and turned from Rumelin. I thought:

"It is Mr. Voorick returning! It is Mr. Voorick returning!"

Even in my thoughts I could not now call him my husband.

Rumelin caught my hand and begged me to stay "just a little moment more."

But suddenly I remembered how he had kept avoiding me lately, and I said, capriciously:

"You care more for your flowers than you do for me. Good-by!"

"Don't go! I will explain. They kept me from you . . . it was necessary. *He* is my friend! You must understand—they kept me from you.

I wanted to exclaim, "I hate your

friendship!" but I was not brave enough, and I said, instead, with soft, womanly reproachfulness:

"I am jealous of your flowers."

"You may have them all!" said he, with boyish joy. "I will give you them all!" And he began to pluck feverishly the best chrysanthemums. White and yellow and purple and rose—a wonderful rainbow of colors, paled by the moonshine, they lay at my feet. And yet he went on picking them with a kind of fury in his movements.

"Enough! enough!" I cried. "Don't destroy your beautiful garden! You are cruel to the poor chrysanthemums!"

"I hate them! They kept me from you!" he cried, and trod pitilessly on the flower-bushes. At the same moment I heard the familiar rough voice:

"Leesa dear, where are you?"

"It is he whom you have to hate!" said I, and ran away with a suppressed sob.

That night there was a wild autumn storm. The next morning Mr. Voorick sympathized with his friend over his destroyed garden.

"Such terrible weather! Poor little chap! Why did you not tie your chrysanthemums to sticks? The wind did not leave you one good bush."

"I don't care," answered my beloved. "I must leave my house and my garden. A telegram from Russia. . . . The party needs me again."

"Why, did you not say that you had retired forever? It is very dangerous to return now, when every secret-service man knows your photograph. Do you want to be hanged in the first town of Siberia? Don't be a fool!"

But Rumelin was not to be persuaded. He said he must go! I knew that he must.

"But you will return?" begged Mr. Voorick. "Promise me, you crazy boy, that you will try to return!"

"Yes, yes, surely, after two months," answered Rumelin, absent-mindedly. He looked at me and his eyes seemed to say, "Good-by forever!"

The next day he left for Vladivostok. A week later my husband was called to Formosa and I was alone with my little gentle-voiced maid, and my restless bells in the windy garden, and with my sadness.

Rumelin returned from Russia, but I did not see him all the winter. People told me that he lived in a quiet place near Omori, in the sanatorium, and that he looked very pale and weary. That was all.

Not until the early spring did my husband return, when he had finished all his business with that new tea company. He had nothing to do temporarily. For the first few days he was gay and talked a great deal about his last journey, but very soon he became homesick. He always became homesick when he had nothing to do—this was the only time when he recalled his home in Holland. And this homesickness lasted until he started a new business. Then he was the capable old merchant again—the good merchant and nothing more!

"Say, Leesa," said he to me one day in his broken Russian, "can we not grow a few sunflowers?"

He always talked Russian with me when he was sad. Perhaps he thought that it drew us closer to each other. Perhaps he did it because he wanted to please me. He was always kind and tender when he was in a melancholy mood.

"Why do you have such funny ideas? We have plenty of other flowers in the garden. Why do you want those?"

"It will remind me of Holland. You know, around every little house in my town there are sunflowers. I am accustomed to them. I like them. You must understand."

I understood. I myself used to see these big yellow disks in the fields of Little Russia. It was so long ago, when I was fifteen. I could not understand then why they always turn their heavy heads to the sun. A little later in Petrograd my first real admirer, a young poet, said to me:

"You are like a sunflower—you are longing for the rays of happiness, your soul is always turned toward the sun!"

And although I learned at last in school the real reason why these flowers bow their heads toward the sun's rays, it seems to me even now that they do it because they love the sun greatly.

We planted the sunflowers. They grew quickly, and pretty soon they be-

came as high as our little Japanese house. Our hearts were happy seeing their golden cups. We watched them and they recalled our countries: He talked about Holland; I thought of my unhappy Russia, and the common homesickness brought us somewhat nearer to each other. I tried not to think about Rumelin.

But Mr. Voorick's homesickness did not last very long. His active nature could not stand it. He tried to find another occupation more interesting and less sentimental than growing flowers. One afternoon he paced the garden to and fro, and asked, suddenly:

"Where is my old friend Rumelin? His trip ought to be finished by this time. Has he written to you?"

"He returned long ago, so your French business companion told me. He said Rumelin is very gloomy now. He had a nervous breakdown after seeing unhappy Russia, I think. He does not want to meet anybody. He lives in the sanatorium near Omori."

"Why did you not tell me this before? I will go at once and visit him! He must have seen bad things at home. Poor boy! I must get him away from that silly place! I do not believe in sanatoriums."

The next day he left for Omori. Two days later he came back with Rumelin.

"We have been fishing and shooting in Enoshimo. We visited for the twentieth time the cave of the legendary monster. And now he feels better. Will you kindly prepare a good supper for us? We are as hungry as two Japanese dragons!"

Rumelin kissed my hand in silence. He smiled with embarrassment and was apparently glad when I left the room. When I came back they were both bending over the chess-board.

They played until midnight. Rumelin lost every game. In the last one he dropped one of his chessmen on the floor. It was the queen. My husband laughed loudly and said:

"You have lost your queen! That is a bad omen. You will not win this time, either."

"Yes, I have lost my queen, I have lost my queen!" repeated Rumelin, desperately, and for a moment he clasped his hands over his head.

"What is the matter with you?" my husband asked. "You really are becoming very nervous! Bad news from home?"

"Yes," answered Rumelin, laconically.

"I think the sanatorium makes you worse. Leave it and live here again. Your house and your neighbors miss you." And my husband patted Rumelin's shoulder. He was really fond of "that little fellow" and felt almost a paternal feeling for him. It was so painful to me!

"I cannot stay here. . . . I cannot!" repeated my beloved, with such helplessness that I felt ashamed of him. "I cannot live here!" he exclaimed once more, almost with horror.

My husband looked at him piercingly and said nothing. Then he turned his eyes to me and said:

"You look tired and pale, my darling. Go to bed! I will take a walk with my friend."

He did not say "our friend," as usual! I noticed it and shivered.

"He guesses everything! He knows everything!" I repeated, mechanically, as I put the table in order.

My heart grew cold.

I don't know what they talked about that night after they went out. But the next day Rumelin returned to his house. He lived quietly, fixed up his garden again, and played chess with my husband. But he never visited us. They played, now, at *his* house.

One day my maid came to me smiling, as she always did, although she was as pale as wax. Her lips trembled as she said:

"Oh, Leesa-San, I saw your friend!"

I looked at her in amazement. I had never seen her so excited.

"What happened?"

"The boiling water, Leesa-San, the boiling water! He lies on his bed now; he scalded his legs and cannot move!"

I called my husband and we both went over to Rumelin's house. He lay on his narrow European bed, pale and with his eyes full of pain, and he looked embarrassed and guilty.

"What is the matter with you?" asked my husband.

"Oh, just a little accident. I upset my samovar—I am so awkward sometimes, you know—and all the water poured out. And it was hot. That is all."

My husband shook his head. It was very strange. Every good samovar is carefully closed and the water should not pour out of it so easily, even if it happens to be overturned. The whole story looked suspicious.

The elderly Japanese valet stood motionless in the corner of the bedroom and looked at Rumelin with deep compassion. He had the air of a distinguished diplomat; his face was clean-shaven and perfectly immobile; only his eyes reflected the suffering of his master.

"It is such a pity that I have to go away just at this time," said my husband. "But they need me in Osaka again, as I told you yesterday. I will return very soon, however, and my wife will look after you in the mean time. Will you, Leesa?"

Rumelin's white face paled a little more when I nodded my head. He clenched his hands and said, with difficulty:

"I am in great pain. Perhaps it would be better to leave me alone now. It must be disagreeable for you, and, besides, it is time to change my bandages."

His silent valet approached the bed noiselessly. We shook hands with our friend and went out. When we were a few steps from the house with its tiny paper walls we heard Rumelin scolding his servant:

"Why did you tell them? I forbade you to talk about it to anybody!"

The valet answered in low, persuading tones.

I went to him every day. I used to read to him, and give him his weak tea with lemon and jam. The first flowers of the early spring, the rosy almond blossoms, I picked for him and placed them on his table.

We talked about Russia and about her future. We talked about the beauty of old Japan, about the weather and the cherry blossoms. But we never talked about love.

The days passed by. One day the little yellow doctor with snowy hair and hands as tender as a woman's said to us:

"To-morrow I will change the bandages for the last time. Then you may leave your bed, young man, and enjoy the cherry blossoms. The holiday is near."

Rumelin blushed like a school-boy to whom was promised a vacation in the country. He shook the hand of the physician warmly and gave him some gold pieces. The old man thanked him with dignity and went out.

"How silly I was! how silly!" exclaimed Rumelin, looking down at his hurt legs. And then he laughed heartily.

I guessed long ago that he had upset that samovar on purpose. But I could not quite fathom why he had done it.

Now I asked him, boldly, "Why did you do it?"

"Don't you know? To prevent myself from seeing you. And then Voorick had to go away! But my fears were groundless. You have given me such pure friendliness that you have changed my soul. Now it is full of friendship, honest friendship for you. Am I not a good boy?" And he bowed his head for me to stroke.

I touched it gently as a mother would caress her child. But I knew that he was fooling himself and that love lay dreaming at the bottom of our hearts.

THE TOWER IN TOKIO

When the famous holiday of cherry blossoms came we planned a short trip to Tokio. Rumelin wanted to show me the highest tower over there.

It was a beautiful spring day when we reached Tokio. The tower was far from the station, in another part of the city, and we had to take two rickshaws. It is impossible to sit together in one of those doll's carriages, so we were separated for an hour.

My rickshaw ran before his, and all the time I felt that the keen eyes of Rumelin were fixed on my back. I felt the caress of his gaze upon my bare neck; it was like a kiss and it penetrated my whole body and made my heart beat more quickly. I was excited, frightened, and happy, oh, so happy! The crowns of the old cherry-trees were like rosy clouds

descended low to the earth. The small houses and narrow streets seemed cosier than ever. I was in love, and recognized it fully at last.

The tower stood on a high hill and could be seen from afar. The building itself was not at all remarkable, but the staircase which led up to it—that was unique!

The innumerable narrow steps ran up almost straight before me, steep and so high that I grew dizzy at the sight. The sun glared right into my eyes, blinding me, and I thought that that stairway seemed to be the road to the spring sun.

He walked behind me, and sometimes his hand on my arm helped me up. His gentle touch was like the touch of flame to me.

At last we reached the top of the hill. My heart was beating madly! I could scarcely stand on my feet. He noticed it and asked me to lean on his arm. I did it and then—my heart stopped suddenly for a long moment.

"You are so pale! You must be terribly tired. Poor little friend! Sit down here on the grass. No! it is too damp here. Please make a last little effort; we are very near to the tower."

We entered that gray-stone tower and sat near the window and looked out upon the city below. But I could recognize nothing, see nothing but innumerable dark roofs and the rosy clouds of cherry blossoms above them. My eyes were dimmed. I felt *him* so near!

He held my hand with confidence. He knew that I could not take it from him. His hands were warm, like the sun-rays. Even afterward every little memory of that wonderful day reminded me of the sun.

I turned my head and looked into his eyes. They were full of love. I looked at his mouth. It was full of desire. Our faces were so close to each other. . . . I could not stand it! I said, restlessly:

"Let us go!"

"But you are still tired. Take a rest."

"No, I am all right now. Let us see the roof of the tower."

He smiled dreamily and took my arm. Now we were climbing another stairway together, even narrower than the first. It had many steps—I knew from the guide-book—but it was very short for me.

The fresh, cool wind on the top of the tower made me sober. I withdrew my hand from his and tried to enjoy the landscape. The view of the city was really beautiful from that high point. We stood silently and breathed deeply.

"Life is beautiful," I said.

"Life is beautiful," repeated my beloved, like an echo. And suddenly I thought ironically how many lovers must have repeated these same words on the top of this Japanese tower.

"You know the view is even more splendid after sunset." He spoke soothingly, softly, like one persuading a child. "Let us stay here until . . ."

I agreed too quickly, "Yes, let us stay!"

Then I thought I saw a glimpse of triumph in his eyes.

We sat down on the little low bench of black wood with arms in the form of dragons. I laid my hand on the head of one of these monsters and he seemed to smile.

"Yes, I am in the power of the Japanese spring and the Japanese dragons," thought I, unreasonably, trying to find an excuse. The excuse was important because just then Rumelin lifted my other hand to his lips.

We stayed there until evening. All the other visitors had left long before. The city below was a picture—it was a Japanese holiday. Many-colored lanterns twinkled everywhere. It seemed that the spring sky with all its bright stars was bending low to the earth. Tokio was beautiful that night.

When we decided to leave we found the door closed. The large hall on the first floor of the tower was dark and damp. We stood there and wondered how to get out.

All the passion was washed out of me. I was very tired after those mad kisses at the top. My mouth was dry and ached. I wanted only to go home and sleep happily. My soul was full of the sweet assurance that he loved me.

But he was a man. He was not satisfied with mere kisses. And in the darkness of that strange Oriental hall, which was full of unknown scents, he embraced me madly.

I uttered a low cry and ran to the

window. It was not locked. I opened it and jumped out. A big black dog loomed up and barked violently at me. I rushed with fear to the hill staircase, and would have probably fallen down the steps if Rumelin had not caught me in his arms just in time.

Now two more dogs approached us. In the darkness of the misty garden they looked huge. Rumelin tried to scare them off with his heavy cane, but without success. One of them tore my skirt.

I was terrified at the sight of their white teeth. And still—I felt happy because he defended me! I felt that if it were a whole pack of wolves he would defend me as bravely.

Suddenly we heard a sharp whistle. A tall Japanese monk appeared and called loudly to the dogs, just a few words in his language, and the animals lay obediently at his feet.

We were saved. We thanked him and came home. All the way we were calm and looked at each other with silent admiration.

When we were almost home a gay, tipsy company with paper lanterns crossed our way. They were our Japanese neighbors. One of them, a little fat fellow with an unbuttoned kimono over his naked body, laughed at us. He looked at my torn skirt and rattled off a long sentence which made his companions laugh, too.

"Dirty dogs!" exclaimed Rumelin, and lifted his cane.

I caught his hand. "They are drunk with *saki*. Don't touch them!"

The rowdy company passed by, but our wonderful evening was spoiled. I bade him good-by and hastened into the house without shaking hands with my beloved.

The next day I got a letter from him. Many sweet words, but among them, like a snake among flowers, was this sentence:

"Cannot deceive my best friend—we must part. I am going to the Omori to think it over."

And another, less cruel, but very cowardly:

"The neighbors are beginning to talk."

I was furious. The opinion of our neighbors and the friendship of my husband meant more to him than all my love! My woman's pride was painfully hurt.

IN THE CAVE OF THE DRAGON

It was Sunday. We were having breakfast together—Rumelin, my husband, and I. My husband was in excellent spirits. He had sold a big part of that Oolong tea to a rich foreign firm, and got his percentage. His deep-blue eyes with their dark circles beneath them shone brightly. His sunburnt face shone, too, after his second cup of strong coffee. And Rumelin looked so pale.

Occasionally I saw the reflection of us all in the dim old looking-glass which I had brought with me as a remembrance of my home. And the strange vision burnt itself on my mind. A big brass idol with eyes of bright sapphires stood in our little Japanese room, and we two, Rumelin and I, were two pale victims of his.

Of course it was entirely untrue, that fantastic dream of mine. Mr. Voorick was so good-natured and soft-hearted; only the color of his skin reminded me of brass. And, after all, he, too, was a victim in that silly love-affair! All this I said to myself as I poured his third cup of coffee.

But I was in despair! Ever since the night of those kisses in the tower I had felt nothing but despair. I could not understand how Rumelin could be so friendly with that bronze Holland merchant who separated us!

Oh, men are so strange! The mysteriousness of woman is a common saying, but how much deeper is the mystery of man! Women like to be misunderstood; it gives to them a touch of the romantic. The admirer of a charming woman will tell her with an easy heart, "Oh, you are a mystery!" just to flatter her. Only in very rare cases are men afraid of "the woman - sphinx." But we women are *always* afraid of misunderstanding their way, if we are really in love! We conceal it with a smile and say, "Oh, I know you through and through!" We are like children lost in the forest—they sing in the darkness to hide their fear.

And I did not understand Rumelin that day. I did not understand my husband, either. Was he so entirely

blind and stupid not to see our pale faces and the painful expression in our sinful eyes? Impossible! That wise adventurer-merchant, who could fool any of the big international firms, would not be deceived by his own weak wife. I was not a capable liar. My movements and glances and my silence confessed my love for Rumelin.

But Mr. Voorick smiled unceasingly. He planned a nice trip to the cave of the dragon, the old cave in Enoshimo. It was not far from Yokohama; we would be back before sunset. He was so eager to go that I could not refuse.

The little rocky island was connected with the shore by a long and trembling wooden bridge. There was a large procession of Japanese people making their way to the cave. The men in their semi-European dresses looked funny and irreligious in spite of the sacred candles in their hands. But the women, with their always-uncovered heads and modestly smiling little faces, reminded me of those ancient maids who had been sacrificed to the dragon. Their robes were the same in those olden times, and they wore the same smiles of eternal patience on their small, narrow lips.

The children in their bright kimonos, "the living flowers of Japan," ran joyously along the trembling bridge, throwing blades of grass into the calm green water. But on the edge of the island they became serious and frightened as they looked at the far rock which was once the home of the mighty dragon.

I was a little frightened, too, when I entered the dark cave of the dragon. The damp, narrow steps, the innumerable wax candles, the underground brook which glided like a snake before us—all was mysterious and strange.

I heard the low murmur of voices. People were praying to the kind Goodness who defeated the dragon. I saw the strange images of *her*, the woman, with long, crooked eyes and reptiles under her feet. I felt happy. Such unknown and exotic places always thrilled me.

But suddenly my romantic feeling was disturbed very rudely. I missed my footing on the slippery step and would have fallen if Rumelin had not caught me in his arms.

He held me in his warm and trembling embrace just a little longer than was necessary and my husband noticed it. His blue eyes darkened with sudden rage. I saw him face to face and shuddered. He pushed his friend with such strength that Rumelin fell into the dark, cold brook.

A moment later Mr. Voorick regained his self-possession. He helped my lover to get up.

"I beg your pardon! I am such a bear sometimes. It is difficult to move cautiously in such a narrow space. Forgive my awkwardness. I am so sorry! Did you hurt yourself?"

"Oh, it is all right, *my friend!*" answered Rumelin, in a tense voice. "Don't make excuses. One would think that you had done it on purpose."

He laughed an insincere laugh and the echo of it in the cave, the dragon's dwelling, sounded devilish.

BEFORE THE GOLDEN EYES OF DAIBUTSU

We started back in silence. It was nearly sunset. The island was covered with mist. Mr. Voorick held my hand tightly, as though it were a purse with important bills which he was afraid to lose.

Rumelin looked extremely pale and distressed. I pitied them both, but through my pity I felt a wicked joy. I was proud that they loved me so strongly.

When we reached Kamakura, the small village famous for the statue of Great Daibutsu, my husband said, gently:

"I think you must be tired, Leesa. Let us stay in the hotel at Kamakura. We could scarcely return before the sunset."

We came to that large building in European style, which seemed so cold and strange after the cozy Japanese houses, and the two friends, my lover and my husband, left me alone.

"We just want to smoke our cigarettes in the fresh air, dear. We will return after a moment."

My husband kissed my hand, more devotedly than ever. Or perhaps it only seemed so to me? Rumelin bowed slightly. "The silly national custom of saying good-by every time people part even for a few minutes," thought I, smiling.

After we parted I washed my hands, spotted with red mud from the dragon's cave, and when I looked at the reddened water which dripped from my cold hands I recalled suddenly the drops of blood wiped away by Rumelin on that unforgettable day when I said to him, "I hate you," and he answered, humbly, with the words which somehow sounded like a declaration of love, "You hurt your hand."

I was so sinfully glad that they were both mad about me! I wanted to be with them, look at them again, and enjoy the feeling of my strength. I put on over my head the bright Japanese scarf given to me by Rumelin, and went out.

When I reached the garden, there was dusk all around, the purple, damp dusk so characteristic of the early spring in Japan. I never supposed then that I saw it for the last time.

The air was cool and filled with the faint perfume of the flowers which surrounded the large idol of Daibutsu, so artistically made of brass. His golden eyes, each many inches long, looked dreamily into my soul. He has always seemed to look straight into one's soul, that beautiful Great Daibutsu, with his huge body in which is concealed the little temple.

I loved the temple inside as much as the statue itself. I wanted to enter it for a moment before I found my lovers.

"Let them miss me a little longer," I thought.

But when I approached the little dark door which leads into the entrails of the Japanese god I heard eager talking and recognized the voice of my husband:

"I knew it long ago. . . . She is too young and I am no mate for her. When we are together we look like the nightingale and the turtle. And besides . . ."

Rumelin interrupted him. "My dear friend, I am so guilty! I tried honestly to avoid your beautiful wife, but . . ."

My heart stopped for a moment. Then I felt such keen pain in it! I was for him just "the beautiful wife of his friend," the property of his friend, whom he must not touch. Oh, and I had thought that I was his life!

The conversation continued, but I was not able to listen to any more of it attentively, although it concerned me so closely. These two men were deciding my future. With the self-assurance of men they tossed me from one to the other as if I were a flower, or a favorite dog or . . . The comparisons which came to my mind then drove me nearly mad!

I tried to listen to their talk calmly, but that was impossible. My own thoughts sounded louder than the words of the two friends. Oh, they were such generous words!

"I am away so much," said my husband, persuasively, "and she is so lonely. I can enjoy my family life so seldom. . . . I was an old ass when I bound that girl to me! It was as silly as it would be for a sailor in the Asiatic fleet to rent a luxurious flat in Paris!"

In spite of my unhappiness I could not help smiling at that wild comparison. Poor Leesa was only a luxury for that Holland speculator! And she thought she was his life!

"You must not leave her," I heard the voice of my beloved. "She is too beautiful for me. And if those secret-service dogs catch me I shall be hanged and she would be alone and unhappy. . . . You must not leave her!"

"But you cannot live without her. . . . Did you not confess just now that you wanted to kill yourself?"

"You misunderstood me, my friend," answered Rumelin, in the clear and hearty voice. "I wished to die because I betrayed our friendship."

I did not listen any more. Slowly, with an empty heart, I moved from that fatal bronze door where I had overheard my fate. I approached the front of the statue again. I stood before the golden eyes of Daibutsu, hardly visible in the darkness, and bemoaned softly to the kind, foreign god:

"They don't love me! Almighty, neither of them loves me really . . ."

A great heartache, a physical one, seized me. I could scarcely breathe. Suddenly I heard in my ears the high tenor of that vagabond singer who sang the ballad about Stenka Razin on my way across Siberia:

> "In the green waves of Volga
> Stenka throws his princess!"

And then I fainted.

Little Folks That Gnaw

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

YESTERDAY there was a light snowfall of three inches, covering the old snow, which was packed to a crust, and the bare patches exposed by the recent thaw. To-day I went out to the swamp woods to see how my rabbit was faring, knowing that I could track him easily in this telltale new powder. I have kept a desultory eye on him for two months, since I discovered his winter lair under an old pine stump on the edge of the swamp, and his playground close by, beneath a tent of swamp shrubbery, bent over by the weight of snow to form a kind of arched wicker roof. Cottontail rabbits have been scarce this winter, far less numerous than for several years, and this chap, living within two hundred feet of the road, interested me more than he ordinarily would have done.

When I reached his playground today, the new snow was so covered with his tracks that it looked like an aeroplane photograph of a white No Man's Land pock-marked with shell-holes. Not only under the bushes, but in an open space outside, ten feet across, he had hopped or danced round and about. But his former lair was deserted—Nature had evicted him. It had been the neatest little winter quarters you ever saw—a hole six inches in diameter, leading beneath a root and in under the heart of the old stump, the entrance half-hidden by the drooping, snow-laden branches of a young hemlock that had sprouted in the rotten wood. But the recent thaw had raised the water-level of the swamp, and now the hole was filled, solid with ice. Curious to see what he had done about it, I

A VARYING HARE UNDER HIS SNOW-LADEN, FAIRY ROOF

THE COTTON-TAIL RABBIT BENEATH A TENT OF SWAMP SHRUBBERY

picked up the single track leading away from the playground (his dance last night had quite evidently been a solo), and followed it. I could also discover, thought I, what he had eaten since last evening, when the snow stopped falling.

This track led me directly toward a slight rise of forest ground, well above swamp-level. Mr. Rabbit had nosed about a bit, like a dog, especially running in under every small hemlock which roofed the snow with its low branches, and there squatting down. But nowhere could I find a trace that he had so much as nibbled a shoot. Even back in his playground not a twig of the shrubbery was nibbled. After a short distance the tracks led to another stump, less picturesque than the first, but better drained, and here was a similar hole. Tracks led both in and out, and grayish hairs were adhering to the root under which he had to squeeze to enter. I poked into the hole, but could not reach the end, as it speedily took

a sharp curve. So I selected one of the outgoing tracks at random, and followed that.

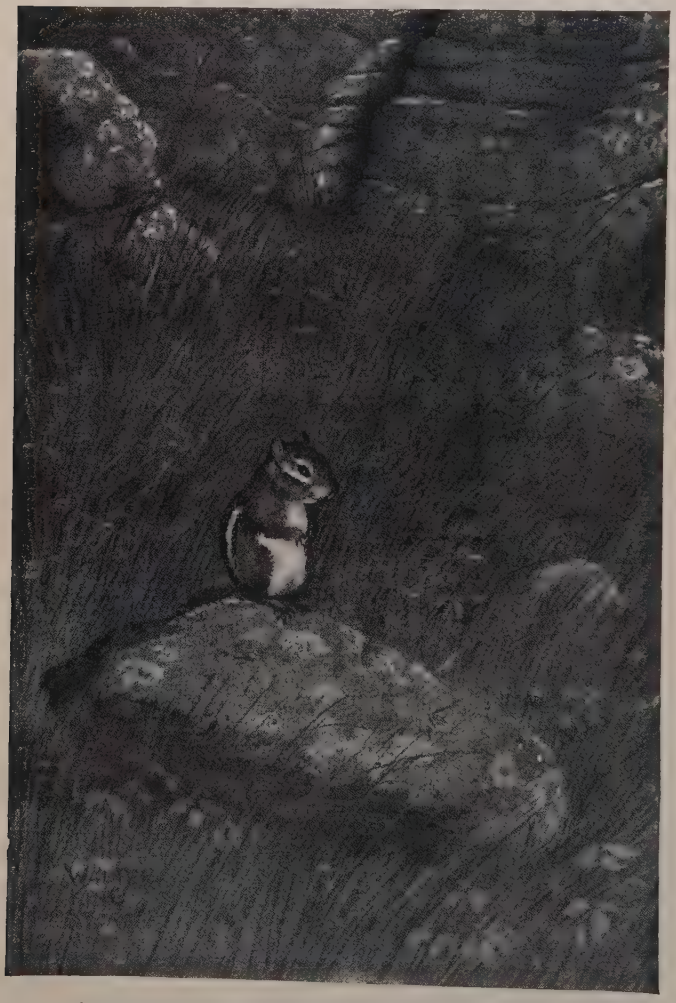
It led off the high ground to the swamp ice again, and suddenly there was another track beside it, or, rather, on it—the track of a fox. As neither the rabbit's step nor the fox's had lengthened into a leap, it was plain that the fox had come later. I hurried on, intent to see, if I could, whether the fox had caught his prey. After a few hundred yards, the rabbit had reached a spot where there were numerous swamp-maple seedlings, from a foot to six feet high, and here he had fed, his sharp teeth cutting off the tender shoots as cleanly as a pruning-knife. Not only had he eaten several shoots the preceding night, but many of the larger seedlings showed the scars of feedings a year old, or even more, some trees having had to renew their leader from a lateral branch. Either this rabbit or his parents had long used this spot as a feeding-ground. The cottontail had eaten not more than five shoots for his meal, so far as I could see, each about the size of a fat match, and probably from six to fourteen inches long. But he had hopped about a good deal in the process, and made several excursions into the surrounding swamp. Perhaps as a result of all these tracks the fox had given up the scent and gone off after an easier trail. At any rate, he had gone off and my friend had escaped him for one more night.

THE FAMILIAR, AGGRESSIVE, FEARLESS, QUARRELSOME RED SQUIRREL

It is a curious fact about rabbits that they are sometimes plentiful for several seasons, and then, quite suddenly, greatly diminish in number. Some observers declare this due to an epidemic, and one game warden whom I know maintains that the epidemic occurs at seven-year intervals. But the evidence for any such sweeping statement is scanty and inconclusive. During the bitter winter of 1917–18, for example, the presence of unusual numbers of goshawks in New England was explained by the scarcity of rabbits farther north. It seems difficult to believe that an epidemic could, in one season, extend from southern Massachusetts to Labrador. On the other hand, a severe winter by no means necessarily implies a dearth of rabbits. During one of the severest

winters of the past decade, when the snow lay three feet deep from December 13th till late March, I found not only the well-beaten highroads and side-paths of innumerable cottontails in our woods, but the tracks of snow-shoe rabbits, or varying hares, were also not infrequent. When spring finally came the bushes and small trees were often ringed five or six feet above the ground, all the bark being eaten off. The constant passage of the rabbits over their trails kept the snow packed so that they were elevated well above the ground, and by standing on their hind legs they could feed high. The effect was quite odd when the snow was gone.

Old hunters tell me that hereabouts in Berkshire, thirty or forty years ago, cottontail rabbits were few in number. A rabbit-hunt meant the chase of the varying hare, so called because his winter coat is snow white, or often called the snow-shoe rabbit because of the odd, elongated print of his big hind feet. The varying hare is much larger than the cottontail, and, like his smaller cousin, subsists on a strictly vegetable diet, including bark and twigs, so that starvation is practically impossible. Just why he is so rapidly disappearing and the cottontail so rapidly more than taking his place is a mystery. Neither species can offer any real resistance to their foes —the great horned owls, the foxes, wild-cats, hawks, and weasels, not to mention dogs and men. Speed is their only recourse, once they are discovered. In winter the varying hare escapes detection by his white coat, if there is snow on the ground. The cottontail, on the other hand, plays dead in the face of danger almost as successfully. I have known a rabbit in my garden to sit motionless between two frost-browned cauliflower-plants till the dogs were within two feet of him, and neither the dogs nor I noticed him till he jumped. The cottontail has one habit to his advantage, he burrows in winter (always by himself, so far as I have observed), while the snow-shoe lives the year 'round under no better roof than a low evergreen limb or tangle of briers. The cottontails also, take a little longer and better care of their numerous



A CHIPMUNK WAITING EXPECTANTLY FOR BREAKFAST

young. I have seen a mother cottontail, after her nest in the grass was discovered, take all five babies, one by one, in her mouth, and hop with them two hundred yards away into a safe thicket. Observers agree that the varying hare never carries anything in its mouth.

But, for all that, the odds against the larger species do not seem so great as to account for the fact that our Colonial ancestors, when they spoke of rabbit or hare, meant the big fellow, and most of us to-day, when we speak of rabbit, mean the cottontail. Indeed, many readers of this paper have probably never seen a varying hare, in his pure white coat, crouched beneath his snow-laden, fairy roof of evergreen boughs, his ears erect and listening for the danger signal. They have missed, however, one of the prettiest sights in nature. To-day, in the western Massachusetts hills, we annually kill more wildcats than snow-shoe rabbits. My own belief is that temperament rather than habit is the explanation. We are prone to underestimate the part temperament plays in the life of animals, in spite of our long acquaintance with dogs. The cottontail does not mind civilization. Mind it? He likes it! Believe me, for I know. I have seen all my raspberry shoots cut off at snow-line and my young apple-trees girdled by a rabbit which lived under the veranda of an unoccupied cottage on the place in winter, and in the grass behind the garden in summer. After the summer came, however, he never molested the garden. I have seen him hop between two rows of young lettuce to eat clover on the lawn. On or near almost every place along that village street a cottontail lived, despite the dogs. But the varying hare is a creature of the deep woods, the wild pastures. With us, he is invariably shot, if shot at all, well up the mountains and far from any house or frequented clearing. Something in his make-up prevented him from taking kindly to the advent of ax and plow, and he appears to me to have shrunk just as our area of primeval forest has shrunk. He has paid the penalty for not being temperamentally adaptable.

THE WOODCHUCK IS THE LARGEST AND LAZIEST OF COMMON RODENTS

Until recent years, all books about mammals gave the range of the jack-

THE SHORT-TAILED, BURROWING MICE EAT CORN AND OTHER GRAIN IN THE SHOCK

My farm is at the foot of the eastern slope of the long Mount Everett range which divides Massachusetts from New York in the southwestern corner of the former state. During the past winter I have been living in the village, three miles to the east, across the plains, for my farm-house is not yet completed; consequently I have not yet had an opportunity to study the jack-rabbits intimately. Even more than our common cottontails, they feed at night. But certain characteristics have already become plainly evident. In the first place, they have, as yet, advanced eastward from the foot of the mountain hardly half a mile. Coming from New York state through a gap in the range to the north, they have followed the north and south highroad at the foot of the rampart, almost in a beaten track, feeding in the orchards along this road. The extraordinary reach they have in eating is well illustrated on a pear-tree in my orchard. There was never more than a foot of snow around this tree, as it stands in a windy spot, yet the jacks have eaten bark and a sucker shoot exactly six feet two inches above ground-level. That means at least five feet from snow-level. As the jack's body is but twenty-five inches long, it gives you some idea of the length of its hind legs. Near by, a large limb broke from a roadside apple-tree and fell in such a way that the branches froze into the snow and some ten or twelve feet of snow and some ten or twelve feet of naked limb thrust up into the air in an

rabbit as "the eastern edge of the great plains, west to the Pacific coast." Alas! if they could only so give it still! But some unspeakable person in New York state, for whom no punishment is too severe, brought several of the breed from the West and turned them loose on an unsuspecting community. Nature did the rest, for they are nothing if not prolific. Now they dance in the moonlight on my new farm, and make their midnight supper of precious apple-tree bark. In a few years more the greyhound will be the most popular dog in western Connecticut and Massachusetts and the adjoining area of New York, for nothing but a greyhound can catch a jack.

arch well above snow-line. Every scrap of bark has been eaten from this limb (which is six inches in diameter). To-day it is as white as if peeled with a draw-shave. Fortunately, I had left a big pile of brush in my orchard, after the late autumn pruning, and this enabled the rabbits to secure terminal buds and tender shoots. As a result, they have left my trees pretty much alone and made a packed snow path all around this brush-heap. This is a useful tip for orchardists in the jack-rabbit region. Some brush treated with strychnine ought to prove an effective poison.

But one of the most interesting characteristics of the jack-rabbit, his group dancing, I have not yet had a chance to observe. I am looking forward next winter to long vigils behind the glass windows of my sleeping-porch, with a brush-pile beneath them as a bait. One of our naturalists has lost much sleep this past season tramping the moonlit snow for a sight of the rabbits, but without reward. On the other hand, quite by accident, a man not particularly interested in the subject came upon three of the big fellows, in a moonlit glade amid gray birches, dancing vigorously upon their long hind legs. He said it was one of the strangest and most comical sights he ever beheld.

The whole subject of animal dancing is obscure. We know that certain birds—the bird of paradise, for example, and the ocellated argus pheasant of the Malay Peninsula—have elaborate dances in mating-season, the male doing the dancing. Other male birds, including our ruffed grouse, go through steps or struts that have an obvious biological connection with the mating-dances of primitive peoples. On the other hand, the winter snow tracks plainly show that rabbits and deer-mice dance, or frisk about, before mating-time, and sometimes when quite alone. My swamp cottontail, for instance, this past winter, used the same little ten-foot clearing again and again, covering it with his tracks, and always by himself, so far as I could discover. It certainly points to the great antiquity of dancing, which was probably developed before man was. Dancing was one of the instincts with which man was born.

It is sometimes hard to think of the

IN THE FAIRY FORESTS OF THE WEEDS

Drawn by Walter King Stone

THE PORCUPINE IS ARMORED AGAINST ALL ENEMIES

rabbit as a rodent, unless you find one of your young apple-trees ringed by him above snow-line, and ringed by the field-mice at ground-level! He is, in fact, a sort of link between the rodents and a different genus, for behind his two large, gnawing teeth he still has two smaller ones, useless now since he does not eat flesh, and, unlike the rodents, his forelegs will not turn inward, so he cannot use the paws for hands, as a mouse or squirrel does. He employs them only abortively when reaching up to nibble, and has to stand on a carrot to hold it firm. Yet he is a rodent, belonging to the great family which includes squirrels, rats, mice, porcupines, woodchucks, gophers, chipmunks, and spermophiles. It is a hardy family, on the whole, so adaptable and prolific that the rats and mice alone are said to comprise 25 per cent. of all our mammals. It is a family, too, which hardly deserves its ill repute, though its gnawing habits are often trying. What has really made the word rodent repellent is the representative place taken in our thoughts by the Norway rat and the common house mouse (both introduced into America, no doubt unintentionally, by the early settlers). A woman who squeals at a mouse and has a genuine horror of a rat will feed squirrels by the hour in the park. Yet all three are rodents, and if red squirrels once get into a house by gnawing a hole under the roof, they can be far more of a pest than mice or rats, and they make at least ten times as much noise.

The squirrels are an interesting and numerous family, from the familiar, aggressive, fearless, quarrelsome red of our Eastern woods and the big gray which now largely flourishes only in protected regions, taking kindly to parks and college campuses, to the chipmunks and other ground-squirrels, with their extensive underground burrows and semi-hibernating habits. Then, too, there are the flying-squirrels which are so exclusively nocturnal in habit that dozens of them may live in the familiar woods without the ordinary person being aware of it. Our mountain-side is full of them, yet there is scarcely a boy in town who has ever seen one. The red squirrels can be a great pest. For seven years I lived with a stand of pines overhanging my sleeping-porch, and, just beyond, several fine apple-trees. The red squirrels nested far up in the pines, in two holes, and also in a crotch where they had erected a house of twigs and needles. They robbed robins' nests, both eating eggs and killing young birds, amid a tremendous uproar on the part of the parent birds. They invaded the apple-trees before the fruit was quite ripe, nipped off apples, which fell to the ground, and then ran down to pick them up and carry them off, sometimes showing extraordinary strength in lifting an apple which would be, for a man, the equivalent of a barrel of apples, and racing up a pine-tree with it. They rose very early and began to chatter at daybreak. They got into the house and rolled nuts over the attic floor. One even got on the sleeping-porch while my wife and I were still sleeping and ate seven large holes in a Navajo blanket. However, he paid for that with his life! The red squirrel is a hard worker, and even his robbery is a part of his normal and ceaseless activities in securing or storing food.

Much of this food, especially in the woods, is not stored in any of his holes (for the woodland red squirrel almost always has at least two holes—one on the ground under a root or stump, one up a tree—and he may have a twig nest besides). He will collect nuts, pine and hemlock cones, seeds, and the like, in many places, sometimes merely cacheing the collection under a few needles or leaves on the ground. One of his most remarkable traits is his unerring instinct for finding, a month, two months, even five months later, these stores through two feet or more of snow. Again and again in the woods I have seen squirrel tracks on the snow, with no sign of digging, and then, suddenly, a hole right down to the ground. Near by will be the signs of his feeding around some stump, where he has sat to shred his cone for the toothsome seeds. I do not think that a red squirrel ranges very far—relatively, that is. He comes to know every foot of ground and, what is even more important, every foot of branch and trunk and twig, in his section of woods, and he has an excellent

memory. He knows, for instance, just what slender lateral branch will lead him to a safe leap into the next tree, and the quickest aerial route to a hole. He has regular arboreal highways and cross-alleys, and it takes a lively hawk to catch him. He is strong, active, intelligent, somewhat unscrupulous, but tireless in industry, and he takes thought for the morrow. That is sufficient to explain his universal survival, while his less active and less provident gray cousin has diminished in numbers.

His more distant cousin, the ground-squirrel (including the gay little chipmunk), has also maintained himself. Indeed, anybody who has ever camped in one of the timber-line parks in the Rocky Mountains knows that in such spots the ground-squirrel is the most prominent thing in the landscape. In spite of foes, from the hawks, foxes, mink, and weasels of the East to the grizzly bears of the West (who frequently dig out the ground-squirrels), these gregarious and cheerful little fellows manage to thrive. A striped chipmunk running on and under and over a gray New England stone wall, or a larger Columbia River ground-squirrel in the high Rockies of Montana, sitting on his hind legs and pressing a startled *peep* out of his stomach with his front paws, is a pretty sight, which delights all sorts of people. The ground-squirrels live in burrows or tunnels well underground, frequently of great length. A chipmunk burrow will go straight down three feet, then run for half a hundred feet under the surface, with several nest chambers lined with leaves, and one or more back entrances. Here the winter food is stored, and the winter spent. The most interesting feature of these tunnels, however, is not their extent, but the fact that you never find any excavated earth at the mouths. A great quantity must be taken out, but it is all carried away by the squirrel in his (or her) cheek pouches, and either scattered on the grass or piled at some distance, under a bush. The animals do not intend to give away their entrance holes to the eye of an enemy any more than necessary. This trait has doubtless aided them in their survival struggle. The useful cheek pouch has been a great asset, not only for carrying food stores, but removing telltale earth.

Still another factor of their survival has been their communal spirit, which they share with those common aquatic rodents, the muskrats (called mushrats by all Yankee small boys, I never knew why). The approach of danger to a ground-squirrel colony, or a community of chipmunks, is heralded by the alarmed peeps and squeaks of the first animal to spy it, and the cry is taken up all down the line. I have entered a Rocky Mountain meadow and heard the little, shrill, warning *cheep-cheep* go across the grass and nodding chalice cups like a spreading fire, while whisk, whisk, whisk down into their holes scurried the greenish-gray bodies, to poke black, curious eyes out again a few minutes later. In the same way I have seen a man who could imitate a big horned owl hoot at the edge of a pond at night, and heard the thwacks of muskrat tails on the water go receding up the edge, like the alarm-beat of policemen's clubs on the curb, and the splash of the rats as they dived to safety.

Yet the woodchuck, that largest and laziest of common rodents, makes no effort to conceal his burrow, and, like the grasshopper, lays up nothing for the winter. No, that isn't true. He lays up fat. Perhaps his laziness, his indolent if watchful hours of sunning on the pasture rocks, his easy feeding on tender grasses, clovers, and, when possible, succulent farm vegetables and crops, show the shrewdest sense. He is thus enabled to sleep the winter through without eating. Certainly he has survived. It is not true, as some assert, that his sleep is unbroken during the winter, for many times, before Candlemas Day, I have found holes with a packed track between the front and back entrance, showing the 'chuck had been out more than once for air. But I have never found tracks leading away, or any signs that the animal had looked for food. It proves, however, that his hibernation is not always complete, even if much nearer complete than that of the chipmunk, who lays up a food-supply.

On the same day that I followed my friend the rabbit last winter I came upon the record of a nocturnal tragedy

by the roadside. On one side of the road was a wire fence, with wooden posts, and the grass beneath had been cropped close so that the snow made a clean carpet. For at least two hundred yards a weasel had gone along under the fence, passing one post to the north, the next to the south, the next to the north, with the regularity of a shuttle in a loom. Just why he did this I have no idea, unless he found it aided him in keeping close to the slight protection the fence afforded. After following him some distance, I saw a field-mouse, or meadow-mouse, track, which came across the road. The mouse was headed for the fence where the weasel walked, evidently intending to pass beneath it. His tracks ended abruptly six feet short of the wire. The tracks of the weasel showed why. That savage little hunter had made one spring and landed on the mouse. There was no sign of blood, but it was evident that the weasel had carried off his prey, deserting the wire fence and cutting across a corner of the field to a hedgerow of tangled briers and saplings.

The poor field-mice have many foes—owls, hawks, crows, cats, even foxes. I have seen a barn cat which hunted much in an old orchard bring in half a dozen mice daily from the long grass under the apple-trees. These short-tailed, burrowing mice, which live in fields and meadows, remain abundant, however. They probably do a great deal of damage, in the aggregate, eating corn and other grain in the shocks, ringing the tender bark of young fruit trees under the snow, destroying bulbs in the ground, and so on. Yet they have their good side, for they must consume a great quantity of weed seeds. They live largely in that small, fairy forest of the long grass and the weeds, and even in winter they are often out of their burrows beneath the snow, to shake down the seeds from upstanding weed stalks. The snow has just melted from one of my pasture slopes, a pasture which was not cropped last season, and the ground there is now a matted tangle of dead grass and weed stalks. Looking at it carefully, I find that everywhere on the ground are the little runways of the mice, about an inch wide and apparently the same height, to judge by those places where the animals had to cut them through matted grass instead of snow. When, a month ago, that pasture looked like a white carpet utterly devoid of life, it was still inhabited. Under the snow the mice were moving about freely, in their long, branching tunnels.

The white-footed mouse, also called wood-mouse and deer-mouse, belongs to the long-tailed division. He has a longer tail, longer legs, longer ears, and, like all the long-tailed native rats and mice, does not burrow. Indeed, in habits he more or less resembles the squirrel, making his nest in a hollow root or log, even in a hole some way up a tree, or an appropriated bird's nest. He is the most attractive of all the large family of rats and mice. Especially in winter, the deer-mouse is a pretty fellow, for then his fur is soft and long, snow white underneath, fawn color on top, and he has big, black, timid, friendly eyes, magnificent whiskers, and ears not unlike those of a Boston terrier before the shears have been applied. He lives largely on nuts, berries, seeds, and what meat scraps he can procure, and he stores food for the winter. The illustrator of this article can testify to the fact that the deer-mouse stores food, for once his player-piano refused to emit the strains of a Beethoven sonata, and upon investigation he discovered that two deer-mice had come into the house (which had been vacant for a few weeks), made a nest inside the piano, using the bellows for material, and had stored therein, also, a peck of hulled chestnuts. I have also found hulled chestnuts in an old stump, with deer-mice tracks about.

Were it not for the fact that these beautiful little creatures are almost entirely nocturnal and so not often seen by the average person, there would be far less popular prejudice against the whole breed of mice. They leap gracefully with their long hind legs, their fur and color are beautiful, their big, timid eyes irresistibly appealing, their big ears and whiskers comic. If, in our winter walks in the woods, we could see them frisking about in the fairy forests of the weeds, or dancing in an open glade, as their tracks show they dance at night,

like the rabbits, the poets would have celebrated them, and their features would be familiar to all Americans. But, alas! our poets do not haunt the frozen thickets of the forest when a midnight moon is shining coldly down, and the beautiful little deer-mice lack their laureate.

The muskrat and the beaver, the aquatic rodents, correspond roughly to the cottontail and the snow-shoe rabbit, for the smaller, less attractive species has proved temperamentally adaptable to civilization, and builds his winter nests in the river swales within a stone's-throw of our villages, while the beaver disappears before the march of man. Of course, a beaver colony demands a considerably larger body of water, with a higher water-level, and much more food. The beavers must have their adjoining stand of willow and aspen shoots, or other succulent bark. But the fact remains that these most social of animals, with their highly developed communal activities, their engineering genius, their capacity for self-government and leadership, take unkindly to man and all his ways, and all trace that is left of them in great sections of America is in the open meadows by some forest brook that was once the site of a beaver pond. On the other hand, I can take you to twenty muskrat huts in the course of an afternoon's stroll and, by making a hole in the sods and cattail stalks which compose the dome-like roof, show you the air-chamber above the winter water-line, and the passage down into the basement water-chamber, which, in turn, leads out under the water and ice to the feeding-grounds and the burrows in the banks.

I have often wondered why the muskrats come out of their ponds or streams or swamps in winter and go a-wandering. They certainly can find little to eat above the snow. Yet I have met them occasionally a considerable distance from water, in full daylight. Perhaps they were seeking some other pond where there would be a fresh supply of flag roots. I well remember meeting one big fellow on our golf-course, walking in over two feet of snow. The dogs went for him, but got nipped on the noses, whereupon they withdrew a few feet, barking angrily. My companion stepped up and poked the furry little fellow with his snow-shoe, whereat the rat, with a squeal of rage, made a spring right over the shoe and set his long, sharp teeth through moccasin and two pairs of woolen socks, into his tormentor's little toe, where he hung fast as a bulldog, while the tormentor became the tormented, and began to hop wildly on one foot, kicking with the other. As soon as I could stop laughing sufficiently, I pulled the rat off by the tail, and we let him go, the dogs in full pursuit. He made for the river, found a small hole between the bank and the ice, and vanished. Of course, man with his traps is the great foe of the muskrat nowadays. The pelts are bringing undreamed-of prices to-day, and if the present scale is kept up, the muskrat can hardly survive without protection. Nothing can survive the unrestrained greed of man.

The least attractive, as well as one of the largest, of rodents, and the one whose gnawing capacity can be the most destructive, is the porcupine. The porcupine, as everybody knows, is armored well against all enemies. His quills, normally lying backward with the hair, can be erected by muscular action of the skin, and only the craftiest hunters can get to his comparatively unprotected throat. Moreover, these sharp quills come out easily from his skin, but with the utmost difficulty from the skin of any animal they have penetrated, for they are pointed with tiny barbs. I have seen a dog come down one of our mountains with his face and chest stuck full; and he had to be killed to end his misery, for the quills had worked inward. Yet the porcupine is decreasing in our Eastern woods. It has been several years since one was reported in our county, for example. We still have plentiful forests for them to feed in (they laboriously climb trees and eat the bark, twigs, and even foliage), though our supply of large hollow logs to nest in may be fewer. Yet the 'coons and wildcats continue to flourish, and they are much more hunted than the porcupine ever was.

In the wilder parts of the country, however—in the Michigan woods, for example, or the Rocky Mountains—por-

cupines are still numerous, and woe to the campers who leave an ax-handle or saddle-girth unprotected at night! Once, in Montana, we lost an ax-handle, a halter-rope, and the sleeve of a woolen sweater in a single night. I was waked the next morning by the sound made by the cook in killing the porcupine with what was left of the ax. These beasts will gnaw anything made the least saline by contact with perspiration. A Michigan lumberman told me that an approved method of revenge in his neck of the woods was to sprinkle salt on the roof of your enemy's cabin, if possible the night before a rain! He said he had seen the porcupines eat an entire roof, so treated, full of holes in one night, to the great discomfort of the occupant of the cabin. Having camped in porcupine-infested timber, I can readily believe it. Probably nobody seriously regrets the diminishing range of these rodents. They appear to serve no useful purpose, as their feeding is almost entirely destructive, even when it is confined to trees and shrubs.

We had a snow-storm last night, and there are six inches of new snow on the ground. I have just been out across the broad, white river meadows. There was no hint of spring in the air or in the prospect. The meadows were utterly deserted and clothed with winter. The trees were bare. Not a bird was visible. But suddenly I came on a curious track in the snow—a double track, the right and left footprints two inches or more apart, with the snow brushed by the belly between. A woodchuck! He had seen his shadow on Candlemas Day, and so was supposed to stay in for six weeks more. Well, it was forty days. He was living up pretty well to the hallowed tradition! I followed him. One—two—three times he had started digging, but each time evidently found the ground frozen too hard. From the third attempt the tracks led around a little slope to the south side, and there, on the white snow, was a pile of fresh, yellow earth. Fifty feet away was another pile, even larger, and under it a mound, evidently the earth dug out the year before. Between these two holes, quite apparently the two ends of his tunnel, was a third hole, with no fresh earth, and on the snow a yellowed track where he had passed back and forth with his muddy paws and soiled belly fur. As there were no tracks leading away except on the circuit I had followed, it was plain he had been hibernating in this burrow, had come out to-day and tried the ground to see if he could start a new one, found he couldn't, and returned to his old quarters, which he proceeded to renovate. It was a species of spring house-cleaning.

Spring house-cleaning! I looked across the snowy meadows to the white walls of the mountains and felt the wind blowing from a chill, leaden east, with no hint of a sunset glow in the leaden west. Then I looked down at the pile of fresh earth below the woodchuck's hole and hoped that the little optimist was a true prophet. At any rate, he had enlivened my walk for me and sent me home in better spirits.

Crater's Gold

A NOVEL

BY PHILIP CURTISS

XVI

JUDGE TYLER, characteristic enough and aristocratic enough, in a new paneled-box runabout, pulled up his horse on the bridge and gazed philosophically at Eksberger and Stiles, who were standing below on a mud-flat of clay and irregular stones that once had been brook. At the clump of hoofs on the boards above him, Stiles looked up.

"Judge, the earth has opened and swallowed our automobile."

The judge snuffled in that not altogether pleasant way that he had. "I mistrusted it might," he said, calmly.

In his hand Eksberger held a guide-book with splotches of dried clay on the black leather binding, and a torn piece of top cover, the only relics which remained of the car, but, as the judge spoke, the lesser of the garage men came up and handed him a second fragment of canvas. Eksberger futilely tried to match them together, as if that would prove anything. The leading garage man was kicking morosely in the mud with the heel of his shoe.

"I was coming up now to warn you," explained the judge. "They told me your car had fell off this bridge, and, thinks I, 'If they don't get that out pretty soon, they're like not to get it out at all.'"

Stiles looked at him uncertainly. "What is it? Quicksand?"

The judge chuckled. "Would you be standing there if it was?"

Eksberger moved uneasily toward what had once been the bank.

"No," said the judge, "it ain't quicksand." He paused abruptly and became all attention. "Hark!" he commanded.

Even the garage men obeyed the command and stood listening intently, but no one heard anything except the panting of the judge's coach-dog under the runabout.

The mind in touch with the soil seems to fall naturally into anecdote in preference to direct narration.

"They was a feller," explained the judge, "come through here fifty or sixty years back with a large herd of cattle. They used to do it in those days—drovers they called 'em. Used to come from 'way up in York State—Canada, some of 'em. They'd be one or two men and a couple o' dogs. They'd work their way very slowly down through the country, letting the cattle graze by the roadside, buying and selling as they went. Nights they used to turn 'em out into some farmer's lot—eat a pile of grass in one night, too, a big drove o' cattle would. Sometimes they would turn 'em into places they had special near the old taverns, and then they had to feed 'em cornstalks. In those tavern yards the earth would be trampled down as much as two feet below the level of the ground around it.

"Major Crater—your grandfather," continued the judge, "was living here then, but he was away from home when this drover come along with his cattle—young stock mostly. Bugby, his name was. He had a brother that made a fortune selling clocks through the South before the war. I saw him some years ago in Springfield, but this Bugby I never seen from that day to this.

"Well, seems that day he had drove his cattle farther than usual—all the way from Seymour, in fact. It was a dretful dry year and he couldn't find no water. So when night come and he see this meadow with a nice brook running through it, he turned them critters in here without asking aye, yes, or no—two hunderd and thirty-six head in all. Then he went up to Center for the night,

this Bugby did, thinking they was all right; but when he come back in the morning, eight of his best steers was gone, seven black-and-white ones and one brindle with a crooked horn. Gosh! he was the maddest man!"

The memory of Bugby's ire seemed pleasing to the judge's contemplation and he paused for a period that promised to be indefinite.

"He was mad, eh?" prompted Eksberger.

"Who?" asked the judge. "The drover? I should say he was mad. He took his whip and went up to Major Crater, surly as a buck maggot. Major Crater he'd come back then.

"'Major,' says Bugby, 'I'd thank you to tell me where them steers is.'

"'What steers?' says the major, knowing all the time.

"'Eight prime steers that was in your lot last night,' says Bugby. 'Seven black-and-white ones and one brindle with a crooked horn.'

"'Well, while we're doing our thanking,' says the major, 'I'd thank you, sir, to tell me who ever give you leave to turn your condemned stock into my meadow, trampling all the second cutting.'

"And of course," said the judge, "he had him there. He come right off his high horse, this Bugby did. Hemmed and hawed and talked about meaning to pay, but that was the kind of man the old major was.

"'Now you look here, Mister Drover Bugby,' he says, 'them steers may be right up in my barn, for all you'll ever know, but if you don't get the rest of them critters off my meadow just as fast as the devil and Doctor Foster will let you, you won't even have as many as you got now.'

"And that," said the judge, as if it were the whole point to the story, "was all the satisfaction he ever got. A great man for his rights the major was, and, so long as Bugby had trespassed, he was more than willing to let him go on thinking he had those cattle right in his barn. Course he knew where they was all the time."

"Where were they?" asked Eksberger.

"Same place your car is," replied the judge.

A curious instinct for dialogue, the heritage of both these men, Eksberger and Judge Tyler, seemed to bridge all their natural differences and draw them together, to give them the art of handling each other. The one from his vast fund of folk-lore, the other from his years of training in the rapid fire of current drama, had acquired an infallible ear for the turn of a story. To get the most from this moment Eksberger did just the right thing. He said nothing and waited. The judge rewarded his listener's talent.

"I always understood," he explained, "that it was almost exactly eight thousand miles from here to a point in the outskirts of Sydney, Australia. Just how far your car has got at the moment and just where them steers air, I can't rightly tell you except that they're both some distance nearer to Sydney than we be."

"That's all very good," replied Eksberger, apparently now at liberty to talk, "but those steers weren't worth ten thousand dollars, and my car is."

"That's a pile o' money," replied the judge. The size of the pile apparently drove all the whimsy out of him and restored him to a business basis. "Mr. Eksberger," he continued, in a purely matter-of-fact tone, "the truth of the matter is that your car has fell into the Eden copper-mine."

"Then there really is a copper-mine there?" asked Stiles, eagerly.

The judge looked at him suddenly, as if, in the sympathetic dialogue with Eksberger, he had completely forgotten his presence.

"Copper-mine?" he replied. "Bless you, yes! That hill o' yourn is one mass of tunnels and passages under the ground. Otherwise, how would old Major Crater have known where them steers had gone?"

Eksberger, sympathetic as he was for an anecdote, had also a sense of shrewdness unsated. "But look here, Judge," he demanded, "if that car fell in here, where is the hole?"

The judge shook his head. "You'll have to ask some one more acquainted with such matters than me." Again he paused, listening, and this time his face lighted with satisfaction. "There!" he

exclaimed. "Listen there! Do you hear running water?"

Again all four of them listened, and this time all of them heard what the judge directed, or said that they did.

"There!" concluded the judge. "You walk up-stream about thirty or forty rod round the hill in them birches, and, 'less I'm mistaken, you'll find what's become of your brook."

The four stood uncertain, awaiting a leader, but it was apparently a rule of the judge's rhetoric that, when no one asked or expected an explanation, one should be given freely.

"You ask me where is the hole?" he volunteered. "Well, that's something you'll have to ask of an engineer, but I can tell you this—that times has be'n when the earth caves in here and the water starts running in after it. What happens then I don't know. I mistrust it gets to running and raising hullabaloo around in those passages under the ground and wears the top thin, for every time that it happens the stream goes into the earth up there in that spot that it's going in now and this spot fills up. Then when it takes a notion, or perhaps when the water gets higher, it quits going in there and begins to mind its business again on the surface."

Over Eksberger's face came that same half-credulous, half-doubting expression with which he had greeted Stiles's exposé of his own apocryphal manuscript.

"But, Judge," he argued, "why didn't somebody warn us of that when the car first fell in the brook?"

The judge laughed. "Not everybody in this town is as old as I be, and even I didn't know that you and young Pullar meant to blow it up like a powder-mill. If you hadn't done that your automobile might have be'n here yet. The old creek has be'n behaving herself as long as most people living now can remember. So far as I know, your car is the first as has took the trip sence Bugby's steers."

There was small consolation in that honor for Eksberger. Irresolute, he began the garage man's idiotic plan of digging the dirt with his heel, but Stiles had a mind that groped farther back into history even than Bugby's steers. The Revolutionary story came to his mind, and the unavenged bride. Vistas opened before him. It was typical that these appealed to him more than the copper.

"I wonder what else you'd find in those underground tunnels if you dared to go down."

The judge snorted. "Young man, if you dared to go down those tunnels and you wore the right kind of glasses, you'd find about twenty-eight thousand dollars of your ancestors' hard-earned money and ten or twelve thousand of mine."

XVII

"As a matter of fact, it was pounds, shillings, and pence that was sunk in that mine, mostly," explained the judge, "but I figured it out once, and that was about what it come to—thirty to forty thousand dollars—calc'lating a pound sterling at four eighty-four."

It was not particularly to Eksberger's discredit that the denomination of the money failed to suggest to him the approximate date of the copper enterprise. The judge, indeed, took it for granted that it meant nothing to Stiles, and he explained painstakingly, as he was doubtless accustomed to doing for a dull and dispirited generation incurious as to its forebears. "Course we never had any dollars or such things until after the Revolution—nor for some time after. Forty thousand dollars then," he added, "meant a lot more than forty thousand dollars would now—two or three hunderd thousand, if you figure it that way."

"And every cent lost?" asked Eksberger, quickly.

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know," replied the judge. "They may have got something out of it. During the war, probably they did, but you can put this down for certain—more has gone into that hole than ever come out of it."

"Including my car," suggested Eksberger.

"And Bugby's steers," added the judge, without smiling.

The three men were sitting now on the unpainted piazza in carpet-back chairs, with crocheted antimacassars, which had been purloined from the old parlor and which looked singularly inappropriate for an outdoor life. The

Drawn by Wilson C. Dexter Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"I WONDER WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ROSE?"

judge had had this satisfaction, that exploration by Stiles, Eksberger, and the garage men had proved absolutely his theory regarding the brook. Around the point of the hill and among the scrub growths the stream had been found flowing merrily into a hole in the turf, the bubbles and eddies positively crowding one another for chances to fling themselves into the orifice, as if all agog for the novel fun. The judge had received their report with a certain grim pleasure, but had declined invitations to go down and see for himself. He had seen it before—fifty or sixty years back, to be sure, but, like his shipwreck near Singapore and his exit from Harvard College, once in a lifetime was enough for that sort of thing. He had, however, accepted the invitation for the porch. The garage men had left in disgust. They were mechanicians, it appeared, and not placer miners.

"No," said the judge, "it ain't so strange that more didn't think to tell you about that cave-in. I suppose there's one and another in town has heard the story, but those things get forgot. The last work done in the mine was in eighteen hunderd and eleven, so I've always understood. They was some talk of starting it up again during the Civil War when they needed metal for making fire-boxes of railroad engines. They used to make them of copper then, but they sent some one up to look it over, and they found the vein wasn't worth the working."

The judge stopped abruptly and looked at Stiles suspiciously. Stiles had, in fact, changed expression, but he had never imagined that the judge had noted it.

"No," said the judge, with a smile, "you'd better not make any plans for taking a fortune out of that copper-mine. If they was money to be made out of that we'd all be living in mansions now where the white birches is still growing."

Stiles smiled guiltily and the judge let him off. "No," he said, musingly, "mines is for miners and farms is for farmers, and them as don't have to be either had best keep to something comparatively cheap, like race-horses or vain embellishments of the flesh. It hain't troubled me much, what with the stock-market and all, but my father had all he could do to keep this town from ruining itself about once a year with dreams of taking a fortune out of that old mine."

The judge chuckled. "And, land o' living! I don't know but what he'd better have let 'em go at it, at that."

The flight of reminiscence was once more in full swing, soaring over the whole field of history.

"The Craters was West Injy merchants from Salem—not your branch, young man—another branch, but the money come to your family 'way back in colony days. They was already settled up here, owning nobody knows how much land, clear up to Spicer, so I've always heerd. Then come this idea of the copper-mine and people went crazy, I suppose, just as they do now. Some claim it was in seventeen seventy-one that they started to mine for it, but nobody knows, nobody knows. They got miners to come here, a dozen or more—men that understood about copper-mines, foreigners."

"From Wales?" suggested Stiles.

"No," said the judge, as if it were a commonplace, "they was Spaniards."

Stiles's newspaper mind raced to the point. Since the evening before, his literary instinct had not been able to reconcile that Bolivian bride with what he knew of New England. In what tangled web of tradition started by Viscayan miners had that myth originated?

"They was some queer kind of Spaniards," went on the judge. "Other Spaniards, sailors and such, couldn't understand 'em."

"Basques?" said Stiles, quickly.

"What's that?" asked the judge, sharply.

"Basques?" repeated Stiles, eagerly.

"That may be it," assented the judge. The term did not seem to strike his ear familiarly. "Some of 'em lived and died here and left good Yankee descendants. Mis' Fields, her family was one of 'em. Inchgerry, they was always called. What their name rightly was I don't know."

"The point is," interrupted Eksberger, impatiently, "the mine's a lemon."

The old judge turned slowly and looked at him. For once the dialogue expert had made a false move, and Stiles found a curious resemblance in the way the judge and Mrs. Pullar—the previous evening—had turned on him. It was equally futile. Eksberger did not even suspect the breath of hostility, and the judge did not press his snub. The faintest suggestion of a smile alone crept into the cobweb of lines around his shrewd old eyes. Fantastically Stiles wished that Rose had been there to see it, and with that came the question, Where was Rose? For a second, however, he could not ask it, although the mellow thread of narration was broken, and the judge knew that it was.

"Yes," he concluded, in a brief and business-like summary, "that mine is chiefly noted as a first-class ruiner of family fortunes, like a suit in the courts. If they did make anything out of it during the Revolution, it wa'n't much. It petered out and then they started it up again and it petered out then."

Reminiscence had been killed so far as he was concerned, and Stiles knew that he was free to shake himself and stand up and ask, "What's become of Miss Fuller?"

Eksberger looked around nonchalantly as if he expected to find her on the piazza. She seemed to come into his notice scarcely more even when she was present. "I don't know," he replied. "She's somewhere about."

"I thought she was down there with you," said Stiles. He entered the house and found Mrs. Fields. She had a frying-pan in her hand, the bottom of which she was scraping with a piece of brown paper, and at sight of her Stiles thought suddenly of the judge's new revelations. He was ready to accord a sudden respect to her fierce independence, now that he knew that in her veins flowed the blood of the most inscrutable race in Europe, of the slayers of Roland, of Carmen's José, and of those mountaineers who, by all tradition, had rolled stones on Charlemagne's army. There was a certain distinction in sharing defiance which had also been hurled at the Saracens.

"Mrs. Fields," he began, and, to show the mind of the man, it seemed strange at the moment that he should address her in English. He felt that he ought to be fishing around for a mutual patois—"Mrs. Fields, have you seen Miss Fuller?"

Mrs. Fields scrubbed noisily a moment without replying. "She's gone," she answered, curtly.

"Gone where?"

Mrs. Fields scrubbed some more. "She didn't say. She took her hat and left me two dollars."

XVIII

The air of a man bearing news from a sick-room was rather on Stiles as he joined the judge and Eksberger on the piazza. They had found something to talk about during his absence, but it couldn't have been much, for it died out at his approach.

"Miss Fuller is gone," said their host, simply.

For a moment Eksberger did not grasp it, then, as it came to him, he sat up. "What?"

"Miss Fuller is gone."

By his guilty silence Eksberger atoned for all the excesses of his Turkish manner. He was really upset. It took a certain boyish chagrin like that of the present instant to make one believe that he really was fond of Rose.

"She needn't have done that," he said. "I would have taken her back if she only had told me." He looked at his watch. "How did she go? By the train?"

Stiles shrugged his shoulders, a most un-Stiles-like thing for him to do, and one which showed how much he was upset, himself. Even the judge had absorbed the gentle spirit of the moment. "They's the nine-fifty-eight," he volunteered, "and after that they's the twelve-six, and then they's only the six-one from Felsted."

"Twelve-six?" asked Eksberger, taking out his watch again, for of course he had not noticed in the least what the time had been when he had looked at it before. It was half past twelve, as a matter of fact, but he did not need to announce it. His face told the story.

The judge stood up. "If you are going up to Center—" he suggested.

Stiles and Eksberger were tacitly accepting his invitation, when a livery car came rattling up the hill. It would have been ludicrous, if it hadn't been so wholly nice, the childlike eagerness with which both of them looked at it, hoping that it was all a misunderstanding, that Rose had come back to them. Instead, it was Baumgarten, smug and blue-sergy and giving a tip to the man who had driven him.

"It's Stuffy Baumgarten!" exclaimed Eksberger, but his moments of sublimity were very short. Disappointment in him, as in most primitive souls, very soon reduced itself to a childish rage. "What does he want now?"

If there was belligerency in Eksberger's attitude as Baumgarten sauntered calmly up the gravel walk, it was as wholly lost as Mrs. Pullar's grand manner had been lost on Eksberger himself. Nor was there the least surprise in the new-comer's manner. "'Lo, Charlie!" he began, calmly. "How are you, Mr. Stiles?"

If Stiles did not always find himself one with Eksberger, they were allies in this encounter, but he had some duties as a host. "Judge Tyler, Mr. Baumgarten."

"Pleased to meet you, Judge," nodded Baumgarten, cordially.

"Morning," said the judge, tersely.

Gruff as it was, that was the only actual greeting that Baumgarten had yet received, but it was all the same to him. He seated himself squarely in the middle of the group and looked around at the view spread before him—that million-dollar view. Having, on his previous visit, been kindly patronizing to the interior of Stiles's house, he was now preparing to be patronizing to nature's landscape.

"I see Rose has gone," he began, easily.

His casual use of the name probably grated on Stiles more than it did on Eksberger, but it irritated both of them sufficiently to keep either from replying.

"Saw her at the station," Baumgarten explained.

"Yes," said Eksberger, quietly, "she had to get back."

"They tell me you smashed up the car," persisted Baumgarten. It was evidently not so much a present intention as a permanent habit of his aggressive nature to touch, one after another, all the tactless facts concerning the person to whom he was talking.

"Yes," said Eksberger, coldly. Stiles expected at any moment to hear him break forth into violent vituperation, but, strangely, he seemed to be restraining himself.

"Either of you hurt?"

"No."

"Be able to fix it, won't you?"

As the two were talking, a curious thing was happening, a thing so curious that Stiles was prompted to wonder whether it were real or whether he were merely imagining it. It seemed to be a fact that Eksberger was actually afraid of Baumgarten, at least decidedly uncomfortable under his cross-examination. Stiles had expected that, socially, Baumgarten would last just about three minutes in his over-lord's presence. Instead, little by little, Baumgarten was becoming the relentless schoolmaster and Eksberger the unhappy school-boy.

"Be able to fix it, won't you?"

Eksberger had not been able to answer, and Baumgarten had repeated the question in a really sharper tone. Even that had not been resented.

"Hope so."

"Where is it?" demanded Baumgarten.

It was a long time before Eksberger replied. Then he jerked his head in a way not dissimilar to that in which the garage man had done it. "Brook."

Baumgarten made a motion to rise to his feet. "Let's go have a look at it."

There was no doubt about it. The judge should have been a stage manager. He jumped up with a sudden chuckle. "Gentlemen, I'm going," he said, and it was not until five seconds after this rustic intellect had done it that Stiles grasped the essence of that incomprehensible dialogue to which he had just been listening—the utter hopelessness of trying to tell what really had happened to a man like Baumgarten.

"Whoa, boy!" called the judge to his horse, as he took the tie-line from its neck, but one likes to imagine that he was still chuckling as he took the reins from the whip-stock and rattled over the top of the

hill, leaving Eksberger and Stiles to face the new-comer alone.

"You didn't stay away long," said Eksberger, morosely.

"I haven't been away at all," replied Baumgarten, calmly. "At least, no farther than Felsted." He took from his pocket a picture post-card, one done in colors, colors which put nature to shame. He handed it casually to Stiles, who read, "First Methodist Church and Soldiers' Monument, Felsted, Mass."

"How many of those do you suppose I put out a year?" asked Baumgarten, modestly.

Stiles tried to think of a figure which would be amazing but still leave the art-novelty king a margin to spring his happy surprise. "Fifty thousand?" he suggested.

"One million," said Baumgarten, with a grin.

When Rose was absent, Eksberger evidently played her part. "All of the First Methodist Church?" he asked, promptly.

Baumgarten's only answer was a look of contempt. He turned to Stiles as the man he had come to talk to. "I've done a little business since I've been up here." He left what he would have called an elegant opening for Stiles to tell how he had put in his time, but Stiles was as non-committal as Eksberger, and Eksberger had the air of a man with an engagement to commit a murder. That side of it was funny enough to Stiles, and, after all, what preference did he really owe to Eksberger? Both men, he felt subtly, were fighting for a chance to get him alone, and neither one, so far as he could see, in his capacity of host, had any immediate prospect of it. He could hardly come out from the shoulder and tell Baumgarten to be off and about his business. He was not sure that he would if he could. Since that talk with Rose he had not looked at Baumgarten with quite the same eyes. In the meantime, the three of them were strolling about the lawn, round and round, a sort of endurance contest, all of them talking in monosyllables, no one of them daring to say what was on his mind, the three of them rotating around a vacuum. How Rose would have loved it, Rose, whose sudden departure had caused the vacuum! And all the time Eksberger still had that uncomfortable air, not at all the manner that one would have expected of him, judging by his previous allusions to Baumgarten. Stiles, the cynic, began to wonder whether he owed him money. The thing couldn't go on forever.

"Have you seen Pullar?" Stiles asked, suddenly.

"Yes," said Baumgarten, gruffly, and Stiles knew that the news had been broken to him, the news about the returned check. And round and round they kept on going. Eksberger finally could stand it no longer.

"Say, what is this," he asked, "a merry-go-round?"

Without meaning to, probably, he had forced Stiles's hand, but there was nothing else for Stiles to do. He looked at his watch. "Pretty near lunch-time," he suggested. "Will you stay, Mr. Baumgarten?"

Baumgarten affected an attitude of surprise. "I had planned to pick up a bite in the village." Seeing that he had just sent his car to the station, two miles away, it was rather bald, but, at any rate, Baumgarten knew all the ceremonies proper to the occasion. He raised his fat, manicured hands and turned them over doubtfully. "If I might wash up a bit," he suggested, politely.

XIX

"Let him take a bath if he wants to," exclaimed Eksberger, savagely, as Baumgarten disappeared into the house. He turned to Stiles, almost in a whispered haste. "We've got to get rid of him quick."

Eksberger had, in supreme measure, the talent of assuming that his listener's mood was his own, but even he saw that his sudden change of front needed explanation. He paused, disconcerted, not sure just how to make it. Stiles, for his part, had learned that his companion was used to a language in which tact was merely a casual element.

"You act as if you owed him money," he said, boldly.

"I do," replied Eksberger, not in the least abashed, "but it's not that. Everybody in the show business owes him

money. That's what he was born for. But, good Heavens! Stiles, don't you see what I'm up against?"

If he had seen, Stiles would still have preferred to get it in Eksberger's own words.

"Stuffy is all right," explained the exasperated impresario, with that grain of charity with which both he and Rose seemed to qualify every harsh statement, "but he's simply our standing joke. He's got a score to even with me as long as my arm! In his own line, I guess he's no fool, but he's like lots of others, he's crazy about the stage. Anybody in the show business, he'll give anything just to be seen with them, and that's the trouble; he knows them all. Just let him get it into his head what really has happened to that car, and, after all these years of what *he's* been getting, say! what will he do to me?"

To tell the truth, while he saw the point, it seemed to Stiles that Eksberger was making a mountain out of a molehill. His attitude showed it, for Eksberger turned in exasperation.

"Now I ask you! Who will believe that story when once he begins to spread it in town? A ten-thousand-dollar car doing a fadeaway into the ground—lost, gone, covered up, not even the speedometer showing, while we, like a bunch of goops, sat here and let it melt! Would you believe it if you heard it?"

"No, I don't think I should," Stiles had to confess.

"Well, then," demanded Eksberger, "what makes you think that any one else will believe it?"

He seemed to assume that Stiles had maintained that it was an every-day event, but Stiles saw that it was useless to protest.

"You don't seem to get it," continued Eksberger, wilder than ever. "Why, there won't be a musical show on Broadway next fall that won't have something about it. There won't be a country newspaper next week that won't have something about that cock-and-bull story, and all the while the wise ones will be sitting around and saying, 'Now just what was the real dope about Eksberger's car?' Then they'll begin explaining—there'll always be some one to wink his eye and nod his head and tap your knee and say, 'Now this is just between you and I, but I've got it straight from a man who knows that—well, there's something behind that story that you haven't heard.'"

He paused, still fuming, but suddenly his whole manner changed, and he added, quietly, "Besides, there's Rose."

"Now you're talking!" Stiles did not say it aloud, but he thought it, and immediately there followed the finest moment in his whole acquaintance with Eksberger.

"Dammit, Stiles." He turned quietly, almost fiercely. "You know there was nothing queer in my being up here with Rose, don't you?" Even the second that Stiles took to reply was not short enough, and he insisted, "Don't you?"

"Of course I know it," replied Stiles, and Eksberger went on:

"What in the world are we to do? Sit in our rooms with our hands in our laps? She hasn't got any home. I haven't got any home. We're not six years old."

Stiles thought again of his conversation with Rose that morning.

"You don't suppose that Baumgarten is going to spread that side of it, do you?"

"No," said Eksberger, slowly, "but leaks, Stiles, leaks. If the story gets out at all you might just as well try to stop the ocean as to cover a thing like that."

With that point of view in mind, Stiles was enlisted, as he had been the moment that Rose's name had been mentioned. Before that, having accepted the whole situation, he had not questioned any of its minor ethics. "What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I wish you'd tell me," said Eksberger. "As far as I can see, we've got to dig it out sooner or later. I suppose it will cost."

"Thirty to forty thousand dollars," said Stiles, smiling, "according to the judge."

Eksberger was not in a rollicking mood. He walked peevishly back and forth across the piazza, but Stiles had an inspiration.

"Look here," he exclaimed, borrowing a bit of Eksberger's own enthusiasm. "Why don't you let it stay just where it is?"

Eksberger stopped walking and looked at him in query.

"You said last night that it was insured?"

Eksberger nodded, but before Stiles could add another word they both saw the flaw. Eksberger, however, was the faster talker.

"Say," he exclaimed, "I'd have a fat chance to get any money out of any insurance company with that tale. They'd make me show every spoke in the wheels."

There was logic in this, and Stiles had no more to say.

"Unless your tame brook coughs it up in an hour or two," mused Eksberger, fretfully, "the only thing I can think of is to tell Stuffy that the car has been taken to the garage and then have it dug out secretly at night. And there we are! We've got to act soon. Suppose the brook starts business again. How are we going to dig down through the water? If we do it at all we'll have to do it to-night at midnight. What do you think of that plan?"

Stiles did not think much of it. "In the first place," he said, "it wouldn't do any good. The garage men know about it already. The judge knows about it. Safe to say everybody in town knows about it. If Baumgarten stays here half an hour longer he will know about it, too. If I were you I would simply tell him and ask him to keep it quiet."

Eksberger shook his head vehemently. "Nothing doing. Stuffy's been waiting five years for a chance of this kind."

Except as it concerned Rose, Stiles did not have much patience with this mighty issue erected on nothing but Eksberger's own vanity, but the thing did appeal to his sense of humor. He looked contemplatively toward the lawn, and then he suggested suddenly, "If that hill is a honeycomb of underground passages, I wonder if there isn't some other way to get at it."

"Oh, don't be an ass, Stiles!" exclaimed Eksberger, as if he himself had been talking nothing but sense. Then the potency of that haunted house slowly caught him as it had the evening before. He wavered a moment or two, and then said, tentatively: "Let's go look at that thing. I haven't had really a decent look at it yet."

Together they started slowly across the lawn, when a voice behind them boomed out, "Well, gentlemen!"

Stiles started to turn, but Eksberger grabbed his arm. "Quick," he said. "There's Stuffy. What are we going to tell him?"

"The truth, I guess," replied Stiles. Over his shoulder, he noticed that Baumgarten was following with the air of a king looking over his realm.

"Out inspecting your property, Mr. Stiles?" he began, then he stopped short and looked at the rampart on which they were standing.

"Stiles," he said, suddenly, for the first time using the familiar term, "I bet I know something you don't know."

"Stuffy, you know things that nobody knows," broke in Eksberger, but Baumgarten paid no attention to him. He stared at the pile of turf and debris as if to make sure, and then he went on, "Did you know that you owned a copper-mine?"

Stiles looked at Eksberger and Eksberger looked at Stiles.

"Yes, I know it," answered Stiles, but he had hesitated just a moment too long, and, as Rose had said, Baumgarten was not such a fool as he had the reputation of being.

"How long have you known it?" he insisted, mercilessly.

Having just posed to Eksberger as an apostle of truth, Stiles felt it incumbent on him to blaze the way. "About two hours," he answered. "How long have you?"

"About three minutes," confessed Baumgarten, with equal frankness. "I wondered who owned that mine." He fished in his pocket again and brought out a brown envelope full of his picture-cards. Sorting them over, he handed one to Stiles. It showed the rampart on which they were standing, and underneath it the legend, "Old Copper Mine, Eden, Mass."

"Where do you suppose the chap had those?" continued Baumgarten.

"What chap?" asked Eksberger.

"The chap in the drug-store. Underneath a pile of candy-boxes in the back room. No wonder he never sold any. Why don't you work your mine, Stiles?"

"It's a quince," explained Eksberger, promptly.

"So?" replied Baumgarten, looking at it musingly. "Copper's valuable now."

It may have been only a fancy in the two timorous minds with which he was dealing, still it seemed to be a fact that Baumgarten had complete control of this little encounter. He turned in a lordly manner to stroll back toward the house, and the two others followed, lamblike.

"How do you know—?" he began, and then his face brightened. "Well, look who's here!"

XX

It was Rose, true enough, but Rose looked tired and not very happy. She had come from the village on foot. The three men simultaneously broke into what was almost a run and met her at the end of the gravel path.

"What's the matter, Rose?" exclaimed Eksberger. "Did you miss your train?"

The girl shook her head, but gave no further sign of wishing to answer. Solicitously the three men followed her to the piazza, and Stiles brought out one of the carpet-backed chairs. She sank into it wearily. "It's hot," she said, but she gave the impression that she was on the verge of tears. Eksberger hung over her, worried, and the two other men pretended to be busy with the view. Lunch followed in due course of time, but, as one might imagine, it was not a vivacious repast. Rose was calm enough now, but she did not pretend that she had returned for a social visit. Without ado, she singled out Eksberger at the close of the meal and they walked away up the road, the road on which Pullar had told his story that morning. Left behind, Baumgarten and Stiles had that uncertain manner of strangers who inadvertently have been forced to witness a family quarrel. Baumgarten looked after the two doubtfully.

"I wonder what's the matter with Rose."

He said it in tones of a real concern, and Stiles did not resent it as he had resented the previous use of her name. He had, in fact, found himself slowly revising his estimates of this man who had struck him so unpleasantly at first, this man at whom Eksberger shouted in such derision. After his talk with Rose and after seeing the two men opposed to each other, he was not at all sure that Baumgarten was not the stronger character. He was, at any rate, the more substantial. Baumgarten had been a totally different man on this visit.

"A wonderful girl, Mr. Stiles."

Still Stiles did not resent it, and, after all, what right had he to resent it if Rose did not? He wanted to talk about her himself, but, Stiles-like, he could only do it by way of a tangent.

"Eksberger," he hinted, tactfully, "is quite a genius."

Baumgarten held his arm at full length and snapped his fingers. "A child, Mr. Stiles, a child!"

He had said in one word what Stiles had supposed would be utter heresy in the Eksberger cult, and Stiles looked at him in amazement.

"Have you known him long?" he asked.

"There's nobody in the show business that I don't know," replied Baumgarten. "I've put money in some of his shows—most of 'em, in fact." He paused and grunted, but not ill-naturedly. "Never lost anything by it, and I don't intend to."

Strikingly like the judge when a favorite subject had been opened to him, he went on of his own free will. "Charlie is the one you hear about, but Al Segal, his partner, is the real brains of that concern. Know him?"

Stiles shook his head.

"No," said Baumgarten, "and few people do. He keeps in the dark as much as Charlie keeps in the lime-light.

"Al Segal," continued Baumgarten, "has forgotten more than Charlie Eksberger will ever know; but there you are! I wouldn't give a nickel to Al if it had a lock on it, but Charlie Eksberger could have anything I've got."

"Perhaps," suggested Stiles, "that in itself is one form of genius."

"It may be," replied Baumgarten, but his tone did not sound convinced. He turned and looked at the pair walking back and forth up the road. They might have been in the midst of a summer proposal, for the picture they made, and a proposal not very well received. Eksberger was walking, hatless, shoul-

ders hunched, his hands in his pockets, talking imploringly, his head making little convulsive jerks. Rose was replying only casually and from time to time, looking away, more often, over the fields to her right.

It was fair to believe that both of the men there watching her were moved by the same mingled feelings of sympathy and faint pique at their own exclusion. If they were, the older man's longings were those of hope too often rebuffed to be reassuring, the younger man's those of hope too recently born to seem very real. For the moment, the man beside him became the more vivid figure to Stiles.

In a few curt words Baumgarten had drawn a picture of himself which, on the surface, was not unlike that which Eksberger had drawn of him, but, in the latter, how the values had been distorted by Eksberger's naïve conceit! By no stretch of the imagination, even the sentimental imagination which Stiles possessed in spite of himself, was it possible to make Baumgarten a noble character, even a fine one, but it was possible to read a certain crude groping into what he was doing and what he was. A man to whom pictures would never mean anything, except those on a card, a man for whose untutored senses music became bad as soon as it became good, a man by whom fame and notoriety were wholly confused, he nevertheless found his glory, his glamour, his esthetic relaxations among these children of the only art that appealed to his common sense. In awe of them for the very little that they were which he was not, he stood their rebuffs and fathered their follies, his eyes wide open. And then there was Rose!

"Rose ought to marry."

Like a bombshell the words had burst into Stiles's meditation. Baumgarten had spoken them, but so perfectly had they timed themselves with Stiles's own reverie that he actually wondered whether he had been thinking aloud. He had not, however. Baumgarten had merely received the same suggestion which he had himself received from the silhouette of the two figures now disappearing at the turn of the road.

"Eksberger?" asked Stiles.

Baumgarten had not meant that necessarily. "She ought to marry somebody," he said. Stiles found the lead attractive.

"Miss Fuller, I imagine, has made a very great success."

He expected to this, at least, immediate and enthusiastic acquiescence; but even the woman whom he loved this unaccountable man looked upon with that strange impersonal clearness with which he saw all that romantic profession by which, nevertheless, he allowed himself to be judged a fool.

"Rose is funny," he said. "She's a better girl than she is an actress."

The surprised expression of Stiles's face led him into an explanation still more blunt, but, curiously, not more offensive.

"Rose," he explained, "is what you might call an anchor."

The term seemed ludicrous applied to the slender figure coming in sight again at the turn of the road, and even Baumgarten saw that it needed revision.

"Oh, Rose is good," he added, hastily. "She's very good. She knows how to dance and she's got a beautiful voice."

He hesitated to find the exact words to convey his meaning, but even those words had aroused for Stiles a rare and puzzling vision. For a second there flashed before his eyes the picture of Rose in demure, girlish dress and flopping hat, with high-laced slippers twinkling mischievously to the notes coming over the footlights. For a man who knew as little of comic opera as he did, the picture was a marvelously accurate one. It had the clearness of inspiration, but it lasted only a second. He could not recall it. He had tried it before, but he could not connect that quiet, almost morose girl who had sat in his study with any such picture.

"Charlie knows it," said Baumgarten. "I guess Rose knows it herself. Rose is good for three hundred a week any day. She's a star, all right, but she's just so much of a star and she'll never be any more. Do you know what I mean?"

Stiles did know approximately, but he wanted to hear more, and Baumgarten was willing to tell him.

"There's nobody in the profession has

a better name than Rose Fuller; but in the profession, mind you. The public's another kettle of fish. When they get up a show they try one girl after another, and she makes a muff of it, and then, when they've got to the end of their rope, they call in Rose and she carries it off. She does it because she knows her business down to the final flip. That's just what happened in 'The Daisy Chain.' That's just what happened in 'The Girl from Madrid.' She's saved more shows than you ever saw, but there you are! Then along comes some child with baby eyes and no brains at all who can't dance and can't sing and pulls down five hundred a week and fame. When the public goes to one show they say that they've seen Elsie Fair in 'The Dancing Girl,' and when they go to another they say that they've seen 'The Girl from Madrid' and that Rose Fuller was in it. Do you get me now?"

Stiles nodded. It came to him now that there had been more than mere deprecation when Rose had spoken impatiently of her own career. He had even been unwittingly cruel when it had been forced out of him that he knew "The Daisy Chain" but knew not her. How depressingly often she must have had just such a conversation before. Like all persons who have not practised them, he had assumed that to earn a good living in the arts is the same as success. A sudden recollection of Baumgarten's own quixotic offer came to him, and in the same wave of sentimentality which must have prompted Baumgarten himself at the time he said:

"It's too bad. Never mind. If my copper-mine only pans out, we'll buy her a theater of her own."

It was a very foolish thing to say, knowing, as he did now, the kind of man that Baumgarten really was. The latter flushed. He stared down at the ground, then looked at Stiles with little, appraising eyes.

"Mr. Stiles," he said, "you've got something that's worth a darn sight more than that copper-mine."

Stiles searched his face, but Baumgarten never flinched. His gaze was unrelenting, but it was not unfriendly. A suggestion of a smile was even creeping into his eyes.

"Oh, don't think I'm going to tell you," he said, "if you don't know it yourself. Hello, Ike! where did you come from?"

Stiles turned and saw the forgotten chauffeur running in great excitement over the lawn. Regardless of ceremony, regardless of explanation, he waved his arm and commanded:

"Hurry up! You oughtn't to miss it. It's better than a dog fight! I bet there's a hundred men and five hundred kids got ahold of that rope."

XXI

In the figures he cited, the chauffeur was over-enthusiastic, but in the general effect he was not. If the town of Eden had boasted six hundred men and boys they would without doubt have been at the bridge to aid in the rescue of the colossus. As it was, an astounding array of eager talent was stretched out along the roadway, shouting boisterous witticisms and giving playful flips to the two-inch rope it held in its hands. Stiles suspected the judge's generalship, and there indeed he was, with an air of command. At the approach of the newcomers he appeared almost apologetic.

"If you'd waited a minute more," he said, "we'd have had it out for you." He leaned over the bridge. "How about it, Bill?"

In a hole below, a man in rubber boots had laid down his shovel and was tying the end of the rope to the water cap of the car, or what was apparently the water cap, for the car was a shapeless mass of thick yellow clay. It was tipped to a dangerous angle but somehow or other had come almost right side up.

The man in the hole had evidently managed both horses and boats in his day, for he tied the knot with a vigorous hand. "All right, judge," he said.

The judge raised his arm. "All ready, boys!"

The line of men ceased at once its scuffling and joking and stood to the [illegible] but the chauffeur gave a cry of alarm. "Look out! The way you've got [illegible] tied you'll pull out every water connection she's got. Tie it to the ex." [illegible] was anticlimax for the man in the

hole, but he bowed to a brother artist and did as directed.

"Let her go!" said the chauffeur.

"Let her go," called the judge.

With a cry of triumph, the men leaned back. The rope stretched and creaked, the clay cracked and wrinkled, the men began going backward in little quick steps and with a *gulp* the car plunged out of the slime. As it reached the roadway, the crowd gave a cheer and showed an intention of dragging it clear into town, but the judge held up his hand.

"Well, Mr. Eksberger," he said, mopping his brow as if he had done it all, "there's your car."

Eksberger, unaccompanied by Rose, had appeared at just the critical moment, but, to Stiles's surprise, he greeted the dramatic spectacle with utter indifference.

"Have it towed to the garage and cleaned up as much as you can," he commanded, listlessly. "We may have to ship it to town."

The happy villagers, gathered in groups, were chilled by this slight applause for their Homeric labors, but solaced themselves by bossing the men who were tying the car to the back of a four-horse wagon.

Alone of the forty or fifty who actually did take part, the judge, Baumgarten, and Stiles had the curiosity to look in the vacated hole. Sluggish yellow water filled it to a depth of about two feet, as the man with the rubber boots could have testified, but gave no signs of rising.

"I had them shut the gate at the pond, to make sure," explained the judge, "but I don't think it would have filled up much, anyway. The water goes somewhere else. It probably fills the whole mine before it begins running top the ground again."

Stiles looked at the hole musingly, and Baumgarten with an alert and scholarly interest, but neither had any comments. Baumgarten, safe to say, was now in possession of the whole story.

"Funny," remarked the judge. "If I'd wanted a man to cut cord-wood or pick up apples, they wouldn't be one in town that wa'n't too busy, but here we've had fifty men sweating like horses right in the middle of haying."

Stiles had already had on his conscience Eksberger's too scanty thanks. "We appreciate it," he said. "In the country, people are always ready to play the Samaritan."

The judge's eyes rather twinkled. "I wa'n't thinking so much about the Samaritan part. Have you ever seen city folks too busy to stop to look at a street fight?

"There's no hurry," he added, a minute later, "but I promised Bill Connor half a day's time for doing the digging."

XXII

From appearances, one might have supposed that Rose and Eksberger had hardly been interrupted when Baumgarten and Stiles made their way up the hill. They were standing in the pathway before the house in much the same attitudes in which they had walked up the road. The only difference was that they were no longer talking. One gathered that what they had had to decide had been decided—finally and completely. Rose was as calm and as nonchalant as she had been on her first appearance. Eksberger was not. He had had a bad half-hour. He showed it, even to his hair. They were merely waiting, apparently, for the return of their host and his other guest.

Rose set matters in motion at once. With her hand held out, she walked up to Stiles.

"Good-by, Mr. Stiles. You've been very good."

Stiles made no motion to take her hand, not so much from surprise as from a deliberate refusal to let her go, but she still held it out before her. Her mouth was drawn into that firm, straight line which a woman commands when she means to do something unpleasant, yet, in doing it, means to set an example of perfect good nature and self-control. Standing over her there, Stiles had never realized before how much taller and how much older he was than she. With that sudden magnetic attraction which always comes at grotesque moments, he had an impulse to put his hands on her shoulders. He almost feared that she read his impulse.

"But you can't," he exclaimed. "How are you going to go?"

Drawn by Wilson C. Dexter Engraved by H. Leinroth

FROM THE CELLAR BEHIND THEM CAME A DEEP, MUTTERING VOICE

"There's a train at six-one."

"From Felsted?"

"I suppose I can hire a car."

The tableau at last was becoming conspicuous, and previous arrangements had evidently been made to keep it from becoming just that.

"Stuffy, come here. I want to talk to you." Eksberger, in tone at least, was quite his old self, and, with a smile, Baumgarten became his old self; he obeyed. As they walked away, Rose dropped her hand, but she and Stiles continued to look at each other almost defiantly. Only at the faintest sign of relaxing did Stiles dare speak.

"My dear Miss Fuller," he said, "what is this?"

She chose deliberately to misunderstand him. "I know I should not have come back," she said, but Stiles had an instinct that made up for lack of experience.

"You mean that you should not have gone away."

"Very pretty," she answered, but Stiles refused to be snubbed. He stood looking at her a moment more, and then he turned toward the house.

"At any rate," he suggested, "it won't take you two hours to get to Felsted. For a soul in torment, I do not recommend the view from the Felsted station."

She was not, perhaps, wholly eager to combat the statement, and she turned to walk beside him. They did not, however, continue toward the piazza. Those are not moments in which one sits calmly in chairs. Not so much by attraction, but because there was nowhere else to go, they strolled toward the old cellar. They reached it and Rose looked in with complete indifference. The hole, half covered with debris, was fully visible now under the wall on which they were standing.

"It's not very terrible by daylight," suggested Stiles.

Rose did not reply.

"Will you sit down?" asked Stiles, and, no reason offering to the contrary, Rose did sit down on the turf of the rampart, while Stiles sat beside her. On the piazza Baumgarten was talking now, rather laying down the law, and Eksberger, one foot on the rail, was looking disconsolately out at the view. Rose caught sight of the other couple and laughed.

"You'd think we'd been fighting."

The slightest wedge had been all that Stiles had been waiting for.

"And have you?" he asked.

For answer, Rose shrugged her shoulders. It was not the easiest thing to talk to answers like that, but Stiles knew that time was fleeting.

"Will you please tell me?" he begged. "Was it anything I did—or said—or didn't say?"

At last Rose turned to him squarely. "Why do you pretend to be such a fool? Because you're not, really."

No, he was not, but the admission involved further silence. Because of that silence, probably, Rose relented.

"Mr. Stiles, be sensible. You can see the position that I have been in. Perhaps you thought I didn't care. You know as well as I do that I ought not to have stayed here. I ought to have gone home last night, if I had to walk."

She added, faintly, "It didn't seem so queer then."

"Why does it seem queer now?"

He did not mean his question to be cruel, and she did not take it as such. She looked down at the turf, and then she said, musingly, "I saw Stuffy Baumgarten at the station."

Stiles knew from the tone of her voice that at last he could adopt with success her own policy of silence, and, indeed, in time, she went on, with effort and fragmentarily: "He said he was coming here. Even then I didn't think of it much. Just before the train came in I got scared. Those two together. I knew he would make an awful mess of it all."

Her voice had not changed, but Stiles knew that "he" meant Eksberger, not Baumgarten. She went on, as before, "I don't know that I helped matters any."

"You don't mean to say," asked Stiles, "that Baumgarten is going to say anything about this—this adventure?"

"Oh no, he won't now. That's all right. I made Charlie ask him not to, but it wasn't just that." By the way that she prefaced the next remark Stiles foresaw its nature. "They're good as

gold, both of them, but they don't always see things the way—"

"The way that you do?"

"That was not what I was going to say," said Rose, quietly.

She sat in silence again, trying to find words to tell him what seemed so clear to her and ought to be so clear to him—and probably was, except for his obstinacy.

"It's that Mrs. What's-her-name. Queen Victoria."

"Mrs. Pullar?" asked Stiles. "Look here," he went on. "If that old duchess is bothering you, you just get her right out of your head once and for all."

Rose smiled. "I didn't mean her so much, herself. It's— You know what I mean. Charlie is the best fellow in the world, and Stuffy is all right in his way, but—"

Stiles helped her. "You thought it was time to call off your dogs?"

"That's about the size of it."

"Look here," Stiles commanded again; then he stopped abruptly. He was silent so long that Rose turned in question. She found him staring at her, and her own expression changed at th look she saw on his face.

"What's the matter?" she asked, in alarm.

Still Stiles did not reply for minutes. When he did it was in a very low voice. "I was trying to make up my mind whether I dared to ask you to marry me."

She seemed relieved that it was only that.

"We can talk about that later," she answered. Her eyes twinkled. "Once is enough for one afternoon."

Stiles looked toward the piazza where Eksberger sat gazing despondently over the landscape.

"Again?" he asked.

"Still," corrected Rose. "What were you going to say?"

"I'd rather know what you said," suggested Stiles.

"I said 'No,'" she answered, emphatically, "what I've always said and always will say."

"Good gracious! I didn't mean that," interjected Stiles, hastily. "I meant what did you say when you tried to call off your dogs?"

On any such complex subject as this, however, Rose was dumb. After waiting a minute, Stiles tried to help her again.

"I'm going to talk plainly," he began. "Have you got it into your head, in view of Queen Victoria and Pullar and all that rarefied bunch, that Eksberger and Baumgarten—"

"Go on, say it," interrupted Rose.

"Say what?"

"Eksberger and Baumgarten and I—"

"I won't say it," replied Stiles, flatly.

"You might as well. It's true."

"That Eksberger and Baumgarten—" insisted Stiles.

"Are about as welcome in this town," finished Rose, curtly, "as smallpox, and neither of them has brains enough to see it. I have."

She left him rather flat, but Stiles had courage to ask, "Did you tell him that? Eksberger?"

Rose looked at the figure on the piazza, then held out her hands helplessly. "Don't you know him by this time?" she asked. "Of course I couldn't tell him in so many words. I don't think he would have believed it, even if I had.

"Of course, Charlie is an awfully nice fellow—" she added.

"I understand that," interrupted Stiles, quickly. He paused thoughtfully, and then asked, "What did he say?"

Rose smiled. "He said, 'I get you, Steve, I get you,' and he didn't get me at all. He spent the rest of the time asking me to marry him," she added, ruefully. "You both seem to think that would help matters."

The lines around Stiles's mouth grew deeper as they had the evening before when they had talked in front of the fireplace. "I want to tell you something," he said. "You mentioned smallpox. The smallpox those people are afraid of is right here beside you."

She gave him the tiny lift of the eyebrows that allowed him to go on, and he told her the story of the real Crater ghost, the story that Pullar had told him that morning. He did not spare himself or his family. In fact, being Stiles, he made it rather worse than it need have been. She had seen just enough the evening before to know that he spoke the truth, and she listened

quietly, never taking her eyes from the ground. She did not even lift them when Stiles had finished.

"A pretty story," he added, bitterly, to draw some response.

"It is not very nice," she answered, candidly. Still she did not look up, and Stiles insisted:

"So you see who really is not wanted."

She did not answer, and he asked her again, "Don't you?"

"It's not the same thing," she said, curtly, and, as usual, she spoke the truth. It was not. "What are you going to do?" she asked, at last.

"I'm going to do the same thing that you did," he answered. "I'm going to clear out."

"Then you do admit that I ought to have gone?" she asked, quickly.

"I admit that both of us are more or less sensitive," replied Stiles, "and that neither one of us, guilty or not guilty, has any desire to disturb the peace and calm of profound and ordered society. Do you happen to recall that I just asked you to marry me?"

"You didn't ask me. You said that you were trying to make up your mind whether you dared to or not."

"Very well, I dare. Will you?"

Rose laughed. "Mr. Stiles, people don't marry that way."

"Neither do people lose automobiles in the ground; neither do people find copper-mines in their back yards; neither do people give house parties to leading ladies whom they have never seen before."

"And don't know when they do see them," concluded Rose. "Mr. Stiles, why do you want to marry me?"

"People do, don't they?"

"Sometimes," she admitted. "Should we have to live here with the ghosts? Your family rather goes in for cutting brides' throats, doesn't it?"

"Strangling, strangling," corrected Stiles. "Don't make us any messier than we are." But as he spoke Rose clutched his arm in a grip of terror.

"What's that?"

In her clutch Stiles became rigid. They sat in silence, and then, from the cellar behind them, sending a chill to their finger-tips, came a deep, muttering voice, "Madre, Madre!"

Even in daylight it was terrifying. Even Stiles felt his hands tremble. Then he laughed, or tried to laugh.

"It's Mrs. Fields, but how the—"

He had looked up and seen Mrs. Fields coming out of the house, the perpetual basket of clothes under her arm. Rose was still clutching his arm and drawing away. He looked back at the cellar, but heard nothing more.

"I think we'd better go," whispered Rose, and Stiles allowed her to draw him across the lawn to the house.

"Well, friends and fellow-countrymen," exclaimed Baumgarten, in a loud voice as he saw them coming, but Stiles held up his hand.

"Sst!" he cautioned, and then beckoned.

Baumgarten looked at Eksberger and Eksberger looked at Baumgarten. At last the former got up and the latter followed. In obedience to Stiles's gestured cautions, they tiptoed across the lawn, while Rose rather skirted the porch for protection.

At the rampart, Stiles held his finger to his lips in a final warning, and the three looked down at the hole. For a minute they heard nothing, then came a deep, mumbling voice, "Mad', Madre!"

"Jove!" whispered Eksberger, and Stiles cautioned him again. Motioning the others to stay where they were, he hastened across the lawn.

"Mrs. Fields," he said, "I want you to come here a moment."

Mrs. Fields calmly finished hanging a towel, then she followed him to the rampart.

"Mrs. Fields," said Stiles, firmly, and speaking very close to her ear, "do you speak Spanish?"

He pointed into the cellar, and at that moment came two deep voices at once. All three of the men looked at her and she looked at the hole.

"Maybe I do and maybe I don't," she replied, "but I shouldn't say that was Spanish."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

Sports in the Zero Zone

BY T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

Photographs by L. L. STEDMAN

OUR America is divided into three parts—by winter. There is the southern zone where winter ruins the grapefruit annually; north of that lies the neutral zone where it ruins the temper daily; and north of that the zero zone where true winter, after the Indian-summer overture, rings up the curtain on a drama so exhilarating, so beautiful, that all the other seasons seem but charming interludes. In the zero zone the curtain, once up, stays up for twenty weeks—twenty weeks of serene cold, an occasional ecstasy of storm, evenings of white moonlight, mornings of sunfire scrolled with prophetic cloud—a long dream of peace with snow-carnival and auroral splendors from the farther north, and never a thaw.

It seems scarcely possible now that I could so long have tolerated the neutral-zone winter. My skating-parties were ever interrupted by derisive thaws; the snow-coast was flooded by rains that fell mockingly, with the mercury at thirty-three; the most brilliant sleighing of the year was likely to happen at apple-blossom time, and if, by chance, there was a three-days' promise of good fun, there was always the cruel ghost of experience at the feast reminding one that it could not last. I stood it as long as I could and then moved north to the Land for Winter-lovers. There joy is longer-lived, and I desire to show you some of the blazes along its white trail—the trail any one, as long as he has a drop of boy's blood in his veins, will delight in following.

I suppose my enthusiasm should be for winter generally and not merely for Lake Placid, where I found winter; for it might seem that Quebec and Montreal, Saranac and the carnival city of St. Paul, were being discriminated against. But at the awful risk of advertising something without pay, I must say these things for Placid: the environment is more beautiful than anywhere else, the season is longer, the winter equipment is more complete. One finds more people at St. Paul, more convenient ice-boating at Saranac, more foreign an atmosphere at Quebec; but recently a Swiss from St. Moritz confessed to me that Placid had become the capital of winter sports.

Well within the Adirondack mountainland there lies a sheltered upland plain of inviting beauty. On the north rises the magnificent mass of Whiteface to a glittering point, with his vassal ranges shining in a semicircle about him. Along the eastern border of the valley extends the unbroken wall of the Sentinel Mountains to cheat the wet east wind of half its purpose. Across the south is reared the greatest barrier of all—Tahawus's great range, with MacIntyre and Colden, Haystack and Basin, and the Gothics lifting their forests mile-high above the sea. In summer the Indians used to pass through their shadowy defiles, but in winter their gale-swept solitudes were dreaded, and are still respected by the most adventurous. They circle toward the west, leaving a broad gateway through which the glint of lake-ice may be caught.

On this plateau guarded by the eternal granite, lies Lake Placid. It is a lake of surpassing beauty, high-shored and forested, and picturesque with islands. Its waters offer a living heart to the scene in summer, and in winter its ice is a white expanse of level invitation. And it is over this rare country of firwood and pastureland, of lake and shining slope, that winter is in high and absolute command for half a year.

Men from Minnesota, men from Maine, men from Essex County, the high county of the Empire State, fare

better than the lowlanders, are stronger and healthier. They have absorbed something from their broad snow-fields and from their brilliant skies which city-dwellers need to find. You can call them grown men, but never old men. At sixty they are young. If you will not believe this, visit them for a winter, if you can; for the Christmas vacation, at least. I wish that I could liberate into the stuffiness of city winter one breath of the eternal ozone, one brilliant moment of the sun-barrage. At least I can hale you by the imagination into the zone of zero winds. . . . We are standing with a number of men and girls in gay colors before the ski-jump. Someone is about to take the glide. The sky is living color behind him, the plain a patchwork of black balsam and white field below. As we watch we envy him, and finally the fatal lure of speed is upon us.

The ski is an elemental thing, a narrow strip of wood, curved and pointed at the toe and straight behind, with a rest for the foot in the middle. It is strange that we imported it so late. But it multiplies now like the imported sparrow.

We are standing upon the shores of a new world, the air-world. Toward it a century of generations has raised dreaming and wishful eyes. The pioneers have made their flights, but the rest of us will have to wait a little longer yet, and while we wait we might as well accustom ourselves to speed, to cold, and to all the dizzinesses of our lighter-footed future. A long novitiate of hardihood lies ahead of our softened tissues. Aldermanic males must train off many a pound before they will be supple enough to play cloud-tag. I know of no more engaging medium for this training and novitiate than the ski. It is muscular and merry at the same time, is skiing. Master the wooden wings, and you will be able to hitch your prowess later to the stars.

The ski-er must be sufficient unto his art. In swimming, on horseback, even on skates, one can muddle along and still have fun. But on skis there must be a little skill to produce prolonged pleasure. In Scandinavia the child begins his lessons at the age of three. He is considered a lost ski-er if he puts off the start until four or five. In fact, the age of three has become frightfully critical for children everywhere. They used to neglect it and just grow. But the child of modernity must have his violin under his chin, his horse between his legs, the French language at his fingers' ends, and skis on his feet at three or remain forever handicapped.

However, for those of us who have wasted our youth in riotous nurseries, there may still be much merriment ahead if we but put the skis on securely enough and choose a slope with an incline sufficiently trifling. It is amazing with what ambition the smooth staves seize upon the slightest grade, so the snow be not too new-fallen nor too wet. A temperature of ten below is the best. Then there is no caking, and not too much perspiring. The speed acquired, then, on an apparent level bodes ill for the real descent ahead. It is amusing but fruitless to clutch at the air, chilly but safe to wallow in the snow. Wallowing is a resource always open and often used.

The process of learning to ski resolves itself into the practice of the hundred ways of falling down, the single one of standing up. Yet the consecutive seconds which find you erect that first morning make a passionate ski-er of you —passionate one way or another. And finally you catch on. Some sudden acquirement of balance sends the straight-grained strips a-shuffle without fault. Impulse to move becomes motion, so easily do the skis slide on the level. No longer unmannerly, they glide parallel as they should. The foot lives on them squarely. The body finds itself easily erect, bent slightly at the hips and knees to offset bumps.

Then, with the first mastery, it is off to the woods for the day. The swift servitors that wing your feet take you at a pace faster than a walk, slower than a run, and just right to give you the feeling that at last you have found your truest pleasure in the winter woods. Long forest lanes arch white overhead. Soft pines seem softer still with their snow-bloom. Between their branches shines and vibrates the intensest blue.

As Stevenson might have said if he

had known the staves: to glide hopefully is easier than to arrive—on skis. But, despite the endlessness of the last tired mile, despite cross-purposes on the part of the twin sticks, despite the wasted age of three, you do arrive. You not only arrive, but find that somewhere along the way you have acquired almost proficiency. Corners are now easy to square. Hills can be zigzagged up. Distance is nothing. Where once you were cowed by a one-per-cent. grade and your disasters resembled the decline and fall of an entire cosmos, you now sail blithely and arrive inevitably at that spot where once you stood in awe, at the foot of the ski-jump. You still wonder as you watch. You wonder, however, whether you have the nerve. You wonder how, on such a day, men can find it in their hearts to die. You watch to see why they don't. Then you come to compute the odds for yourself, the novice.

The scaffold is forty feet high. To mount it is to share the feeling of beheaded kings. The intimacies of fear make you kin to the last Louis at his last hour. But somebody chopped off his head for him, at least, while you yourself have to make the decision to drop those forty feet. Forty feet from the bottom up is spectacular. But from the top down it is a sight to commend to the suicidal. "Fool," whispers your sense to your bravado.

You feel like a poker-player who has made a rash bet without due consideration of his hand. The world about and below never looked more worth living in. Yet there is but one graceful dénouement. The crowd is looking on, and even cowardice is capable of desperation at such a juncture. You shuffle to the edge with firm knees but with a tottery heart. You start, you slide, you fly. . . . O unambitious angels! Such a flight! You brace your soul for the shock. . . .

There was no shock. As easily, as unforeseeably as if they had been cushioned on the air, your skis rejoined the carefully curved slope and bore you out upon the plain. A quick thrill of "done at last" runs up your spine. Your heart beats firmly now; it is the knees that tremble. You curve around and realize that for a hundred feet you have been in the next world. You found it deliriously good. You want to try it again. But you will wait. The gods have been importuned enough for one morning.

The next circle of heaven is reached by horse and is called ski-joring. At first, ski-joring appears merely a variant of the old-fashioned hitching-party. The essentials are the same, substituting wooden wings for the sled and reducing the number of girls to one. To manage the skis and the horse and the girl and yourself, however, requires an appreciable amount of skill. Luckily, there is as much fun in the practice as in the perfection. The horse alone is not allowed to play the fool. He must trot evenly along the road with nerves entirely unconditioned by the exploits behind him. The girl holds one rein, and you the other, and sometimes you need be gallant at the expense of grace. But she will not be so graceful, either. Nor was ever dignity an essential of a good time. Going a-ski-joring is the winter version of going a-Maying. The softness of midsummer moonlight is changed for the luster of a frosted sun, sweet dalliance on ferny terrace, for the headier intoxication of hand in hand, with the white way slipping from under and the glistening roadbanks swirling by.

When a horse is lacking, harness the wind and sail on skis. Ski-sailing is a recent development, yet it has already flown its superiority in the face of its foster-parent, skate-sailing. The sailer on skates is shackled to his ice. The bounds of his pond, the condition of the ice, and the surety of snow are a swarm of flies in his ointment. So lusty are the snows of the zero zone that regiments of sweepers could never keep open a profitable course for long. Winnipisaukee, Raquette, and the thousand lakes of Wisconsin lie for months beneath soft counterpanes a meter thick. But the blown skis can utilize these levels and the hills beyond. Down Saranac or across Placid you can fly before a northeaster with the speed a demon loves, nor need to tarry at the end of ice. Up slopes and along windy ridges you can sail, an action impossible to skates. You can tack into the wind and tire the feet less than when they are balanced upon steel blades; and as a crowning

MEN AND GIRLS IN GAY COLORS BEFORE THE SKI-JUMP

satisfaction, you supply always your own transportation to the pleasuring-grounds. There is one further element of joy not to be missed—the intoxication of the swift rise and fall over rolling ground. This undulation is the bouquet of speed. Black levels of new ice are the finest prose, but for lyric motion seek upland reaches of hardened drift, a fair wind, skis wedded to it with a sail, and you shall distance all the sobrieties of life by the breadth of an afternoon.

Faster than the wind, as fast as gravity can pull one, goes the ski-bob, the latest speed instrument. Two skis are held parallel by a slight framework of steel which also furnishes a seat for the rider. Because of this mechanical parallelism and the prone rider's offering less resistance to the wind, the ski-bob will go a hundred feet to the ski-jumper's seventy-five. It is the fastest snow-device known. It was recently invented at Woodstock, New Hampshire, and has achieved its record jump at the Lake Placid Club's annual gymkhana. When the new jump is completed, it should fly two hundred feet and more. Man may still be a little lower than the angels, but they must observe with dismay that the discrepancy is diminishing.

The ski is Norwegian, the toboggan is our own. Throughout our three thousand miles of northland the ski-trailer, the ski-jumper, the ski-sailer, and the ski-bobber are acquainting us with the craft of fjord and fjeld. The wooden wings are beginning to crowd the arc of the American sportsmen's circle. We are assimilating the delights of Eric the Red. The Norsemen have come again, this time to stay. But the Indian was already here with his toboggan, and it claims its thousands still.

The toboggan is especially suited for those whose age or whose invariable custom of security hesitates before the too slender assurance offered by skis, and yet who cannot forego the delights of the open. The toboggan mates confidence with speed. As with everything that emanated from the Indian, it also combines poetry with utility. Poet-worthy are its paths. Whether it bears you down moonlit pastures, steering free-lance with the toe of your boot, or whether you fall with it down some scientifically iced precipice; whether you are a passenger or a puller through deep woods—there is a fragrance of the far-off days about it, an inheritance of wildness, that is a perpetual, if subconscious, charm.

On the great racing chutes at Placid the embankments all along the course, and particularly at the curves, are graded as carefully as for a locomotive. The slippery board beneath you flies at sixty miles an hour. A mile a minute in a vestibuled train is a matter of small moment. Through the double glass the landscape varies with sufficient speed to be diverting. A mile a minute in an automobile commands attention. It requires some skill in the chauffeur, particularly if the maximum is to be attained at a curve. But imagine falling at that speed on a curved board through a streaming cosmos of biting snow. Thought cannot keep up. You sit tight by instinct; you may pray from habit, but you don't think. No one's wits are nimble enough to catch you. You have a dull wonder of what is ahead, a lively thankfulness for what's behind, and that is all, except a lightness through your being. Perhaps other sensations await. If the flowing steed ride too high upon the embankment, he'll throw you broncowise, and later you emerge in a confusion of limb and laughter. But there will be no bruises.

The toboggan chute is in its infancy. Capable of indefinite extension, elaboration of curve and crest and pitch, it can be made to minister to daredevil or to maiden aunt. Even now there is a use for it not to be lightly mentioned to the rash—as the lad with a flexible flyer is bound to be. Real danger, unknown to the toboggan, lurks beneath the gloss of apparent ease with which steel runners take the track. There is nothing more hawklike under heaven than the first swoop of the steel-shod sled down one of the inclines polished by much frost. Where the toboggan did sixty miles, the flyer will do eighty. The speed increases almost to the end of the way. Not only the first sheer drop, and the blinding rush of the following incline, but the entire reach of ice waits for the subtlest defect in the rider's skill. If he steer too much the tremendous pace magnifies the slightest variation from the true into disaster. If he steer too little the supple runners, seizing the curves of the lithe track, the unseen little curves, will hurl him to the edge, and, once there, he is in a fair way to lack a nose. For at perdition's own pace there is little time to plan. Instinct and practice turn the trick. Mastery of the swift sled goes far to revive a viking self-respect which too much tea and buttered toast may have softened.

In the zero zone, particularly at the Winter Capital, the care expended on the first molding of the chute is not care lost. More snows come, but they can be swept away with a broom. Thaws never menace from the 15th of December to the 15th of March. Repairs are frozen while you wait. And by the same favor, the old-fashioned hill and gentler sled wait for those whose memory of other times will not fade beneath the frenzies of the new device. That old-time coasting was pretty good fun; the moonlight, and you, lying belly-bumper on an unpainted sled as upon an enchanted rug, trusting to the unseen bottom and your boot-toe. Who can ever forget the uneasy joy of the plunge, the ghostly glare on the crust, the shadowy wood-lane on the road home when you were glad you weren't alone, the pumpkin pie, when the house was still?

A BEGINNER'S SKIS ARE ALWAYS AT CROSS PURPOSES

Speed ever allures! The quest of it is

older than the driving of Jehu. Even winter sports as a society function are almost as hoary as Sire Winter's beard. Here is a foot-note to the sports' calendar of the year 1180 A.D., as dug by Mr. J. C. Dier from Fitz-Stephen's *Description of London*:

> When the great fenne or moore (which watereth the walls of the citie on the North Side) is frozen, many young men play on the yce . . . some striding as wide as they may doe slide swiftlie; some tye bones to their feete and under their heeles, and shoving themselves with a little picked staffe doe slide as swiftlie as a bird flyeth in the aire or an arrow out of a cross-bowe.

There you have the technique of speed for 1180. And, begging their pardons, it sounds a trifle comic. "A paire of bones tyed to the feete and a little picked staffe" and those ingenuous young men were set up for an afternoon of gaiety, completely satisfied. Could one ask a more humor-tickling satisfaction than the pleasure of introducing one of these lads, beef-colored as to the face and buff as to the tunic, to one of our carnivals with its daily miracles of speed! Imagine one of those naïve youths of the chicken bone skate lumbering with rounded eyes after a modern Puck. And the dizzy circlings of the hockey-rink! Or take him down on top of you on a flexible flyer—that fellow who thought that by pushing with his "little picked staffe" he was outshooting the "arrow out of a cross-bowe."

"Prithee!" he would cry, clutching with a grimness to you, "methinks, sirrah, this is an unseemly haste!"

Yet, to judge by the blood of Hawkins and Sir Philip Sidney, I wager that he would not relinquish the ski-jump. However great his astonishment, nevertheless, who is so learned as to detect a difference between his desires and ours? The methods of 1180 differ from those of 1918 by many an addition and transformation. But the object varies not by a hair's-breadth. We are still all for getting through portions of space "as swiftlie as a bird flyeth." The most that we can boast of is that at last we seem to be catching up with that bird.

Gravity is responsible for most of the mirth and much of the money-spending in the zone of snowy sports. But gravity is not the only resource of the winter-lover. On skates a man may lose contact with his world for hours, except for the forgotten edge of steel. Skating toward wide horizons on clear ice is scarcely cousin to the same exercise upon the roof of some city hotel or converted tennis-court. Skating as achieved by most urban populations is but an endless circling of a rink with the more or less graceful contortions of a goldfish. Skating through breezy spaces—if the breeze be in the rear—reveals enjoyments those others would never dream belonged to it. It is a serene flowing down the wind, an affair of lightest whim. If dancing be the poetry of motion, the rhythmic caprice of the steel-shod is surely its free verse.

SKI-JORING IS THE WINTER VERSION OF GOING A-MAYING

Further pleasures wait upon proficiency in the suave art. Proficiency depends upon the ability to go evenly and surely on either the flat of the steel or upon the inside or outside edge and either backward or forward. On these five notes of the scale are built all the tunes of the ringing blades. And there

THE SLIPPERY BOARD FLIES AT SIXTY MILES AN HOUR

are harmonies as well as melodies—the cross-roll, the grape-vine, the figure three, the Maltese cross, and their variations with a partner. Then there is the zest of the straightaway race with its long strides and mounting momentum and the exaltation of birdlike hockey. Bold swoopings, skilful hoverings, and the flight of victorious escape make the blood rush and tingle to the staccato of struck sticks. And, finally, there is the fascination of the dance.

Ice-waltzing seems the crowning advantage of the art of controlling one's feet. Life can scarcely offer more than when you and she are waltzing on flawless ice to perfect music under winter skies. It is even practicable to experiment with other rhythms than the one, two, three. The ice ballet has not yet come out of Petrograd, but it is not hard for the fancy to picture a corps of the ermine-robed, weaving tenuous arabesques to the wild beauties of Rimsky-Karsokov. . . .

From muscle to wind, from wind to gasolene, seems to be the track of ice development. For those who have a wind-swept lake at hand there is skate-sailing, the rig being not difficult to contrive nor very hard to manage. If the ice and the wind both be right at the same time the rate of progress is breathless. It is not a sport for weak ankles or a feeble forearm, and until you add a framework and a seat there cannot be much reposeful enjoyment of your speed. On an ice-yacht, however, with the wind lifting you on the outrigger and the cracks slipping from under at a mail-train speed, the ultimate of the crowded minute seems to have been reached. But

substitute a motor for a sail and wheels for blades, and you have a wind-sleigh that Santa himself could use with profit.

Of all the motoring contrivances that have been set to sleigh-bells, the motorcycle with a side seat is the most practicable, cheap, and easily arranged. You exchange the front wheel for a curved runner on which is a small keel to bite the snowy ice. Chains steady the rear wheel, and a leather curtain on the sledding side-car keeps the comrade who loans his life to your skill from freezing to death. The motorcycle sleighs carefree on a lake, yet is also incredibly adept in rutty roads. It provides transportation for the interval between fall and spring, and will traverse highways that are too far to ski, yet too deep to sleigh. There is one caution needed. Your head will ache unless it is inside a leather cap. No tam can keep out the drilling cold of thirty below zero driven into you at thirty miles an hour.

Ice-motoring, called ice-scooting at Shrewsbury, and ice-streaking at Saranac, is a new, alluring, but as yet unestablished sport. Seventy-five miles an hour is possible. But the ice-motor's semi-aerial brother, the ice-plane, a machine that has an airplane propeller, a gasolene-motor, and runners, will provide the swiftest experience of all until actual flight becomes a commonplace to us lowly ones. Ice-planing at a hundred and twenty miles an hour will be neither impossible nor exactly rash, though actual safety at two miles a minute cannot be guaranteed. But then, who is safe anywhere upon our gyrating sphere?

For such ice-privateering of course our larger lakes or the bays of our northern rivers are necessary. Kingston and Toronto lead when such fleets are to be created. Great horizons are the complements of winged thunderbolts. Although our mountain lakes are not interesting to elaborate yachts at present, when the principle of flat runners shall be applied to the ice-yacht we shall see flotillas of the airy craft rounding the capes on our now deserted lakes. There are many new sights and pleasures in the boreal future awaiting us.

These mechanical pleasures are very serious, and yet if Americans can be said to take their pleasures sadly, what shall be said for the solemn festivities of the Scotch? Have you watched their national game, curling? Was there ever such stern concentration as during a play, such stalwart uproariousness as at the finish of it? The bonspiel was surely bred of Highland mists.

Curling is apparently not greatly com-

THE CANNY GAME O' CURLIN'

ICE PETRELS ON THE HOCKEY RINK

plicated. But the true Scot's anxiety concerning each detail is as engrossing to him as is the next meal to a starving man. An all-pervading dourness breaks out into an overtumbling sturdiness of noise when the point is made. It is the roaring game, capable of billiard-like niceties and to be played with reverence. In chess or picture-puzzles or tennis there may be some hit-or-miss satisfaction for the novice. But in curling there is no slap-dash strategy, no enticement, no lightness of motion. All is stern skill or nothing. There are but two demands, a smooth execution and the solemnity of a parsonage. Yet in our frivolous land curling is in the ascendant. There must be some heart to its simplicity, some charm in the touch of the stones. The game must be attended.

There are four players to a rink, two rinks to a contest, two stones to a player, two tees within seven-foot circles thirty-eight yards apart. To get your stones inside the circle and to oust your opponent's is the motive of the strife. One man of each quartet manages a besom, sweeps sideways ever, and tries to "soop clean." One man of each side is appointed skip. He enjoys the divine right of kings. He is the sole director and his list of virtues must be complete. He must be brave at banter and yet blame none but himself for the errors on his side. He must issue his orders in "guid braid Scotch," and also be "generous, a just thinker," and, in addition, "just, wise, cool, prudent, watchful, brave, courageous, blameless as a bishop." Skips, with all those virtues, must die young.

Read the Rev. John Kerr in the Badminton Library if you wish to find a delicious depictment of their office. One friend of the game waxes fierce and wishes that the fellows who play with insufficient delicacy could have their beards lathered with snow and that he could "shave them with a hand-saw until they are inspired with a suitable disrelish for rough work." Another patron reproaches an earl with, "O Lord! I declare ye wad miss a haystack!" James Hogg bursts into poetry at the thought of a curling-match and ranks the play of the "channel stane" above "bridals unco glad." How, if we pretend to understand the Scotch, can we find the Irish puzzling?

For those who are over-nourished with speed and wish to be merely amused with their amusements, there are many games which frost and snow make possible. Ice baseball is a compound of hilarity, dexterity, and a display of the unintentional. Ice shuffleboard is good fun. Ice tennis can be achieved and with some grace. Ice golf I have never seen,

but could imagine that golf devotees might do worse than take to ice when the greens grow white.

The hilarities of baseball on the ice are close to the spirit of carnival, which is never very far distant from bright skies and a keen wind. Motley and mackinaw go well together. Strength and divine laughter suit each other perfectly. From Saranac to St. Paul many clubs, and even whole cities, band together for the sort of frost festival from which Canada had to recoil because she found that she was getting too sprightly a reputation as a winter hostess. Carnival-time is not bounded by sleep. Night is as jocund as day. Costumes and music, games and contests, song and rivalry and laughter, speed the bright sennight. Wholesome frivolity blossoms everywhere. The zero wind itself is a heady draught and one's dreams are as the dreams of Thor.

And when it is all over, there are the mountains, once more, and the wide forest whose silence is so grateful after so much stir. Winter mountains and winter silence! Pleasures untold and untellable are there of which summer's best moments cannot dream. And there are two ways of enjoying these which I have left to the end because they are the best. Sleighing and snow-shoeing suffice to bring us into intimate acquaintance with nature in winter. But mistake me not! By sleighing I do not mean the exuberance of a hitching-party or that good-natured evening of tumbling into a broad boxful of straw with a dozen others and singing about the country roads until the owls are silenced. I have in mind a deep-seated sleigh, wide enough for two, laden with robes, and then—then miles of forest and the view of blue-white ranges.

Winter beauty, beauty at its intensest, is remote and sufficient without us. No man need imagine that the snow-peak yonder or this little drifted hollow calls to him or needs him. But he needs them, and that is the stab of it. The curve of spanning blue is complete; the cover of unflecked white lacks nothing; even the pine in its green reserve is enough unto itself. Winter is for itself. From summer landscapes and the companionable birds we thought that we drew something and with them had some tie. But now we give in such terms of wonder and admiration that the insufficient return hurts. Not even on the inhospitable sea does the cold and rounded beauty of the scene seem more aloof.

So do not go into the winter woods without a companion. He must be a finite, warm-hearted friend. He may have a corner in his heart for consciousness of the infinity about him, but he must have a human appetite. With a tent and quilts and all the things that are good to eat lashed on a toboggan, set out with him into the deep forest. The webbed shoes will give you complete mastery of the waist-deep snow.

By three of the afternoon it will be well to think of camp. Settle into a southward-facing seclusion and dig down to the moss carpet beneath the snow. Night will steal about you with a softness and beauty uncomprehended before. Light currents from the ocean of infinite cold will draw you closer to the fire. You will be wrapped in silence, and the bigness of it would break your spirit were it not for the friendship at hand. But in the morning stir of a zero awakening all that will pass. Now the woods are shot with sunlight, or, perhaps, are soft with the haze of storm.

The snow-shoe is the humblest of all the devices used to conquer winter. Its use has been utilitarian and not poetic, and at present it bows before the soaring ski and the flying bob in the pleasure-places. But it is well to remember, before parting with old friends, that the furniture of speed will be thrown aside as lumber when we shall have got, each one of us, his box-winged bird. Who will trouble to fall from a forty-foot chute when he can leap with less danger from a five-mile cloud? The ski is merely a semi-aerial kindergarten from which we shall soon be graduated into the higher grades of moon-winging and comet-catching. But the old will endure. Hydroplaning has not superseded swimming, that prehistoric, if not ancestral, sport; nor will silken wings quite oust the webbed. And assuredly the utmost magnificences of the outer Emptiness will never supplant the beauty of the winter woods in a man's affection.

The Heart of a Woman

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

ISABELLE came up the narrow track out of the swamp-maples and paused on the edge of the moor, looking away toward the shore. The sea was not visible from here, but where the moor left off, breaking down in sand-cliffs to the beaches beyond, she saw the great tree, and the house beneath it, silhouetted against the sky—the house from which her husband had been buried that afternoon.

She hated to go back there, into the company of Martin and Elinore. Standing here, the new black broadcloth rising and falling to the breath of her strong young bosom, she wondered if they had gotten home yet in the carriage, and what they were saying about her, about her walking back from the graveyard alone, about her lagging.

Ever since she had set foot in that house two years ago she had felt the austere weight of their eyes, keeping track of her every movement, her every thought, as if jealous of what little honor was left to them and to their house by the wanton whimsy of an old man. Sometimes it was almost as if they wished that she *would* stray a bit, that she would uncover some hint of infidelity, some indiscretion, so that they might fall on her and rend her in the name of righteousness.

Martin, her stepson, was older than she, and his hair was gray, and so were his lips. Elinore must have been still older, a broken, chair-ridden woman, hugging to her dry breast the memory of those days of glory when she traveled with the "troupe," swinging through the thick, bright air of tents from hand to hand that never missed her grip—until the night when one hand missed and she went down through a perfect stillness into a perfect dark. She would have done better never to have come out of it, never to have found herself held up in the arms of the handsome country boy who had followed the troupe from town to city and from city to town, hungry for the crumbs from the table of her pink-and-gilt magnificence. But she had returned to life; she had felt tears falling upon her cold face; above the confused voices of the crowd she had heard Martin Fenno's voice sobbing out the words which seemed holy in the heart of a boy: "*She's been my wife a month, I tell you! Let us be! Let us be!*"

She had a sea-gull now, an ugly, snowy creature that a gale had driven in through a window-pane one black night, blind in both eyes and one wing broken. She called it "Sweetheart," and it was like the woman's heart taken out alive for her to handle. It lay on her bosom most of the time, under the gentle weight of her transparent fingers. When it left her she grew uneasy, something or other went wrong with her circulation, and Martin was forever searching for the creature along the cliffs. . . .

Isabelle hated to go back there, after the funeral. It would be even worse, now that her husband was dead and she alone against the two of them. It made her almost sorry that he was dead.

She had not been sorry, nor had she been especially glad. There was a certain satisfaction, naturally, as at the end of a week's work when one's wages are paid into the hand, but that was all. Isabelle was not the sort to make much of a fuss, one way or the other. Only once so far in her somnolent life had her imagination been touched in an especial way. That was when she was fourteen and the blacksmith had kissed her in the woods behind the ice-house. The impact of his thick, wet lips on hers had stirred her profoundly and incomprehensibly for a while. But nothing of the sort had happened again, for her mother took care of her.

She had found herself married to Daniel Fenno two years ago because it

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

THEY WAITED FOR HER TO GIVE THEM SOME TOKEN OF HER BEREAVEMENT.

was her mother's wish, and, after the long habit of her life, she had asked no questions, of her mother or of herself. Nothing in it had shocked her. She had done as she was bidden without bother to her slumbering soul. Day after day she had bathed the old white limbs of Daniel Fenno, given him the things he should eat, attended to his slippers and his oil-stove, performed all these wifely duties unlaboriously beneath the eyes of Martin and Elinore and the gull. Night after night she had listened without emotion to the ashes of his ardent recollections, endured without shame the speculations of his senile eyes.

And now he was dead and buried deep, and it was done. As she let her thoughts dwell more definitely on that, walking on across the moor, her satisfaction grew deeper. She could not understand herself, and she made no effort to. But there came over her a formless desire to put flowers in her hair, a desire to stop walking and lie down, with her breast to the damp earth under the moor-grass, while the night came on.

She walked faster. When she came at last to the brink of the cliffs beside the house the sea wind took her breath away. She stood for a moment, irresolute in its cold embrace clinging to her strange, dark garments. The air from the sea was always here, sifting sand and twisting the great limbs of the willow over the house, but till to-night it had never taken her breath away; never before had she felt its wild, rough kiss striking through the frail barrier of her garments, irresponsible and devouring. Shivering, she turned her eyes and saw candlelight yellow in the little panes of the parlor window, and the shadow of the blind gull sitting on the table, huge, distorted, swaying slowly from side to side. They were waiting for her.

They said nothing when she came in, and she went about preparing supper in silence. Martin wheeled Elinore out to the kitchen, and together they watched her, without seeming to watch her, Elinore's waxen hands folded over the back of the drowsing bird on her bosom, Martin standing behind her, his heavy shoulders sunken in a little, his lips faintly blue from the pressure of the one on the other, his eyes resting on the ceiling. In the silence of the house of death they waited for her to give them some token of her bereavment, to bind herself over to widowhood by some word or gesture of a grief which no one felt.

And she could not do it. An hour ago, feeling it expected of her, she could have wept for them, briefly and without emotion. But now, since she had walked on the moor and stood in the wind on the cliff, the house stifled her; its familiar stillness had grown unfamiliar, as strange and oppressive as the odor of decaying funeral flowers which hung in the windless rooms.

Sitting at table with her eyes on her plate, she found herself straining to catch the sound of the willow above the shingles, the lashing of leaves, the heave and recoil of limbs writhing in the arms of the gale, the huge, slow surge of the trunk, dragging at the earth beneath her with its myriad, blind, unquenchable roots. For the first time in her ordered life she forgot where she was.

She heard Martin's voice, austere, suspicious, "Where are you going, Mother?" and found herself at the door leading out back.

"Where am I going?" She stared at them a little wildly. "I—I'm going outdoors a minute." But, having said it, she remained standing where she was, helpless under the spell of their extortionate helplessness. She felt them spinning webs with their dry eyes, looping weightless filaments about her strength and her youth and her new desires, binding her desperately moment by moment to their own devouring despair. She had a sense of dead roses attacking her nostrils, an insidious, sweetish narcotic, against which she had to struggle for her life.

"I've a right to go out!" she gasped.

She heard a rustle of dry membranes on the floor and, looking there, she saw that the blind gull had gotten down from Elinore's bosom. She saw it coming toward her from beneath the shadow of the table, sidling and flopping, like the heart of that thwarted, wounded woman sent out blindly to fasten upon her. Shivering, she got the door open and backed out over the sill, where a backwash of the wind enveloped her.

She wanted to get the door closed

flood over her face, and drained away suddenly as the man came walking toward the thicket across the fan-light cast from the door. As he lifted his hands to part the branches before her she found herself running through the blind tangle, her hands flung out, her feet stumbling, her face and body bruised by the whipping limbs, her heart pounding with a wild, triumphant fear.

Small as the thicket was, she lost herself, and it became boundless. Things tore at her; invisible things turned her back. A root tripped her, and she would have fallen had hands not reached out of the blackness to hold her up and a man's arms wrapped her about.

She made no struggle, and after the first queer gulp in her throat she remained as still as he. Leaning there on his breast in the utter darkness of the night, she felt the man's heart pounding down through the arteries of the arms that crushed her; she felt herself shaken by the shudder passing over him slowly; throwing back her head, she accepted the sudden blind pressure of his lips. He kissed her again and again with a fierce, unquenchable thirst, and she knew that it was not the blacksmith, after all.

The music of another dance ran in the air. Moonlight swam toward them over the water, striking the thicket's edge with a sudden silver. For a moment they remained as they had been, quite still, staring into one another's eyes. Then they drew apart slowly, as it were lazily, and Isabelle heard her voice emerging from her throat, thin and powerless:

"*Martin!*"

In the queer light the flesh of Martin's face looked dead. His lips moved stiffly once or twice, but without sound. It was Isabelle who spoke again, her question hanging between them in the pale air.

"Did you know who it was?"

He shook his head. "Come!" he said.

He turned and moved away, and she followed him through the empty lanes of the village to the cliff, both of them walking slowly and curiously erect. The clouds were draining out of the sky. As the man and the girl climbed upward into the wind the moonlight broadened and brightened, overrunning the shore, the cliffs, and the moors. In the crystal illumination Isabelle's eyes never left the moving figure before her, the swaying shoulders, the swinging arms that had held her in the crazy dark, the strong brown muscles of the neck—her gaze, half-frightened by large, new, formless perceptions, enveloped him. Questions, echoes of other questions, tumbled slowly through her consciousness:

"Who is he? What is he? Why is he here?"

Gaining the crest, they saw the pale house watching them from under the beckoning tree. When he had gone a few steps Martin halted and, clasping his hands behind him, he turned to the cliff. Isabelle came and stood beside him. Neither spoke for a while. Leaning a little outward against the clear flow of the air, they looked down on the sea, white with marching waves and dazzling white with the pathway leading out to the moon. Its voice came up, boundless and inexhaustible, calling them.

Martin spoke, as if it were to himself:

"I was out looking for Sweetheart. I couldn't find him. I just went on down. . . ."

Isabelle's eyes left the moon's track and settled on the shadows in the village.

"And you say you—you didn't know who it was—there?"

"Nor I didn't care . . . much. . . . Something has got to happen. Something *has* happened. . . . That was a queer thing at the burying to-day. . . . It gave me a queer kind of a turn. . . . Feeling myself going down into the grave, a young man yet . . . like that . . . with you. . . ."

Isabelle turned her head, moving her lips slowly as if tasting her words.

"Why with *me?* What is there about —about—*me?*"

"Can't you understand?"

"But you hated me—the same as *she* hated me."

"Hated you? Yes, I've hated you. But not like *she* hates you."

She felt herself imprisoned in his arms again and saw his face above her struck with a cold white flame.

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"IT'S JUST A BIRD, ISABELLE"

"Why shouldn't I hate you? Am I made of wood or stone? What do you think it's meant to me, living in that house with you, day after day and night after night—the way we've lived—the four of us in that house? What kind of a hell do you call that for a man like me?"

She began to push with her hands. "I'll go away then! I'll go a thousand miles away!"

"You'll not!"

"I will, I will!" she kept on crying, hungry for his denials. It thrilled on her red lips like a song. She fought him off with an exquisite strength, tore free of him, ran from him on bounding feet, her hair streaming and an unknown joy welling in her throat.

But he was swifter than she. He had her in his arms again. She saw his face close to hers in the crystal light, racked with the pain of a new and desperate youth, and again she felt the wild heart in the arteries of his arms.

"I *will*, I *will!*" Her exultant eyes were watching him.

"*Do!*" His eyes were shining, too. "*Do!*" he repeated, bringing them a little closer to hers. "Go away! Go a thousand, ten thousand, miles away!"

He frightened her when he kissed her this time. She tried to take her lips away.

"Why?" she gasped. "Why do you say that, Martin?"

"Because you can never go so far that I can't go with you—no, Isabelle—my pretty, darling Isabelle!"

"Martin! You wouldn't!"

"I would! I will!"

"Martin, think! Oh, think! It wouldn't be—right!"

"Right? . . . Look at me!"

He spoke as if her eyes were not already fixed in his, wide and fascinated.

"Right? Am I a living man or am I a dead man? Where's the justice for *me?* Is there any justice I should pay out the whole of my life for something I never had? What about *me?* Who am *I?* What's to make up to *me* for all the young years of my life taken away from me? Tell me, Isabelle!"

Whiteness crept over the girl's cheeks. Her lips moved with hardly more sound than the moor-grass made in the wind underfoot.

"That's for you to say, Martin. Whatever you want, Martin!"

They remained standing there, motionless, wordless, and somehow curiously strengthless. Isabelle was the first to speak.

"What is it, Martin?"

He was not looking at her, but beyond her, over her shoulder.

"Martin!" she cried. "What's the matter?"

He seemed not to hear her, but when she tried to turn her head to see what he saw he held her cheek back with his hand.

"It's nothing," he told her in an odd way, under his breath. "It's nothing but that bird."

She pushed his hand away with a desperate strength. And then she saw that he had told her the truth. It was only the blind gull, Sweetheart, a dim, pale spot of a thing, creeping and flopping over the moor.

"No," she breathed in his ear, "it's nothing."

"It's just a bird, Isabelle."

It was queer to hear them whispering so in the huge, blown spaces of the night. Isabelle began to feel the cold.

"Let's walk on," she whispered.

They found themselves moving on tiptoe, as soundless as the shadows keeping them company over the billowing grass. They would not look back; they had come almost to the verge of the cliffs before either one of them turned a head. Then Martin said:

"No. You see, he didn't know any one was there."

"No, that's right," Isabelle said.

It was queer, too, to hear them lie to each other. Like the heart of that woman, the blind thing was not to be shaken off. It came on and on, where they had come, glimpsed from moment to moment in the tall grass, pausing, brooding, its sightless head tilted wisely on the pale, soft column of its neck. It wandered, making small, stumbling excursions here and there, but always and inexorably its wanderings carried it nearer.

The girl's hand groped out and found the man's.

"It's nothing," she whispered. "It's always running around like that."

Martin said nothing this time. But when the gull came out upon them suddenly from behind a clump of grass a dozen yards away, she felt him drawing back from it, step by step, taking her with him by the drag of his hand on hers.

"Sssssh!" he cried. "*Go 'way, there! Go 'way!*" The sound came out of his throat quite unexpectedly, high-pitched and without body.

And then it was the girl that dragged at the man.

"Take care, for God's sake! See! Martin!"

Their heels were at the break of the rotten cliff. Looking back slantwise, the girl saw the beach and the ocean stretching under them. It was queer. She seemed unable to do anything, for herself or for Martin. As she remained there, motionless, staring down into the yearning depths, rocked by recurrent and not unpleasurable waves of vertigo, she felt herself being surrendered up to that same strange sense of acquiescence. She saw the silver gulf of eternity yawning to receive their souls, hers and Martin's; behind her on the moor she had a vision of Elinore's heart in the form of a gull, watching them through the white veil of its infirmity, brooding over their doomed youth with the hunger and thirst of a sardonic commiseration.

Of a sudden, having been brought into life only just now, it seemed sweet to be going out of it again quickly, with the man who loved her. It was no longer horrible. The grassy parapet shivered under her feet with the swift process of decay and dissolution, but she was no longer afraid. She was conscious of pain only when Martin's hand dragged at hers with a fierce violence of awakening.

He took her with a sweep of his arm; she saw his face white in the moonlight; felt herself carried backward from the edge of the cliff; found herself supported, choked and shaken, on the edge of another cliff. The ground where they had stood was gone. They could hear the avalanche above the pulse of the breakers, churning and smothering far away down the declivity.

They kept on staring at each other's eyes. They tried to speak to each other, but in the weakness which had come over them their lips made only vague, sighing noises.

It began to be a long while since the thing had happened. They began almost to forget it. They began to forget everything, save that they were standing there between two lives, weak and yet somehow invulnerable, annointed by the moonlight and bathed in the healing river of the wind.

Something soft was brushing against their feet. They became aware of blows, insistent and powerless, bothering their ankles, and a ghostly, rustling sound creeping up through the wind to their ears.

Isabelle tried to cling to Martin; tried to shake her head.

"No, no, no," she implored in a whisper. "It's nothing." She tried harder: "It's nothing, nothing, Martin. No, no —it's nothing!"

She watched him as he put her away and reached down with his large, groping hands. The act stood out vivid, monstrous, and unreal in that pitiless illumination. He seemed inept. He had trouble getting hold of the flopping thing, as if the gull were no blinder than he. And when he had found it, when he had gotten his fumbling fingers at last around the soft neck, it seemed a long, long while that the struggle went on, desperate and silent, save for the whisper of dying wings and the breath coming and going between the man's lips.

The bird lay dead on the grass near the cliff's edge, where the man had flung it. Against the dark mat it stood out white and still and curiously misshapen, one of the wings broken down across the snowy breast and the neck half-doubled on itself, so that the head rested oddly on the left shoulder.

Neither of them said anything. They found it hard to get away. It seemed impossible to shake off the peculiar dreadfulness of that place. It was like a dream from which they could not be aroused; they turned and walked away a dozen steps, but that grotesque creature was still there when they looked back, sleeping quietly in the moonlight, a wing over its breast and its head pillowed on the whiteness of its shoulder.

They made an effort. They walked on swiftly, with a sense of flight. As they walked they talked, their words mingling feverishly in the pale wind.

"It was no use to itself or to anybody else. . . ."

"Yes, it ought to have been put out of the way long ago. . . ."

"Yes, put out of its misery. . . ."

"That's right. You're right, Isabelle. What does a bird amount to? A bird that can't see day from night, to say nothing of flying, or being any use to itself?"

The ground passed under their feet and the house came toward them. They followed their long shadows, as if the shadows were dragging them toward the house.

"And now we're going away, Isabelle. . . . Isn't that so?"

"Yes. . . . To-morrow. . . ."

"To-morrow, that's right. . . ."

"Or day after to-morrow, Martin."

"That's right. We'll just—we'll just say nothing, Isabelle."

"No. We'll say we didn't see the bird. . . ."

"If she asks about the bird, yes. . . ."

"What's the matter? Why are you panting so?"

"Yes, that's so. We'd best wait a bit outside here, because it looks as if we'd been running or something. . . ."

"No, it's all right. But I'll not look at you when we go in. . . ."

"Nor I'll not look at you. . . ."

"But to-morrow . . ."

"Or day after to-morrow . . ."

Both of them reached for the door-latch, and for a moment in the shadow their hands fumbled and bumped together. There was something blind and uncontrolled about it, something in a queer way savoring of panic. Their voices, half-drowned by the wailing of the willow over their heads, grew sharp.

"Here, here! Let *me!*"

"Well, *do!*"

The door swung inward, blown from Martin's hand by the backwash of wind in the lee, and the smooth light of candles poured out over them. Neither moved to enter. After what seemed a long while Martin reached in and pulled the door to again. He made an effort to latch it, but he seemed terribly inept in the dark. It took a long while.

"You saw?" he asked, under his breath, by and by.

"Yes . . . she is—is—"

"She is a—a . . . asleep . . ."

"Yes, she fell asleep in the chair. *Asleep*, you know."

"Yes, asleep. . . . And we'll go away to-night—now—quickly, quickly!"

Isabelle felt him groping for her. Their hands touched in the dark. They were as cold as the hands of that dead woman in there, and, like the hands of the dead, they would not take hold, but fell down heavily.

"Why did you do it, Martin?"

"Why did I do what? Why do you talk so? What do you mean? It was her heart, that's all."

"Yes, it was her heart."

"Don't say it that way. You know what I mean, and if you say things like that, I'll—I'll— Well, I don't know what I'm saying. But it was just that her heart has always been bad—you know how it's been—and it just happened to be to-night that it—it stopped. All of a sudden."

"Yes. I know. I saw."

"I tell you, if you say it like that, meaning what you mean, I'll—I'll—"

"Martin, I'm afraid of you!"

"And I'm afraid of you!"

As they stood there, breathing hard and staring each at the dim gray mask of the other's face, the door-latch gave again and the door swung inward with the wind. Conscious of the candle-light flowing over her shoulders, Isabelle turned her face to the moor. She did not run this time. She walked, slowly, flat-footed, out from the shadow of the house and the grasping shadow of the willow-tree beyond.

And after all, she had to look back once. Martin was standing where she had left him. She saw the silhouette of his shoulder and right arm depending from it against the bright rectangle of the door. And beyond him in the pale candle-light she saw Elinore resting quietly in the wheel-chair, her neck fallen over so that her head lay pillowed oddly on her left shoulder, and one arm crossed over the bosom whence the heart had fled.

Korea—An Experiment in Denationalization

BY WALTER E. WEYL

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WHAT took place I can only guess at, for the courteous guide furnished by the Ministry of Education spoke English most tentatively. As for me, I knew just enough Japanese to enable me to lose my way in the picturesque Seoul streets, and not a single word of Korean. So if I tell this story vaguely, the confusion of tongues is to blame.

It was in the Loyalty Room of a Japanese school in Korea. A large light room, with a dais on which stood the state chairs of Emperor and Empress, and on the walls emblems, pictures, and edifying diagrams. One diagram I remember particularly. It was a sort of statistical chart, with painted oblongs, supposed to represent the duration of various dynasties—Japanese, Chinese, British, French. The Japanese was much the longest, twenty-five inches, each inch representing a hundred years of uninterrupted rule. It taught the lesson that the divine ancestors of the divine Mikado had ruled over Japan long before there was an England, France, or Spain, and that his descendants would doubtless continue to rule after these feverish peoples had forever disappeared. The United States, with its meager one hundred and forty years of independence, was represented by an oblong only an inch and a half high.

"Ours is the baby nation," I hazarded.

My polite interpreter smiled, in the meanwhile sucking in his breath as the Japanese do when they wish to show deference. "Yes," he replied, "but a very big baby."

What struck me in this Loyalty Room was the sedulous care with which these patient Japanese masters seek to indoctrinate the Koreans, whose unquiet independence they have abolished and whom they now wish to transform into patriotic Nipponese. To this purpose nothing, I imagine, could be better adapted than schools. I visited several of these and found them not badly directed, though few in number. They could not compare with the truly magnificent schools established by Americans in the Philippines, but they were better than nothing and better than anything Korea had ever before known. The teachers, both Japanese and Korean, maintained good discipline, and the methods of instruction seemed not inadequate. Unfortunately, most of these schools served Japanese residents of Korea rather than native Koreans, and even schools for the latter seemed to be taken up far too much with the inculcation of loyalty and subservience rather than with a preparation for the tasks of life.

It is, of course, natural that Japan, having so recently absorbed Korea, should try by one means or another to conquer the wills and secure the adhesion of the natives. For Japan everything depends on Korea. The Korean peninsula lies nearest to Japan; it is like a dagger pointed at Japan's heart. It was through Korea that Japan first came into contact with the old culture of China. It was Korea that the hardy islanders, over two hundred years ago, overran and sought to conquer. For the mastery of Korea, Japan fought two great and victorious wars against China and Russia. Thereafter, Japan assumed a protectorate in order to preserve Korean independence, and a few years later put an end to that independence. To-day Japan rules as absolutely in Korea as does Great Britain in Malta.

To lose Korea is to lose Japan's causeway to Asia, to surrender all dominion over the continent, to sink again to the status of a small island power. If, on the other hand, the Koreans can be converted into loyal Nipponese, Japan will have straddled the sea and will have one foot planted firmly on the mainland.

How is one to gain the loyalty of such a subject people, or, indeed, is such a thing at all possible? Japan is trying in many ways, by repression, by education, by a show of force, by a display of superiority, by good works, by promises.

A few days after I arrived in Korea I saw this steady Japanese propaganda proceeding in the criminal courts. Seated behind the judges' bench, I was present when various petty criminals were tried by due process of law and were convicted or acquitted of larceny, insubordination, and various small offenses. The scales of justice, I was told, were held rigidly even, and no favoritism was shown to rich or poor, *yang-ban* or tattered beggar, Japanese or Korean. For centuries the Korean had found nothing but venality and oppression in his courts of law. Surely, I thought, this even-handed, open-minded Japanese justice must reconcile Koreans to the loss of their old insecure liberties.

At that moment they brought in a big, tight-muscled Korean accused of murder. The prisoner, meek, dumb, oxlike, stood there, listening uncomprehendingly to the reading of a document first in his own language and then in that of the judges. It appeared that a Japanese had come to the Korean's house for some reason, good or bad; I could not discover which, for the Korean spoke his own language, the official interpreter made it over into Japanese, and my own interpreter (who was more interested in gaining than imparting knowledge) translated it intermittently into scraps of English. All I learned was that in a quarrel the Japanese had been slain. Under such circumstances any trial might have seemed tame. After a long while nothing happened, except that I was urbanely conducted to an adjoining room, where the judges soon joined me. I was never able to learn the ultimate fate of the Korean. I felt sure, however, that he was doomed. He, too, knew it. There had been that in his stolid expression as he looked into the faces of his alien judges that showed

THE ANCIENT TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, IN SEOUL

he had no hope. For justice must be done and Japanese supremacy maintained.

After the trial I took morning tea with the judges. I liked them somewhat better off the bench, though there still clung to them an elusive, bureaucratic odor. These men were intelligent and faithful administrators, of the French rather than the British or American type. They asked me questions, which I answered confidently, concerning juvenile courts in America, and then they spoke soberly about the administration of justice in Korea. They said, what I am sure is true, that not until the Japanese came did the poor man of Korea understand that he had any rights in the courts. They told me of the improving administration, the tempering of justice with clemency, the wise moderation of the judges. Yet, while they spoke, what I really thought of was the dumb prisoner who had killed the Japanese. I wondered whether by any chance the courts would be clement in his case. I wondered what in his stupid way he thought, and what his neighbors thought, of Japanese rule in Korea.

One thing is certain: the Koreans are not at ease with their island conquerors. I went on an excursion into the country with an intelligent and subtle Japanese journalist. We arrived at a piggledy village, consisting of one street of thatched mud huts, sunning themselves in the leisurely afternoon. We called on the head official, the *maire* of the village. To my surprise, he was intimidated by our visit. (Our rare automobile was in itself awe-inspiring.) He knew no single word of Japanese, and, as my journalist friend knew no Korean, they conversed together with pencil and paper, for the Korean and Japanese languages have the same ideographs, the same characters for the same ideas, though the words are totally different. So the two men, one in the dark Japanese garb and the other in the white, flowing Korean robe, mutely talked in writing, like deaf and dumb men, leaning all the while over the wooden counter of the little *mairie* that looked for all the world like a land-surveyor's office in a lazy Southern village, or like a little grocery-shop bereft of its groceries. At last we left amid mutual obeisances, but the tall Korean bowed lower than the Japanese, and he still looked at us with pathetic, frightened eyes and seemed relieved as we moved out of the door to the waiting automobile.

I had asked my journalist friend to inquire of the Korean how many Japanese lived in this village. I wanted to gain a picture of the extent to which the islanders were actually penetrating the country. I knew, from official statistics, that some three hundred thousand Japanese lived in the peninsula, but the Koreans numbered over seventeen millions and were breeding like rabbits. Would not the Japanese be swallowed up in the Korean flood? Would not the Japanese influence, as far as blood went, be transient, external, and at most limited to the cities? The great seaport Fusan was half Japanese, the capital, Seoul, had many Japanese, but what about the countryside? I was soon to learn. In this village there was only one Japanese, the *gendarme*, feared and therefore respected by all, including his little Korean wife and his docile Korean children. Incidentally, and this is symptomatic of a possible future of the peninsula, the little Korean wife has never learned Japanese, whereas the *gendarme* speaks Korean bravely, if brokenly. I wondered whether Korea might not in the end absorb the scattered Japanese instead of the latter absorbing the Koreans.

In this matter of population Korea has undoubtedly proved a disappointment to Japan.

In proportion to its resources Japan is one of the most densely populated countries, if not *the* most densely populated, in the world. With an area about the size of California, Japan proper has a population of over fifty millions. Of its total land area only a very small part (about twenty-five thousand square miles) is at present arable. The farms are very small and the pressure of population, both in the agricultural districts and in the rapidly growing cities, intense. Moreover, the crowded Japanese population cannot easily emigrate. The United States is practically forbidden ground, as are Canada and Australia, and in China the Japanese cannot com-

AN OLD STREET IN SEOUL, SHOWING THE OPEN SEWERAGE SYSTEM

pete with the low-waged natives. Had they been able, therefore, to migrate by the million to the less densely settled peninsula of Korea, the Japanese would have been in a fair way to solving their menacing population problem.

When in the first flush of victory against Russia a real dominion over Korea was awarded Japan, it was commonly believed that here was to be found the long-sought home for these surplus Japanese millions. Japan would people Korea as Great Britain had peopled her dominions beyond the Sea, as Russia was peopling Siberia, as America had colonized the Middle West and the Far West. There would be farms and jobs for new millions. There would be a new Japan in the ancient Korean peninsula.

There seemed to be good reason for optimism. Korea, with an area three-fifths as large as that of Japan, was supposed to contain only some twelve millions of people. She was rich in untouched mineral resources. If she could support twelve millions under her corrupt native rulers, how much more would she maintain under a scientific Japanese administration? Two blades of grass would grow where one had grown before; two men would live well where one had starved before, and of these two one would be a Japanese.

To-day it seems improbable that this second man will be a Japanese. There is not much room in Korea for immigration, for the native population is larger than was imagined, and under Japanese rule it is growing rapidly. The immigrant workman from Japan finds it hard to compete with the lower-waged Korean, and the Japanese farmer, though more skilful than the Korean, does not wish to leave his native rice-patch. The Koreans are settled on the land, and on the land they will stay and breed. Fifty years from now the peninsula will be inhabited by the descendants of native Koreans, not by the descendants of Japanese immigrants. Japan can no more people Korea than Europe could people India.

If, therefore, Japan succeeds in Japanizing Korea she will do so not by placing a Japanese population in the peninsula, nor by propaganda in Loyalty rooms,

but by giving to Korea a just, wise, and beneficent administration, by making Korea a better place to live in and an easier place in which to make a living. Japan's chief reliance should be on her capable industrial civilization and her excellent administrative ability.

That Japan has vastly improved the economic and cultural conditions of Korea is obvious even to the most careless traveler. From the car window one sees the once bare mountains covered with young trees planted by the million by the wise Japanese. Roads have been built and improved, railroads constructed, agriculture extended and made more intensive, and splendid technical schools have been established. The Japanese are introducing science, method, and careful administration into the country. In the little trade schools, in the schools for seri-culture, in the agricultural experiment stations, Koreans are gaining a new insight into the art of making a living. Though taxes and prices are higher than before, the country is more prosperous and the lot of the average Korean has been improved. The city of Seoul has been transformed, Occidentalized. The task of modernizing Korea has only begun, but the progress is already astonishing.

From the point of view of this economic development, Japanese rule in Korea could hardly be more successful. Everything is done to improve conditions, and whether this is done primarily for Koreans or for Japanese makes little difference so long as the result is good.

Of all the gifts of Japan to Korea, none has been better or more fruitful than security. The Korean peasant or business man no longer fears that what he earns and saves will be taken from him. He knows that taxes, although heavy, will be definite and that there will be no illegal extortion. He can, therefore, afford to become a more efficient worker in agricultural and industrial arts. He can afford to improve his lot and advance. Koreans need no longer fear to be economically ambitious.

This new security and new ambition of the Korean are illustrated by his changed attitude toward saving. In the old days the only true thrift consisted in taking no thought of the morrow. If a Korean became rich he was likely to be robbed by bandits, unofficial and official. The gentlemen of the capital who

A WEALTHY KOREAN FAMILY

ruled the country districts had a short and summary way of extracting surplus wealth from any one rash enough to accumulate it. Industrial organization being ineffective, there was no reason why a man should work harder than he was forced to, or save money in order that some one else might take it from him. Work in any case was degrading, and even a beggar could be something of a gentleman so long as he did not soil his hands with labor. So the white-clad Koreans worked in leisurely fashion, doing just enough to get their rice, and then smoking their long pipes and chatting during the idle hours. The Korean was a natural-born gentleman with native grace and dignity, and he knew how to live. All this was changed by the Japanese administration. It was not in Japan's interest that the Koreans should cultivate their laziness too intensively, and so everything was done to uproot this inconvenient virtue. A campaign for the inculcation of thrift was begun, pamphlets were issued by the tens of thousands, and government representatives toured the country, lecturing the Koreans on the advantage of saving. At first the Koreans resisted. They believed that the Japanese wanted them to save merely in order to tax them more heavily. As for depositing their money with the distrusted government, that was an obvious absurdity. Nevertheless, saving has begun, and today there are over half a million depositors in the postal savings-banks. The thrift campaign is a long step toward converting Korea into a capitalistic country.

Yet it does not follow that even good administration and prosperity will make loyal Japanese out of Koreans. Undoubtedly the Koreans will make much of their new opportunities. They are naturally intelligent, the best linguists of the Orient, and, while not as quick, energetic, or ambitious as the Japanese, they nevertheless win along many lines, much as the tortoise won from the hare. True, they have not yet succeeded —perhaps have not been permitted to succeed—in large capitalistic undertakings, and the banks, the big retail stores, and big business generally are in Japanese hands. But the Korean mass advances and year by year it will demand greater economic as well as political recognition. The question is: Will Japan with her traditions know how to concede these rights promptly and gracefully? Will she take full account of Korean susceptibilities, grant freedom, and tolerate discussion? Or will she use force?

On the whole, Japan has tended to use force rather than persuasion, repression rather than freedom. There has been, and there still is, a strict political censorship. The full measure of Japanese success in Korea could be more easily ascertained and more readily acknowledged if there were greater freedom in the peninsula, were there not an official terrorism which covers up abuses and ruthlessly represses public opinion or free expression of discontent. Possessing only the official Japanese version of the progress in Korea, we are forced to accept all reports with a grain of salt, not disregarding the excellent work accomplished, but recalling at least that we have here a subject population, deprived of primary civil and political rights, unable to express disapproval, repressed and silent. If in such a situation one is grudging in praise, the fault lies with Japan's military authorities, who in their wisdom have deprived us of the right to hear the evidence in the case.

In some respects the Japanese record in Korea has its bad side. This was especially true in the beginning, when Japanese intervention meant confiscation, theft, violence, and treachery. In part those brutal methods were due to a militaristic policy and in part to the incapacity or unwillingness of the government to prevent the excesses of Japanese adventurers who preyed on the country and terrorized its inhabitants. Even today all evils have not been entirely eradicated. There remains a general odor of militaristic-capitalistic exploitation about Japanese rule in Korea, as well as a sense of respectable commercial venality, an evidence of discrimination in favor of Japanese and against Koreans, a feeling that the government is not quite honest or straightforward or progressive, as is the American government in the Philippines. One leaves

Korea with an unpleasant taste in the mouth, with a sympathy for the tall, gentle, wrong-headed Koreans, in their loose white clothes, their impossible shoes, and their curious bird-cage hats. One feels sorry for them in their servitude toward the efficient and rather pompous Japanese officials.

This is the reverse of the excellent work of economic development in Korea in which Japan is succeeding so admirably and to which she has brought her iron will, her sense of duty, her somewhat pedantic formalism, and, above all, her unity. While she has faced the economic problem as a whole and faced it concretely, while she has cut clean through a mass of ignorant and venal obstruction, she has often erred on the side of violence and roughness and she has failed to take into account the susceptibilities of the subject people.

If Japan is wholly to succeed, however, it is exactly these susceptibilities that must be taken into account. If you are to change a population you must know what to change and what to leave alone. Great Britain has won the loyalty of the French Canadians by allowing them to remain as French, as utterly un-English, as they were in the days of Champlain. If the seemingly gentle Korean is not to prove refractory, one must learn to lead and not drive him. If he is to be made Japanese he must be made more Korean than ever.

In some respects all peoples change slowly; it is proverbial that conservatism begins at home. A man will change his business before he changes his house; he will hardly ever change his dress, the cut of his beard—if he has one—his sumptuary prejudices and predilections, his attitude toward his wife and children. He will change his belief more readily than his ritual; his form of government more easily than his method of drinking tea.

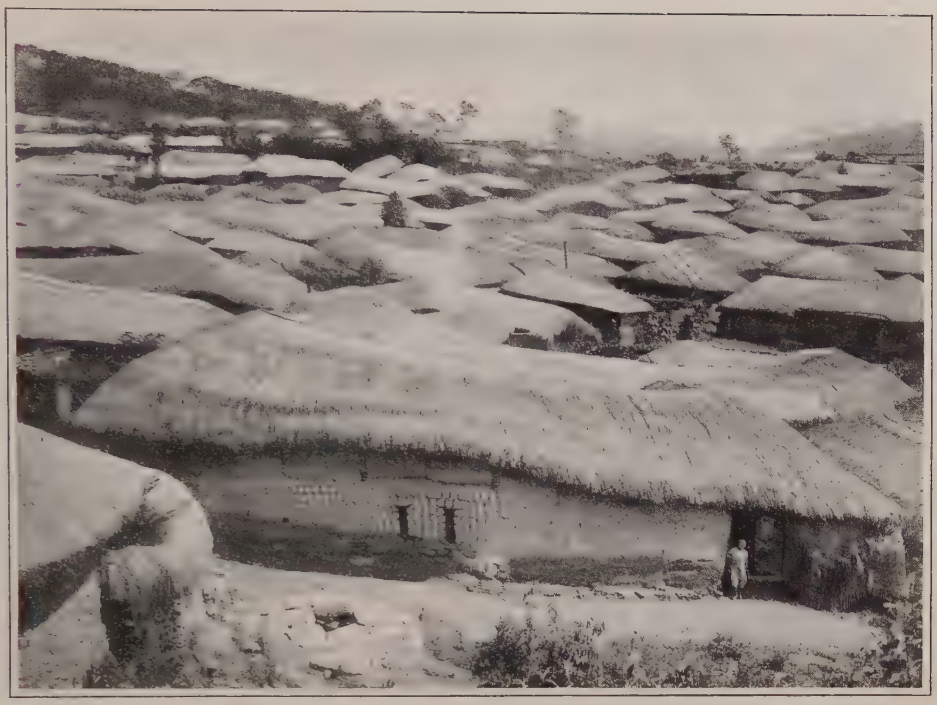
The Prussian has never learned this, the British have learned it slowly, and the French seem to have known it by tact and instinct, and, as a consequence, India, Egypt, Tonking, and Algiers are ruled by respect for susceptibilities, the conquering nation deciding all questions which are important, while leaving the trivial, but to the native essential, matters to native taste and tradition. The Japanese in Korea are learning this only by hard knocks and dubious experiences. At first these valiant little men, who had defeated Russia, were rough-shod and brutal; they were Prussian in their insistence upon things being done as they believed they should be done. *And so they cut off the topknots of the Koreans.*

Unless you have been in Korea you are likely to miss the enormity of this offense. What the pigtail or queue was to the Chinese, that and more is the topknot to the Korean. It is a twisted coil of hair worn on the top of the head and protected by a fine crinoline hat resembling a black bird-cage. Personally I do not like either topknot or bird-cage hat, as the Japanese did not, but this is a question of taste and tradition and neither my business nor that of the Japanese. The Korean youth wears twin plaits down his back until he is old enough to be dignified with the topknot; thereafter he ceases to be "a half-man" and becomes a real man. If you and I do not like the topknot neither does the Korean, nor does the Chinese, like us red-faced, green-eyed barbarians. If you are to rule Korea, build schools and roads and courts of justice, but leave their topknots alone.

Just what occurred after this battle of the topknots I have never been able to learn. But I imagine that after the sudden Japanese outburst these hirsute trophies grew quietly up again. It was a triumph of nature and national pride over the irrational rule of force. The topknot, cut off at the roots and crushed to the scalp, rose again.

The aftermath of this victory of the Koreans was revealed to me at the funeral of the prince. I forget the name of this particular Korean prince, but any one of a curious turn may at his leisure discover his true name and all his royal and divine titles. I can only identify him by stating that he died a few years ago, that he lay in state for a long time, waiting until the geomancers determined upon a propitious day for his funeral, and that he was finally interred on a cool, crisp spring day toward the end of March, 1917.

So much for the prince. I was little



THE THATCHED ROOFS OF A KOREAN VILLAGE RESEMBLE A FIELD OF GIGANTIC MUSHROOMS

concerned with him as he lay unseen in the immense catafalque carried upon the shoulders of a hundred ragged men in brown sackcloth. I was much more interested in these far from dejected pall-bearers; in the hundreds of sweating professional mourners; in the picturesque, Oriental rag-tag of the procession; in the tens of thousands of Koreans, men and women and pretty little saucer-faced babies, who lined the streets of Seoul. As far as impressions went, Japan might have been a million miles and a million years away. The topknot was everywhere; it stood aloft to proclaim that Korea possessed some rights that could not be destroyed. The scene was irredeemably Korean. The trim little Japanese women in their closely wrapped kimonos were lost in a sea of Korean women dressed in bright green and white coats, thrown over the head and with the sleeves empty. Everywhere was the white or dirty white long robe of the Korean man. There was no slightest trace of sorrow over the prince who had been dead long enough to be forgotten. It was a holiday, a spectacle. The Koreans were sunning themselves gloriously and happily while the prince's little body lay somewhere in the huge ugly catafalque.

This sort of street scene illustrates, I think, the limits of the conquest of one people by another. The Japanese are teaching the Koreans to save, to work, to become clever artificers, to go to school, to learn Japanese. But they do not teach them to *become* Japanese. Here at this funeral the clean streets, the good order, the disciplined soldiery and police, were all signs of Japanese domination, but if you looked at the people it seemed as though this domination, on this sunny holiday, at least, was only skin-deep. Perhaps the Japanese policeman who stood near me was of the same pessimistic belief. He was a fussy little man resembling a rat with side-whiskers, and he was persistently gesticulating and pushing, and occasionally he struck an obstreperous Korean with his scabbard in his efforts to keep the "low people" from climbing up to the best

AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY PART OF THE COUNTRY

positions on the sloping street. For "high people" like me and the Japanese and the Korean *yang-bans*, who are glorious, easy-stepping, noble Micawbers, it was permissible to occupy exalted positions, but the low people were doomed to view the spectacle from an inferior level or else be pinched, pushed, and scabbarded.

The royal prince, whatever else his history, may, at least, serve as a milestone. He was buried thirteen years after Japan invaded Korea in her war against Russia, and nine years after the formal annexation of Korea by Japan.

In these thirteen years much has been accomplished economically, but little, I take it, has been changed in the matter of topknots, intrinsic culture, or the innermost souls of the Koreans. But thirteen years is as a day in national evolution. Will Japan finally succeed in converting these Koreans into Japanese? Will she succeed in the long run in this process of denationalization and renationalization?

It would be effrontery for me to pass judgment on this question, and it is dangerous even to hazard a guess as to the outcome. Perhaps one ought not even to approach the problem in this didactic spirit. It is a moving spectacle, a vast drama, and it is perhaps for us, the spectators, not to forecast the outcome or to criticize, not to hiss the villain or applaud the hero, but to look—and learn. For what is now being tried in Korea, despite certain new circumstances, is no new thing under the sun. We have seen something like this before in Judea, in Persia, in Gaul, in Britain, in Ireland, India, Egypt, Alsace, and Poland.

Yet one cannot quite help guessing, and it is at least permissible to ask questions. And the one most significant and searching question seems to be this: Can you supersede a language, a civilization, and an ancient tradition in a compact, growing people like the Korean? In another thirty years the Korean population will probably be doubled and children will be born faster than they can be taught Japanese. The school equipment must be vastly increased indeed if a real change of tongues is to be accomplished, and even then the language spoken at home will be Korean. What language the business

men use is not significant compared with what the peasants speak. Can the *deracination* of Korean nationality be accomplished, therefore, in fifty years or in a hundred or in two hundred? And time is an element in the problem. If Korea is to be a bulwark of Japan, it must be composed of loyal people. The chances are that with the growth of education, with new ideas of democracy and nationality seeping in from abroad, Korea, if it is to be forcibly Japanized, will be a source of weakness rather than of strength. Prussia, with a six-to-one population, failed to Prussianize Poland. Can Japan, with only a three-to-one ascendancy, Japanize Korea?

The crux of the problem will appear when, and if, Japan is in danger. Will the Koreans run to the Japanese colors? Will they enlist as the Scotch enlist under an English king or the Hanoverians under a king of Prussia? Or will they hold aloof? Or will they revolt?

The question is not for us to decide. It will depend in part at least upon Japan's wisdom and moderation, upon her prowess and luck. And it will also depend upon the direction in which the whole world moves in this pregnant century.

The Sparrow

BY MARY COLES CARRINGTON

MY garret window opens on a sky
Serene and pure; no hint of tempest there
Save that, a sight to conquer my despair,
One splendid cloud sails indolently by;
Could but my weary spirit, soaring high,
Embark in that white-winged ship of air
And, softly drifting, leave a world of care
For isles of peace, how sweet it were to die!
But one light, fragile bond bids me remain,
The little, friendly bird for whom each day
I spread a scanty store of hoarded grain;
Ah, from that cloud which tempts my soul away,
With what solicitude, what tender pain
Should I behold him come for alms in vain!

"Help Wanted, Female"

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

HOUSEWORK—A neat, reliable colored woman wishes half-time; wages $8.

The omission of any reference to the war in the title is not an oversight. It is dictated by prudence. People are continually being invited to consider the outlook for Poetry after the War, or the Canning Industry after the War, or Semitic Philology and the League of Nations. But they would only discern a painful attempt at humor if I had called this little paper, "Plain Cooking with Sundays off after the War," or, "The New World Order and the Up-stairs Girl."

And yet I might very honestly have done so. There is really no ground for assuming that poetry after the Treaty of Versailles will be very much different from what it was before August 1, 1914. The preserved-food industry may change or may continue to serve fresh asparagus from tins. The re-establishment of peace may find the philologians a little more imaginative or a little less than heretofore; probably more. But we cannot speak with certainty. With the servant problem, on the other hand, the effects of the war are bound to be of extraordinary sweep either way. The near future may see a Domestic Female-Help market swollen by a flood-tide from the factories. Or time may see these United States, in common with the rest of the world, reorganized on the Bolshevist model and the household servant extinct. In either case, the social gulf would be closed between the neat, reliable colored woman offering her half-time for eight dollars a week and the equally reliable white Methodist minister working double time for the same wages.

It is a good many years now since family physicians all over the world began to take cognizance of a serious nervous disorder among the wives of the bourgeoisie. They named it Neurosis Irlandica, or Finlandica, or Jamaicanensis, and found its origin in the sudden departure of cook just before dinner, with company expected. There is no intention here to be frivolous. One of the immemorial wrongs which women have endured is the male habit of regarding a crisis in the kitchen as a joke, instead of what it truly is, a calamity.

In this attitude we, of the older suffrage, display a wretched consistency. On the one hand, we yield to no one in acknowledging the home as the foundation of society. On the other hand, we regard everything connected with the economics of the home as proper subject-matter for *Life* and *Judge*. Husbands will return to their families at the end of day and clamor for sympathy against a stupid office-boy. But they seem unable to understand what a sudden outbreak of sabotage in the kitchen may mean in the way of dislocation and jangled nerves. That is to say, they understand and they do not understand. The dagger drives deep enough into the soul when emergency compels man to put on a gingham apron over a basin of hot water. But the situation, though bitter, is never quite real. It ought not to be. If only the educated masculine mind were trained on the problem! Unfortunately, that educated mind must hurry downtown to grapple with the vital problem of a new office-boy.

Not that woman is immune from blame for her own sorrows. Here, as in so many of her griefs, she has accepted the man-made interpretation of her own tasks and her own inefficiency. Until recently women spoke of a servant problem, but behaved as though it were not a problem at all, but a nightmare, an act of God. Only of late years have women begun to think of their servants in terms of political economy instead of original sin. It was assumed that cook

quits her job for the same reasons that a poet frequently quits his wife, in an outbreak of temperament. You could no more expect nursemaids to give reasonable notice than you could count upon a *vers librist* to keep an appointment. It was all in the realm of abnormal psychology. Seldom did it occur to people that cook might fail to turn up Monday morning for the same reason that keeps an iron-puddler or embroidery-stitcher from turning up at the factory Monday morning. The iron-puddler was an accepted phase of the labor-market. The missing cook called for tears and a headache powder.

To be sure, the problem was sufficiently complex. Analysis revealed that household help is divided into a number of definite categories:

1. Those who objected to children.
2. Those who liked children, but objected to piano-practice.
3. Those who liked the old ballads, but could not endure the solitude of the suburbs.
4. Those who could tolerate children in the country, but could not stand them in town.
5. Those who objected to visitors.
6. Those who had no objections to visitors in principle, but disapproved of the particular circle of acquaintances in which your lines were cast.
7. Those who had their own views on kitchen technique and would not be put upon.
8. The very large class of domestic help who liked the mistress, and found the head of the house good-tempered and generous, and the work light and agreeable, and the children quite angelic, and the wages more than ample, and therefore simply had to quit, ma'am.

For ages, as I have said, the only conceivable answer to such a puzzle was the inherent frightfulness of the Irish or Finnish or West Indian soul. But to distracted housewives sitting up nights with their sorrows, and to the editors of the agony columns in the women's magazines, an inkling of the truth did come. Perhaps servants quit, not in temper or devilment, but because of a real discontent which they could not describe—the gift for self-analysis is not common at best. They called it children, or visitors, or Sundays off, but only as a lawyer under the circumstances might say John Doe.

That was a gain. A cataclysm of nature can only be wept over; but you can negotiate with discontent. Where you cannot persuade you can bribe.

The sociologists arrived to help out in the diagnosis. Women, and women's clubs, grew aware of various drifts: the drift to the factory, the drift to shorter and regular hours, the drift to free evenings and Sundays, the drift away from menialism to self-respect. Now if this school of common-sense sociology had been allowed to have its own way it would have succeeded before this in putting the servant problem on a secure economic basis. At least it would have cleared the ground for reconstruction. Unfortunately, there came in at the heels of these sensible advocates of an enlightened self-interest a second school of sociologists, preaching the gospel of the Kindly Phrase and the Fraternal Handshake.

These new-comers have won over an enormous public, both in business and in the home. You find their principles admirably applied by the public-service corporations which overcharge on the bills and publish half-page advertisements in the newspapers telling you all about the lovely mahogany desks in the offices of "your" company. There are popular restaurants which overcharge for bread and milk and print little helpful hints on the menu: "Be Kind to Stray Crumbs," or, "The Inhabitants of Zambesi never get a taste of Real Fresh Buttermilk." There are rapid-transit presidents who devote to this literature of Heart to Heart much precious time that might be employed in hiring efficient motormen.

This is the new sociology at its worst. At its best, the new labor philosophy would supplement the kindly word with the fraternal, democratic deed. In the factory it would work for a community of interest between master and man. In the home it is not opposed to higher wages and shorter hours. Nevertheless, it lays its main emphasis on spiritual

values. If only the relation of mistress and servant could be transformed into a comradeship of effort! If only the maid could be taught to feel that she is of the home as well as in the home! A great many women tried. The new movement is chronicled in those eloquent records of modern civilization, the files of the comic weeklies. The Irish cook who gives notice twice a week out of sheer temperament is supplanted by the comic Irish cook who is won and held through the free use of the family automobile, parlor, and victrola.

Yet I am convinced that this endeavor to substitute for the old mixed relationship of wages, discarded gowns, and hysterics a relationship of democracy and affection between mistress and maid is bound to fail, no matter how sincere the intention and how earnest the effort. The reason does not lie in the peculiar problems of the home. It goes deeper even than the broad issue of capital and labor. It is found—now that the war is over and the censor permits—in the *Zeitgeist.* For if there is any one identification-tag for the spirit of the times, it would be this fear of affection and of the trammels which affection imposes.

Why is it that labor as a whole has been rather cool to "social-welfare" methods in the factory? Club-rooms for men workers, baseball-fields, swimming-pools, pensions, and bonuses; rest-rooms for women workers; cheap model luncheons; music and dancing within the shop—these are accepted and utilized, but with a mental reservation. It is not altogether that labor regards these gifts with suspicion. On the contrary, the very sincerity and disinterestedness of an employer's intentions create an uneasy sense of obligation. Kindliness involves reciprocity; it implies a sentimental relation between master and man; and from such obligations the modern factory worker, as part of the modern soul, pulls back.

Harassed housewives must, therefore, give up wondering why personal kindliness on top of good wages and reasonable hours fails to hold the maid to the job. It is my own belief that the personal touch probably undoes the good effect of proper pay and considerate treatment. If the modern young woman would rather paste paper boxes for a soulless corporation than bake bread for a kindly mistress, the reason is in the very absence of soul in the factory.

Young Lady, 17, wishes office position, typist.—"*The World.*"

The never-ending war waged between the sexes.—"*The New Republic.*"

For how is it with the world in general to-day? People are afraid of the imperialism of deep emotion. We prefer amiable acquaintance to intimacy. We ask for the "clubable" qualities in a man instead of his friendship. Within marriage, the growing demand is for autonomy, with a minimum of annexations in the matter of common tastes, habits, hours. Being excessively devoted to one's wife is something of a crime against the self-realization of the individual. The old love-wedlock—here I quote by memory from the emancipated little weeklies and monthlies—was rather sticky. It clung and clogged and interfered with outside appointments. Whereas modern love in marriage—again I quote—is a spiritual relationship which must be nurtured, according to the best authorities, by frequent and prolonged vacations.

It is quite likely that in the ideal future when two married lovers go to the play they will visit different theaters; he to something by Mr. Montague Glass; she to something by Dunsany; provided the two meet after theater at Boito's for supper and exchange of impressions.

The popular justification for a footloose individualism is, as I have said, the insuperable claim of freedom. As against the stuffy love ties of other days we have freedom within love. Given affection and full confidence, there is, I admit, no reason why husband and wife should think and eat alike. By all means let it be left to the free play of affection to establish a community of interest in visitors, chicken *à la* King, and Richard Strauss. Marriage should be like Czecho - Slovakia — self - determined. Only . . .

Only everything is not quite sincere in this distinction between the spiritual cement of the new unity in wedlock and

the iron clamps of the earlier conventionality and duty. A fairly thorough reading of the younger novelists, supplemented by a fairly thorough observation of the younger Subway passengers and tennis-players, suggests that people today may be almost as much afraid of the ties of love as they profess to be of the trammels of duty. After all, in the one case as in the other, you are bound. If anything, it is harder on the conscience to deny the obligations of a self-imposed affection than to kick against routine imposed by the law or the church. I suppose the very modern people are beginning to see as grave a menace in love-slavery as in the familiar marriage-slavery.

This is not so far away from my subject as the reader may think. The servant in the house, being a modern servant, would rather not grow fond of her mistress and the children. She looks elsewhere for her joys, and she resents being called upon to share in her employer's sorrows.

The implication for the problem as a whole is obvious. We must do more than reconcile ourselves to a high wage-scale and regular hours of labor for domestic help. We must give up all idea of establishing within the daily working program any other relationship between mistress and servant than one of impersonal fulfilment of contract. On the one side, fair play and humane, though unsentimental, treatment. On the other hand, efficient, unsentimental, stipulated service. The old-fashioned servant will soon die out. The old mammy who dandled three generations on her knee; the old butler automaton who becomes suddenly human when things go wrong in the stock-market: "Master Jim, for thirty years I have been putting aside my wages. I am alone in the world and I need nothing for myself. Here are ten thousand dollars for which I have no use. Take them, and when the clouds pass away—" Here and there they still exist, these good old frozen-faced butlers and sharp-tongued, devoted mammies, and in sufficient numbers perhaps to make a respectable total. Civilization is full of vestigial organs of all kinds. Soon they will be gone with so many other memories and odors of a gentler, simpler, more humane past, assuming that the sweetness and simplicity of the "past" was really what it ought to have been.

Stenographer, bright beginner, business-school graduate, refined, American, $8.

Restiveness under the stigma of menial labor is a real force in the drift away from the kitchen and up-stairs chamber. Only it is not a permanent factor. There is no reason why the sense of servitude should persist under the new, impersonal conditions of home economics which I have forecast. Not the nature of domestic labor, but its conditions, make it menial. There is nothing degrading about cookery. There are such proud beings as chefs. The waitress in Childs and the operative in a steam laundry do not look upon themselves and are not regarded as menials. When cook will come to work regularly at 8 and knock off at 5.30, her social status in the world of labor will automatically change. Her right to wear a hat with the largest attainable artificial aigrette and the flimsiest of near-silk stockings will be accepted as a matter of course.

This is far from a trivial point. The whole nature of the problem is revealed in our utterly different attitude toward the Sunday hat of the factory girl and to the general houseworker's adventures in militant millinery. The factory girl's finery long ago ceased to be an object of amusement, though it is a matter of increasing concern for the social-minded. But in the comic journals the size and color of cook's hat are still standard. Why? The statisticians have shown that cook can afford to dress more expensively than the girl in the paper-box factory. It is the old habit of regarding cook as out of place in any garment but her ample apron.

This habit will disappear when we grow accustomed to see cook put on her best hat seven times a week, instead of alternate Thursdays and Sundays. And when cook herself grows accustomed to wearing her best hat seven days in the week—after 5.30—she will stop thinking of herself as a menial. And if she puts on her hat to attend a meeting of the International House Operatives' Union,

Local 27, even the memory of her serfage will vanish.

Bonnaz operators, experienced, on invisible machines; also strappers and perforators.

It will not do to say that social forces have diverted the stream of domestic labor to the factory. The distracted housewife is herself very much a part of the social forces which militate against her own welfare. Obviously, if there were no factories there would be no competition for the domestic employer, and if there were no demand for certain manufactured products there would be no factories. The question then is, How far does the average woman of the house, as a purchaser of bonnaz, contribute to the support of industries which entice away her maids?

Frankly, I cannot say what there is about a bonnaz factory that requires such enormous supplies of female help as the advertising columns in the daily papers show. I speak with diffidence because, after a vigorous search in all available reference books, I am still ignorant of just what bonnaz is. The important thing is that in a single issue of a single New York morning paper there are no less than twenty-one frantic demands for bonnaz workers, forty for milliners, an equal number for embroidery workers.

Now, obviously, it is the Help Wanted bonnaz advertisements that have cut so heavily into the Situations Wanted—General Houseworkers column. There would be no such rush to the bonnaz foundries, or factories, or conservatories, or mines, or whatever they are, if there were not an equally imperious demand for the product of the bonnaz establishments. If housewives cry aloud for household help and they are not, it must be in very large measure because they have cried even more loudly for bonnaz; and so with hats and veilings and embroidery. It is the fashion, when speaking of the crisis in household labor, to say munition factories. But women workers were deserting the home long before the war. It is quite safe to say that, even in war, for every girl that went to polishing shell-casings or varnishing aeroplane canvas, ten girls went into fancy feathers or artificial flowers or millinery or bonnaz.

Women employers in the home thus have a fair remedy in their own hands. If one hundred thousand women who are now being spiritually crushed by the daily search for non-existent servants were to cut down their consumption of bonnaz by one-half, there would in the nature of things be a slackening in the drift from the kitchen to the bonnaz wells. Unfortunately, things work out the other way. Worn out by a fortnight's vain pursuit in the employment agencies and the domestic help columns, woman seeks consolation or forgetfulness in a new hat and a couple of yards, or pounds, or gallons of bonnaz, as it may turn out to be. It is hard to distribute blame under the circumstances. One can only pity the women for the cross to which fate has bound them.

Housework wanted by young Irish girl; two in family; apartment.—S. R., Amsterdam Avenue.

The end of the war will probably bring relief. What Europe will do I am not certain. The extinction of so large a portion of her young manhood means, for the women, reduced opportunities of marriage, and this normally would mean emigration to this country. But it may be that Europe will need the labor of the young women to replace her dead in the upbuilding from the ruins. A more probable source of recruitment for domestic labor here will be our own war factories and the occupations into which women have been recently drafted. Partly there will be pressure from our demobilized soldiers for their old jobs. Partly the return will be voluntary, as the spur of patriotic zeal and the energizing effects of the war lose their potency and the sense of novelty wears off. Not all will return; women of the hardier type will endure the heavier strain of the factory for the sake of the greater freedom and the supposedly greater opportunities. But a great many will come back.

But if it is likely that the household workers will return, we cannot expect the older conditions of labor in the home to be restored. The women who come

back from the factory to the kitchen will bring with them a sense of the immunities as well as of the exactions of factory life. They will not tolerate the old benevolent feudalism, but will insist upon the impersonal relation based on a rigorous schedule of hours and a recognized standard of wages. The factory ideal will establish itself in the home. The now seemingly extinct household worker may come back, but the old-fashioned servant will not come back. It will have to be an eight-hour day in the kitchen and up-stairs. If people do come in to dinner or some one must stay with the children on theater nights, the solution will probably be the double shift, as in the factory. We shall develop the domestic night worker in the kitchen or nursery, after the fashion of Mr. Schwab at Bethlehem and Hog Island.

The question is a social one. I have alluded to the ancient habit of looking at the servant problem as a joke in spite of the very real suffering it entails. Measured in heartaches, nervous crises, and moral dislocation, it is doubtful whether a strike of garment workers or coal-teamsters produces as much misery; certainly not a strike of bonnaz smiths or bonnaz divers or whatever they are. Yet a strike of needleworkers becomes immediately a grave economic and social crisis, frequently involving the police; whereas the troubles of ten thousand "helpless" households are relegated to the comic journals.

But it is much more serious than that. The question passes beyond the sum total of unhappiness in ten thousand households. In its ultimate effects, the servant famine becomes a social menace. The influence of the disappearing household worker on the nation's declining birth-rate has never, so far as I am aware, been studied by the Carnegie Foundation. Yet the relation is obvious. It has become the habit to speak of race-suicide in terms of automobiles and bridge parties, of theater and cabaret. To some extent this is true. But in far greater measure, I imagine, the modern escape from the responsibility of parenthood is not voluntary, but enforced by the lack of adequate mother's help.

That is the real significance of S. R., young Irish girl, who will work only for a family of two, in an apartment. Alongside of the landlord who will not rent to families with children, and the summer hotels which cater only to adults, this new school of household workers which specializes in families of two only must be regarded as a definite enemy of child life. S. R. belongs morally (though perhaps she is too young to realize it) with the motor fiend who has made the streets impossible as playgrounds and the food profiteer who has made fresh eggs too costly for the little ones. Recall the classic complaint of the student of depopulation: that it is our "better people" who fail in duty to the country, while the "poor" persist in their improvident habits. But for nine-tenths of our people the servant problem never has existed. It is among the remainder that the servant crisis is operating to aggravate a situation that ten years ago sorely troubled Colonel Roosevelt.

Is it altogether fantastic to assume that if the scarcity of domestic labor should continue, the need will arise for government intervention of some kind? Government may be impelled to recognize that child-raising is not the least of the essential industries, and that the industry is threatened with collapse among a considerable portion of the population. I imagine that government regulation might take the form of prohibiting the employment of domestic help by "families" of two, or by families of adults, until all the requirements of deserving families with young children are supplied. A family of two, except under extraordinary circumstances, can look after itself or move to a hotel. A family of adults can take their meals out and need not make the beds if they do not choose to.

At any rate, we may yet see government bureaus for domestic labor before which, say, a young college professor or an ambitious but struggling young business man may duly appear and fill out a questionnaire, proving therein that he is the father of two children; that his wife is worn out with overwork since cook left three months ago; and that for the sake of the family as it is, and the family as it might be under decently tolerable conditions, the government should allocate a cook or a nurse, as the case may be.

A Flight From the Fireside

BY ARTHUR JOHNSON

ON leaving the office, Peter Somers had another twinge of regret that they weren't to dine out after all. He missed the prospect of some definite variety ahead. But by the time he reached No. 60, he swung through the large door and the high hall with a joyous sense of home-coming. The elevator was ready, waiting. A minute later he stepped out briskly and rang his bell. Esther, very trim-looking, he noted gratefully, let him in.

"Has Mrs. Somers come yet?"

He still registered a thrill when he had to use his name for her like that.

"I think Mrs. Somers is in the drawing-room, sir."

Esther disappeared without distracting him from his sigh of satisfaction, and he made for the drawing-room with the inward expression of one who is about to say something pleasant. But the room was empty. How attractive it looked, though! He could never have married a woman who had no esthetic appreciation. His eyes roved from object to object. He switched off the lights and switched them on again to experience the mellow effect in its entirety afresh. Then he turned and went moodily to their chamber.

Molly, who was sitting at the dressing-table, doing her hair, smiled with a pin in her mouth and made a whimsical inarticulate sound appropriate to the occasion. She looked very young and playful, prinking there in her bare neck and shoulders, and Peter shut the door, thrust his hands deep in his pockets, and stared at her, smiling and drawing his forehead sensitively up from his dark, thick brows and glowing brown eyes. His eyes strayed to a casual piece of clothing on the floor and back to her more intensely, at which she shook her head and lowered her arms and waved her hands at him from the wrists, as if to say, "No fair."

"You!" he cried. "You!" and flung himself on his back across the bed, his hands clasped under his head.

She ran around the bed to the side where his head was, and leaned over, her eyes drooping down to his, his eyes strained up to hers. Then she leaned still nearer and kissed him slowly, withdrew, inspected him, kissed him again, more slowly, and returned to the dressing-table, scrutinizing herself in the glass and varying her expressions as she did so before she sat down.

"Does it seem to you we've been married a year and a half, Molly?"

"What?" she asked, changing her reflection in the mirror more to her taste.

"Does it seem to you a whole year and a half since we were married?"

"A whole year and a half?" she repeated, dreamily, still weighing her appearance. "Well, I can't remember ever having been *not* married, Petey. Can you? But it doesn't seem that long—no."

In silence for a space he watched her, something in the quality of his snugness making him feel like a small boy—a cozy feeling that he had forgotten all about until he found himself back in it now so confusedly. Girls didn't have as much imagination as men, he reasoned; they took to new environment less impressionably, absorbing and discarding as they shifted. But how he detested men who underestimated them, who had none of what relationship with women gave to their points of view—to their manners, even.

"You're making quite a snappy toilet in honor of my company to-night," he remarked, sociably.

She arrested her preparations an instant as if listening, then went on as though she had been perfectly inattentive. A considerable interval melted tranquilly away.

SHE LOOKED VERY YOUNG AND PLAYFUL, PRINKING THERE

"And you'd better be making one for me, Petey dear. It's getting late."

"What?"

He bounded to the edge of the bed, smoothing down his hair. "Darling girl!" He sprang up and caught her in his arms.

"I'm so glad you're not tired to-night, are you?"

He shook his head. So she gave him a final caress to make sure, and looked at him in that devoted way which was the inevitable prelude to his releasing her, and he let her go on dressing. That something snug, something cozy which he had but now been dimly aware of was over and displaced by somthing more vital, even more unintelligibly real, as he took off his coat and vest and slid open his wardrobe door.

"I'll wear my velvet smoking, I guess."

"Oh no, Petey. A short evening coat —*please!*"

"Why?—when we're not going to the Sewalls'?"

"Just for me. It 'll be so nice and festive."

He hesitated, watching her concernedly, but at a loss, respectful in his peace-loving state of the incomprehensibilities of womankind.

"All right, dear."

"How do you think I look to-night, Peter? Too much powder?"

She submitted her face overtly for his approval, mistaking his bewilderment for criticism. He kissed her cheek.

"Perfect. Never *saw* you look better."

"I'll put your studs in—you jam the cuffs so."

How could he have wanted any prospect of more definite variety than

this?—as he took his bath and got into his clothes.

But at dinner they proceeded rather at cross purposes.

Peter had acquired in bachelor days a taste for dining out, due, he would have said, to his great interest in people and the impressions they made upon him; but it wasn't so much that that stimulated him really as it was the opportunity they gave him to shine. With what was considered his originality and sophistication and well-dressed handsomeness he could count on making at least one fanatical convert wherever he went, which kindled his resourcefulness.

Molly had been a belle in brainless circles, and got sick of them, and given it all up for Peter. But the dregs of her belledom remained, and she grew restless now and then from lack of what she had had, without realizing it.

So that while Peter, whose range was for the time being at least reduced to his business and his wife, talked shop to her with a resourcefulness somewhat impaired, she appreciated more and more how justified she was in any plan which coincided with taking his mind off his work.

After dinner and coffee and cigarettes, he picked up the paper and unintentionally lost himself in it, and she knitted and looked at the clock.

"Leonora Sales telephoned me just before you came home," she said, finally.

He read on.

"The Bentleys are dining with them, and she suggested we come over about nine or so."

"What did you say about the Bentleys, Molly?" he asked, crackling his paper comfortably.

"They thought we might all like to go to Waldron's and dance."

He caught the drift now of what he must have subconsciously heard before. "What did you tell them—that we had an engagement?"

He relaxed into reading again.

"I said I'd see how you felt."

"But you didn't want to go out tonight, Molly!"

"This wouldn't be *going out*, Peter. It was just a question of meeting them somewhere and having supper and dancing a little, perhaps."

"Oh."

"Shall we, Peter?"

"We might just as well have gone to the Sewalls' then, after all."

"I don't see what it has to do with going to the *Sewalls'*. I couldn't have stood the Sewalls to-night, possibly. Besides—I saw Bessie this afternoon."

"I didn't," he thought of retorting, but swallowed it. "Was Bessie *here?*" he only asked, rather wistfully.

"No. At the Greens'. I lunched there, and Bessie and I went to see a picture afterward. Stupid was no name for it."

"So you've exhausted the Sewalls, my dear."

"I don't like those people; they bore me and tire me."

"They might me if I ever saw them," he couldn't repress at this stage. "How about the *Saleses?*"

"Entirely different; you know they are. They've got at least a semblance of life and gaiety about them."

"Well—I'll go to the Saleses—if you want to very much."

"Be perfectly frank, Peter. Do you want to or not? . . . If *you* really want to, let's go."

He pretended to read.

"All right. I'll telephone Leonora."

It was the last concession he'd expected to his feigned consent, and as she left the room he left his chair and walked up and down the floor in incipient exasperation. He couldn't stand the idea of the Saleses and their crew, any more than she could stand the Sewalls and theirs. Why—at the Sewalls' you could at least meet civilized people and carry on some sort of entertaining conversation. Lillian Strong might have been there, too, for Bessie Sewall had hinted to him the last time they met that Lillian wanted to see him again "terribly." And just then he caught sight of his immaculate evening attire in the tall looking-glass he had been passing and repassing. Had Molly deliberately cheated him out of—

"You see, Petey dear," she explained, rushing back into the room and up to him, "I haven't got over the wild freedom of having you to do things with on the spur of the moment, like this. Starting out with you at this hour of the

night is like an adventure. Does he really mind going so very badly?"

"He" gazed at her in admiration and wonder—at her jolly wrap, at the glowing beauty of her face, her veil drawn so becomingly over her hair—he always got a tender sort of amusement from her hair, it bothered her so—and tied in a piquant knot under her chin.

"Nope. Not a bit, darling," he answered, sincerely, with a sense, too, of how complicated life was. "I'll go tell Esther to order a taxi, and get my coat. I won't be a minute."

Seated at Waldron's an hour later, however, stranded between Mrs. Sales and Mrs. Bentley, he reflected in gloom what his share in such an "adventure" was doomed to be. Sales was cavorting about somewhere with Molly, Bentley was nobody knew or cared where, cavorting with somebody else. No, they were not his kind, unfortunately. Dick Sales had no fineness. Joe Bentley was worse. They were satisfied to excel in cheap horseplayish antics which sapped every bit of his vitality to have to behold, and which, after he lived through them, smiling and embarrassed, he had to hear extolled by Molly when she came home elated and happy from their deleterious effect upon her. Invariably it made him feel hard and cynical and malicious to hear her go on about those two men—particularly about "Mr. Sales," as she always referred to him, as though tactful to conceal any intimacy that there might be. Oh, it made him almost contemptuous of her to think that she could get so much pleasure out of a buffoon like that. And they had the kind of wives such men always had—meek, anemic women whom they'd subjected to a state of chronic audiencedom—who gratefully accepted the lot of having married men "so much cleverer and more gifted" than themselves. And between these two women he had to sit, getting paler and stiffer and more frozen.

Molly, meanwhile, was sitting out in the café with Dick Sales, telling him how much she liked his wife and how "intrigued" she was by his wife's point of view, glad to be reassured by the way his face lighted up as he listened. There was a romantic aloofness about being alone with him in the sparsely patronized

"WHAT DID YOU TELL THEM—THAT WE HAD AN ENGAGEMENT?"

restaurant, where so many waiters stood about so idly, and the rush of one here or there bearing his heavy tray had a mysterious significance.

"*Men* don't take to her often," explained Mr. Sales. "You see, she loves me so much and I love her so much that they think she's no fun."

"The world is vile," Molly said, thrilled by the sound of a breaking goblet. "To think that a girl isn't interesting just because she's happily married!"

"Or that she isn't happily married just because she's interested."

Molly sat back, aware of couples departing from the next table, and of the satisfaction it would be to repeat this conversation to Peter. "Really, you know, Dick Sales is much more of a person than you give him credit for," she could say. She had never seen this serious side of his nature to recount before.

"Listen!" he whispered, putting his hand over hers, as the music soared and then swung into a fox-trot.

She lowered her eyes and tried to glance shamelessly and carelessly at his hand, liking it there, now that she was sure he cared so for his wife, and determined, therefore, in spite of Peter, to enjoy the rightful fillips life offered.

"I should like to go with you," he murmured, "to some marvelous place—"

Her eyes grew big.

"—where there was music softer, more exquisite than this, and moonlight, and cypress-trees, and — don't *you* sometimes, when the band plays, long for *perfection?*"

She nodded for lack of words that she could use to him, reveling in his being even better than she thought, and in having thought all along that he was, whatever Peter said, so worthy. Yet Peter simply couldn't believe even in this if she told him, she argued, her body swaying to the rhythm.

"*Shall* we?" asked Mr. Sales.

"Dance, you mean?" she said, careful to show by her expression that she understood.

"But wait—please wait first. I *must* look at you as you are now—there—one moment longer!"

She had arisen, and she stood still "there" because he asked it. What was the harm in a man like *him* saying such a charming thing to a woman like *her?* It was worth while to spend an evening with a man of his quality. There were only too few of them. Peter would get on with him swimmingly if he could just get over his unwarranted jealousy.

Together they whirled and tangoed and fox-trotted around the room, so inspiredly that as they tangoed and fox-trotted and whirled past the table where Peter sat wedged between Mrs. Sales and Mrs. Bentley, he could find nothing to say to Mrs. Sales's groveling applause or to Mrs. Bentley's ecstatic abasement. He but grew fainter and stiffer and paler.

As he turned his eyes away, they chanced upon Lillian Strong, sitting across the room with a gay, laughing group of fellows and one other girl. She signaled almost immediately for him to come over, but he shook his head at her gravely; then got up and made apologies to his two remonstrating companions in an uncertain voice, and went.

"How are you, Peter? You know every one, don't you? I didn't see you, as a matter of fact, until they pointed you out. How's your wife?"

He recalled, as from far away, that she was near-sighted. Perhaps that was what gave to her dark eyes and her red, weary mouth and her small, rather pinched, pretty face what counted for a mystical canniness.

"Want to dance, Lillian?"

"I certainly do. I should like nothing better."

But once away from the others, she suggested it was too crowded, and that they go into the restaurant, where it was cool, and have a drink, to which Peter alertly agreed, conscious of his burning cheeks, but trying to conceal his nervousness. Why in the world shouldn't he, if he wanted to, go out into that restaurant with Lillian Strong

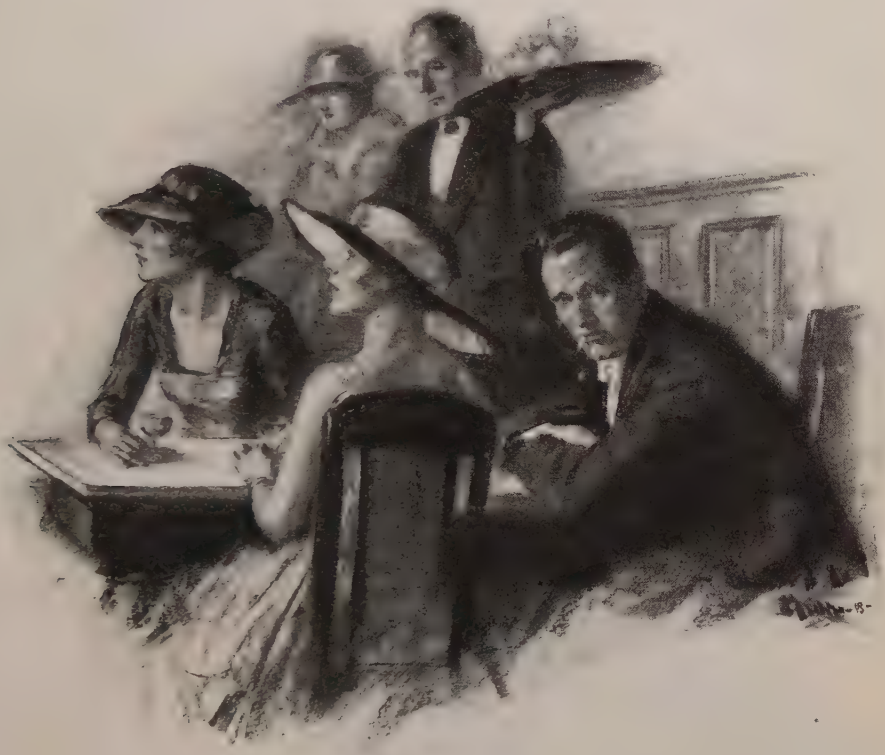
Lillian Strong was an older friend of his, older in both senses of the word than Molly, whom Molly didn't like and who lived alone in a "stud o" and painted poor pictures. Nevertheless, she had a certain depraved intellectuality about her which he didn't mistake for brains,

but which he found a good-enough working substitute now and then. He used to feel and be less restrained with her than with most girls he knew, which puzzled him and flattered him inexplicably, so that he would undergo a little flutter of expectation when he met her—and would still, if it weren't for

sightedness at times. He straightened himself and pulled down his waistcoat in front and felt of his necktie.

"Yes. But I've missed seeing you so, Pete, old boy. You don't go out any more."

"I've been working hard lately. I really haven't had the energy when night



SHE SIGNALLED FOR HIM TO COME OVER, BUT HE SHOOK HIS HEAD

Molly. But Molly's prejudice against her interfered with any flutter that might be forthcoming just now, and the fact that Molly wasn't missing him only quickly resolved itself into an argument against Dick Sales; with the result that he longed, during the first minutes he sat there with Lillian Strong, to get up and leave her without a word, and never under any circumstances see her again.

"Well, Peter, how do you like being a husband?" she asked, sipping her "Tom Collins" and crossing her knees casually. "It's becoming to you."

"You think so?"

He had a habit of forgetting her near-

came," he hastened to say. "What have you been doing, Lillian?"

"Still life, mostly—the doctor ordered it for my nerves."

She never did have any ambition, that was the trouble with her, he thought, his spirits picking up a bit.

"It's a pity, now we've both broken loose, there isn't some way to celebrate it," she suggested, after another few minutes.

"Yes. There never is just the right wonderful thing to do in this country of ours," he echoed, playing up unwittingly to her tone and tenets.

"How about a *Revue?* You always

promised, Pete, to take me to a midnight *Revue!*"

"Sorry. We'll have to be going presently."

"Oh, is *Molly* here? Whom's she with?"

It struck him dumb.

"Do get her to bring her beau and come along."

"I'll go with you, Lillian, for an hour," he said, scarce knowing what he was saying.

"Good for you, Peter. I'll find my coat while you pay the bill."

He sat down again, tremblingly waiting there for his change after she had gone. It would be sheer madness to abandon Molly without even telling her. But how could he tell her? He ought to have been brave a d firm with Lillian Strong. He would go out and explain to Lillian that he couldn't go with her to her *Revue* after all; he could say Molly had sent for him to go home. . . But Molly *wouldn't* go home. She was so wrapped up in that Sales fool, that she wouldn't care a hang even if told she was going to be left at Waldron's alone with him. The ignominy of it! . . . Dick Sales was a rotter. Lillian meant all right.

No sooner had he rejoined her in the hall than the weight of his responsibilities lifted and vanished. It was so long since he'd done anything so opportunistically, that the mere process of taking a taxi and embarking in it with Lillian Strong sustained him to the exclusion of aught else; he didn't stop to think even of *her*. She laughed and rattled on in her pseudo-subtle way, and he was suddenly in very good form for the first time since arriving at the Saleses'.

But the glare of the footlights paled, and the blare from the stage palled, and Lillian Strong's pseudo-subtility petered out, and he yearned to be at home. *Home?* Heat suffused him, and then dampness, followed by an influx of terror, do what he might to check it. Between him and *home* was the hideous prospect of calling at Waldron's to get Molly—d ar Molly!—who would be waiting there for him, worrying her heart out, perhaps. It made his eyes grow moist and dim. He tried surreptitiously to look at his watch. Lillian

"OH, THAT'S WONDERFUL! I DON'T LIKE IT TOO FLAMEY. DO YOU?"

Strong tried to *égayer* him. He tried to respond. And so the last gasp went by and the curtain was rung down.

"Now is the time," Lillian said in his ear, vivaciously and avidly, as she clutched his arm among the crowd on their slow egress up the aisle, "when I feel most wide awake and keen for excitement."

"So do I," he answered, automatically, searching anxiously for a space ahead that he could guide her through faster. "If only I didn't have to work."

"American men are such slaves to their business."

"Where do you live, Lillian?"

"That from you!" she laughed, holding closer.

A cab, if he only could grab one, would hurry matters, he was thinking.

"You're the same old pal, underneath, Pete — aren't you?" she exclaimed, jerkily, to him on the curb.

It decided him to walk.

But the fresh evening air only stimulated her further. She confided to him in a dreamy tone how it affected her to see all those couples along the way vanishing romantically into limousines, and how she loved the click of the doors being shut to, and the clear, hollow sound of wheels gliding over the pavements, and the solitary emptiness of the streets as their journey drew to an end. She took a few keys tied together with a ribbon from her velvet bag, fumbling to see which was the right one.

Damn her near-sightedness!

"Let me do it for you, Lillian."

She stepped in ahead of him, into the meager hall where only a gas-jet was burning low, he following, but holding the door open, mindful of the form their old intimacy had taken at times, but which, until she had resuscitated it so persistently to-night, the happiness of the last year had for all practical purposes obliterated from memory.

"It's been great fun, Lillian," he declared, with forced intensity. "Can you see your way up all right?"

"But do come up for a cigarette? This is the witching hour—*l'heure exquise!*"

"I'd like to—you know how I would. But I've got to get up early—and I must go back first and take Molly."

"Molly? Where? Waldron's closes at two."

And it was nearly *three!* He half shut the door in his consternation as he put his watch back, hanging to the knob. Where *was* Molly? He must think collectedly. *Home?* Lillian Strong was staring at him insidiously. *Alone?* She'd have brought that whole crew back with her, now that he'd given her this loophole! "Mr. Sales" and Joe Bentley and their anemic wives sitting around his house, gloating over footless jokes. Thank heaven for Lillian Strong's near-sightedness! He shut the door fast, and took off his hat and coat with a determined sigh.

"I'll stay only a minute," he vouchsafed, sadly, and they stole up the creaking stairs.

Lillian lighted a few candles and showed him a lapis lazuli figurine and a piece of embroidery of the Ming—or the Ching—dynasty, and a photograph of some new Russian dancer, and asked him if he minded just touching a match to the fire.

"We don't need a *fire*, Lillian."

"But I can't stand a room without a fire, no matter how warm it is. Can *you?*"

Here was another delay! How could he endure it disconcernedly? He had to bend over the fireplace, foundering among cigarette stubs and half-burnt logs. No paper or kindling.

"I'll get some in a jiffy," she chirruped.

One thing after another like this was stretching his nerves to the breaking-point. The kindling Lillian brought was too big, and the only paper she'd found was a copy of *Vanity Fair;* and his clothes grew tighter and his temples throbbed as he poked and stirred the debris into a feeble blaze.

"Oh, that's wonderful, Pete! I don't like it too flamey. Do you? Now sit down here and rest on the sofa."

But he stood by the mantelpiece, an elbow before it, gazing doggedly at the mirthless hearth, until, too conscious of his bitterness and rudeness, he did as she directed. He even decided to try one of her cigarettes—noting which she took one herself and began to talk about a new French play she had been reading.

Either Lillian was getting quite interesting, or else a fortuitous lapse of his disorganizing fears made him appear to think so; for he began to nod his head and smile and wax positively sociable. She brushed some ash from his shoulder, and let her hand rest there, stroking his coat. To leaven this a little he flung his arm along the back of the sofa, and found, to his dismay, when she moved nearer, that it was only decent to let his arm stay where it was. And finally—

SHUTTING THE DOOR BEHIND THEM BY BACKING HIS STRONG BODY AGAINST IT

No, no, no! It couldn't, shouldn't be. He leaped to his feet.

"I simply must get some sleep," he said, in a tone to imply that it was but of sleep he had been thinking all along. "I shall funk everything to-morrow if I don't."

And, pretending politely to conceal a yawn, he clasped his hands behind him, standing very upright and stalwart before her, answering the mystical expression on her rather pinched, pretty face with only an equivocal frown. But she stood up, too—as if glad to do that much for him. Hang it, he simply had to get away from her now without any more of this backing and filling, whatever the price. It was but a step to her. Other means having failed him, he bade her an old-time-like good-by as niggardly as he could manage and ran, rushing down the stairs and snatching his coat and hat and slamming the door to behind him with a bang.

Molly had driven him to this; it was Molly's own fault, he protested, hotly, as he plunged headlong homeward. She had brought it on herself. She was responsible, and she only, for their not having had a respectable, wholesome evening together at the Sewalls'. Together! But what could he tell her? How *could* he explain? Would anybody in the world but her have expected him to sit there like a blighted idiot between Mrs. Sales and Mrs. Bentley, and watch her go on like that with "Mr. Sales"?

No. And by all that was holy he'd have that point out with her and make it very plain that if in future she insisted—

His breast was a seething chamber of dread when, breathlessly, he turned the key in No. 60 and heard his footsteps echo lonely through the marble hall and up the stairs to his door, which he unlocked slyly and smothered to on tiptoe, despite the great wrong she had done him.

A light was going in the hall, just as Esther usually left it for them. "Them!"

A lump rose in his throat, half from thought of her, half from pity of himself, as he sought their chamber. The door was open. It was dark. He listened the best he could, but heard nothing but the thumping of his own heart-beats. He groped for the switch, in terror, along the cold smooth wall, and twisted it savagely when he found it. Empty! The bed was turned down, his wife's pink dressing-gown and mules on the side, his pajamas and dressing-gown and slippers flagrantly near; but not a trace of her having come back.

Bravely, trying to keep hopeful, he went on from room to room of their little domain, wondering if he would ever have the heart to revel in its charmfulness again, until the whole place was a wilderness of light. Esther and the cook slept in a different part of the building. They would know nothing. Whom could he turn to? Where?

Waldron's must be open still—that was the whole meaning of it! Lillian Strong had deceived him to keep him longer. He clapped his hands to his face and pressed it hard. Good God! how he had messed things! He hurried tremblingly out into the hall. But no sooner had he put on his coat and hat than the dire possibility that he might miss Molly—*Molly and Sales returning*—transfixed him.

The only thing was to *telephone* Waldron's.

He begged Central to try and try, again and again and again; but no answer came. He would call up Saleses' house, then! He veered to it, now he was started to action, like a bloodhound on a new scent. And his point of view veered, too. He would show the whole damn lot of them the sort of man he was. He could hardly see to read the number.

"Is that you, Sales? This is Peter Somers."

He found himself talking more temperately and listening less hopefully than he had figured on. But was Sales's voice husky from *sleep* or from *sitting up?*

"Has my wife started home yet?"

"Started *home?*"

"I thought I—I might *stop* for her if she's still there?"

"Gracious no!" came over the wire, followed by a pause. "Why, she left us at Waldron's. She wouldn't even let me take her."

Peter longed to cry out to him for help, but said, instead: "All right, old chap. Sorry to bother you. Good night. Pleasant dreams," and sank down on a chair.

It was the last way he had expected to talk to Dick Sales, but having talked thus had the effect of his momentarily living up to the line he had taken. And what difference did it make? If Sales had lied it only meant that Molly had betrayed him—whereas otherwise *he* had betrayed Molly. Who *was* there she could have gone to at that hour? She must have gone deliberately to a hotel. What *one?* He was alternately overcome with helplessness and rage, with utter blankness and utter despair. The idea of summoning the police hovered vaguely in his mind, and it occurred to him to wonder if Molly had any money.

He arrived finally at a window and raised the shade. A milk-wagon slewed round the corner below; another, farther away, rattled insolently out of earshot. The rest was still—stiller than things can be except before the hour of dawn. Inconsequentially he was mocked by the thought of how it all would have seemed had Molly been abed and asleep and he just stolen up to peek out. The irony of it! Already the stars were scarcer, and a livid grayness, more like the intolerant north than the east, pervaded the houses slowly, inexorably, while the occupants still slumbered. One light across the way was burning. Was it for sickness—or death? Sickness and death might be worse, but Peter Somers could not, even to comfort himself, imagine that they might be worse.

He put up other shades and put out other lights; and from room to room he went, putting up the other shades and putting out the other lights. Through the hard, steely grayness he wandered, back and forth, and back and forth.

The most that he asked, the most that he dreamed of wanting now, was that things should be as good, or almost as good, as they were before this happened. Could he but be back in them once more as he had been, the future would have no terrors in store. Let come what might then, he would know how to cope with it.

But, instead, he had only ruins to cope with. He had made a failure of his marriage, who had bragged, if *he* ever married, to make it a success.

How they used to discuss it and try to be perfectly sure—and she sound him to see if he would always love her even though she grew old and ugly, and he fear lest she loved him only because she wanted to love some one. How they had vowed to face every issue squarely and openly, confess the least grievance, and defy all the pitfalls. Yet he had carped just because she wanted to stay home so as to go to Waldron's when he had set his heart on going to the Sewalls'—she who, alone of all the people in the world, was able to feel and think in relation with him and whom he could think and feel in relation with.

He wished Lillian Strong was dead. Think of his having actually given that woman a chance to believe he would, if he only could, prefer her to— He wished Dick Sales was dead also. What if, while he was suffering like this, Molly was, notwithstanding what Sales said, sitting jovially up with him, without thought of where he, her lawful husband, was? The memory of that pause after Sales's "Gracious, no!" suddenly overwhelmed him. Such a solution would be true to life—just like the psychology of things. The thought floated before him there like a ghastly far-fetched nightmare, but in another moment he had seized it as though it were a life-preserver, and regained all his stubbornness and courage. Why had he hung back so long? He had been a coward! He would go out now and get his wife, and if that *was* the truth, nothing would keep him—

There was a noise at the outer door—a key clicking in the lock. Oh, Molly! It was Molly coming back! What else mattered now? What were truth, theories, love, or anything, so long as it was Molly coming! But he fled to a chair in the corner and sat down. *Was* it? Very realizations of the way she would look if it were only she, of the way she sounded, of the way she was to him when she was to him—made him long to fly out and welcome her wildly, and yet held him there rebelliously thinking of Sales, pressing his lips together, focusing frantically on that "truth" he had just seized at, until the improbability of her having been with Sales all this time grew to a certainty, into which frenzied pattern all his hopes and fears and regrets were absorbed kaleidoscopically; and the haunting stab of how glad she would be now to see him if she hadn't been with Sales made him hate her for not being glad to see him.

No. He would wait right where he was for her to come. But she was going in the other direction! It seemed to him hours that he waited. Then he heard her coming back—coming toward the drawing-room—almost saw her at the door, and could not keep from standing up any longer.

She had the same jolly wrap on—no hat, no veil; her hair in disarray. She started on seeing him. Was it because she wanted to appear surprised? Or because she had to show something and surprise was all she would let herself show?

"Oh—are you here?"

She said it in a hard, casual tone and smiled a hard, upward smile, and looked away and lowered her eyes and picked up a book and went out again, as if she was always like that.

"Molly! Molly!"

No answer.

This must not go on, this must stop *now*, he proclaimed to himself, longing again passionately, painfully, to follow her, to throw himself at her feet, if necessary, and beg forgiveness; but he stopped short of the threshold, gnashing his teeth; turned and forced himself back to the chair, where began another terrible period of his waiting—perhaps an easy prelude to what was ahead. But no; he wouldn't endure it! Nevertheless, he began to go over all he had to say to her, muttering it over half out loud to himself, and thinking his brain would burst if she kept him waiting another minute to say it to her.

She had taken off her wrap. He did not notice it at first when she came back, but only after she had seated herself sidewise at the desk, across the room, away from him, as if he weren't there. But she'd come back because he *was* there! He rejoiced gratefully, and then gloated over it. And it was only to make

him believe she had come back quite independently of him that she deliberately reached for that small package, whatever it was, lying on the desk before her, from which she began trying to untie the string, working over it zealously, stopping now and then to hold it up closer to her eyes, and then trying some more.

"What do you mean by this, Molly?"

He prayed she would answer him affectionately, so that he could rush to her side; but she didn't.

"It's hard enough—your having gone to a man's own house and stayed there with him until near six o'clock" (he looked at his watch)—"Say nothing of making me telephone to ask the scoundrel where my own wife was. And yet you sat there and heard him lie to me! How could you, no matter if you—you detest me, let yourself, after all we've been to each other, sit there and hear it?"

He said a lot else besides. He didn't want to say it, but the words had formed themselves while he had waited, and once she came the words came, and there was nothing but to go on.

She wound the string which she had at last untied around a finger, and unwrapped the paper from the small package before her, and folded it very carefully, very meticulously, into a square, and opened the box it had covered, and took out the bottle of perfume therein, and began trying to untie the tiny knot of ribbon that fastened the white kid drawn over the stopper. For a brief moment she paused, tilting her chin to listen, which seemed to him to give her away. But no sooner did he congratulate himself on his shrewdness, than he discounted it, panic-stricken lest it prove beyond repair the truth that he had so unintentionally evolved but never believed in.

"There *is* no answer!" he pursued, wanting to come to her rescue, to confess, to yield up his last atom of pride—if that would suffice. "Won't you say something? Can't you *see* what you've done to our lives? You don't care!"

She stood up, and picked up the box and the bottle of perfume and the paper and the string, to take away with her.

"No," he cried. "We've got to settle it! If you go I go with you."

She sank back in her chair, and set the articles down on the desk; not in obedience, but because she couldn't bear to go, and his command offered sufficient excuse for staying.

"What do you propose to do?" he asked, emptily. "It's reached a point where—"

She had untied the ribbon, and removed it from the neck of the bottle, and wound it about a finger, and cast it aside; she had picked the white kid from the stopper, and taken out the stopper, and was holding the opening to her nose, and tears were streaming down her cheeks. Church-bells were ringing everywhere, whistles blowing. The room was full of the clang and clamor of bells and whistles. Perhaps there were not so many of them, and perhaps they did not last so long, but it seemed to him that there were millions and that they went on forever while she sat bending over that little desk, weeping and smelling of that bottle of perfume.

"I have to speak out like this, Molly. I can't sentimentalize what I've suffered. But I will be fair—you need have no fear of that."

She smiled that upward smile again, arranging the kid back on to the stopper and winding the ribbon over it, the bells and whistles, or the echoes of bells and whistles, and her tears making him hold to his defense more softly.

"I'm willing to start from the very beginning, Molly. You must admit I was pretty decent to give up the Sewalls' dinner without a word, and even after that I went with you to the Saleses'. You must have known that I went only to please you, yet you left me and stayed with him and performed with him and flaunted your admiration of all that I loathed in him right under my nose."

"He loves his wife, anyhow."

Her speaking at all encouraged him so much, as he thought it over, that he could afford to indulge in the irritation which what she said started, almost the same as if they were on terms of perfect understanding.

"What reasons have you for saying that?" he bickered.

"He *told* me."

"And you think that's what men do

who *love*—go round bragging of it to other men's wives?"

She hesitated, looking up from the bottle into space, caught, caught in her own trap! he detected, with another sense of his shrewdness.

"I suppose you think they generally desert their wives and go off until two with another woman."

Two? That was much better than he expected! He could take the offensive again safely now.

"Even if I did, does that justify you in going home with Sales until daybreak?"

But her tears gushed down afresh, and she began to untie the ribbon once more and remove the kid from the stopper, which relapse was more than he could endure.

"Molly, Molly! You *know* how awful it was for me! It wasn't only *him* I had to see with *you!* I had to put up with that wife whom he just dumps down anywhere in his wake, and who hasn't the brains to do anything but applaud him for it."

"No doubt you like what Lillian Strong does better."

"She at least does something," though he had to think hard what it was. "She paints and supports herself!"

At that her tears rolled down so copiously that he strode to where she sat, but stopped when he saw her cringe, and backed away, having to watch her put the kid back on the stopper and try to tie it with her poor, trembling fingers.

"I couldn't get out of taking Lillian Strong home, after—after I made use of her to kill time while I waited for you," he pleaded, hardly aware in his extremity of any discrepancies.

She suspended her weeping, but held tight to the bow she had tied in the tiny ribbon, while so still was it that a pin, had one fallen, would have sounded.

"What were you doing when I went?" he tried to sneer.

She smiled that upward smile again.

"I wish I had stayed—I wish I was there with her now!" he ranted.

"Why did you come back?" she asked.

"You'll break my heart if you talk that way, Molly!"

Another upward smile and a quick shake of her head, and he dropped into the chair behind him, covering his face with his hands, and weeping aloud like a child—but sincerely, not the least bit knowing he was only adopting the very most approved method of strategy.

Without looking at him, she removed her right hand and pointed her forefinger toward the ceiling, trusting that he would see. But he did not see.

"Petey!" She pointed again.

"What? What you mean, Molly?" he asked through his fingers.

She shook her head. But a certain mad meaning she *might* conceivably have flashed upon him.

"You mean—Molly? You're pointing to the *roof?*"

She shook her head violently.

"Where we went that day?"

She continued to shake her head.

"Have you been on the *roof* all this time, Molly?" he demanded, sternly.

When he started toward her she signified again that he was wrong, but when he stopped she pointed again. And he ran to her and held her fast in his arms.

"*When* did you go to the roof, darling? How could you *get* there, Molly?"

The idea of his having driven her to hide from him on the roof, of her having dared to find her way there all alone in the dark—the pathos and flattery it entailed—gave him a mixture of feelings that compensated for everything if it was true.

"Tell me, my sweetheart? You *did!* You *have!* Answer me!"

"Put me down! I don't love you!" she retorted, angrily, clinging to his neck, keeping her face away from him.

"No matter what you do to me, I hate everybody—the whole world—everything in it, except you!"

"You said you wished you'd stayed—stayed with—with—"

"*When* did you go to the roof, Molly?"

"I won't tell."

"Four o'clock? Three? Two? Honestly? As soon as I—I . . . Won't you forgive me, my beloved?"

"Did you—did you—did you—"

"No!"

Any qualms that he may have had were transcended by his own impending question and her answer.

"Molly! Look at me! Did *you*—"

"Pete! How could you believe such a thing of *me*—ever?"

His relief was just beginning to give him strength and courage to test her further, when, fortunately, at that moment, came the unmistakable sound of Esther or the cook drowsily fitting a key into the outer lock. So Peter Somers, with his wife in his arms, made hastily for their chamber, shutting the door behind them by backing his strong body against it, and laid her tenderly on the bed. . . .

"I'll go now and tell Esther we want breakfast in here by the fire?" he said, interrogatively, putting his feet into slippers and slipping on his dressing-gown.

"No, no. Tuck me in, Pete."

"But you don't want to sleep right away? . . . Don't even want a little coffee?"

He folded the covers over her.

Later, when he emerged from his bath and while he was dressing, she opened an eye now and then to be sure he was still there, but by the time he was ready to go she was sleeping blissfully. So he tiptoed out very proudly, and shut the door surreptitiously after him.

He drew his chair up to the breakfast-table, sitting particularly erect in it, and unfolded his napkin with unction. The morning paper soon absorbed him. The walk to the Subway would be a bracer on a beautiful morning like this. There was a man coming to see him at ten. He mustn't dally. He did hope, in the midst of his preoccupations, that Molly would get some rest. But that was the sum-total of the after-effects. He never felt better in his life.

"Mrs. Somers doesn't wish you to wake her, Esther." He registered a thrill as he said it.

The Bird-Call

BY ROBERT NICHOLS

WITHIN the sunny, naked copse
Some bird begins to sing:
A blackbird whistles thrice, but stops
And takes to sudden wing,
Ere startles he again the hush with
Welcome to the spring.

Once in this wood there walked a boy
Who in the early year
Loved most to roam and feel the joy
Yet hidden but astir
And with a penny call to mock the
Springtide's harbinger.

But now the blackbird sings alone,
Since hard by Vlaminghem
The caller lies beneath a stone,
And though leaf burst from stem,
Though all spring birds sing all day long
He will not answer them.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

"IT takes all kinds to make a world" is a saying which perhaps does not stir the imagination so much as it once did. Yet there is still something of appeal in it, and the fact that each of the kinds requisite to make a world is different from all the other kinds is suggestive if not very stimulating. It is interesting also to reflect that all the worlds have their habitat in the same planet, not consecutively but simultaneously, without incommoding one another, and the observer may study each of them with pleasure and profit, and perhaps with some surprise. The surprise will come to him on second thought rather than at first glance. In fact the first glance will not include them all, or even the most different of any, and the observer may have to hold them in momentary arrest before perfectly realizing their difference.

The world studied, for instance, in *The Education of Henry Adams* is contemporaneous with the world portrayed by W. H. Hudson in *Far Away and Long Ago;* both are human and terrestrial worlds, but they have so little else in common that one might well doubt if they held the same place in the sun. The range of the *Education of Henry Adams* is from civilization to civilization, from that of Boston to that of London, and from that of London back to that of Boston and then to that of Washington. The record at no moment transcends civilization, the social or political civilization where we are naturally or socially supposed to have our being; and Henry Adams, whatever his place or employ, is always pre-eminently civilized. He is so, however, in no personally restrictive sense. If he does not think anything human alien to him it is because he is a man, and is of the narrowing experience of a man born and bred to worldly good fortune. In fact, he is always seeking to find his education beyond this, or apart from it; and, though he shall seem oftenest to be doubting the kindness of his fate, he does not always infect the reader with his doubt. The reader says to himself, "It is surely no drawback to be of a family so distinguished as the Adamses of Boston and of such yet unrivaled Presidential lineage as theirs; and what education could he ask of a world so often apparently grudging? Come," says the reader, "why all this talk about education, and the author's sense of failure in the endeavor for it?"

The present writer may answer, "It is largely the pose of the fourth generation of Adamses who have none of them failed to prove themselves worthy of the first, second, and third, but have not willingly admitted it, and have denied it in their several sorts." One of them left us a few years ago an autobiography which accused his fortune of unfriendliness because it denied him the chance of making, with timely help, much more of himself than he had actually done, and now another, in the unique autobiography which he calls his *Education,* remains throughout an interesting inquirer of his experiences whether they were or were not distinctly moments of his development. They are seldom moments which fail to interest the reader if not of the author, and after the first moments of Quincy, of Boston and then of Cambridge at Harvard, they are of intensive instruction to the reader; for Henry Adams then goes to England as his father's private secretary when his father goes to represent our country as minister at the court of St. James.

During his English sojourn Henry Adams was always in the question which seems to have been that of most Englishmen, whether he was in London society or not. He had no great desire or

anxiety to be in it, but he frequented it, and for one who was as little in it as of it, he bears a most interesting witness concerning it. It is the more valuable witness because he leaves the reader in doubt whether any one else was in society. All the more instructive is he in the glimpses he gives of the strangely disappointing spectacle, and it is perhaps to be said of it that it fails as a social study no more than the author's sketches of himself in Washington society. In fact, these are merely incidental and are part of his constantly recurring question whether this or that was educative. It seems, in fact, unfortunate that the record was imagined as *The Education of Henry Adams*, for the insistent question which the name of the record involves, makes the reader a partner of the author's recurrent inquiry. After all, the reader does not care whether this thing or that was educative of Henry Adams; he is quite satisfied to be interested and often charmed by his experience and may well feel it a hardship in his character of general public that a form which was assumed toward an intimate circle was not changed for something less fatiguing when the facts were to be imparted to the world at large. But an autobiographer is always a privileged person, with inalienable rights to tell how much or how little he will, in what manner he will; and the reader is not his confessor with the right to impose a penance for an attitude which does not please him; the matter is always more vital than the manner.

The matter, so far as it concerns Boston, is a little disappointing. Boston is an entity which we think one would not like to have minified, and when it comes to any one born of Boston saying less of her than she is reputed to think of herself, one feels it somehow less than justice. There have been few Bostons in the past—Athens, Florence, Edinburgh—they may be easily counted on less than the fingers of one hand; and whatever the native Bostonian will think or say, in less praise of her than her self praise, it may strike the adoptive Bostonian, or even the passing stranger, as grudging, as slighting, as even seriously wronging her. Of course it would not do for a Bostonian so intensely of that origin as an Adams of the fourth generation to say all that a Bostonian of less degree would say of her without seeming to impute something of her primacy to himself; but we wish Henry Adams had ventured it. The opening pages of his book which begin the early records of his *Education* with the memories of Boston are almost the pleasantest, and are certainly less embittered with the question of every experience whether it was or was not educative. The reader of these pages might do far worse than go from them to the Boston which Mrs. Florence Howe Hall recalls in her *Memories Grave and Gay*, which concern mainly a Boston family gifted, heroic, enlightened, and most devotedly given to the things that help and honor humanity. No doubt it was a frosty Boston at the edges, but it was a generously cordial Boston at heart, with a fit welcome to whoever came fitly seeking it. It flowered in the poetic nature which Julia Ward Howe brought to it from New York, but that great and very heroic soul, Samuel Gridley Howe her husband, was native to it, as their children were in their varied cleverness and kindness. They were the contemporaries and companions in the days of their childhood with those very historic Adamses whom their autobiographical generation has let us see too little of, or at angles too perverse, so that they seem of different worlds, and will not let us warm to the thought of them as we do to the thought of those Howes, the mother who gave us the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and the father who had fought for the freedom of the Greeks and survived from Markos Bozzarris to John Brown, in his love of humanity, and gave his great and beautiful life to all causes of freedom, while he wrought with heart and soul to help the blind to see almost as well as if their hard Mother Nature had not forbidden them sight.

The two books are not comparable in their different sorts of intellectuality, and it is not necessary to confront them except for the momentary vision of the two Boston worlds which co-exist in the same planetary radius. What we were thinking of in the beginning was the historic, diplomatic and society world

where Henry Adams seems mostly to think he failed of an education from the civilization hemming and pressing him in at every pore, and another intensely personal book which we were reading, practically at the same time, and finding almost impossibly of the same planetary habitat. It had, and for the matter of that still has, the most alluring and endearing name ever given a book, so that it is a rich pleasure even to pronounce its name of *Far Away and Long Ago;* and if the author left the reader to imagine it from the name the reader could hardly fail of imparting something delightful to all other readers. But it is not in the nature of the author to chance this, for he is that charming naturalist, that rarely poetic scientist, W. H. Hudson, who has hitherto given literature *Idle Days in Patagonia*, *Adventures Among Birds*, *A Crystal Age*, and divers volumes of invention and adventure in South America such as *The Purple Land*, *Green Mansions*, *The Shepherd's Life*, and yet others recording his observance and experience in the strange world of that south temperate zone, where our several familiar seasons stand on their heads in January and July with their winter and summer character under the snowy and sunny skies we respectively know them by. It is the same human race indeed which generically peoples the Boston and London and Washington of Henry Adams, but if we halloo our fancy as we will, we should not have to range far in solar space to find conditions more akin to one another in different planets than in our Mother Earth, where this autobiographer finds himself so strangely at home. If Mars is supposably inhabited, it is supposable that its civilization is less diverse from our Anglo-Saxon culture than that of the South American pampas; but it is not necessary to insist upon this somewhat overpushed hypothesis. The author shares his joy of life with the large English family he was born into on the Argentine pampas, heir with his brothers and sisters of the happiest childhood children ever knew, but not of great worldly prosperity. He dwells upon the goodness and good sense of his father and the tender wisdom of his mother, and upon the glad growth of the family in the English virtues and graces in the patriarchal conditions of such a home as the world now nowhere holds. The charm of that home life wins the heart of the witness whom it makes the guest of a hospitality which seems a fable of the past, a poem as simple as a ballad, as serious as a hymn, as lyrical as the praise of the earliest of the classic gods. What a wonder-world it is, with skies of illimitable space and with lands almost as large, with the laughing expanses of lagoons rained shallowly over the green levels of immeasurable meadows where unnumbered cattle range and horses vie with sheep in multitude, where the forests of exotic and familiar trees compass the orchards of all the fruits known to Anglo-Saxon granges; where the seeds of familiar weeds run wild and large; where the carnivorous population knows scarcely any change from beef and mutton, year in and year out, to the roots and fruits that not more vainly invite the wild beasts preying upon the flocks and herds in common with the wild men; where the birds of our zones flock from the farthest northern latitudes when our winter turns summer in the south and their flocking and singing touch the heart as from the earliest sources of our literature; where nature lavishes on man a hospitality as frank and full as men offer one another; where the mastery and slavery of the *gaucho* are like passions, and homicide is as simple and sincere as friendship. It is in vain that one catalogues, or endeavors to impart the sense of a life where the scientific devotion of the author grows as towardly and freely into the naturalist's knowledge as the boy's love of the things he wishes to kill. He is happy with no question of what is or is not education in his experience; he tells the story of his youth as gladly as if it had been all joy, as indeed it nearly all was.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

A Knight of the Table-Cloth

BY BURGES JOHNSON

I TOOK the gentleman's hat and coat and drew out a chair upon which to place them. It was no more than my duty. If he chose to carry them past the coat-room boy, that was his own affair. Temporarily, as his waiter, I was in his service, and I refused to see Martin signaling violently to let me know I should transfer them to his clutches. Coat-room boys are insolent young highwaymen at best, and I knew Martin for one of the worst of his kind. The young woman slipped her furs from her shoulders to the back of her chair before I could assist. They were obviously nice people.

"Charles," the man said to me, pleasantly, as he took the menu I proffered.

"Alexandre," I corrected him, courteously.

"All right—Alexandre. Here's this for hurrying things along a bit. We have to make a train." He was offering me a coin with a well-bred absence of ostentation, as he seated himself. In the mean time his lady was drawing off her gloves and glancing over the card which lay before her.

"Thank you, sir," I said, distinctly, making no move toward his outstretched hand. "I have rendered you no special service as yet. And as for promptitude, you are entitled to it." I tried to use a casual tone, but this was my first opportunity to express those principles which had brought me there, and I fear my voice trembled a trifle.

"HERE'S FOR YOU, LOUIE"

"Well, I'll be—!" he ejaculated, eying me whimsically. But he returned the coin to his pocket without further comment, and proceeded to the business at hand.

I was able to render him prompt service and also some extra attention, but he made no comment until the very end. When I placed his change before him I was pleased to note that he separated an exact ten per cent. for the tip, which I accepted with a polite bow, lifting his coat, meanwhile, and waiting for him to don it. But he paused and looked at me again for a moment with a repetition of his former quizzical smile, and then placed an additional silver quarter by his plate. "That matter of the sweet-potatoes was certainly an extra service, Alexandre, not to mention changing the ice. You are a good waiter," he added, accepting his hat, "but I fear you are butting a very hard wall with a rather soft head."

He left me startled, to say the least. His knowing me was out of the question, and yet there seemed to be some shrewd understanding hidden in his words.

I am afraid I had not yet gained self-confidence in my new rôle. Only three evenings had passed since I came to my great resolve. In fact, it was no longer ago than Wednesday that Elissa and I had dined at the Templeton. She permits me these informal excursions because I have known her since childhood; but it annoyed me exceedingly to have John Paxton force himself upon us on that evening. I felt that Elissa yielded to his hints too readily. I have warned her against him repeatedly; but, though I know him to be a cad, I cannot give details and she is quite unnecessarily kind to him. Our dinner that night was an unenjoyable affair from beginning to end. Elissa and Paxton chatted gaily enough, while my contributions to the conversation were brief and grumpy, as I am well aware. I could not help it. To begin with, I wanted to keep Elissa's furs when we entered the dining-room, and the cloak-room boy actually followed among the tables and got everything away from me. I knew him of old, and as I have a strong sense of individual rights and also of the dignity of labor, he annoys me. Then, too, I was justly resentful of Paxton. He seemed to assume the dinner was as much his as mine although I was host, and he interfered inexcusably in the ordering.

But the effrontery of the waiter annoyed me most of all. For the past few years the whole tribe of waiters has been getting more and more on my nerves. In place of the old deferential, quiet, self-effacing servitors there has sprung up a generation of ill-trained, intrusive, avaricious bandits who are now infesting the city. Even the two or three restaurants that I have always considered dependably good form are no longer free from them.

That Wednesday evening I tipped the man grudgingly and gave him an exact ten per cent., having to make change for one of his larger coins from my own pocket in order to do so. He eyed his silver tray with the most obvious insolence for a moment or two; and then humiliation was added to my anger by Paxton, who drew a dollar from his bill-fold and, tossing it on the tray, said, with an offensive smile, "Allow me to assist." The waiter thereupon said, "Thank you, *sir*," very clearly, and immediately helped Paxton with his coat, allowing me to don my own unaided.

Of course it was all over in a moment and attracted no attention. But I boiled inwardly with indignation, and maintained a dignified silence all the way to Elissa's door, curtly refusing her invitation to go in, though Paxton accepted. All that Wednesday night I brooded over this and former indignities. Paxton had been a cad, as usual; but the waiter had started it all. I had suffered enough at the hands of his tribe. The whole system was getting rotten and the public not only permitted, but in reality encouraged it. I owed it to myself to register a protest and to make it as effective as possible. A vague plan that had been shaping itself at the back of my mind now obsessed me. I would prove that a waiter might have principles even to-day, and uphold his own self-respect and the dignity of his profession despite a too complaisant public.

My scheme was easily carried out. On Thursday I prepared a good reference for a fictitious Alexandre and signed it myself. I planned and adjusted an effective disguise, including mustache and imperial, as an elderly French waiter, and was pleased to discover that my own man did not penetrate it. Fortunately, I speak French with some ease. I chose Mérot's because it is one of those so-called bohèmian French restaurants of the elaborately extravagant sort where these abuses are practised to an extreme degree. Then, too, people of my own acquaintance do not patronize it.

In the present shortage of male help the head waiter at Mérot's tried me out at once, and I found myself on Saturday evening at work, and actually enjoying the part with its opportunity to practise all of those little niceties of behavior which I have demanded of a private waiter and discovered too infrequently in a public one.

The pantry assistants were evidently inclined to be considerate of me as a new man, but my tables were, unfortunately, quite near the entrance. Twice I caught the coat-room boy's evil scowl when customers who had gotten by him were allowed by me to draw

"WHO ARE YOU TO TEACH ME PRINCIPLES?"

out a chair and place their outer wraps upon that. Very early in the evening the head waiter, passing near me, said, sharply:

"You must allow Martin his opportunities."

My tables filled quickly after those first pleasant people had gone, and were unoccupied for intervals of only a moment or two throughout the evening. A bejeweled city politician and two expensively gowned companions were among the early comers. He was loud in his laughter and loud voiced in his orders, urging always the most expensive dishes upon his guests, referring jocosely now and then to the cost. Twice I called his attention quietly to the fact that two orders of some side-dish were sufficient for three, but he waved my suggestion aside, once with the boisterous comment, "What's expense when there's ladies with you?" and again: "Don't worry, Alfonse. I've got plenty and you'll get your share." Plainly, I could do nothing with his sort, but, nevertheless, I held to my principles, and when he handed me a grotesquely large tip, pushing the bill at me, with, "Here's for you, Louie," I was forced to return him a full half of the amount in change from my own pocket. He seemed mightily amused at this, rather than offended. "You're a darned queer waiter," he said, waving my change aside. "Don't let the association get onto you," and he laughed loudly at his own meaningless joke as he went out.

Shortly after their departure, a group at my other table aroused attention. They were typical of many others that I served. I was glad of a moment for them alone, as I felt a growing nervousness and confusion of mind. There were only two in the party. The woman sat very stiff and straight and was evidently there to be observed. She was clothed in a painfully tight dress, what there was of it, and her face was solidly enameled. She seldom disarranged her features and seemed to eat without special enjoyment. The man was small and irritable. "Getting my money's worth of service" was a term that he used to me more than once; he criticized the food on various grounds, and demanded that I should take back and have rewarmed a dish which had grown cool because of his own delays. He was a constant strain upon my temper. When he came to go, his check amounted to five-fifty. He placed a five and a one dollar bill on my salver, and rose as if to take his hat and coat.

I said, "Thank you, sir," in as decent a tone as I could summon, whereupon he responded, sharply and loudly:

"I am waiting for my change. You can't get away with things like that!"

His attack startled me so much that I completely lost my composure. In a struggle to avoid an angry retort, I stammered some phrases to the effect that I assumed he was rewarding my service, that his getting up had led me to think that he was not waiting for change, and that the balance was less than the customary ten per cent.

He interrupted me here. "Ten per cent.?" he snapped. "Ten per cent.? Who is dictating to me what I shall give a waiter? You get nothing, nothing! I am waiting for my change."

I found the small coins in my own pocket and had the strength of mind to turn my back upon him while he struggled into his coat and stormed away to join his utterly emotionless companion, who waited at the door.

This second rather noisy outburst from my table, following so closely upon the politician's loud-voiced comments, evidently started some gossip about me among my fellow-waiters. Émile, who served adjacent tables, an oily, insinuating creature without apparent bony structure in his shoulders, seemed to be always leering at my elbows during these episodes, and a moment after the experience just described I saw him whispering to the head waiter, while the eyes of both followed me.

The chance that trouble might brew in that quarter never occurred to me, but the next time I came into the dining-room through the swinging-door the head waiter stopped me with my loaded tray in my hands.

"What is this business I hear?" he demanded; "this 'per cent.' and 'service rendered'? I do not understand."

"It is a matter affecting myself, monsieur, that has nothing to do with the others. I have interfered with no one, and I am attending faithfully to my tables. If you will permit me—" And I started on.

He moved for only a moment at my side, and his outward manner gave no evidence of friction, but his words were sharp and distinct. "It does affect others, and it must stop. If you are not quite sane, that is one thing, but even then I think you will understand me. However, I shall talk again with you."

The evening grew no easier. Things got more and more upon my nerves. I was, in fact, near the limit of my self-restraint, what with the miserably disappointing behavior of my various diners, the perplexing business of receiving a jumble of orders, questions, and comments which need a clear mind even to one who is experienced, and what with the sight every now and then of a meanfully malicious look from Martin the cloak-room boy or Émile or some other. The evidently suspicious surveillance of the head waiter added to my annoyances. I imagined myself running suddenly berserk. I never have been troubled by an uncontrollable imagination, but now I began picturing myself as spilling peculiarly disagreeable things upon guests, in receptive places upon their persons, or hurling squashier varieties of food into the leering faces of my enemies.

Twice, in my increasing confusion, I attempted to leave the dining-room by the swinging door intended for waiters' entrance; and the resulting catastrophies made two more enemies for me. Of course I did what I could to atone in each instance. But it went against my grain to assist in replacing soiled articles of food on a tray, such as chops or ices, and rehabilitating them by deft attentions from a damp dish-towel.

It was while I was in my worst state of mind that Elissa entered, and with Paxton, of all people; and yet I might have guessed it. It was the sort of place he would take her to. She was standing in the doorway when I caught sight of her, glancing idly around at the tables, waiting for her escort to shake off the final clutches of Martin. Her eyes strayed past me, noticing me no more than she would any other waiter, and I experienced a shiver of relaxation which changed at once to a numbness of dread—for they were undoubtedly approaching one of my tables.

I cannot recall to this day what orders Paxton gave me or how I took them. My emotional condition, already strained, cannot be diagnosed or described. I do recall that Paxton was ordering cocktails, when Elissa gently interrupted him. She did not care for any. I recall that I broke in upon his argument over the point with, "One cocktail, sir?" an interruption which evidently annoyed him, for he answered, "Yes," with acerbity, whereas his manner toward me when I stepped to the table had been one of irritatingly familiar condescension. I had felt that if he addressed me as "James" or "Alphonse" I should pour consommé upon him and take the consequences. Elissa let him order a light wine, but when it became evident to me that she preferred only to sip it I made no effort to refill her glass, though I attended to his after the fashion of a well-bred servitor. This, too, annoyed him, I could see. "You hardly needed a chaperon here, Elissa, with such waiters," he said, laughingly.

His use of her name caused me to spill a small portion of *sauce tartare* into his wine-glass as I was passing it over. I had never heard him address her so before, but how could I tell? I risked a glance at Elissa's face, and saw that she was smiling brightly

at him in her own pleasant way. It seemed to me that I grew gray with advancing years as I hovered about them, maintaining the distance which I knew to be correct, and yet torn with a desire to hear every part of their conversation, even though it lacerated me.

It was characteristic of John Paxton that when I brought his check he displayed a vulgarly large number of greenbacks, and insisted upon placing openly upon the table a tip utterly beyond the most attentive waiter's deserts. His was a large check, and he was flushed from drinking as well as eating, though for a man of his seasoning and experience he could hardly have been accused of any undue indulgence, I suppose. I took a certain vindictive pleasure, I am afraid, in following my custom. I accepted some of his gratuity with a bow and a word of thanks, and replaced the balance beside his ash-tray.

I WAS PROPELLED VIOLENTLY TOWARD THE STAIR

"What's this?" he said, staring at it in surprise and then looking up at me.

"You have given me double the amount to which I am entitled," I said, quite simply and distinctly.

"Well, isn't that my business?" he said, coolly. "I don't take lessons from my waiter."

"It is a mere matter of principle with me," I said, with firmness, and I bowed again, meaning to withdraw entirely, as I had performed every required service; but Paxton's face grew even redder.

"The devil it is," he said, loudly, standing up. "Who are you to teach me principles?" He had not been quiet, and the head waiter was at his elbow in an instant. I was miserable over the attention which all of this would attract toward Elissa.

"Is there anything the matter, sir?" said the head waiter, deferentially, looking from Paxton to me.

"The matter is I have been insulted by one of your waiters in the presence of a lady and I am damned if I'll stand it."

"I think I see," said the head waiter. "Be content, sir, with my apologies and the assurance that Alexandre leaves at this instant. You understand?" he snapped, looking at me.

I bowed. There was no mistaking the orders, and I stood stiffly while they passed me, followed by the obsequious and gesticulating head waiter.

"Perhaps deranged," I heard him urging, in his continued apology. "At any rate, rest assured, sir, he will not annoy you again in this restaurant if you favor us, nor elsewhere, as our association always adopts prompt measures."

It was necessary for me to follow them in order to reach my own back stairway. Émile leered triumphantly. Martin, as I passed him, whispered:

"You'll get yours! You will knife me, will you? Or did you want to hold me up until I agreed to split?" He walked beside me to the door, whispering these ejaculations tauntingly. He evidently intended to see me reach the head of the stairway leading from the lobby to the street.

At the stair stood Elissa, while Paxton, evidently in a great state of anger, stood two or three steps below her.

"It is not that a waiter insulted you," I heard her say, "but that you could be insulted by a waiter, and that it was possible for you to forget my presence entirely. That is why I have had a cab ordered and shall go by myself." She turned away from him in my direction and uttered a horrified cry.

I heard a step beside me, and, looking up, saw a most offensive-looking creature of the prize-fighter type, with his fists unmistakably prepared for business. He was, I believe, attached to the down-stairs' café in some indefinite capacity.

"Is this the guy?" I heard him say to some one behind me. What the answer was I can only surmise. A blow on my back that jolted my very marrow was followed instantly by another on the head. I was propelled violently toward the stair, and my last recollection was a view of the sidewalk below rushing rapidly up toward me till we met with an obliterating crash.

I awoke with the half-formed impression that some people were lifting me. A woman's voice in the vast darkness said, "Yes, officer, I saw him fall. . . . Yes, I am glad to do it. . . . I may have been partly to blame for the poor fellow's accident."

The cab cushions were restful. My head whirled, and, though Elissa's warm hand was on my arm, she wavered in the air a long way off. I seemed to shout my questions across to her.

"How did you ever happen to choose that restaurant—and with Paxton? It's no place to go with him." For an elderly French waiter I was catechizing my benefactress in a strangely querulous tone.

"Because you were there, Jacob," said Elissa.

I was too greatly benumbed, mentally as well as physically, to voice my astonishment.

"My cousin told me," she went calmly on; "Captain Jack Hinton—you met him at my last afternoon and waited on him early this evening. It isn't worth while discussing him now, but he's quite used to simple disguises. He stopped at our house on the way to his train and happened to mention you. Mr. Paxton came for me just after, and I said I'd like to see Merot's."

"I wish you wouldn't pat me," I complained. My head ached violently, and I hated a large part of the world.

"Why?" asked Elissa.

"It's too motherly. It makes me feel infernally juvenile as well as sick."

Elissa smiled kindly at me—and then patted me again.

What He Required

AFTER reading a poem about a little boy who was so happy because there were lovely flowers, beautiful birds, blue sky, and running brooks, eight-year-old William remarked:

"Those things would never make me happy, Miss Jones."

"Why, William," replied his teacher, "what would it take to make you happy?"

"Saturdays!" was the prompt reply.

Let There Be Light

IN conversation with his lady love, an Alabama darky chanced to observe that he had failed to keep abreast of the scientific achievements of the age.

"Fo' instance," he said, "I ain't at all familiar with the way the incandescent 'lectric light am produced."

"Oh," said the lady, "dat's easy! Yo' jest presses a button an' de light appears at onct!"

Not Likely to be Impressed

LITTLE Clarence, whose home was near an inland pond, went to the seashore to visit a relative.

The uncle he was visiting said, "Clarence, I will take you to see the ocean."

"I will look at your ocean," said Clarence, in a very condescending manner, "but we have a pond at home."

True to Training

LITTLE Willie was spending some time with his aunt in another part of the town. Shortly after his arrival, the old lady generously offered him what she deemed a luxury.

"Here, William, I know you are hungry for a box of these animal crackers."

"Thank you, Aunt Mary," her nephew politely answered, "but," he added, in a tone that clearly indicated his astonishment that she should offer him such refreshment, "don't you know that my family are vegetarians?"

Doing Her Best

MRS. QUIZZEM laid down the evening paper, looked across the table at her husband, and remarked:

"Really, dear, some of the things you read seem almost incredible. After all, one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

"Never mind," said the brute of a husband, "that's certainly no fault of yours, darling."

A New Species

LARRY, aged seven, had gone to the country with his parents. One summer morning he caught sight of a fuzzy caterpillar and called out, excitedly, to his mother who was sitting on the piazza:

"Oh, mamma, mamma, come here, quick! Here is an Angora caterpillar!"

Wouldn't Lose a Chance

LITTLE Etta was one of those children who consider themselves entitled to share in all the rights and privileges of the grown-ups, and she always begged to be included in the party when a visit of any kind was in contemplation.

One day she and other children were playing somewhat boisterously in the room where her mother was endeavoring to read. Finally the confusion became so great that the mother laid aside her book in desperation and exclaimed:

"I declare, you children make so much noise, I believe I will go crazy."

Little Etta, immediately interested, ran to her mother's side with the eager query:

"Mamma, can I go, too?"

Rural Repartee

IT happened in a southwestern state noted for its chills and fever and general lassitude.

"Your wife," said a stranger to one of the well-known local characters, "is always at work, and you seem always to be idle. Do you do nothing to support your home?"

"Well," said the man, after due reflection, "I think I kin say that I sometimes leans ag'in' it."

The Economy of Ernest

ERNEST recently rushed into his father's study and asked whether he wouldn't be glad to know that his son had saved a dollar for him.

Whereupon father expressed delight at this evidence of juvenile economy, and incidentally handed Ernest a dime. Then it occurred to the parent to inquire how the dollar had been saved.

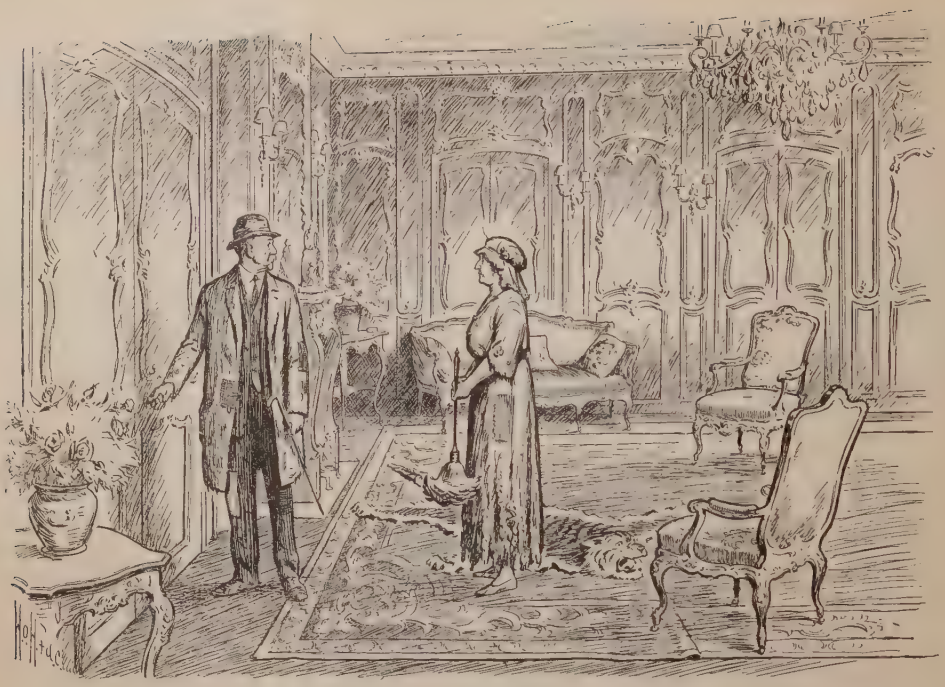
"Well, I saved it all right, Dad," Ernest replied. "Don't you remember that you said you'd give me a dollar if I brought home a good report from my teacher? But I didn't."

Algebraic Prophecy

JOHNNY had been asked by his mathematics teacher to solve one of those problems in algebra which conclude with the query, "How old is Anne?" He worked at it faithfully, and to his surprise found that x equaled —4. He tried again, but with the same puzzling result. "Minus four? Minus four?" queried Johnny to himself. "Why! Of course!" and he copied his work over neatly, with the following triumphant note at the bottom:

"This answer, x equals —4, means that Anne will be born four years from now."

Robin Hood Adds a Touch of Realism to the Page's Valentine



The Wearing Apparel Shortage

"Aren't you rather extravagant, George, wearing your very best clothes on a week day?"

More to the Point

CLANCY was ill and the priest had dropped in to see him. During the course of their conversation the good man said:

"I intend to pray that you may forgive Callahan for having thrown that brick at you."

"Well," suggested Clancy, "maybe your Riv'rince would save toime if ye'd just wait till I get well an' thin pray for Callahan."

Peaceful

ONE Tom Morgan, after leaving the high school of a quiet village somewhere in the Middle West, entered the chief drygoods store of the town. He spent a couple of years behind the counter, but he found the life too dull and started out to see the world. After some years of strenuous work he took a holiday and went back to see his old friends.

In the evening Tom realized that something was missing and after due reflection asked:

"What's become of the curfew whistle?"

"Well," answered his mother, "the curfew whistle used to sound at nine o'clock, and it wakened half of the people; so they complained and had it stopped, and we can sleep now."

The Secret

WHAT time the moon, as poets sweetly sing,
Flooded the terrace of my vine-clad cot,
I sat and mused on many a mundane thing,
The daily problems of a farmer's lot;
Why should my string-beans run so much to string?
And can an oyster be a plant—or not?

About me, in the hazel-thicket hid,
Nocturnal gossips waged the old dispute,
Whether poor, erring Katy really did,
Or didn't; not a single voice was mute,
But, strident, peevish, some the maiden chid,
Others upheld, who could not quite refute.

What was the charge?—An amour, I suppose;
Some ancient indiscretion, long gone by;
A forest-lover, met beneath the rose,
A kiss! that lasted till the dews were dry,
Then Scandal!—passed along by envious toes,
Which, scraped together, mean—in insect, "Fie!"

GEORGE S. CHAPPELL.

Painting by W. H. D. Koerner

Illustration for "Pollen"

MARY BALCH WAS COMING ACROSS THE SUN-SPLASHED FIELD

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CHÂTEAU-THIERRY—WRECKED AND STREWN WITH THE DEBRIS OF A BOMBARDED TOWN

How the War Was Won

BY GENERAL MALLETERRE

Governor of the Musée des Invalides and Military Critic of the Paris "Temps"

Put into English by HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

With Sketches of American Troops made during the Marne Advance

BY LESTER G. HORNBY

PART I.—THE DECISIVE FACTORS

GERMANY has capitulated. To save her armies from annihilation, and to prevent the invasion of Germany, her emissaries have signed an armistice which puts Germany in the power of her enemies. The war has ceased with the German armies retreating hastily from their last footholds in northern France and Belgium. Germany agrees to evacuate Alsace-Lorraine and the left bank of the Rhine, to give the Allies control of the right bank of the Rhine and of the German ports, to surrender all her submarines, the best ships of her fleet, an enormous number of cannon, aeroplanes, locomotives, and

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freight-cars. Germany promises to make good all the destruction wrought by her forces on land and sea, to restore her loot, and to renounce the treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest.

And yet, eight months ago the Germans were on the Marne, and were preparing a second march on Paris. This offensive had produced in France untold anguish, and the government felt it wise to take measures of precaution in regard to Paris.

I was able to follow the impression made upon the people by the German successes and to try to dissipate them. For, although the German offensive had resulted in tactical successes, the strategical failure appeared to me incontestible. In the month of June I was at Bordeaux. I was giving lectures on the subject, "The Superior Strength of the Allies." Many were inclined to find this subject ridiculous, and a journalist of Toulouse wrote that what I was talking about appeared a bitter jest. The very morning of one of these lectures I read a *communiqué* announcing that the German advance guards were at Château-Thierry, and were crossing the Marne. If, at the moment, I had the same feeling of pain that was shared by the whole of France, in the evening I gave none the less my conference at Pauillac, in the heart of Médoc, in a country where it was not easy to reassure the minds of the people. I explained the reasons for the momentary, although impressive, successes of the Germans, and I stated always the same reasons for believing that the fortunes of battle would soon change.

DOUGHBOYS GOING TO THE FRONT

Many American soldiers will long remember the shouts of "Vive l'Amer-e-e-e-k," as they passed through the little French villages

They were reasons based not only on the faith that we all have in immanent justice and in the destiny of France, but on the logic of the events themselves.

They were reasons which prompted me to affirm during this tragic period not the hope, but the certainty of victory. Two months later, in August, in lectures in the south and west of France, I was able to bring to my audiences the bulletins of victory. But even in the month of August one would have been rash to predict the end of the war in November.

The reasons on which I based my argument to prove that Germany could not win, but would have to yield to the superior force of the Allies, appeared to me, even at the darkest moments, after four years of war, convincing, and I am glad to say that I was sincere in all that I said. My reasons

TROOPS ADVANCING OVER A ROAD PROTECTED BY ANTI-AIR-CRAFT GUNS

These guns seldom brought down a machine. Their great usefulness was in driving machines to such an altitude as to be ineffective

were three: the economic and food blockade; the aid America was bringing; and the unity of command, which had been so late in being achieved. These are the superior sources of strength which have won for us the victory.

One of these forces had been exercised for a long time. Belief in the efficacy of the economic and food blockade had been weakened by premature assertions of the exhaustion of Germany. However, all who followed the German press were of the opinion that the internal conditions in Germany were becoming unbearable, and that Germany could not stand out for another winter. The general public, however, had become skeptical, and the continuation of German military successes made them feel that what had been exaggerated in 1915 and 1916 could not be true in 1918. In reality, the economic and food blockade was beginning to be heavily felt, and this year (which was most significant) at the beginning of the summer. This explains why after our counter-offensive, which lasted only three months, Germany suddenly collapsed. The brusque fall of Germany could not have caused among us a sentiment of stupefaction if we had been fully aware of how the colossus was being undermined in the very sources of its life.

The German offensive of the spring and summer of 1918 was a kind of desperate effort, a supreme convulsion. The Pan-Germanists seem to have been blind up to the last. *Quos vult perdere Jupiter dementat!* But among the German political leaders, some saw clearly in all parties, but especially among the Liberals and Socialists. In the army, also, the real state of affairs in Germany was grasped. Of the military leaders, Ludendorff in particular, who had become the dictator of Germany, realized that Germany was in a desperate situation, and that the war must be ended by a victory before autumn. Ludendorff appreciated, too, the American

WAITING FOR A COUNTER-ATTACK

The Germans were hard losers in their retreat from the Marne. Many little villages they counter-attacked several times, but the end always saw the Doughboys in possession of their objective

danger, and the difference in the fighting value of the forces opposed to him as a result of the efforts that were being made to bring about unity of command.

The first source of superior strength for the Entente was the mastery of the sea, which had asserted itself during the first month of the war. It was an American naval officer who set forth the doctrine of the decisive influence of sea power in the great wars of history. It is open to doubt whether, in this war, control of the sea alone would have brought Germany to her knees. For during the first year Germany was entirely blocked, and during three years partially blocked, on land as well as on sea. The opening up of the way to the East, through Bulgaria, was more of a drain on Germany's resources than assistance in procuring food-stuffs and raw materials. Germany had already suffered tremendously before she was able to draw from Rumania and southern Russia. Her ability to exploit the lifting of the land blockade after the treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest was impaired by lack of rolling-stock and the state of anarchy in Russia. And the advantages of drawing on eastern and southeastern Europe, to the limited extent that was possible, was offset by the cutting down of overseas importation through neutral neighbors after the entry of the United States into the war. We may make reservations about the mastery of the sea being *the* decisive factor. But none can deny that the economic and food blockade was, from the very first days of the conflict, a source of superior strength which worked remorselessly against Germany as the years dragged on.

Germany tried to contest the mastery of the sea by the extensive use of submarines. Here again, as in the case of Belgian neutrality, necessity knew no law. Violation in the name of *Notwendigkeit* of the common principles of humanity, as well as of the principles of international law, which Germany had pledged herself to observe, changed the war from a struggle between two rival

European groups into a world war. In her destruction of human lives and property Germany made no distinction between enemy and neutral states. It was lawlessness and assassination on the high seas, in the attempt to break the fatal stranglehold of the economic and food blockade that brought the United States into the war and sealed the doom of Germany.

In appraising the factors which have given us the victory, can we forget the heroism of merchant seamen of all nations, who never faltered in the face of constant risk as great as that of our soldiers? Can we forget the untiring energy of those who worked to make good the submarine losses? Above all, can we fail to acknowledge the glorious work of the British navy and the steadfastness of the entire British people? The British navy accepted and fulfilled with consummate skill the enormous task of keeping open the paths of the seas and preventing the German submarines and the German fleet from cutting off our food supplies and raw materials, without which we should have succumbed before the German onslaughts. The British navy saved the Entente cause by winning the battle of Jutland. A phrase that will go down in history is that of Admiral Wemyss, when the German delegates remonstrated against the naval clauses of the armistice. "But our fleet has not been beaten," they said. "Your fleet has only to come out," answered the Admiral. The British nation accepted with equanimity the appalling destruction of their merchant ships, and faced without flinching the risk, at one time real, of economic disaster and actual hunger. It must be remembered, too, that British bottoms transported a large portion of the American Expeditionary Force to France, and that the British fleet in the North Sea made possible the safe arrival of our American friends.

The second source of superior strength for the Entente, which the Germans had at last begun to understand and fear,

REPAIRING WIRES ALONG A BOMBARDED ROAD

Linemen of the Signal Corps were often called upon for the most dangerous sort of work—setting up and maintaining lines under fire

was the unlimited aid of the United States.

If, in 1917, the Germans had been able to laugh at the American intervention, if they had been able to believe that neither in number nor in military value, could the Americans bring to the continent of Europe a large army well supplied with artillery, if they thought that their submarine warfare, which had created very serious havoc from March to June, 1917, would cut off communications with America, let alone prevent American troops from coming, it is certain that at the commencement of the year 1918 the German political and military leaders could no longer refuse to see the continuous and alarming growth of the American Expeditionary Force.

It was to their interest, then, being faced with the danger of the food blockade and of an overwhelming American army, the effect of both of which could not be postponed many months, to attempt a supreme effort. They said to themselves: "We must hurry. We must make our offensive before the American army is large." But at the moment they awoke to the danger of the American intervention, the development of the American Expeditionary Force was not as retarded as they believed.

At the same time the civil and military authorities of Germany did not neglect other means of hastening the end of the war. They had had the experience of seeing their best-laid plans miscarry, and took into consideration the ups and downs of the fortunes of war. So they continued and increased their propaganda for peace in Allied and neutral countries. They called this openly their "peace offensive."

The peace offensive had, in fact, already been pursued for a long time. No more than the military offensives, had it yet given the results the Germans hoped for. But it might be counted upon to weaken the strength of a coalition which was not sufficiently united. Among the Entente Allies, and between

SEARCHING THE RUINS OF A CAPTURED VILLAGE FOR ENEMY STRAGGLERS

The army was wary of occupying places on the heels of the retreating enemy. These little squads went forward to search for stragglers, mines, and other dangers left by the Hun

AN ARTILLERY ADVANCE AT TWILIGHT

Traveling in heavy weather, although the going was bad, offered a certain security from air-craft attack. Moonlight never looked good to men in the line. It was almost a certain precuisor of bombs to be dropped while they slept

them and the United States, there was unfortunately no common diplomatic, no more than military, executive direction.

Just as diffusion of military effort had prevented us from enjoying the advantages of our superior resources, and from making hopeless the success of the new German offensive, lack of a common constructive peace policy was seized upon by the Germans as a vulnerable point at which they might strike. Then, too, in the Allied countries, there were the interior reactions always produced by a long war, fatigue, deprivations, economic unrest, bereavements. The Germans hoped that, by making a formidable effort and inflicting upon the Allied armies on the western front a sensational defeat before American military aid was effective, the coalition would yield to their peace offensive. Thus they would realize the compromise peace, the "honorable peace," of which they were speaking. Thus, although the war had not turned out in accordance with their monstrous dreams, they would still be the victors.

The American intervention began to be felt only after the offensive of March and April. It is true that some divisions had taken part, and had covered themselves with glory, in the fighting as early as April. But when the Germans attacked on March 21st, there were American troops only in the ports and in the training-camps. The bulk of the American army had not yet landed in France, and the few battalions actually at the front did not count from a military point of view, although the moral effect of having them in line with us was precious.

Let me compare the two opinions General Pétain expressed to me, one in January, 1918, and the other in the month of July.

In the month of January I went to see the commander-in-chief at his headquarters. At this moment General Pétain was having very serious difficulties. He was generalissimo. General Foch was chief of the Inter-Allied General Staff, whose action was only that of liaison or union. There was no complete authority over the Allied armies.

Both Pétain and Foch had some trouble in getting the Americans to understand how their aid could be best used. The Americans were thinking of making an autonomous army, and they were waiting for the moment when that army, disembarked in France, thoroughly instructed and having its own material, would be able to present itself on the field of battle. The Americans had a feeling of pride (which was quite natural) to contribute to the cause of France and of the general emancipation of humanity military aid that would be distinctively their own. They wanted to restore Alsace-Lorraine to France. For that purpose they desired to constitute in the sector of the East an American army.

But, at General Headquarters, the double question of date and military value arose. At what date could they count upon the entry in line of a powerful American army of several hundred thousand men, provided with all its material, sufficiently instructed, and consequently capable of fighting on the fields of battle under the new conditions of warfare as they had rapidly developed and changed? Then, what would be the military value of this young army, almost wholly improvised? At the beginning of the war, the American army was extremely small, and had had no experience except in guarding the Mexican frontier and in policing, with occasional guerilla warfare, the Philippines. This new army, raised in the midst of war, would certainly have the spirit and enthusiasm of a nation fighting solely for right and liberty. And it was going to bring upon the battle-fields of Europe the immeasurable strength of the United States. But these soldiers had never fought, and they were going to find themselves face to face with the German army against which we had been struggling for three years, and which had proved in 1917 that it still possessed considerable offensive capacity. Moreover, the German army was being reinforced by all the divisions brought back from Russia.

A RAID ON AN ENEMY MACHINE-GUN POSITION

The enemy invariably set up machine-guns along the wooded edge of the wheat-fields, where the play of their fire looked like a brisk little breeze blowing across the field, snapping the tops off the wheat. Many times we advanced by rushes. Then again, little groups would steal out and creep up on the enemy, parting the wheat without drawing fire. This work required the cunning of an Indian

General Pétain said to me: "It is absolutely necessary that we convince the Americans that they must allow themselves to be amalgamated with us. There are two or three hundred thousand Americans in France. We need to have them enter into our ranks as reinforcements. We have a crisis of effectives; the British also. The Germans are being increased by thirty or forty divisions from the East. In the month of October, 1917, we had before us only one hundred and forty-five divisions. Now there are going to be two hundred. In making their offensive, the Germans are going to enjoy numerical superiority, and perhaps they will even have more artillery than we. We are able to hold. But the Americans must not remain in the rear to await the formation of their autonomous army."

I was wholly of General Pétain's opinion. I differed with him only on the one point. I did not like the word "amalgam," which did not seem to me to realize what General Pétain was asking for. To this objection he answered by citing what had happened during the Revolution, when France amalgamated battalions of volunteers with battalions of the old army. I preferred to see American unities incorporated in French army corps, under French command, which would enter into action according to the necessities and circumstances of the battle.

I published in the *Temps* the article General Pétain asked me to write about the utilization of the American aid. I insisted strongly upon the point that the American troops, after their debarkation in France and period in the training-camp, go to the front and get immediately in contact with the poilus. Not only was this incorporation in our army going to bring precious and necessary reinforcements to our troops and inestimable moral encouragement, but also for the Americans themselves there was no better school to learn to fight than contact with our poilus. Thus they would be put to the test in the midst of troops already tested. General Pétain knew that the Americans did not lack in dash and ardor, and that they would come in decisive number during the course of the year 1918. But he thought that they would not be in a position to fight *en masse* before the end of the summer of 1918.

We must not think that the French and British and American General Staffs were as surprised as has been asserted by the March attack. They knew well that this attack was going to take place. They were posted concerning the intense preparations of the Germans. They were sure that the offensive would be launched in a brutal fashion. But there was difference of opinion regarding the exact date of the offensive and the sectors that would be attacked. There was also a little uncertainty about the material means possessed by the Germans. To have anticipated the German offensive was not justified, because the transfer of more than forty divisions from the Russian front had placed us in a position of numerical inferiority. We had to be on the alert and hold all the front. The French and British divisions in Italy could not be withdrawn. It was logical to await the arrival of the American army that had been mobilized and was in training in the United States. This is the explanation of the two reverses, or, rather, the two defeats (let us be frank and call them that) of March and May, 1918.

After July 18th, I wanted to go to see the battle-field of the Marne where I had fought myself during the first battle of the Marne. The Americans, between July 18th and July 25th, had attacked with extraordinary vigor at Château-Thierry. I traversed the battle-field, and found myself among the American soldiers. I shall never forget the impression they made upon me. I saw clean-shaven faces, calm, thoughtful, very young. The soldiers were singing. Some were coming from the front, and others going into the firing-line. It was hard to believe that these men had just launched terrible attacks. If there had not been the shell-holes, the ruined houses, the roar of the enemy cannon and our violent response, I could have believed myself at manœuvers.

I saw General Pétain on July 25th, and asked him this question, "Now what do you think of the Americans?" He replied with his caustic smile: "In the month of January I told you of cer-

tain fears. All is well now. I think that within another week we are going to create the autonomous American army. They want it very much. They have proved that they are capable of fighting, and that they can beat the Germans. Now I am reassured."

At the beginning of August the First American Army was constituted and General Pershing himself took the command in the field. He was given the sector that he wanted, the sector of the East, the sector of the Meuse and Verdun. In the battle of liberation the American effort was developed most powerfully on the two sides of the Meuse. The Americans placed there nearly four hundred thousand men. In spite of the resistance of the Germans, they met and overcame with brilliant tenacity every difficulty of this most formidable sector.

Finally, the third cause that was operating in our favor, in my judgment the decisive cause of victory, has been the unity of command. Unity of command meant the placing of all the resources of the Entente and of the United States under a commander-in-chief who would have the authority to use them without constant reference, involving delays and misunderstandings, to the different General Staffs and governments.

The first step toward unity of command was the creation of a Supreme War Council at Versailles, to act as an Inter-Allied General Staff. But this was only a commencement, and it was clear that real unity of command could not be achieved until executive authority was vested in one man. The offensives of March and April, 1918, were a blessing in disguise for us, just as the Austro-German offensive in Italy had been a few months before. Ludendorff and Hindenburg hoped to bring about the dislocation of the Allied armies in France and to decide the war. They taught us a lesson for which we paid dearly, but which was well worth all that it cost. There was a truce to discussions, to controversies, and to rivalry of interests, the inevitable concomitants of a coalition. The German offensive imposed upon us unity of command, which France had demanded long ago, and which Premier Clémenceau, when he was editor of *l'Homme Enchaîné*, had urged in numerous articles.

After having warded off by a mighty effort the danger of March and April, and being face to face with a renewal of that danger, the Entente and United States decided to intrust the command of their armies to General Foch. Waiving the personality of the man at the head of the Allied armies, the man who has shown his greatness, the fact itself of achieving unity of command has been, I repeat, the decisive factor of the war. To have Foch, Pétain, Haig, Pershing, and Diaz working in harmony and agreeing on the line of policy to follow was not the same thing as having one man in command, whose orders were executed. Unity of command gave the Germans the military superiority until May, 1918. In spite of dangers to be met on all sides, unity of command in Germany enabled our enemies not only to extricate themselves from perilous situations, but also to strike crushing blows where and when they would. When we established on our side unity of command, then only, and not until then, did our superior sources of strength give us the advantage in military effort over our enemies. When we at last, like the Germans, had a commander-in-chief, we were able to draw upon the infinitely larger resources at our disposal. General Foch, vested with authority and given a free hand, realized the victory.

Bright days did not come immediately after General Foch assumed the supreme command. For more than two months, until after the middle of July, we still remained on the defensive, and the Germans were not at the end of their successes. Before describing the battle of liberation, which was the triumph and result of the unity of command, it is necessary to speak of the methods by which the Germans achieved their last advances, the lessons we learned from our reverses, and the careful and thorough preparation in material that was made before Marshal Foch ordered, with entire confidence in the result, his decisive counter-offensive, the counter-offensive which was to detach from Germany her allies and force Germany to sue for an armistice to save her armies from annihilation.

In following the German offensive from March 21st to July 15th, we were struck with the way the attack was vigorously pushed for several days, gained territory, opened a large pocket which narrowed to an angle, then stopped. The battle of Ludendorff and Hindenburg, as it was carried on from March 21st, was a battle of violent but not continuous efforts. The successive forward movements were separated by intervals of weeks. First there was the advance to Montdidier; then a pause. Followed the Villers-Bretonneux-Amiens offensive; another pause. The opening up of a pocket in the north of Flanders resulted in a third pause of several weeks. We resisted the temptation of counter-attacking to take back those pockets. It was enough to stop the progress of the Germans at each point, and all our reserves were needed to block further attempts.

The offensive of May 27th was more impressive than those of March and April. It went from the Aisne to the Marne, opening up a wide pocket, and reached the Marne at Château-Thierry and Dormans. The Germans followed up their successes of April, and compelled us to evacuate important positions which we had wrested back from them before at heavy cost. This last offensive brought the Germans nearer Paris. When, on the left, they approached Villers-Cotterets, the menace to the defenses of Paris was direct. The Berthas began again their bombardment. On June 8th the Germans launched an attack in the direction of Compiègne in liaison with their Marne attack. What the German General Staff had in mind was apparent. By pushing forward on both sides of the Oise, they were attempting to unite the two pockets of Montdidier and the Marne, and to constitute a base of operations through Senlis and Meaux, which would have permitted them to make a final effort against Paris. It was not an effort to take Paris. In spite of his arrogance, Ludendorff did not entertain as possible the capture of Paris. What he hoped to do was to get near enough to pour upon the great city tons of shells and render it untenable. Not only would there be immense confusion in the government and various administrations, reacting disastrously upon the *morale* of the armies and the country at large, but our transportation and communication would be disarranged. And it must be remembered that Paris and her suburbs form a tremendous munition-factory. It was a critical moment for France.

The attack failed. And after June 15th there was another pause of a month, which was fatal to German hopes. At the end of June I was able to point out that this pause, coming after the others, showed beyond the shadow of a doubt that the German offensive was not capable of prolonged effort. Because of methodical preparation and the individual discipline of German soldiers, forces could be concentrated and sledge-hammer blows struck. Tactical successes could be won each time. But the strategic failure was only the more apparent. The Germans could reach no definite end. There was something inconsequential and incomplete in each gigantic military effort. We could feel that our opponents were out of breath—no, more than that, in the final analysis powerless.

At the beginning of July, during those memorable days when we celebrated American independence on the Fourth and our own national holiday on the Fourteenth, the thunder of the German cannon could be heard at Paris. But confidence was already being re-born throughout the country as well as in Paris. We did not know the causes of these fatal (for them) lulls, but we did know that the Germans were blocked. We realized that their offensive was abortive, that their desperate efforts to attain the object at which the offensive aimed had failed.

I shall touch very lightly on the technical reasons for the limited successes of the Germans. From the material point of view they solved the problem of breaking through the fronts. The inviolability of trench and barbed-wire defenses had become almost an official doctrine during three years. I tried to react against it. Our present chiefs, Foch as well as Pétain, worked with all their might against the doctrine. But the idea was firmly implanted in military circles that only heavy artillery

could make the breach. Heavy artillery does break obstacles, but it breaks only a part of the length and depth of the obstacle. To hammer down a front five hundred kilometers long, a quantity of heavy artillery, materially impossible to produce, would have been necessary. The field of action of heavy artillery, even if unlimited in quantity, would be limited in distance. The task of opening a way for an unlimited offensive by heavy artillery was hopeless. Granted a complete breach of a certain distance, the enemy disposed to other lines farther back, and the advance artillery had to begin all over again and open new breaches to permit the infantry to pass. In November, 1917, the surprise of the Cambrésis was thus a capital point in the war. This surprise was realized by English tanks. Then we saw clearly what engine was going to finish the war.

The Germans saw it as clearly as we did. But they were more ready than we were from the material point of view. For their offensive they chose a means that was very simple, very rapid of fabrication. Their rupture of the front was based on the use of poisonous gas and a light accompaniment of infantry. They had this idea: to permit the infantry to pass we must destroy not the obstacle but the defender. If there are no more defenders to hold the lines of trenches and the barbed-wire entanglements, the obstacle has little importance. It is an affair of a few hours or of a few days to destroy it. It is done freely since there is no one to prevent the destruction. The essential thing is to destroy the defenders. If the trenches are untenable and if the defenders are annihilated, we can go through as we like. It was with rolling barrage fire, timed at ten-minute intervals, alternating poisonous gas with shrapnel, that the Germans acted against the Fifth English Army in March, 1918, and against the French troops at the Chemin des Dames. The defenders of the advance positions were annihilated. The German infantry moved forward with light infantry cannon and portable *minenwerfer* behind the rolling barrage fire. As we could bring up no reinforcements, the Germans had a free hand to destroy the obstacles in their path. Thus they traversed with ease lines which had been considered practically impregnable during years of costly fighting. By combining gas and rolling barrage with the fire of the portable cannon, the Germans opened the two pockets of Montdidier and the Marne.

But while the Germans were organizing their offensive in this way, we on our side were studying also means of destroying the enemy infantry. The immobile phase of the war was over. We knew now that the strongest systems of defensive positions could be pierced. The question of poisonous gases, which we had long been studying, was fortunately already solved. Only we did not have the same facilities for manufacturing them as the Germans, who had before the war become past masters in the science of military chemistry. But since the surprise of the Cambrésis, we had, to offset German superiority in poisonous gases, a justified conviction of the efficacy of tanks with which we had long been experimenting.

For more than two years the question of an easily portable cannon, to accompany infantry in the assault, had been vigorously discussed in the press. Lively, and even bitter, controversies had arisen concerning the type of cannon. I maintained (and this was the opinion also of General Pétain) that the infantrymen should be provided with a light cannon *to accompany them* when they took the offensive. Difference of opinion was particularly marked about the range of this cannon. Some wanted it to be very short, five or six hundred meters, and others argued for a longer distance. There was too much indecision, and we lost time in experimenting with the different types proposed. But from the day we saw the effect produced by the tanks at the surprise of the Cambrésis we hesitated no longer. In November, 1917, our General Staff decided on the intensive construction of light tanks. This remained a secret. The discussion was purposely continued in regard to other ways of providing the infantry with an accompanying artillery, and the question of tanks was left in the dark.

In the month of March we did not yet have enough tanks. General Pétain and General Foch, in spite of the critical

moment, refused to use the tanks we had already constructed. Why risk acquainting the Germans with the superiority of our new tanks? Why allow them to be destroyed uselessly? So it must not be thought that we were surprised by the events. It is necessary to insist upon the fact that we were aware of the German preparation for a decisive offensive. Each division returning from Russia was identified, and we were informed of the massing of troops in the Ardennes. It was known to us also that the Germans were training particularly along the lines of the more effective use of material and were working out an entirely new system of attack. That they were planning this offensive, which would be their final card, was proof in itself that they did not hold to the old theory of the impossibility of breaking through the trench systems of defense which had been crystallized and perfected since 1914.

Too much has been written about British "muddling through" and French "improvisation." The criticism in Parliament and press, after the German offensive of the spring, was hard for our generals to bear. They could not answer it, and thus reveal to the enemy their hand. It was fortunate that the military authorities, who were responsible for the prosecution of the war, enjoyed the unwavering confidence of the French and British governments. During the whole winter our factories had been performing the gigantic task of turning out the material demanded by our leaders. In France and Great Britain, and in America as well, not only the tanks but also the other material had been quietly, though feverishly, amassed. The great objection to the light infantry cannon was its weight, and this inconvenience was not overcome by dividing it between two or three soldiers. When one puts on the shoulders of an infantryman a weight of from fifty to sixty pounds in addition to what he has to carry his burden becomes difficult. The infantryman understands and accepts the *mitrailleuse*, or a light cannon on wheels. More complicated and heavier artillery bothers him. The light tank has solved the problem. It moves by its own means in admirable conditions, crossing trenches, impervious to the rain of steel, is not stopped by machine-gun nests, and goes through the deepest shell holes with the greatest ease. The Renault model fulfilled our hopes of a cannon to accompany the infantry, with the advantage of being armor-plated.

During the German offensive of March and April we had to withstand an assault that was expected. The great merit of our high command, the great merit of Pétain and Foch, is that the price of resistance was paid. Not for one moment did our leaders allow themselves to be dismayed. Although they had to retreat, losing tens of thousands of prisoners and valuable war material, and abandoning for a second time territory that had been dearly rewon, they maintained their grip on the armies and upon the country, and waited patiently for the effective military aid of the United States, and at the same time for the new material needed for the irresistible counter-offensive.

On July 18th Marshal Foch was ready, with his tanks, his cannon, his shells, his Americans. Then began the battle of liberation.

[Part II—"The Battle of Liberation" will appear in the April issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, with a series of drawings by Mr. Hornby, showing American troops in action along the Meuse.]

Pollen

BY SUSAN GLASPELL

"IRA will do it his own way," Mrs. Mead used to say, and people believed her. They believed her because they knew Ira. "You have to let Ira alone," was another of the sayings of Ira's mother. And people did let him alone—again, because they knew Ira.

He had a way of not looking straight at you; not a sneaky way, but merely that, through some choice of his own, he didn't come into direct communication with you. When you spoke you had a feeling that what you had said hadn't come into direct communication with what he was thinking. Probably a man doesn't have to be communicated with if he does not want to be, and as most of the people Ira knew were farmers, with a lean to the taciturn, and a feeling that it would be better if other folks minded their own business more than they did, Ira was not as much disliked as it would seem he would be—or as indeed he would have been in another walk of life. He was, in fact, not a little respected for being so well able to get along without other people. "If you don't say anything to him, he won't say anything to you," was their way of summing up Ira Mead, and he was not infrequently summed up as a reflection on some other person who would say something to you when you had said nothing to him.

He always seemed too preoccupied with what he was doing to pay much attention to what you were doing. Even as a little boy, he was a good deal like that. When the boys dammed the creek that ran through the Mead orchard, Ira, after a little, would go up-stream and become much occupied with a dam of his own—a different sort of dam. He didn't tell you his plans—either about catching a chicken or doing an example. "You don't know what's in his mind," his mother said, and never really tried to find out—it being more impressive to regard him as unfathomable. Every one, more or less, picked this up from her. Even Ira more or less picked it up.

When you are apart from others, what you do has to be superior to the works of others, else—why are you apart from them? Ira, going his own way, early acquired a proficiency in certain things. He could do amazing things by throwing his knife—so he threw his knife a great deal. He wasn't good at leap-frog, so when leap-frog was being leaped he would be deep in some consideration of his own—to which he did not give voice. He was good in arithmetic and very poor at compositions. So he did arithmetic as though he had some respect for it, and as to essays gave the impression, not so much that he failed in them as that he withdrew himself from them.

When he grew older, and all the other boys had girls, he did not have a girl. You are not likely to have a girl if you have that way of saying nothing to her unless she says something to you. At least in that Birch School-house part of the county you weren't likely to, for they were a bashful lot of girls, mostly patterning themselves after John Paxton's girls, who, as was said of the eldest when she died, were modest and retiring. It was to one of these Paxton girls Ira almost said something even though she had said nothing. This was at the county fair, and he was going to ask Bertha Paxton to ride home with him. While he was still thinking about it, and about ready to do it, up came Joe Dietz and said, "Want to ride home behind my old nag?"—Joe's old nag being a three-year-old that could *go*. Bertha pretended to be afraid, and said to Ira, "Where can I get my life insured?" which would have been Ira's chance to say, "Come with me; you don't need any insurance." But this, alas! was all too true—and, Joe having the better horse, Ira became deeply absorbed in

the activities of a certain machine—as one who had no concern with horses. And while he was still intently watching the machine, Bertha and Joe set out to find the charging "old nag."

Bertha married Joe Dietz, and they bought the old Allen place to the north of the Meads'. Joe Dietz wasn't much of a farmer. It was about this time that Ira Mead became more of a farmer than he had been. He took to spraying his trees and trying rotation of crops and doing things to the soil that had never been done to Mead soil before. In just a few years there was a great difference in the look of the Mead place and the look of the Dietz place.

Old Mr. Mead died, Ira's sister married, his brother said he was going to get into a business the Lord didn't have so much to do with (alluding to droughts and insect pests), and this he proceeded to do by moving to town and getting himself a job at the court-house. So there remained on the farm Ira and his mother. Ira was the pride of her life—and the thing she was proudest of was that you couldn't reach him. Sometimes the Balches, whose place joined the Meads' at the south, would come and ask Ira to parties—they were a great family for parties. "Well, I'll *tell* him," Mrs. Mead would say, and then to Ira: "Fred Balch was here, sayin' everybody was to come to their place Saturday night. I told him I'd *tell* you." On Saturday night Ira would have his books out, all taken up with some new thing you were to do to the soil, and when his mother would say, "Folks are goin' by to the Balches'," he would be too deep in his own occupations to give thought to her, or the Balches. And so she would say, with a gratified sigh, "I knew you wouldn't go."

When you don't have anything to do with the people around you there grows in your mind the idea that there is something the matter with those people. "It 'll just bring them down on us," was the way Ira and his mother disposed of every suggestion that entailed taking any matter up with the Balches. They even gave up the new fence because it might "bring them down on us." More than likely, what the Balches would have come down with would have been an invitation to supper, but the Meads had this growing distrust of all things outside themselves.

So every bit of Ira went into the farm. The Balches, who didn't care whether school kept or not, just so they had a good time, had a farm that was good enough if you didn't know what a farm might be. To the north of him, Joe Dietz had a place that was running down-hill, because Joe, as they said, didn't have it in his bones to be a farmer. One day Ira saw Bertha Dietz standing by her south line, looking from her potato-field over to his.

"Those are fine potatoes of yours, Ira," she called, in a friendly way.

"Well — they're comin' along," granted Ira.

"Ours don't seem to be doing much this year."

For this Ira had no comment. He was not one to talk about a neighbor's potatoes—even to telling the neighbor what he knew about draining the soil. It was five years now since Bertha Paxton had married Joe Dietz, and to-day she stood at the fence and saw that Ira's potatoes were better than Joe's. Ira wasn't one to look an idea in the face any straighter than he looked a person. He didn't consider that for five years he had worked for some such satisfaction as this, and so didn't have to consider just how satisfying the moment was. Bertha's little boy came running out after her. On his way back to the barn Ira jerked the horses' mouths in a way not his wont. Thank Heaven *he* didn't have any children to run screaming around the place!

To make his own thing perfect seemed a way of showing he needed nothing from without. Not that he and his programme ever came face to face with each other. But more and more he let other folks alone, and he did his work better than the others did theirs. The thing he came to care most about was the corn. Corn was a thing to make a special appeal to a man who wanted to make his own thing perfect. It thanked you for what you did for it. It recorded your proficiency. He gave it the best soil there could be for it—rich, pulverized. He learned just when to put it out, just how deep to cultivate. He found out by

trying what it would do in rows and what it would do in hills. As he planted it, sometimes without knowing he was going to say them, he would repeat lines his father used to say, one of those verses which were the old way of handing down teaching about planting:

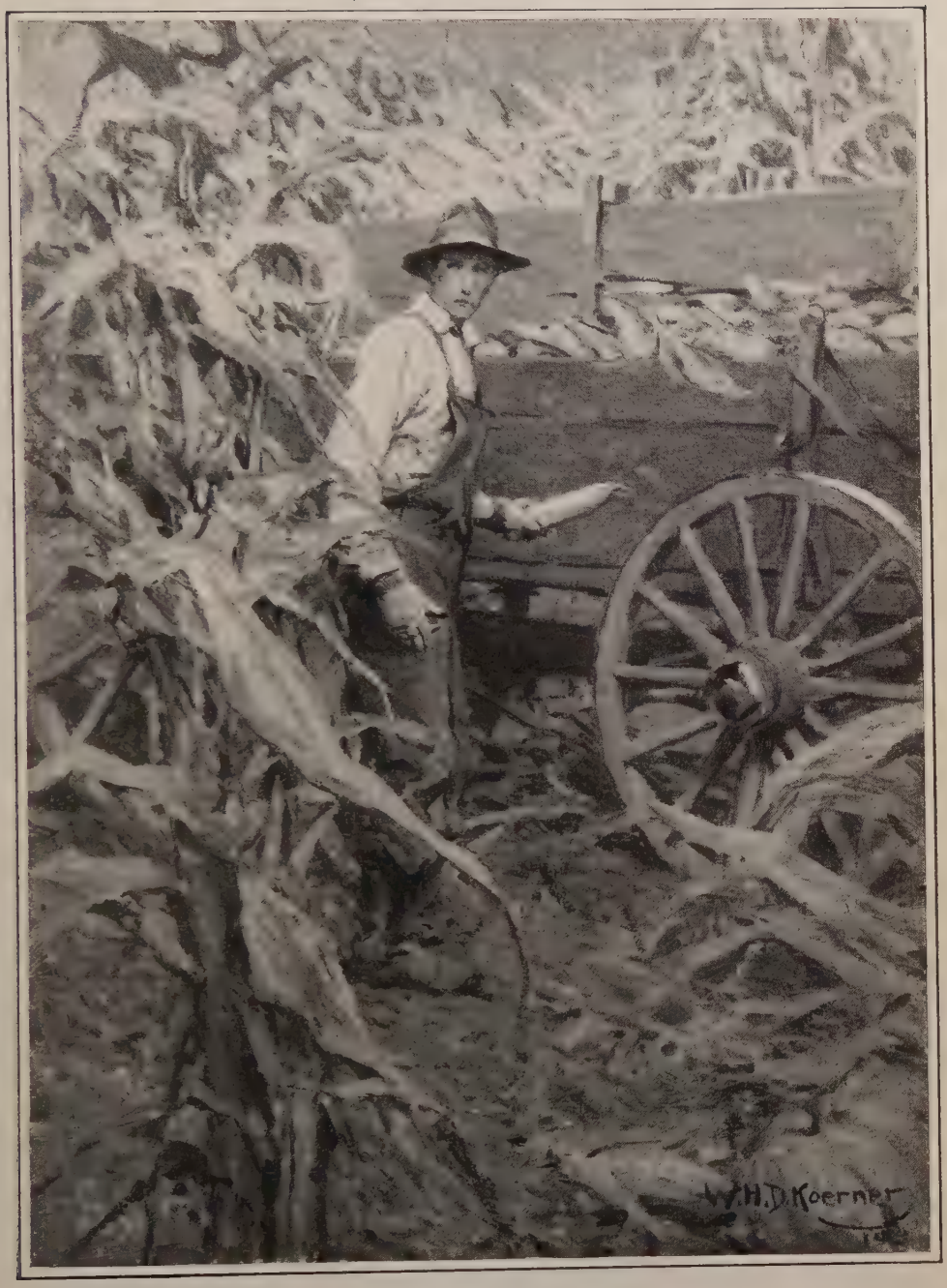
"Four seeds I drop in every hill;
One for the worm to harm,
One for the frost to kill,
And two for the barn."

His father had learned it, when a little boy, from his father; and when that other little boy—his father's father—came to this Middle Western country he found the maize which the Indians were cultivating. In planting his corn Ira would sometimes find himself thinking back to the Indians. As he did things over and over the movements made for themselves a sort of rhythm, and it was as if this rhythm swung him into all that was back of him. He was less awkward at such times; he seemed less a figure outside all other things. They had never been able to interest Ira Mead in politics, and certainly he wasn't one to sit around and talk about his country, but sometimes as he listened to his whispering field of corn he would think with a queer satisfaction that corn was American. It was here before we were; it was of the very soil of America—something bequeathed us which we carried along. He would think of all that corn did—things that could go on because of it. And then he would wonder, with a superiority in which there was a queer tinge of affection, what those Indians who had perhaps tended maize in this very field would say if they could see one of his ears of corn. Perhaps it was because he would like to have them see his corn that he sometimes had a feeling they were *there*. Such thoughts once in a while broke into his mind, things that said something to him even though he had said nothing to them. To the south of him, at the Balches', where there was so often a lively crowd of young folks, where they played the piano and danced, where girls and fellows wandered around when it was moonlight—and when it wasn't—they laughed about Ira Mead, and one gay, bold girl wondered what he'd do if she'd up and kiss him! If anybody had hinted that he had his own substratum of romance—a romance of the race, a growth passion that seeped up under the walls which shut him in, they would have looked blank and said, "*Ira Mead?*" For more and more he touched that circle of life which was the Balches' at an angle which seemed to be sending him off by himself. There was Mary Balch, gay like the rest—and then something beside gay. She had a way of saying his name—no one had ever said his name like that before. Every one else said it all in one breath—which seemed to make it the name of a person who naturally would be by himself. But Mary Balch said it almost as if it were in a song. "Why, hello, I—ra!" she'd say, sliding down from the I to the ra in a way—well, in a way that didn't get right out of your mind. And it was because he didn't get it right out of his mind that he became the more preoccupied with the things he was doing by himself—just as he used to be all taken up with some other thing when leapfrog was going on. He excelled in social graces as little as he had excelled in hurdling other boys' backs, and there was this thing in him which kept him from appearing to want to do what he couldn't do well.

To the north of him, at the Dietzes', they'd say, when the children were bad, "Maybe you'd like us to give you to Mr. Mead?" and the children howled loudly and were good. Mr. Mead appeared all a child would not ask in a father. He did not talk to them; he did not look at them. If they said anything to him, he did not hear them. And when children speak and it is as if they hadn't spoken—yes, *indeed* they'd rather be good. They were afraid of him. He was always around alone, and he was always looking the other way.

All Dietzes would have opened wide their eyes at the idea that Ira Mead had that sense of what has been and what may be in which is rooted the instinct of fatherhood. "Some *joke!*" Dietzes would reply. "Why, all he cares about's *corn!*"

It did go to corn. He found he could create new varieties of corn. By carefully selecting the seed he could produce corn that was unlike the other corn.



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

HE STOOD QUITE STILL AS IF KNOWING THERE WAS NOTHING HE COULD DO

This was more exciting than there might seem any reason for its being. To study his seed—compare, reject; choosing that which was best, or those kernels of new life which had in common interesting differences from the old life; then to give soil the care that would give seed every chance, to watch over it when it began to grow, guarding it from all that could hurt its health, giving it those things which would let it realize its possibilities to the utmost—to do this was something more than doing his work well—though it was also the incontrovertible testimony that he did do his work well. The corn proved Ira Mead's supremacy over Balches and Dietzes and all the other people around there. After he had been experimenting with corn for a couple of years he exhibited it at the state fair, where it made no little commotion, and was pronounced a new variety of corn, and called Mead corn.

The night after he got the letter giving an award to Mead corn he didn't seem to want to sit inside with his mother, and thought of things to do that took him out. He went down to the barn, to make sure that he had closed the door. He stood before a full corn-bin—corn bigger and better than any corn around. He wandered down into the field, where his late corn still grew. This was a starry night—still, except for a slight breeze that set the corn to talking. He stood still and listened to it. Why was it that it seemed to run such a long way back, and to take in so many things? He walked along between the corn until he had come to the place where his corn stopped and the Balches' corn began. And where his corn stopped and Balch corn began, big corn stopped and runty corn began. As he stood there remarking the difference he heard a laugh—not close at hand, but up by the Balches' house—a girl's laugh borne on the southwest wind that carried from Balches' to him. It came again, Mary Balch's laugh—like that little way she had in saying his name, a soft sliding from one thing to another thing. Then came a man's laugh.

The man at the dividing-line sharply turned toward home. He was thankful *he* didn't have to have anything to do with slack folks like the Balches. He should think they'd be ashamed of such corn! His rancor at them mounted, and on the way back the whispering corn did not seem to be taking in so many things. . . . He didn't need neighbors—and he was glad he didn't, being such neighbors as they were! On the way back he had not that open, affectionate way of regarding his corn. It was a sort of sideways, a calculated, gloating way; the love for the thing he had created narrowed into the shrewd determination to make this thing do something more for *him*. Before he went in the house he looked over toward the Dietzes'. It would be a long day before Joe Dietz created a new variety of corn! Created a new variety? Why, he didn't know what to do with varieties that had been created for him! They said the Dietz place was mortgaged. No mortgage on *his* farm. He went to bed that night shut in with the resolve to make this corn *do* something for him. He'd bring it along and show what a man could do when he minded his own business and didn't fritter his time and his mind away on—on this and that—on nothing.

A few days later he met Fred Balch on the road. "Like to get some seed from you if I can," he called. "Think I'll try a little Mead corn myself."

The originator of Mead corn seemed to be considering things which this thing only remotely touched. "Guess it's all spoke for this year," he said, and drove on.

Suppose he *had* let him have some—he went over it to himself, more directly in touch with the thought than his manner had indicated. What would he make of it? What did he *know* about growing corn? And so with arguments he guarded jealously this chance to have a thing that was better than the thing around him, fought with himself for this way of showing every one—of showing himself—he needed nothing from without

Ira Mead was now thirty years old. He seemed older than that. He himself was like an ear of corn that has fertilized itself too long and needs the golden dust from other corn to bring new life. The next year he threw all his energies into bringing Mead corn up to an even higher standard than it had had when he

showed it to the world. So he watched over it carefully, and there were things that worried him—things he seemed powerless to do anything about. The bulk of his ground he had of course planted for crop—there would be thirty-nine acres of Mead corn to sell in the fall. But there was an acre he kept for experiment—to see what Mead corn would go on doing, a plot for adventures in cross-fertilization. But the trouble was, the adventures were not all of his ordering. Corn was not at all like Ira Mead. It associated with other corn. You could fairly *see* it doing it. He stood one afternoon and watched the golden dust go through the air on a day of sunshine and wind—pollen from his standardized Mead corn blowing over and fertilizing his experiment corn, whose cross-fertilization he himself wanted to direct. There it came—procreate golden dust, the male flower that was in the tassel blowing over to the female flower hidden in the ear. From the depth of a bitter isolation Ira Mead hated this golden dust. Hated it and hated it impotently. For what could he do about it? Winds blew and carried seed. Winds blew and brought the life that changed other life. "Damn sociable stuff!" he said, with anger that a little astonished him.

Of course, certain things he could do. Next year he would give his corn for experiment a place farther away from other corn. He selected a place up near the house where this corn would have no neighbors. But there were other things that worried him all through this year of careful watching of his corn. There was not that year a perfect crop of Mead corn. Part of it was inferior. That part of it which was inferior was the part which grew nearest the Balches' corn.

He tried not to know this. It was too *thwarting* a thing for a man like Ira Mead to recognize if there was any way of keeping from recognizing it. He'd say, "Now I wonder what's the matter with this soil?" and under his plans for the further enrichment of the soil he'd bury what it foiled his life to know.

It was from the other side of the fence, speaking both literally and not so literally, that the truth came as if blown by wind. One day, in husking-time, he was at work over near the Deitzes'. The Dietzes were in their field. And he heard a pleased, excited voice call:

"Why, Joe! Just look at this ear of corn! Down at this end the corn's *fine*."

Truth came as if borne by wind. He stood quite still, as if knowing now there was nothing he could do, and into his sterile mind it came—it came! As if it were the golden dust that brought new life, it came. It was Bertha Dietz who cried, "Down at this end the corn's fine!"—Bertha Paxton, who had married Joe Dietz. He had wanted to make his thing perfect that he might have what she couldn't have. And now, because he had it, she had it, too. And he couldn't *help* this. As the wind goes on blowing, it came—it came! The Balches were south of him, and a little to the west. The prevailing wind was southwest. Pollen from the Balches' corn blew over and hurt his corn. The Dietzes were north of him, and this end of the field, to the east. Pollen from the Mead corn went over and enriched the Dietz corn. And he couldn't *help* this.

He stood there within his corn—corn which was changed by the corn around it, corn which impressed itself upon the corn around it. And suddenly, not knowing he was going to do it, he had twisted a stalk of corn until it snapped. Without knowing it was coming, there was suddenly that anger which makes men kill. He wanted to be let *alone*. He wanted to keep to him*self*. Hadn't a man a *right* to do that? He dug his boot into the ground where corn was rooted, wanting to *hurt*—hurt the corn, the earth, those things that wouldn't let him be what he wanted to be! His closed-in years fought for what closed-in years had made him as only a trapped thing will fight.

But the wind moved the corn and the corn responded—swayed, spoke. The torn stalk he clenched dropped from his hand. When you fight things larger than you you only know that you are small. Because they *were* so much larger than he, he could let himself go with them—only a fool will fight the winds that blow. He thought. For the first time in his whole life, without trying to limit his thinking, he thought. The corn . . . men . . . nations. . . . And he couldn't *help* this. It was that

released him as wind releases life for other life.

That evening he put some seed corn in a basket. He took up his hat.

"Why, where you goin'?" asked his mother.

"To the Balches'."

"To the *Balches'?*"

"To the Balches'."

"But—what you goin' to the Balches' for?"

"To take them seed and tell them what I know about raising corn."

The old woman looked at her son—he who never said anything to you unless you said something to him.

"Why—what you goin' to do *that* for?" she asked, weakly.

"Because I can't have good corn while their corn's poor."

It was not, after all, easy to go to the Balches'. His whole life made it hard for him to go, and tried to turn him back. But what he had last said to his mother was saying itself to him, "I can't have good corn while their corn's poor." He found himself stepping to the swing of it, and that somehow kept him from turning back. He moved to this now as he used to move to the old verses his father had taught him about planting. A new rhythm. . . . His own creation.

It took him right up to the door. He knocked. The door opened and took him into a circle of light. And, after her first astonished moment, Mary Balch was saying, in her voice like sunshine and wind:

"Why, *hel*-lo, I-ra!"

"I Have Loved Hours at Sea"

BY SARA TEASDALE

I HAVE loved hours at sea, gray cities,
The fragile secrets of a flower,
Music, the making of a poem
That gave me heaven for an hour;

First stars above a snowy hill,
Voices of people kindly and wise,
And the great look of love, long hidden,
Found at last in meeting eyes.

I have loved much and been loved deeply—
Oh, when my spirit's fire burns low,
Leave me the darkness and the stillness,
I shall be tired and glad to go.

LITTLE CENSORSHIP WAS EXERCISED UPON FOREIGNERS

The Society Woman

BY HARRISON RHODES

IN treating of the American "Society Woman" we approach a figure epic, yet somehow indefinable. It is difficult to say just what she is, yet impossible to say just what she isn't. She is the glittering figure of triumphant Columbia, incredibly lovely and well dressed, not only devoted passionately to pleasure and the arts, but in the vanguard of a thousand "movements" (for the moment let us be no more precise than this as to which way they move). She is the arbiter of national elegancies and, Heaven knows, she may be the guardian of national destinies. Let us study her with the means at our command.

The documentary evidence first to hand is naturally in the newspapers. The society woman does not shun publicity; she is in it, as the French say, like a fish in water, not so much rejoicing in the medium in which she swims as knowing no other. For the last forty years at least the press has been celebrating her. The newspapers should know, yet their facts seem strangely at variance with those observed at first hand. Even now society reporters present the view that the ladies whom they advertise are a race apart, kept in cotton-wool except when they emerge for their purely frivolous activities. We still read this kind of thing in the papers: "Society girl gives up society to study nursing," "Society woman gives up society for landscape gardening," "Society favorite gives up society for war work." But the society woman never gives up anything, except an occasional husband *en passant*. (And even here, in the best circles, a woman does not di-

vorce one husband until she is happily engaged to be married to the next.) Indeed, the life of a society woman is spent in acquisition rather than renunciation. She does not give up anything for nursing or landscape gardening or war work; she merely adds new activities to her old. If she takes to the hospital or the fields or the canteens, "society"—whatever that term as loosely employed by the reporters may mean—is already there or soon will be. She may be more in society than ever, and the cynical may even accuse her of nourishing social ambition at the very heart of her altruism.

The stage, too, is responsible for much misapprehension on this point. The straightforward, virile hero so often wonders whether the bewildering "society girl" whom he loves can ever be willing to "give up society"—the phrase is by now almost traditional—for his sake. In a well-constructed play she *is* willing, and just previous to being locked in his strong Western arms she usually confesses with an impassioned revulsion that she is "tired of teas." Except among almost over-sophisticated writers "teas" seem the chief, if not the only, dissipation of all society women but the most vampirish and corrupt. Tea indeed, which is even now often described in the quaint nineteenth-century way as "pink," is the target for incessant satirical shafts. In a recent play of triangular family life, the lover, a dissipated fellow, had the habit of "teaing" on a regular day every week; this, indeed, appeared to be his chief, if not only opportunity of seeing the fair one, and even here the husband, rushing home to the tea-table, as we are asked to suppose fashionable New York husbands do, was often present. Now, as the lover's attention was wholly *pour le bon motif* as it were, it is only the more unlikely that through the years he would have been put off with tea, and not insisted on lunch or dinner.

Not that society women would not like to have men to tea! Young foreign gentlemen are generally available and often cozy at this hour, but there are never foreigners enough and tea-drinking has, as a matter of brutal fact, been successfully resisted by almost every native son.

As for "teas" as social functions, every society woman is ready to give them up, even without being importuned to do so by any Western hero. To frequent nothing but "teas" is to confess social failure. "Teas" of course remain a constant and inexpensive pleasure and

WE STILL READ THAT A SOCIETY FAVORITE GIVES UP SOCIETY FOR WAR WORK

method of hospitality in the life of those content to be merely artistic, but no society woman worth her salt is content to be *merely* anything.

If the newspapers and the stage fail to reflect faithfully the richly varied pleasure life of the society woman, they do occasionally recognize her unbending and tireless physique. In a comedy exposing the life of Long Island country houses the exhausted male guests had, at about two in the morning, sought sanctuary as they supposed in the sitting-room of one of their number (it is a pleasure to note the richness of equipment which permits each guest parlor, bedroom, and bath), but were there invaded by the charming rollicking hostess and the ladies of the week-end party who brightly insisted upon bridge till dawn. The endurance of society women is beyond belief. As the crowds pour forth from the theaters it is they, clear-eyed and sparkling, who flog their weary male companions to the suppers and the cabarets. And they are up in the morning as early as the men, regulating their households, giving and receiving invitations, hustling their secretaries, who, not being society women, are sometimes tired, and arranging to cope with home charity, foreign war relief, suffrage, art, and literature, not to speak of massage, hairdressing, and psychotherapy. If they are ever weary they are too gallant to show it. Only lately a lady who had dined, gone to the play, supped and danced, insisted at one in the morning on being deposited at the Eagle Hut where, in evening dress, jewels, and full war paint, she proceeded to do her daily duty by cleaning up the canteen. Society women are indeed an imperishable race—it is not probable that in the more lightly working, less fashionable classes any such stamina exists. *Noblesse oblige;* and the high resolve to pursue an exalted career gives courage and strength to meet its demands.

SHE PROCEEDED TO DO HER DAILY DUTY BY CLEANING UP THE CANTEEN

The newspapers, though they may not realize it, make no great account of exclusiveness; they speak always of being a society woman as being really a question only of willingness to take up that career. This has made it possible for journalists to write of "prominent society women" in the remotest, smallest hamlet of the land. It is really, in the language of the day, no more than the conventional tribute to respectability. In the press it is always a society woman who has six ladies to lunch, the decorations being jonquils, a society woman who organizes the knitting club for Esthonian orphans, and a prominent society woman who is smashed up driving her Ford car over the grade crossing. One must protest

WOMEN OF THE HIGHEST POSITION FEEL DEEPLY THE BEAUTY OF THE BOLSHEVIK DOCTRINE

against the theory that all such richness of experience is only within the reach of one class, unless indeed that class be so broadened that all pretence of exclusiveness is gone. And though the last decade, including the war period, has dealt hard blows to exclusiveness, yet it must still be recognized as one of the society woman's most sparkling jewels.

Society, of course, has always existed in America, since the stately days of Lady Washington, when really great people were, even in a world made temporarily safe for democracy, given by the courtesy of common speech, unofficial titles indicative of their being society women. Ladies in Philadelphia to-day will tell you that they were brought up in a world more insistent on birth and sixteen quarterings (if that be a heraldic or mathematical possibility) than any society outside the Viennese aristocracy. And, indeed, it may be so. But this had no great effect upon the free republic of the west. It was not until the newspapers all over the country began to exploit New York society that all America, with an eye on the metropolis, began to organize itself as the sheep and the goats.

Exclusiveness was the contribution of the 'eighties to nation-wide snobbishness. The idea of "The Four Hundred," a published list of those who could be described as really in New York society, was a stroke of genius. And an even greater stroke was the later revision of this list to "The One Hundred and Fifty," thus publicly expelling into outer darkness those who had, by the earlier too great generosity, been made household names throughout the land. Society, indeed, bristled with redoubts, which the ambitious were continually storming. There were subscription dances with lists artificially and heartbreakingly short. There is an incredible passage in the late Ward McAllister's book in which he describes how applicants regularly came to him, with documents to prove their ancestry or their financial standing (or more rarely, but happily, both) and plead humbly for recognition. These were the days when to be seen at a certain great lady's house or in her opera box insured a young man

free dinners for the next month. And it is a scant forty years ago that one famous fancy-dress ball of fabulous extravagance landed a great family safely in the fold where they now have the air of having originally built the inclosure. For weeks before the fateful evening the whole country waited—even the humble Ohio agriculturist, spitting at the depot store, was fully apprised by his newspaper of all there was at stake. And even he must have experienced at least a relief from strain when it became known that all the best people had gone to the party. Snobbishness was stimulated throughout the whole land.

But these were indeed simple days, the assault of society was a clear military and strategic problem. Now it is much more complicated. Social position is in no one hand to bestow; instead it flies like will-o'-the-wisp before the pursuer. Even ten years ago there were signs of the beginning of the end of exclusiveness. About that time a lady, famous for her wit and independence, asked a young gentleman, then new to New York, to dine. He arrived, as it happened, early and his hostess confided to him that he must be complimented by being asked to one of her very best parties.

"They tell me," she said, with a detached air but an odd mocking light in her eye, "that there are only five women in New York who are really fashionable. I don't know about that, but at any rate they are all coming to-night!"

The young man glowed with pleasure, and his hostess watched him with amusement. *Ten*, not five, ladies came to dinner, all, to his poor ignorant eye, equally fashionable!

There is, of course, one class in the modern community which feels quite competent to appraise social position, even to award it. These are head waiters, who in the fashionable restaurants herd the elect near the draughty entrance (in what to the unlearned would seem the worst places). A position with waiters is by no means to be despised—a lady constantly seen at the best restaurant tables stands a fair chance of being ultimately welcomed at the best private boards. Of course many ambitious ladies unhappily never advance further than the best head waiters. But the best head waiters—they may be assured—are much more agreeable companions than anything short of the very best diners-out in society.

GIVING UP SOCIETY TO HOE A RADISH-BED

Social position is truly an elusive sprite. Foreign observers were wont to say that Americans, and, indeed, all the untitled inhabitants of all republics, were never sure of their position. Ladies in America are discovering at last that, failing patents of nobility or any authoritative list of the Four Hundred, one of the best ways of making people believe you have a social position is to behave as if you had one. We may be thought to cite a case of extreme *aplomb* in the lovely lady who arrived an hour late for a dinner-party on a night when she had not been asked, bringing with her two other guests whom she had

THERE IS ONE CLASS WHICH FEELS COMPETENT TO APPRAISE SOCIAL POSITION,—THESE ARE HEAD WAITERS

taken the liberty of inviting, but whose names she had forgotten! Of course considerable personal charm is needed to carry off this sort of thing, but, even so, indisputable social position only could render it attractive rather than merely careless and rude.

Whatever perturbations may come, a woman of fashion will always be a woman of fashion however Protean her materializations. And yet it is fair to say that the old simple days of blue-book lists of those in society have gone. The war finished a destruction already begun. Society is not so much occupied now with keeping people out as with dragging them in—that is, people who have the appearance, the tastes, and the money, and will consent to live a society life. The portals are not, of course, really left unguarded; there are a great many of what might, perhaps, be termed "limbering up" exercises which candidates are put through. There are parties to be given, committees joined, and money liberally contributed to them. The process, though it seems easier, is really longer than of old, and in the confused state of society there is always, even when you seem to be in, the agoniz-

ing doubt as to whether, after all, you really are in—in the old days a card to Mrs. Blank's ball stuck in your bureau mirror was so much more reassuring.

Reference having been made to liberal contributions, there is perhaps place here for a generous parenthesis on money, its use and abuse. It cannot be too often insisted on, in any serious study of our best people, that money, at least a decade ago, became so plentiful in America, and especially in New York, that it could no longer of itself confer social distinction. Time was when to build a palace and serve nightingales' tongues for dinner was enough. But hostesses became more numerous than worth-while guests. One of the town's very most fashionable women, whose own income was only a scant $200,000 a year, put it well when she asked, fastidiously:

"Why should we wish to have what every Pittsburgh millionaire can have?"

Ambitious people with money should not, however, unload it too hastily (not, at any rate, just on reading the above paragraph). It has its uses. Society women still feel a warm, pleasant sensation in proximity to a large new fortune. But they want to take the climber's gold on terms consistent with self-respect and dignity.

SOCIETY, OF COURSE, HAS ALWAYS EXISTED IN AMERICA, SINCE THE STATELY DAYS OF LADY WASHINGTON

Ten years ago two ladies—Mrs. Doe and Mrs. Roe, shall we say?—started to mount the New York ladder. Mrs. Doe abounded in palaces and luxury. At her table you ate nothing in season. At her country house the bathrooms contained always eight kinds of mouth-wash in rare decorated bottles, and six kinds of rouge in gold boxes were provided on the dressing-tables. It was occasionally suggested to prominent young women of taste that they might turn interior decorators, for a commission, and do a room or two in one of the palaces. At Christmastime the leaders of society sometimes discovered a lovely diamond brooch nestling in a bunch of white violets with Mrs. Doe's card — this was generally returned with a statement that the recipient's husband did not permit her to receive gifts, etc.

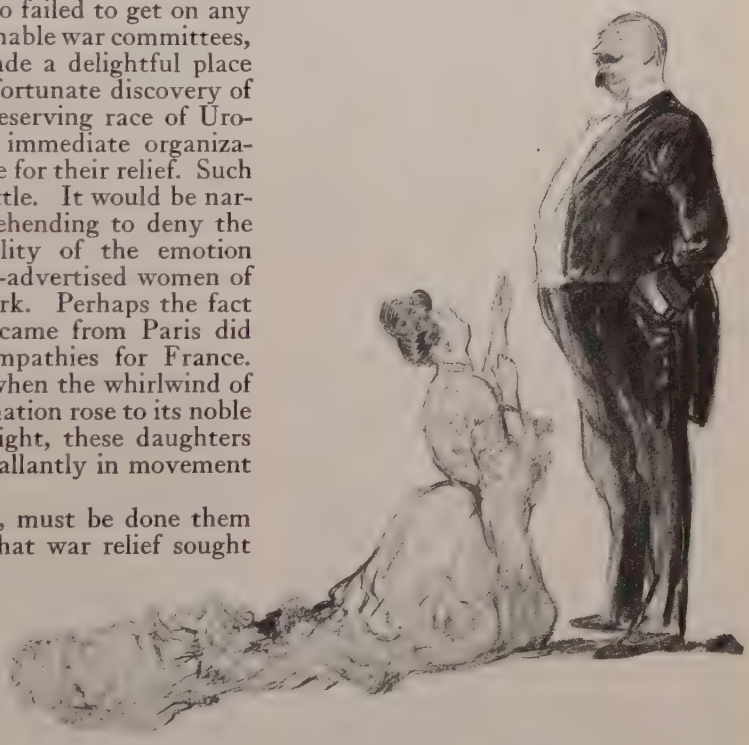
Mrs. Roe lived in a much smaller house. Her dinners often did not begin with the real Russian caviar. She had no country place. Her entertaining was extremely simple, sometimes just ten or twelve people pigging it in her private car to Palm Beach, where as often as not they themselves paid for their rooms and breakfasts at the hotel. She bestowed no jewels, and yet she is now called by her Christian name (by the way, both ladies under discussion are Christian) by women who have by now quite forgotten that Mrs. Doe ever tried to know them. And the simple secret is this—that Mrs. Roe subscribed to everybody's charity and uplift movement while Mrs. Doe did not. No society

woman could get at Mrs. Doe's money decently, and on any other terms no one wanted it. If the reports that came in of London and Continental ante-bellum society are true, it is humbly submitted that the moral tale of Mrs. Doe and Mrs. Roe is very much to the credit of our American world of fashion.

Charity and uplift are in the firm grip of society women. The newspapers during the past year of war have duly noted this, every female who enlisted as a Red Cross nurse, organized a relief committee, or hoed a radish-bed, was promptly described as a society woman giving up society to do so. There was, of course, a great deal of folly in war work, a certain amount of what is bitterly described sometimes as making carnival on the ruins of civilization. Social ambition led many women on, and doubtless a sheer love of pleasure organized many a dance and bazar for the benefit of the tortured victims of the Hun. When the time comes to write the history of war relief, a certain number of its pages will inevitably be comic relief. It would be pleasant, even now, to tell the story of the ambitious lady who failed to get on any of the really fashionable war committees, and ultimately made a delightful place for herself by the fortunate discovery of the obscure but deserving race of Uro-Russicks and the immediate organization of a committee for their relief. Such anecdotes prove little. It would be narrow and uncomprehending to deny the realness and vitality of the emotion which set the best-advertised women of our country to work. Perhaps the fact that their gowns came from Paris did heighten their sympathies for France. But, in any case, when the whirlwind of our national indignation rose to its noble and passionate height, these daughters of America were gallantly in movement with it.

The justice, too, must be done them to note the fact that war relief sought them as much as they sought war relief. The American public is the most sensitive in the world to advertisement and, next to actresses (who still, in some hard-shell circles, inspire a vague distrust), society women were the best known. A hard-headed business man, organizing a war committee, knew that he had to have well-known names on his list (and in addition a competent salaried office staff to do the work). He requisitioned a dozen society women in prime condition just as he ordered white paper and blotters and typewriting machines. It almost seemed as if the oftener a society woman's name appeared on committee lists the more valuable it was. So no one should blame them if self-sacrificing patriots went on every committee that offered.

If it is the fashion to be patriotic it is also in less degree the vogue to be intelligent. This must not be confused with being artistic. For a long time now society women in America have vibrated sensitively at the touch of Art. This has been immensely serviceable in the civilizing of the American social wilderness. When they packed their trunks for the homeward voyage from Europe they



APPLICANTS CAME TO PLEAD HUMBLY FOR RECOGNITION

put in, every time, a good deal of taste. Society women have learned to deal competently with painting, sculpture, furniture, and all the decorative arts. They have reclaimed our domestic architecture until all over the land the new American "homes" average higher in taste and luxury than the new habitations of any country in the world. They are introducing actors to other people who are not actors, a movement fraught with hope for the future of that race. They entertain artists of every description at their tables. They form a large support for concerts and they are the backbone—as may be seen—of the opera. A long and exquisite passage might, it is obvious, be written on the curious fact that high social position always goes with a delicate *flair* for art, foreign art preferred. But it was when society women annexed intelligence and public interests that the old-fashioned members of good society saw the beginning of the end.

The suffrage movement, from the moment that it involved the younger leaders, threatened society with the vogue of intelligence. It is nothing now for a woman of fashion to be on a state board of lunacy or a commission for subtropical bacteriological study or a committee for propaganda of American ideals among the German prisoners in Portuguese East Africa. Society women feel deeply on educational and sociological questions. Some of them constantly keep on the premises an editor or two of some intellectual weekly or one of the fashionable socialists. Women of the highest position feel deeply the beauty of the Bolshevik doctrine and burst into tears if any one talks of intervention in Russia. When the police break up red flag meetings they will be sure to find some society women in the best boxes. It may serve as an encouragement or as a warning to revolutionists, who may take their choice, but it may be prophesied that if soviets are ever set up in America they will be "Councils of Workmen and Soldiers and Society Women."

This is, of course, the extreme and serious view, as all students of society women must admit. Things have not everywhere gone so far. But the intellect and the war combined have, however, already worked revolutionary changes in the habits and customs of the subject of this article. It is, for example, no longer *de rigeur* to talk all through the opera; in fact, to do so is really old-fashioned. People, if they like, remain till the end with almost no embarrassment; in the old days one of the leaders was alleged to rise in her box precisely at the same hour, no matter what was happening on the stage, and say, with the all too sweet air of one already martyred and sainted for music's sake: "It's half past ten. I should think it would be all right for us to go now."

People even arrive on time for the opera sometimes. How old-fashioned already seem the days when one of the hostesses most highly placed always sat down to dinner on her opera nights at the exact hour when the curtain rose at the Metropolitan, and complained bitterly of the German operas which began at seven forty-five, necessitating dining at that uncomfortable hour!

Intellectual society women are devoted to the theater, too, and often have plans to uplift it. But the feeling unquestionably prevails that a theater which began at nine or nine-thirty could be more easily uplifted. People are willing, indeed, to dine early—say at seven-thirty or seven forty-five if they are going to the play—but somehow even that sacrifice doesn't seem to bring them there for much of the first act.

This picture of society in the ardors and sufferings of a transition period is, however, not meant to imply that ladies live without pleasure. Entertainments have been smaller during the war, let us, indeed, freely admit that they have been on a higher intellectual and spiritual plane, but they have been fairly continuous. An extremely pretty blonde was heard lately to remark, with an engaging naïveté:

"My husband and I dined at home last night for the first time in months, and to my astonishment I find we have an extremely good cook!"

It is just possible to argue of society that the more it changes the more it is the same thing. It used to be smart to be heavily engaged ahead. Now the fashion has changed. One lovely creature swears that she never settles before

THE CHARMING LADIES OF THE WEEK-END PARTY INSISTED UPON BRIDGE UNTIL DAWN

6 P.M. what she is going to do of an evening. But as she is always out it must be presumed that enough invitations come in about tea-time so that her pleasure is never really curtailed. Every one would prefer to wait till the last moment and accept the best thing that offers; not every one dares take the risk. But our charming reformer genuinely thinks she is taking steps nearer the simple life.

Even when little dinners were for the purpose of talking over war work they were still little dinners and very pleasant. And it seems likely that reconstruction dinners will be equally agreeable—if the supply of men holds out!

Here again, as in any article written on American society during the last decade or two, we touch that eternal and heart-breaking topic, the dearth of men. It is bad enough in ordinary times, but war made it worse. And, as always, foreigners gallantly stepped into the breach. The embassies, the committees, the various high commissions all contributed. Society, when it blazed with anything, blazed with uniforms. And later on, as men who had seen service began to be invalided over here, the supply increased. That many of these young gentlemen were crippled and so totally defenseless was a fact viewed almost with equanimity by women of fashion, determined to fill their opera boxes and their

SOCIETY TYPES—SUBJECT TO REQUISITION FOR WAR WORK

dinner-tables at the cost even of tears and blood.

Again, as so often in the past, little censorship was exercised upon foreigners—it is a national weakness. One of the notable social successes of the war season in a great Eastern city was a sleek swivel-chair hero in khaki, of whom his compatriots continue darkly to mutter that he was in London a mere clerk of sorts with no social position at all. He could dine out—and would—eight times a night if that were physically possible. And yet his simple début was when a lady, whom a male dinner guest had failed at the eleventh hour, telephoned a peremptory demand to the head of a foreign military mission to conscript and send her some one, something, anything male that would dine, and she would ask no questions beyond inquiring his name when he arrived.

Society women seem indestructible. And yet it would be a rash man who would prophesy that society is as enduring as its elements. Some of these ladies, as has been hinted, mean to head the Revolution that every one is talking about. Others, with a shiver down the spine which is not altogether unpleasant, feel themselves already mounting the tumbrils with a sense of kinship to the French aristocracy of Louis XVI's day—and it may be guessed that it is the ladies most recently arrived in the sacred inclosure of society who feel most strongly how like the old nobility they are going to be in case of trouble. Others, more prudent, are said to be unearthing the portraits of the honest founders of the family, proletarian grandfathers in cowhide boots and overalls, and hanging them where the mobs can see them at once when they smash in the palace doors. Others—and aren't they, after all, the majority?—mean to confront the future gallantly, cheerfully, and with our characteristic American feeling that somehow the country is all right and that, whatever happens, every citizen has a fair chance to come to the top or the front. And that chance is all the society woman wants.

A great deal of nonsense is talked and written about society women—probably some has been written here. Are they, we had better ask, any better or worse than the nation at large? An American woman at a great party in London was accosted by a foreign gentleman whom she could not seem to remember. Was she, he asked, enjoying the party? She put up her fan to give privacy to an instant of confidential coquetry and said, no, she wasn't; there were too many royalties present. He laughed and passed on, and her horror-stricken companion informed her that she had spoken in this fashion to a well-known king! This lady, we may be sure, will be quite competent to deal with a new world where there are no royalties. May we not humbly hope that the society woman will persist, that she will somehow manage to be beautiful and well-dressed and that she will continue to do her best for America and to insist that America do its best for her?

A Man's Son

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

AT the post-office of Quincy, which was also the general store, I got my first disquieting sense of something not quite right at Miller's. The hard-headed old member of the school-board who met me at the station dropped me there with the information that Miller's team would call for me in the course of half an hour. He called out to the postmistress:

"Ahey, Mis' Young, this young feller's the new schoolmarster. Miller's team's comin' for him."

Mrs. Young peered at me through kindly, near-sighted eyes and clucked: "Th! Miller's! Amos," turning to an old man sitting on a keg, "the new schoolmarster's goin' to board at Miller's."

This commonplace statement, sounding the vaguest note of surprise, gave me an impression of foreboding. In the back of the store, a group of men sitting around on boxes and barrels shot looks at me and dropped laconic words of which I caught only:

"Well, Hiram fixed it. I guess he knows what he's doing," uttered in argumentative tones, and then I heard no more, for I was swallowed up by Mrs. Young's kindly curiosity. She brightened at my name, Lewis Tenney, but my stock fell when I admitted that I didn't know the Cleveland Tenney family. It took a rise when she learned that I intended to study for the ministry. When she learned that I was a Congregationalist she let fall a smile that mothered me, though at the same time she looked at me oddly, questioningly, and said:

"Hiram Andrews—that's the one who brought you—said that he had you all fixed at the Widder Thomas's; then she tuk sick and passed on."

It seemed like an apology concerning my future boarding-place. Then she continued questioning me, and I answered, as I knew kindly people liked to be answered. Having satisfactorily acquired my life history, my new friend darted into the back room. She was surprisingly quick for so large a woman, and, clothed in a shining dress of black alpaca, her black eyes magnified by heavy convex glasses, she resembled nothing so much as a shiny black beetle. She was a high-waisted woman, bulky in the hips and of odd proportions, which suggested that nature had intended her to be slender and that her frame did not know how to stow away the extra pounds which did not by rights belong upon it.

My eyes followed her as she scuttled away. She was evidently imparting to the men the information she had gathered about me, for the little company lifted their heads and glanced at me. Again I had the disquieting sense of something unusual afoot. Then my eyes met those of one of the men and stayed there a second, and it was between us as though we were two friends who met after an absence.

He was a man of sixty, perhaps, and of singular gentleness of expression. His eyes were large and gray and had kept the look of clear-eyed youth which his frame, bent by the hard work of the farm, denied. His eyes dwelt on me with a gentle insistence, as though he noted approvingly how a beloved child had grown and developed, and not with the impartial curiosity of a stranger. I was about to go forward impulsively and speak to him, when I heard the sound of beating hoofs and Mrs. Young exclaimed:

"That's her now!" and scuttled out again.

I followed, taking up my grip. The team drew up before the door, and I found myself staring into the wide and uncurious eyes of my future hostess, who said, gently, and with a vague foreign accent:

"I coom for my boarder."

Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

Engraved by S. G. Putnam

SHE MIGHT HAVE POSED FOR THE HUMBLE GODDESS OF THE EARTH

"He's here, Mis' Miller," the postmistress replied, and that was all she said to the woman of either greeting or good-by, a circumstance which the woman didn't appear to notice; nor was this mere pride, for, as I afterward discovered, she lived, as best as I can put it, *somewhere else*. She had that large uncuriousness of the Scandinavian races to which she belonged. Her silence was grateful after the garrulous postmistress. Her deep-blue eyes lost themselves in a restful brooding. I do not suppose that any thought disturbed the calm surface of her mind. She seemed, in a way that I cannot express, *one* with the fruitful country about her. She might have posed for the humble Goddess of the Earth.

We drove into the farm-yard and she took me into the house by the kitchen. By the stove crouched a man who at first glance seemed incredibly old, he was so gnarled out of all human shape. He sat motionless, a human gargoyle. It seemed unbelievable that the flame of life should still flicker in him. At the other side of the stove, a man verging on the elderly looked out with melancholy eyes toward the dying day. As we came in he turned on Adelina a look at once of reproach and dislike, which slid from her as unnoticed as had the postmistress's curt greeting. She nodded toward the crippled man.

"That's my husband." She pointed at me. "Here's the schoolmaster." Presently she said, "He has rheumatism." She spoke as though he couldn't hear what she said. "He was a fine man when we married. Ten years ago he was the finest big man about here. He was as high as that!" She measured a distance far above her own head. "I like tall men. He got rheumatism with fever. All t'ink he die. But I nurse him good. He don' die. I nurse him good always." She smiled at the man kindly.

"She's a fine nurse," he assented, and launched on a description of his sufferings, which, with Adelina, filled his whole horizon. I made semblance of listening, my mind busy with other things. I wondered again about the strange impression I had received in the village concerning my hosts.

The next day, as I came from school, I saw the old man whose gentle face had so attracted me. He was leaning over the fence in a pose weary, and yet with the unconscious dignity of an upright man noble in all his thoughts.

We greeted each other as though we had spoken before. A slim lad was working in the field behind, a lad possessed of a peculiar air of sweetness and innocence such as one finds in carefully reared girls and but seldom in boys. The man's eyes followed mine.

"That's my boy Ambrose," he told me. That was all he said, but the look of love that flooded his eyes made me see into his heart of hearts.

We write and talk a great deal about mothers' love for their children and not much of the love of fathers, but if humanity ever shows us what divine love is, then surely I saw it in the glance that John Cuthbert threw his son.

With the embryonic minister's instinct for the word that will please, "He looks like a good boy," I said, though what had struck me most was the boy's slim, adolescent beauty, a beauty unusual in boys of northern blood. The father grasped at my words:

"He's his mother's son!" he told me, as one who should say, "How, then, shall he not be good?" He paused, then, in a very quiet voice, "She died when he was a baby," and before me in the few words we had spoken I had the whole life of John Cuthbert. The death of the sweet woman he loved and her rebirth in the boy she had left behind her—they had been the two passions of this man's life—two white flames that had burned whatever of base alloy there had ever been in his nature. I had a feeling as though I were standing on holy ground. I had nothing to say. I could have bared my head. We were silent; then he faltered out:

"I can't spare him off the farm to go to school. I'd like him to have more lessons." He hesitated again, and at last managed to ask me if I would consent to be the boy's teacher.

In a few days I was well settled in my place. My school proved an easy one to govern, I was comfortable at Miller's. I forgot my first wary impression. The household seemed a normal enough one

—the kitchen spotless and cheerful, the yard and neighboring meadows speaking eloquently of care and careful management. I learned from Adelina her simple history. She had come to this country as a child, with her parents, and lived with them until she was seventeen, when they died in an epidemic of diphtheria. She had drifted about as hired girl through the neighboring district. She had come to Miller's to help in the dairy-work. Miller's widowed sister had been his homekeeper, and when Miller married her his sister had left.

"She don' lak me," Adelina stated, impartially.

Before I knew it, in a sort of way, the woman and I were friends. I used to surprise her looking at me speculatively, and I would gaze at her in return, and for a moment our glances would mingle in the free masonry of sex, as though some inner understanding united us, an understanding deep down, based on the fact that I was a man and she a woman and that both of us were young.

I had vaguely romantic moments at that time about Adelina, and I think I never came nearer the truth concerning her than at such times. She seemed to me like some simple manifestation of nature whose laws she obeyed with simplicity. She loved things that were strong and young. She was gentle to the weak and dependent. More than anything she loved feeling *alive*. She loved it as an animal loves it, and showed it by performing incredible amounts of work without nervous wear and tear. Seeing her race with time through her manifold tasks was more like seeing some happy creature run for the joy of motion, than a woman performing her share of the drudgery of the world. When she rested after her day's work and sat with folded hands on the kitchen stoop, her face toward the west, she seemed like some sun-soaked fruit at the moment of its greatest perfection. She was not a woman one would ever have compared with a flower.

Our friendship was innocent, our understanding intangible, when something occurred that crystallized things and put a different complexion upon them—which "put me on," so to speak.

I was sitting under an apple-tree in the yard on a little bench that was there. The fallen leaves lay yellow under my feet, the air was mild with Indian summer, when Ned Bent, the melancholy, religious hired man, approached me.

"I want to speak with you." He glanced significantly to the kitchen window, through which we could see the vague outline of Adelina as she moved to and fro, preparing supper. I followed him to the barn.

"Young man," he said, "look out! Beware the scarlet woman! Beware her who spreads pitfalls for the feet of men! Her ways are the ways of darkness! Her folks didn't know God; they never went to church!"

I was used to him in his religious mood. I had heard him declaim before in outbreaks against the wickedness of man, varying phrases, that I believe he thought came from the Scriptures, with homely countryside dialect, and, although I tried to pacify him, there was a terrible conviction about his grotesque harangue that impressed me.

I left him, ill at ease, trying to tell myself that I had seen from the first that he disliked Adelina, but his words, "Her ways are more cunning than the serpent; Miller sent the last hired man away on account o' her," rang in my ears with disquieting insistence. It hurt my vanity, too; I didn't like to be mentioned in the same breath with the last hired man.

All at once my mind cleared and I put together the veiled uneasiness of Mrs. Young, and Miller's sister's objection to Adelina, and the isolation in which she lived in Quincy. Then I told myself it was because she was a foreigner and not religious. Nevertheless, I found it impossible to resume my old attitude toward her. She became at once a different creature in my eyes—more interesting—I noticed her beauty more.

As for Adelina, she neither advanced nor retreated; she was neither shy nor bold; she was *there*, as water is there to drink. We had curious little conversations from time to time which revealed to me the surprising gulf between her and any woman I had ever known.

"What do you do every night in your room?" she asked me once.

Not wishing to be of those who are

ashamed of their religion, "I pray," I answered.

"Why do you do that?" she asked, in all simplicity.

There was no use trying to explain. I couldn't possibly have made her understand.

I don't remember that she ever did the smallest thing that any one need have criticized, until one night, when I was working late in the kitchen over some school exercises because my own room was cold, she came in, her hair unloosed about her shoulders in a shining flood.

"You work too late," she said, and without haste, with deliberation, even, she blew out my lamp.

She stood there quite quiet and still, waiting. As I looked at her she seemed to me woman incarnate, a woman remorseless as any force of nature, working blindly as blind instinct for her own blind ends. Woman, the force feared by the Middle Ages, proud and unconquerable, which, like other forces, one might chain and bend to further the destiny of the race, but whose essence nothing can destroy. So, for a flash, she seemed to me as she stood motionless, the moonlight flooding her undone hair and I opposite, the extinguished lamp before me.

Then she laughed, a little, low, satisfied laugh, a laugh that said, "It's my turn now," and then I remembered who I was and who she was. I rose and lit the lamp with a firm hand.

"I'm going to bed," I said, shortly.

At that she made a curious little gesture, like a child who is hurt and doesn't know why, and it must have been at that moment that a resentment against me was born within her. I think if I had thought of her at all, instead of my own virtue only, I am sure this resentment need never have been. I am sure I might have meant goodness and friendship for her in her lonely life.

I led a curious triple life in those days, and if I talk about it, it is as it sheds light upon the story of those about me. Those about me! Even as I now write it I feel hot, as though deep within me my soul was blushing. I was to be a minister, a guider of souls. I was to unlock the hearts of men and comfort and uphold sorrowing mothers and guide the footsteps of little children on the path to Grace.

Well, I had all those things to do in the little Ohio town, and children, women, men to care for. Destiny had handed me a miniature ministry which I might at least have looked on with a loving heart, even though I had no wisdom with which to guide them. Instead, they all seemed to me shadows—all but the elder Cuthbert.

The time in Quincy seemed to me only a time to be gotten through until I could begin what I called my real work in the world. As if the real work in the world of all of us wasn't the work of *living!* As if in just as much as we shirk the present so do we also shirk life itself. I lived in the future. I was proud of myself because I could intoxicate myself with religious exaltation. When my duties for the day had been accomplished I would sit in my room and look far out into the night, and my soul would go forth into the far spaces, filled with high and vague yearnings, and at last I would feel as though my own essence was mingled with the great enveloping Goodness we call God, and I would fall on my knees, sometimes with tears streaming down my face, and thank God for the vision he was giving me. This emotion was in no ways related to life. It was a beautiful and barren flower, but it pleased me and I never suspected myself of self-indulgence. In this way I watched the procession of the nights from deep purple starlight change to the wan, gracious light of the new moon, until night after night the lights and shadows deepened, until the whole country swam in moonlight and presently the nights would be full of stars again.

This was my real life, this and my plans for my life to come, when it would be my grateful task to teach others to know the boundless sweetness of the grace of God as I had been permitted to know it. If I was humble in the face of this great task, I was vainglorious that I could feel as I did.

Old Abe Miller peering at me from bleared and jealous eyes meant nothing. Adelina, Ned Bent, were shadows, all of them, not human beings for whom I might at least perform the humble ser-

vice of being kind. I know now that my presence in his house was an affront to that pain-stricken old man; the spectacle forever before his eyes of my youth and Adelina's a perpetual torment. He sat beside the stove, rubbing his aching joints, watching the wife of his old age who tended him always as patiently as a loving daughter. He watched her, loving her, never judging her, but knowing that with women like Adelina youth seeks youth as water seeks a lower level.

I say I know now that my presence hurt him continually. I knew it then, but I knew that *I* was proof against temptation, so why should I mind the pain of an unreasonable old man? For I had named my latent fancy for Adelina, Temptation. I wrestled with it and conquered it. It was not a hard-won victory. Too many Thou Shalt Nots had been planted in me by the race from which I sprang. To make my victory greater I played with the idea, and, as to Adelina's part in it, I gave no thought. The point for me was that I was to resist *her*, so that I should be free in all ways from the power of her triumphant womanhood. In a way I would be a fine lesson to her and a fine example.

As I look back on those months the only point where I touched reality was in my friendship with Ambrose's father. He would lean across the fence and say, perhaps:

"I guess we'll get rain."

"We need it," I would answer, but there would be more of the essence of real understanding in our commonplace words than in hours of talk with most people. With shy hands we would touch on the verities; with brief words, haltingly, he unfolded to me his theory of life.

"All we've got to do is to bring men up to be as good as women," I remember him saying. "Why shouldn't they be? Why shouldn't they be? What makes us keerless with boys and keerful with girls? It's wicked! Some one else's girls pay. I seen a lot when I was young. I know!"

Again, another time: "Mebbe I wouldn't feel so if *he* warn't sech an image o' *her*. It's like her cum to life." He gave this out in the hushed voice of one telling of a miracle. "I'd feel, if anything happened to him, 's if 'twas *her* had to suffer for it."

Little by little I saw his world as he had made it up for himself and Ambrose. This dear boy of his, growing all the time in grace and beauty, into a likeness of his mother, should be saved from the mire through which the majority of men must wade. Then he would marry young, as his father had, and love one woman all his days. Together they would all live, and little children would play in the comfortable home. Sturdy boys—boys like Ambrose—would grow up and help farm the broad acres. It seemed a simple ambition to me, and one that might be attained so easily. While I approved of it, it did not interest me. I never touched the outer rim of Ambrose's real self. I never made the slightest attempt to find out the stuff of which the lad was made. My duty ended with teaching him his lessons.

Not having won his confidence, I was unprepared to meet the next step in the drama.

One afternoon I was about to come into the kitchen. Ambrose was waiting in the kitchen door, as shy as a maiden and with the appealing awkwardness of adolescence. Adelina walked over to him and gazed at him from head to foot. The sight of him seemed good to her.

"What you wait for, baby," she asked, "your lesson?" Then suddenly she swept her arm around his neck and kissed him full on the mouth, and kissed him yet again. "Here it is," she said, "your lesson."

I swear that her face was rosy with nothing more base than mischief. The boy flushed crimson; then he gathered himself together and in his turn kissed Adelina—a little awkward kiss that brushed her cheek as shyly as the wing of a bird.

The amazing innocence of his kiss, his engaging and awkward effrontery, caught her by the throat; her hand went to her heart; and Ambrose stood there before her, transfixed, a curious look flickering in his eyes—the look of dawning desire, desire unconscious of itself, pure as the lad himself was pure; fear there was as of what he felt in his beating heart. Like a young Adam who looks

on woman for the first time, Ambrose gazed at Adelina, and she on him, as though she for the first time saw how lovely a thing youth might be. Then, "Baby! Baby!" she cried, and would have kissed him again had I not recovered myself and stepped forward. I repeat that she gave him her first kiss as she might a boy years younger, partly because he was so very good to look on, partly to embarrass still further the charming, embarrassed thing he was. Had they been maiden and youth there could have been no episode more lovely —that I realized, even shocked as I had been. But as it was, it was grotesque, a sweet, unspoiled lad like Ambrose, brought up like a young girl, and Adelina! An unconscious Delilah I had called her to myself. The wife of a suffering and crippled man!

I strode forward into the kitchen, the preaching minister in me awake. But as I had let the moment pass when I might have obtained Adelina's friendship and had never striven to obtain that of Ambrose, the words died in my throat. I could do nothing but pretend to Ambrose that I had not seen. He was as absent during his lesson as a girl who has heard of love for the first time. I followed the boy down-stairs and found Adelina in the kitchen. Their eyes met lingeringly. After he had gone I turned to Adelina.

"I saw what happened," I told her.

"Yes?" she answered, indifferently. Her attitude touched some little nerve in me; all at once anger flamed up: righteous wrath rose within me. Among other things I told her that at her age she ought to know better. The things I said to her made it impossible for me to be of any use ever again and quickened the little flicker of resentment she had cherished toward me into a flame.

The next few days she watched for the boy and walked down the road with him, simply to show me how little weight she gave my words.

I suppose there comes in the life of every lad a moment when his emotional nature bursts into bloom. It may come in the guise of ambition, as it had to me; some book he reads may quicken his latent powers and change his life forever; it may be that a woman does it, or it may come for no reason at all, just as a matter of growth and change, but it is sure that the kiss of Adelina changed the world for Ambrose. He had seen her a hundred times and she had meant nothing to him. She kissed and smiled upon him and at her touch all the hidden places of his being awoke. It was like the touch of spring unlocking the frozen streams of winter. She must, I think, have stood to him for all the things he had not had in life and of whose need he had not until this moment been conscious. Gaiety and friendship she must have embodied in her presence, and love—all the things toward which youth turns its face as unconsciously as a flower rears its head to the sun.

For a little while Adelina flaunted her conquest of the lad in my face. Then, as I paid no attention, she stopped, and I did not see them together any more. I thought the episode was over. It had never seemed to me important, so I thought no more about it until one day John Cuthbert stopped me on my way home from school. Some strange spiritual frost seemed to have touched him. He had aged and blackened and withered since the week before when I had last talked with him about Ambrose. He often watched for me and we would exchange a few words.

He couldn't make up his mind to tell me what he wished. Finally he brought it out, almost choking.

"Ambrose!—he's over there!" He pointed toward Miller's.

"Over there?" I echoed, stupidly.

"With her"—he brought it out bitterly—"with her! A woman who might almost 'a' been his mother—married!"

It was incredible, it was monstrous!

"My boy, *her* son!" It was the voice in which David might have lamented for Absalom, and yet neither of us thought, I am sure, of anything but the spiritual aspect of it. It was a spiritual tragedy that confronted both of us. Our minds had not plunged themselves into any farther depths than that. That this boy, so sweet, so fresh, should meet love for the first time in such a guise.

"And she," he demanded, his eyes flashing with anger and indignation, "what does she want of him? What

makes women do such things? What does she want of my Ambrose? I've never hurt *her!* And to think it happened here, under my eyes!"

I tried to tell him that he was exaggerating things, that all this meant nothing, and yet I knew the very incongruity of it all made it mean something. Besides, I had seen what John Cuthbert had not seen.

"He's been kinder absent-minded like. My God! he's made me think of his mother when I was courtin' her—" He stopped, abashed, as if he had uttered some blasphemy. "If he was a girl I could keep him at home; if she was a man I could tell him if he ever looked at my girl again I'd kill him. How is it we can do everything for a girl and nothing for a boy?"

He had put his hand on it. Nothing, just nothing—was what he could do. Bid Ambrose, almost a grown man, already seventeen—the age when men are out in the world earning their living, married, sometimes, even—to stay at home! That was the only thing he could do. He realized his own impotence.

"It must be my fault," he groaned. "I can't have looked after him enough. I can't have brought him up right, or he wouldn't have fallen into sin this way."

To him, as to me, life was simple. Sin was sin and to love the wife of another man, however innocent one might be in act, was sinning.

It was then that I awoke from my long sleep, and it took nothing less than my old friend's anguish to do it. The people about me became men and women in my eyes.

I offered to transfer the lessons from Miller's to Cuthbert's house. This gave him a moment of wan comfort. He was glad to have the boy go on with his learning.

As soon as I saw the boy the next day I knew that his father must have talked to him, for in his face was something stern and something tragic. The dream part of it was over for Ambrose forever. There was something about him as hurt as a girl whose modesty has been wounded. I don't suppose that Age can ever be delicate enough with Youth. It is probable that it was only when he heard his father talk that he realized that he was in love and that his love was a sin. Youth is not ready at giving names to things.

Of course he had acquiesced in his father's wishes. For a week he remained home, somber and brooding. Adelina was unchanged. The matter was of little importance to her, anyway. She had only played with him the way it pleases some older women to play with boys, and as it pleases men to play with the hearts of young girls. Now she made herself no trouble about it. She did not, even by a passing glance, show that she noticed that Ambrose didn't come to the house any more. She waited, as if something in her heart said, "I am Nature; I am Love; I am Woman; and there has never been any force stronger than this great trinity."

At the end of the week the cloud lifted from Ambrose. He was as gay as I had ever known him to be, and I was sure he had seen her. It was probable that accident caused their meeting, but he knew now that he loved her; he knew he was fallen into mortal sin, and, since this was so, he threw everything to the wind. Youth does not mince matters with itself. It sees its every act as something irrevocable. It recognizes few gradations. And now Ambrose saw himself a creature without the pale, and, strangely enough, he did not care. Youth and Love and the sudden unfolding of his own nature were too much for him. He had met temptation too young—at that fatally early age when the impulses of one's own nature are stronger than any law.

The next days were hard for both John Cuthbert and me. I sat impotent witness of the tragedy partly of my own making. I saw Ambrose winging his way like a bird who has left the nest. I saw the fathomless reserve grow between father and son. John Cuthbert was not a man to storm and rave—having said his say once, he had done all he could. I came one day when Ambrose was not there. In his place I found the father.

"I'm going to her," he told me. "I'm going to her and tell her how it is.

Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

IT WAS LIKE THE TOUCH OF SPRING UNLOCKING FROZEN STREAMS

There's terrible things afoot. I don't know how it 'll end," and for a second we both looked into the depths of the thing for the first time. It had not occurred to me, even as the remotest possibility, of things going as far as that.

"You know her—she ain't all bad, is she?" His tone was beseeching. "I know they talk, but she never looked to me *bad*."

I comforted him as best I could—she was far from all bad. He left me a little cheered, and went without anger to her to beg for his son. I can imagine that interview—Adelina as tranquil as a pool at midday reflecting the blue sky, and he, humble and embarrassed, asking for his boy as though Adelina had but to put her hand in her pocket to give him back. I met him coming home, raging like a wounded thing.

"Ain't there any law?" he cried to me. "Ain't there any law to stop such things? My God!" he cried, "I'll make my own law! I'll stop it!" he cried over his shoulder. "I'll stop it! She sha'n't have him!"

Adelina told me about it when I came in. She was perfectly tranquil.

"I told the old man I didn't know what he wanted," she said.

"What *do* you want with the boy, Adelina?" I asked. She considered a moment.

"I don't know. I like him 'round. He likes me."

"Won't you give him up?" I asked.

"What for? I don't hurt him. Boys have got to like somebody. That's what I told *him;* then he got angry and I came in and shut the door." She spoke quite simply. In the world, as she saw it, boys had "got to like somebody." There was no harm in it. I don't think she intended any harm even then. She had made no plans; she had not thought one step ahead. She had enjoyed the love of this unspoiled boy, as a flower might enjoy the sun. The idea of "sin" never entered her consciousness at all. It seemed to her that every one was making a great deal of fuss about something that was very unimportant.

"If his father can't make him mind, how can I?" she asked me.

I saw John Cuthbert every day as I went to his house. He was terribly changed. The light of youth had gone from his eyes forever. He would talk to me in brief, jerky sentences. Sometimes I could see in his darkened heart a terrible vision of outraged fatherhood. All that made life sweet to him was crumbling to dust before his eyes and he could do nothing to stop it. He saw all the treasure of love and unstained passion which should have been given to a young wife, being thrown away. He saw his son's life, which should have been fashioned in the image of his sweet mother's, stained and smirched. It unsettled his mind, I think, for he seemed like an animal maddened with pain.

Meanwhile, at the farm, Abe Miller brooded and gloomed, aware that there was something wrong, and yet not knowing what it was; and the watchful presence of Ned Bent pervaded everything.

It was late in the fall by this time, and one Saturday afternoon I was returning from a walk when I saw the big hay-wagon loaded with straw; Ned Bent, with the face of a hearse-driver, held the reins. On top of the straw sat Adelina; she was bareheaded and the sun turned the shining coils of her hair to gold. She was rosy and looked as young as a girl. She was talking to some one in the straw, and I made no doubt that the some one was Ambrose. I stepped aside with a feeling of anger and let the wagon pass. So they were getting so impudent about it that they would actually ride together on the straw to a neighboring farm, with Ned Bent driving!

And here beside me arose a gaunt and terrible figure. It was John Cuthbert. He stood there in menacing silence, an old rifle in his hands. Ned Bent drew up his horses, and so we all stood—in a breathless moment of suspense. The boy had hidden from his father in the straw. Adelina sat there, unmoved and tranquil as ever, her head thrown back with a shade of defiance and a smile on her lips. And then in a terrible voice, in which all his outraged fatherhood, all the love and yearning for his boy, all the pent-up hours of his anguish and despair, John Cuthbert cried:

"Make him come down! Give up my boy!"

Again there was a pulsating silence.

Again it was broken by that terrible voice:

"Ambrose!" he called. "Send Ambrose—or I'll shoot!"

The threat awoke some latent deviltry in the woman's blood.

"Come get him!" she called. "Come drive him home with your gun!"

The crack of the rifle answered her. The bullet hit her full in the mouth. I saw it. She swayed a second, and fell back, bleeding and dead, into the straw, across the prone figure of Ambrose. I saw him disentangle himself and put his arms about her lifeless body. I had run to Cuthbert, and with a sudden impulse I flung my arms about his shoulders. He seemed to crumple altogether, but at the touch of my hand he straightened up and cried with a loud voice:

"Before God, I didn't mean to kill her! I only wanted to frighten her! Before God, I didn't mean to kill her!"

No one who heard him could have doubted him or could have doubted the horror in his eyes at his own act.

There was silence. The only noise was the rustling of the straw as Ambrose moved, felt her heart, and rubbed her hands. Then pleadingly, imploringly, Cuthbert spoke again:

"Ambrose!" he cried. "Ambrose, you know I didn't mean to! You know I didn't mean to!" His first cry had been a statement to the universe at large, clear and distinct. Now he almost moaned as he pleaded with his son, but the boy was oblivious to everything in the world except the dead woman before him.

"Ambrose!" John Cuthbert pleaded. "Ambrose, speak to me!"

Then Ned Bent turned around. "Stop whimpering!" he commanded. "Get down out o' here and go to your father! It's you who killed her with your sinful trifling—not him. It's you!"

As though aware for the first time that there were others around, Ambrose lifted his head and looked at us with dazed eyes.

"Ambrose!" his father pleaded, "Ambrose, say you know I didn't mean it!"

"Go down to him," said Ned Bent.

Now Ambrose's stricken eyes gazed deep into those of his father, and in those few seconds of suspense I think soul spoke to soul. I saw the boy's eyes clear and a look of deep pity come into them. Then he obeyed automatically Ned Bent's insistent, "Go down to him! Go down to him!" He slipped down from the straw and, almost sobbing, threw himself into his father's arms as a child might, saying:

"Oh, I know you didn't mean it! I know you didn't mean it! He's right! Ned's right. . . . It's my fault . . . it's my fault!"

It was as though the tragedy, coming as it had, so swift, so blighting, so unexpected, had cleared away the shadow that had lain between them, and in this shadow of death they were together again as they hadn't been since the coming of Adelina into Ambrose's life.

Meantime with ponderous creakings and swayings Ned Bent was turning the cart around in the direction of the Miller place and we three walked along beside it, a strange funeral procession, all of us feeling in our hearts the guilt of the woman's death, each in his different way.

Almost involuntarily I broke the silence at last, asking, "What are you going to do?" of the elder Cuthbert. He looked at me in mild surprise.

"Why," he said, "I'm goin' to give myself up, o' course! I killed her, didn't I? I didn't mean to, but I done it!"

Then suddenly, with a gesture of terrible despair, a gesture that made me think of his father, the boy flung himself down by the roadside and sobbed with his head in his hands.

"Oh, I can't bear it! . . . I can't bear it!"

The difficult tears of a man streamed down his face and I thought his grief must almost rend the life from his body, crying all at once for the dead woman for whom he had felt passion and tenderness, and whom, no doubt, he thought he had loved; crying for his father and perhaps for himself. And we two stood beside him and watched him, having no word of comfort we could give him, while Ned Bent and the dead woman lying in the straw creaked away down the road.

Letters of Riley and Bill Nye

Arranged with Comment by EDMUND H. EITEL

RILEY was pre-eminently a story-teller—not a mere teller of stories, but, in the full artistic and dramatic meaning of the term, a story-teller. What interested him most in life was the way in which the common character acted and talked. That is what he tried to be in telling his stories, either on the platform or in private. And just as his knowledge of common character made his poems in dialect, art, so it made his story-telling a high art likewise.

An important association of Riley's life is connected with his story-telling. His friendship with the humorist "Bill" Nye was part and parcel with it. On their reading-tours about the country—and the fame of Nye-Riley tours is still a tradition of the early lecturing period—the two men let nothing queer or comical escape them unnoticed. Their travels were a continual exchange of stories and observations, and Riley's best story grew directly out of an experience during their journeys.

This was "The Old Soldier's Story," which, "as Riley told it," said Mark Twain, was "the funniest thing I have ever listened to." It came into being in this manner. At each town where they gave their readings Riley and Nye were met at the railway station by an "entertainment" committee which drove them about to see the sights, from the county jail to the graveyard, all the while regaling them with second-hand anecdotes. The local story-teller, with fine faith in his mission to entertain genius, was always with this committee. Entirely oblivious of the fact that he was harrowing the feelings of the best two story-tellers of the time, the man retold the old chestnuts and, as Riley said, "told them all exactly wrong."

"He was so good-natured," said Riley, "so blithe and so obliging! We couldn't tell him we had listened to his story a thousand times before. We sat and listened until the beads stood out on our foreheads and we grew old and gray and bald-headed and toothless. One day I revolted. 'Nye,' I said, 'I'm not going to have my vitals wiredrawn all afternoon. Let's stay in our rooms and rest for the evening performance.' 'Why, you can't do that!' said Nye. 'You'll offend the committee.' Nevertheless, I stayed in my room, and Nye, who was of an easier nature, was led forth. When he returned, wan and distraught from the long ordeal, I was refreshed and in high spirits to guy him. So I began to tell him the most brazenly old, bald, tottering story that I could recall. I had heard it as a boy from a circus clown, and the first eternity only knows how ancient it must have been before a circus clown would have been allowed to use it. I dragged the thing out, putting in needless details and springing the point too soon, then going back and maundering helplessly around, just as the elate funny man of the town would mistell it."

As Riley proceeded Nye began to chuckle, then to laugh, and finally, from the violence of his laughing, to hold his sides. When Riley finished Nye said:

"Jamesie, that's the funniest thing you ever did. Tell it to the audience just that way to-night."

It was some days before Riley in his careful and cautious way was ready to try the story, but when he gave it to the audience the story became one of his most notable readings. Mark Twain, speaking of the perfection with which Riley simulated the old Hoosier's "simplicity and innocence and sincerity and unconsciousness," said, "This is art—and fine and beautiful, and only a master

[Mr. Eitel, James Whitcomb Riley's nephew and literary executor, has been in active service in the United States Navy for the past year as Engineering Ensign in Aviation. This has necessitated a delay in the publication of the series of Riley letters until this time.—EDITOR.]

can compass it." The same was true of Riley's equally famous reading, "The Peanut Story," or "Object Lesson," and it was true of the anecdotes Riley told when off the platform. The man was an artist, whether writing a poem or writing a letter or telling a story.

His art as a story-teller lay in his fidelity to character. And yet, as he came upon the platform to read, a slight, graceful figure in conventional evening clothes, he was everything which the types he was to impersonate were not. With a distinguished gesture he lifted the black-rimmed glasses from his nose and murmured a few diffident words of introduction, which the audience grew hushed to catch. Then suddenly he became transformed in attitude, voice, and manner. A wistful child now seemed to stand before you, nervously twisting a foot as children do, lisping with dimpled mouth. That admirable dress suit, with the conspicuous shirt-front, was forgotten. It was as though they had vanished, so strong was the spell of the little Hoosier youngster who was telling in a half-awed manner about "Orphant Annie" and the "gobble-uns." Again Riley appeared to read, now in the character of a blithe and sunny old farmer with the squint which the weather had taught him in his honest eyes, and the reticence of the Hoosier in the set of his mouth, all so true to the life that surely one of nature's old noblemen was talking. You could have fancied he wore gum boots, a hickory shirt, and blue jeans, even imagined a straw in his mouth. And deep out of the old farmer's throat was issuing the music of the Hoosier tongue caught by the delicate ear of a poet. Magic was at work—what wonder his hearers laughed or cried as he chose?

Riley's famous tours were in the late 'eighties, during the days of his readings with "Bill" Nye. The mantle of Artemus Ward and Josh Billings had just then fallen upon Nye, and he was one of the best-known humorists of the day, even better known than Riley. The two men in their great differences made a happy combination. Nye, perhaps, made you laugh more, though he never made you weep except from excess of laughing. Upon his appearance he reminded one of the cartoons of his lank, bald-headed self appearing with his weekly letters to the press. Very likely one recalled his story of the barber of whom Nye inquired, in his hurry, whether he could cut his hair with his collar on. The barber had replied, "La, Mr. Nye, I could cut *your* hair with your hat on." God, it seems, had, "in His providence," said Nye, given his "beauty to Mrs. James Brown Potter and his hair to the Sutherland sisters." Nye's humor lay in surprises, in freaks of the imagination, not, as with Riley, in impersonations. He addressed his audience in terms of tenderest confidence, and when his hearers howled at some absurdity he stepped back as though his feelings had been hurt. Nye's story-telling differed from Riley's in that he was not so interested to make it true and human as to make it as ridiculous, absurd, and outlandish as possible. "I am endeavoring in my poor way," wrote Nye in his characteristic manner, "to make folly appear foolish and to make men better by speaking disrespectfully of their errors."

The Nye-Riley entertainment was not formal, but furnished with many impromptu observations. Once Nye said to the audience: "The entertainment, ladies and gentlemen, is of a dual nature. First I come out and talk until *I* get tired. Then Mr. Riley comes out and he talks until *you* get tired."

The letters which passed between Riley and Nye are characteristic of the funny things which the two men introduced extemporaneously into their public readings. They give no little insight into the humorous manner of the two story-tellers.

The papers mentioned by Nye in the following letter to Riley were stacks of the New York *World* containing a Nye-Riley article which Amos Walker, the manager, planned to distribute in advertising the entertainment:

HUDSON, WIS.,
Ap. 5, 1886.

MY DEAR JAMES,—Your illiterate and obscure note of late date, in which you said that Harry New had run between a dog and broke its legs, was duly received. Little did I ever think that a boy of mine would write such a letter.

I would give a good deal to know why Harry New ran between a dog and if so

how much. Your letter such as it is, gave me great pleasure in some respects but it is too abstruse. You did not say where you would go from there.

I got the N. Y. *World* last eve and have been reading it in a low gurgling tone ever since. The *World* is a very good paper. When I stop to think that I only have 100 of them and how similar they are and what a striking family resemblance there is between them, I wonder how Amos feels with only 400 of them to his name.

People who come in and see my little shipment of *Worlds* in the parlor say "Oh sir! you are indeed a great reader, are you not?"

I have nearly completed the *Introduction* for our R. R. guide [Nye and Riley's Railway Guide] and have been working hard at other business in the literary line since I got home. I have drad off two pieces for a paper and it pleased the editor a good deal. I think he will print them. There are several merry thoughts and two large red bon mots in them. They are disguised however, also assumed.

We are all well and my family send you their kind regards. They are very anxious to see you also for I have told them what a queer looking cuss you are and how you have won your way up till you are known from Castoria, Ohio, to Trombone, Indiana.

Of course it's none of my business but I would honestly like to know where you go to from here. Remember me to Amos and write again soon.

YOUR UNCLE BILL.

A CARTOON OF RILEY DRAWN BY HIMSELF

One of Nye's best Riley stories was an account of the poet writing a poem. Nye himself could "dash off" his funny letters to the press any place, any time, even in a crowded and rattling railway car. Riley must seek the privacy of his chamber at dead o' night. Here, said Nye, he wrote with a pad placed on his knee, using the rubber end of his pencil chiefly, but ever and anon imprinting a line with the point, and bearing down so laboriously and painstakingly as he did so, that for a week afterward you could plainly read the poem on his knee. Riley, who loved to impersonate the patronizing "high brows," once wrote Nye a letter parodying his own labored style of composition. Riley began the letter with the accompanying drawing of himself, beneath which he pasted a newspaper clipping with some lines of verse quoted from a poem he had by no means "dashed off":

An exchange says: "James Whitcomb Riley, unlike Mr. Nye, is a steady, rapid writer and composer. It was raining when our correspondent asked him to write a stanza as a souvenir of the occasion, and he quickly wrote the following on the back of an envelope:

"'In this existence, dry and wet
Will overtake the best of men—
Some little skift o' clouds 'll shet
The sun off now and then;

"'And mebby while you're wonderin' who
You've fool-like lent your umbrell' to,
And want it—out 'll pop the sun,
And you'll be glad you hain't got none!'"

RILEY TO NYE

[*April, 1886.*]

DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—Although my time is greatly taken with press of literary engagements, I trust, as now, I shall always have a cheery word and a kind smile for the timid, though deserving, novice in letters that you prove yourself. My first duty, as I count it, is to warn you not to be discouraged in your literary work simply because you find it irksome to compose and cannot at once dash over countless pages with the grace and ease of the skimming swallow. This faculty cannot be acquired in a day, as I myself recall, in the far-off youth of my own fame, how sometimes in the turning of the simplest epic I have wasted whole hours. Do not you, therefore, hope for the fadeless laurel in lieu of the 6⅝ hat which for years yet must grace your broad and oasisless brow. Think you that either Cicero or Potts "got there" the first dash out of the box? Ah, no! a thousand noes! They panted, and they blowed, and sweat till you could see their suspenders through the back of their vest, and even then, as Aristotle tells us, "their copy was little less than most villainously damnable and vile."

A DRAWING OF THE BUST OF BILL NYE BY RILEY

But to business: Walker is effecting some guarantees that are simply exquisite. Day after day he tears himself from my side and goes forth into the busy marts of men and lumps us in for the lowest possible rate. So we have already cut out for us some very pleasant work. But the ruling passion is still strong with him, for only yesterday he came in to say, with ill-concealed and feverish delight, that he has sold us to another Ohio town, and immediately immersed himself in his Railroad Guide, coming to the surface occasionally to knead his whiskers, and stare off into limitless chaos. I doubt very seriously if you will know him next time you meet. He has grown so gray! so gray!

As ever, yours faithfully,

J. W. RILEY.

NYE TO RILEY, IN REPLY

HUDSON, WIS., *Apr. 18, '86.*

DEAR RILEY,—Your noble words of encouragement were rec'd on my return here last evening. You can never know how it makes my poor heart beat again with hope to receive such kind words from one who is able to compose rapidly. Oh sir, could you know how a new found joy, one that has heretofore been a stranger to this luxuriant home, has sprung up in my soul like a tiny little sprig of jimson weed near the woodshed of an Emperor, as a result of your hopeful letter.

Ah if I could only compose rapidly! But alas, I cannot do it. I must struggle on and on writing a word, erasing it, writing it yet again, and at last, with my life work only half performed, roll up my pantaloons and wade across the mysterious river! I tell you it is tough, James, mighty tough.

Little can you realize what it is to struggle with a thought, grapple with it, spit on it and grapple yet again. But you give me hope. You bid me despair not. Oh sir, a thousand oh sirs for your kind words and gentle, patronizing ways, which I have tried in my poor weak way to illustrate.

But how are you, James? I want to see you and our genial manager, to whom I will write tomorrow. Today I'm going to rest a little after this letter. I've been dodging around the country till I'm a total wreck. Your letter was great. I shall preserve it.

Adieu, kind sir Adieu,

BILL NYE.

Riley's first reading with Nye was at an entertainment in Indianapolis, in February, 1886, in which Riley, Eugene Field, and Nye appeared together. A photographic record of the meeting reproduced in a previous article shows Field turning the watch, which, to the delight of the audience, wound as eloquently as an old family alarm-clock. Nye introduced Field that evening with the remark that he wished to state for the benefit of the management that Field had requested the audience not to use their opera-glasses when he, Field, appeared. "For," said Nye, "Mr. Field is naturally diffident, and since, unlike many of us, he is painfully bald, it will be appreciated as a delicate compliment if the audience will appear not to notice it."

Nye invariably saw the funny side of any adversity, if there was one. Riley called this "the Nye side." In the fall

of 1886, when their second reading tour was planned, Nye was taken ill and compelled to spend the winter South in a lonely little town in a lonely, fireless room in which, as Riley pictured it, the wind billowed the carpet. From here, flat on his back, Nye wrote a chirrupy letter to his old comrade, when, as Riley said, he knew "the fellow's heart's just bustin' through his vest with *sup*pressed and *de*pressed blues."

A SKETCH OF AMOS WALKER, THE MANAGER OF THE NYE-RILEY READING TOURS

Drawn by Riley

ASHEVILLE, N. C.,
Nov, 26, 1886.

MY DEAR RILEY,—Yours of 22nd inst came in due time as letters are prone to do even under a Democratic Administration. I rallied and read it as I sat up in bed and held your gentle missive in my little, wan hand.

Oh, sir, it is indeed trying to be ill while others may gambol in the glad sunlight and run and hop and be gay. Is it not sad to find by the papers that one is gradually getting no better day by day? Is it not pathetic to watch a man as he struggles for strength, only to be baffled by the press?

I also received the *Anarchist* containing a cruel criticism on my poetry. I shall never write another poem! People will have to go elsewhere for their poetry hereafter. My parents are wealthy and they have told me over and over again that any time I wanted to quit writing poetry, I could find a home with them.

I have refused point blank to appear here and elsewhere in the South on the grounds that a man ought to try to live up to his health bulletins as they appear in the papers from day to day. Next season I hope to have perfected a system of signals to be controlled by the signal service or weather what not, showing at a glance anywhere in the United States just what my condition is. This will be cheaper than employing several typewriters with the perspiration standing out on their brows and their tongues hanging out as they tell Tom, Dick, and Harry that I am not so ill as I was.

My little band of youngsters send you their love as also does Catalpa [Nye's name for his wife]. Your little orphant Annie panel picture stands on the mantel over our parlor grate. Keep on writing and I will do so also. Keep on also drawing off pieces for the papers and also improve your penmanship. You should have seen the miserable hand I wrote when I began drawing off pieces for the papers at your age. All my improvement in penmanship I owe to this. Had I not written between meals and on an empty stomach, I could not now write so fluently on other substances.

I am gaining I think, though slowly, and I hope that when the daffodils bloom again in the springtime I may witness them from the upper side.

Meantime I continue to remain as my dear fiancée Lydia E. P. used to say,

Yours for health,
BILL NYE.

Upon recovering his health Nye made a profitable engagement with the New York *World* to furnish the weekly letters which are still remembered among the unique achievements of newspaper humorists. He moved to New York City, where he wrote to Riley, commenting on "the effete East," and saying, "God grant that in pitching my tent in this growing town I may not become effeter than I now am and that my clothes will always continue to be large enough for me."

In the mean time Riley's thoughts were on Nye. As he and Amos Walker were strolling about town one day they wandered into a kind of old curiosity-shop. "There," said Riley, "we saw a diminutive table resembling one of those old-fashioned stands they set by the speaker in a country church or town hall. It was made of walnut, you know, and had a drawer in it. It was very short and slender, and somehow we thought how comical Nye would look

lecturing beside it. So we bought the stand, boxed it up with an old white pitcher and cup, and shipped it to the *World* office. With it we sent directions and a pile of testimonials explaining and endorsing it as 'the little mammoth lecture stand.'" Riley's letter has been lost, but Nye's reply preserves the humor of the incident perfectly:

RILEY

A photograph taken at the time of the Nye-Riley reading tours

NEW YORK, *June 18, 1887.*

MESSRS. STRAWNS & WALKER,
Patentees and Providers of "Little Mammoth Lecture Stand."

GENTLEMEN OR SIRS,—I take pleasure in acknowledging your stand which arrived per U. S. Express at this office Friday, and beg to enclose you herewith the Godspeed referred to in yours of May 24th. I would send it to you if I had to get along all next week without a godspeed, so proud and tickled am I with my little stand.

I agree with Mr. Updergraff the well known Phrenologist of Argentine, Mo., that it is far more preferable to the one Night-Stand which has had such a run in the West. At the *World* office it was regarded as a boon, and as I took the burlap pants off its little legs, there was a hush in the great office such as one runs up against in the boudoir of a timid old maid.

I can truly say, gentlemen, that you have appealed to a chord in my heart which has up to this time been born to blush unseen, as a man writes me from Crank's Landing, this state.

I recognize also your thoughtfulness in enclosing pitcher and antique drinking-cup, for you must have known that I could not get one here or elsewhere. Nothing is more annoying to me, while in the midst of a lecture and striving to think of a hard word, than to have to pause and send out to Moline, Ill., for the crock which I have so long been accustomed to drinking from.

Oh, sir, you have indeed aroused my whole being and inspired thoughts which I did not think that I could think. I will now write a lecture that shall be in harmony with your pleasant little stand and wherever I go people will follow me and endorse the stand I have taken.

In closing let me state that you are perfectly free to use my name in whatever co-operation you may choose to carry out in regards of having it printed and circulated to and fro.

If my picture on your circulars as a user and disciple of the bold stand you have inaugurated, will assist you in its promulgation or add aught to life's alluring charms, you may use it even among the poorer classes. I am not afraid to endorse a good thing when I see it and you are certainly on the eve of a great era, an era of unexampled prosperity, advancement and marked progress for the people and for a horizon of strength and to purify the advancement of a moral atmosphere of resources that has long been kept in the background for political purposes and are yet looking toward that goal with friendship for all and malice toward none who agree with this great fundamental principle as I may truly say to you both even if I were to add no more at present and I beg leave to subscribe myself

Yours With Respect,
BILL NYE.

One of Nye's most characteristic letters was written to a committee on the occasion of a dinner in honor of Riley:

NEW YORK, *Oct. 18, 1888.*

MRS. M. L. ANDREWS,
Indianapolis, Ind.

DEAR FRIEND,—Your kind note of invitation of the 30th ult. is at hand. Looking over a lifetime speckled here and there with regret, I do not know of anything that overshadows just now the regret that I cannot be in Indianapolis to-night. The time is past when anybody can attract attention by admiring James Whitcomb Riley. It is getting too general everywhere. But the wild and woolly Westerns who began to set a heap by him when he had not yet caught the eye of the speaker, now that no geographical or isothermal lines—I use the word isothermal because it is euphonious and can certainly do no harm at this time when we are all acquainted—I say now that no geographical

or isothermal lines pretend to bound his just fame, we who knew him early may be seen at this moment to swell with pardonable pride.

Looking over the career of James Whitcomb Riley, and carefully examining the difficult and dangerous route through which he has passed, I am amazed that a man who knows so little about how to get anywhere on earth should have got there so early. I cannot fully understand it yet. Certainly Mr. Riley moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. But perhaps the most refreshing feature of the whole picture is the unswerving loyalty of a Hoosier to a Hoosier poet. There is an affection existing between the people of Indiana and James Whitcomb Riley which might make a President feel good to participate in—a cordial, earnest delight in his success, which would make a prosperous Emperor gladly swap his bomb-infested throne for just what Mr. Riley has left, over and above what he really needs. I have always said a good deal about Mr. Riley, pro and con, but I am not yet weary. Much as we have seen of the world together, the years only solidify my regard for him. Often, as I have steered him to and from trains and hotels, or counted out his linen for the laundry, or tucked him into his little bed at night and heard him say his prayers, I still welcome him and rejoice at his coming to my home with ever-increasing joy. If I were to get a telegram to-morrow stating that he was coming on to New York, and asking me to meet him at Buffalo, I would try to do it. I need not add that many other things besides my failure to meet Mr. Riley add to my regret to-night. The association which honors him at this time is one with almost every member of which I am acquainted.

Sincerely yours,
EDGAR WILSON NYE.

BILL NYE

A photograph taken at the time of the Nye-Riley reading tours

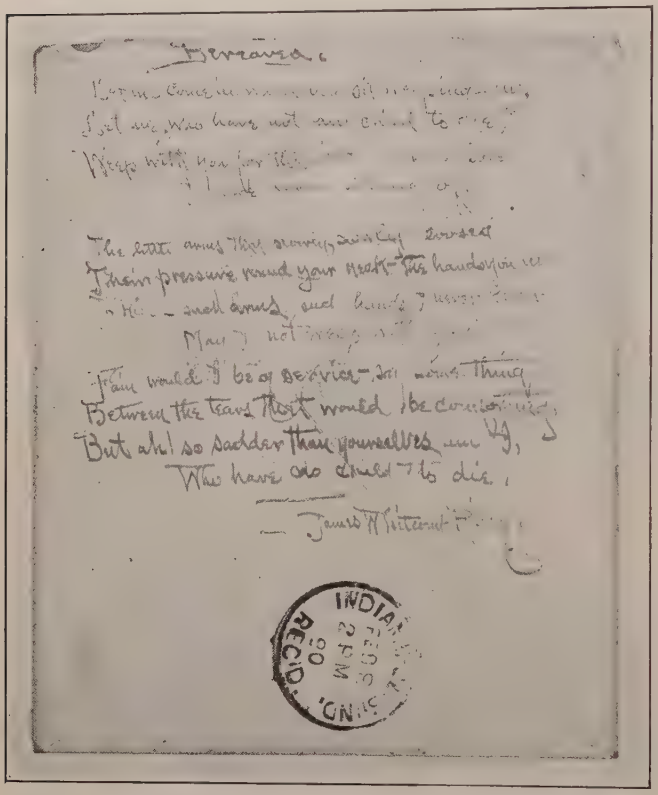
Something should be said of the scope of the Nye-Riley tours. They made two long tours in the seasons of 1888–89 and 1889–90. On the first they attempted to make some hundred dates in the East and South and then travel to the Pacific coast. It ended unfinished when Nye received a telegram at Kansas City informing him that all his three children had been taken ill with scarlet fever. The second tour was largely in the North and Middle West. The schedule sometimes included six "one-night stands" a week. By protest, what the humorists called "sacred concerts" on Sundays were entirely omitted. They succeeded in completing about three-fourths of their dates when Riley broke down. Riley talked very earnestly about the hoodoo which seemed to pursue them on their journeys. They got into towns of the same name in adjoining states, their trunks went north when they went south, and more serious things threatened.

Riley interestingly described Nye as a traveling companion:

> The quaintness and whimsicality of Mr. Nye's humor was the notable thing about him. It was unaccountable upon any particular theory. It just seemed natural for his mind to work at that gait. He recognized the matter-of-fact view others took of the general proposition of life, and sympathized with it, but he did so with a native tendency to surprise and astound that ordinary state of mind and vision. He could say a ridiculous thing or perpetuate a ridiculous act with a face like a Sphinx, knowing full well that those who saw or heard would look to his face for some confirmation of their suspicion that it was time to laugh. They had to make up their minds about it unaided by him, however, for they never found any trace of levity in his countenance. As he would say, he did his laughing "elsewhere."
>
> One day in winter the train stopped at a way station in the West, and we had five minutes to wait. Mr. Nye's roving eye had discovered that the plush-leather pillows of the sofa in the smoking compartment of the car we were riding in were unattached. Without a word he picked up the leather cylinders and placed one under each arm, with the tassels to the front. He was an invalid in looks as well as strength, and when

he appeared upon the platform thus equipped the astounded natives watched him with silent, sympathetic curiosity as he strode up and down, apparently seizing the opportunity for a little much-needed exercise. The rest of us had to hide to keep from exploding, but he was utterly oblivious to the stares and comments until he returned to the car. No explanation was vouchsafed, and the primitive inhabitants of that town are probably still wondering what horrible malady compelled that invalid to wear those outlandish cushions.

A favorite amusement with him was the reading of imaginary signs at the stations, when we were traveling. When the train would stop and that hush would come over the car, with half the people wondering who their fellow-passengers were and the other half viewing the little grocery on the one side, or the station, restaurant, or bill-board on the other, Mr. Nye would break forth and begin to read the bill-board aloud: "Soda-water, crackers—highest prices paid for hides and tallow—also ice-cream, golden syrup, and feathers." The passengers across the aisle would perk their ears, then rise and come, craning their necks, to find the words he was reading from the bill-board, or finally some old fellow would come up to the seat and declare that he could not find where it said that. In a quiet way this would tickle Nye beyond measure—away down in the deeps of his sad-pathetic spirit.


Bereaved.
Let us who have not ever cried to die,
Weep with you for the
The cruel arms that strongly, suddenly pressed
Their pressure round your heart—the hands you
Between the tears that would be comfortless,
But ah! so sadder than yourselves are
We, I,
Who have not cried to die.
— James Whitcomb Riley
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FACSIMILE OF "BEREAVED," THE POEM RILEY WROTE TO NYE ON THE DEATH OF HIS CHILD

His conferences with the train boys have often nearly given me convulsions. When the boy handed him a book Nye would ask with great interest what it was about and listen patiently to all the boy knew of its contents. "Let's see it," and he would open the book and read aloud, in a monotonous singsong, a lot of purest nonsense, drawn from his imagination. It was done so seriously that the boy's eyes would begin to hang out as the reading went on. Finally Nye would shut the book up with a snap, losing the place, and hand it back to the boy with a puzzled air, as if he did not understand why the young man had lied so about its contents. We could find that boy for an hour afterwards searching diligently the pages of that book to find where that stuff was printed.

One of Nye's best stories was of an actual incident:

Once on the state fair-grounds at Indianapolis an elderly Hoosier came up to our manager and said:

"Excuse me, but ain't that little bench-leg feller over there the Hoosier poet?"

"Yes," says Mr. Walker, "but he can't hear much of anything in one ear, and the other is plumb gone. On that side he hasn't heard his own loudest thoughts for years. If you speak to him, you must let out your voice."

So the man with the copperas hair and solferino whiskers stole up to him and in a wild bleat shot this remark into Riley's ear:

"Is this Mr. Riley?"

The poet offered him the other ear, at the

same time looking at him with large, blue, wondering, childlike eyes. People stepped back out of range to give the man with the voice a chance, and he repeated the query in a way that shook the blue ribbon of the large iron-gray Rosa Bonheur stallion across the plaza.

"Is this Mr. Riley?"

The poet said softly, as he squirmed up a little closer, "I can't hear what ye say."

About three hundred people were now around there, waiting to see what would happen, and the man with the pounding machine for telling how much a blow a poor tired farmer can strike while resting at a fair, hadn't taken in ten cents for over half an hour.

Finally the Hoosier managed to break through Riley's profound solitude and make him hear and admit who he was. Then the surprised and delighted man shot into Riley's stunned and aching ear:

"I knew yer father!"

"Yes, yes," said Riley, "so did I," and walked away.

Much of Riley's discourse with Nye was quimsically carried on in dialect. A characteristic letter follows:

INDIANAPOLIS, *Feb. 7, 1888.*

DEAR NYE,—*Hustlin'* is hardly the name for what I've been doin' since I last wrote you, back in the dark-complected ages. "Often and again," as a dear old teacher in my halcyon &c youth would put it, were he not long since deceased,—"Often and again I am reminded how *Tempus fuge it*"—which, by the way, again reminds me how fuget there like Tempus does! For a long time, now, dates have been keepin' the flies off of "Yours Truly," as I heard a comical feller say out in Illinois the other day—*at Paxton*, I think it was—no, not Paxton, either—it was at *Quarga*—yes, there's where it was: *Quarga*, Quarga, Illinois,—and I just thought die I would! Same fellow, School Superintendent told me afterward, that used to get off such funny items for the papers, in his correspondence from there, called "Nuggets From Quarga," — got up such whoppers on the boys, you know—and the *girls*, too! Dog-gondest fellow! He didn't care much whose corns he stepped on! Reckoned ef the coat fit 'em, they could *wear* it! Got up that sorty on old Bently, you know, and—o' course, while he didn't give no name, he'd ring in, once in a while, about his hero bein' "a diciple of Isaac Walton," you know—and ever'body 'course knowed he was a-drivin' at old Bently—er "Old Tentimes," as the fellers mostly called him. And that big *Snake Story*, you know:—Snake, you know, he claimed they ketched swallerin' a a yearlin' calf—Called it "*His Snakeship*," you know, in his yarn—and—Well!—no use to try to tell er describe *anything* like him. It tuck *him* to do that! Only wisht we could git him started onc't! He'd be a character fer *you* to jest *study* sometime and then set down and write up—jest set down and write up, like you could. Ameriky, pass the pruens to Professor Whitcomb,—brother Whitcomb, have some fruit, and he'p him to some more dried beef—and p'serves—and corn—and float—and dump that other fried egg in his plate there. Reckon the man can put up, for *one* meal, with what we have to live on all the time!" . . . I'll never be perpetually happy till you're in constant sight—that's what! I need you every *our*, and so want to merge personalities for all time. Your work's all good—and grows steadily. Sure. Best regards and all gratitude to you and yours.

JAMESIE.

One of the notable dates of the Nye-Riley combinations was in Boston. Mark Twain came from New York City to hear these "twins of genius." Major Pond, manager of the two big tours, met him in the lobby of the Parker House, not long before the entertainment, and persuaded him to introduce Nye and Riley that evening. When Mark Twain, all unexpectedly, conducted Nye and Riley to the platform, the demonstration took on more the form of a Western political convention than a Boston lecture. The audience rose to its feet in a body, men and women shouted, handkerchiefs fluttered, and the organist opened every forte key in the organ. For minutes the ovation lasted, and when silence was at last restored, it was as impressive, Mark Twain observed afterward, as the preceding noise had been. He presented the Nye-Riley pair as the Siamese Twins. "I saw these orphans a great many years ago," he said, "when Mr. Barnum had them and they were just fresh from Siam. The ligature was their best hold then, but literature became their best hold later, when one of them committed an indiscretion and they had to cut the old bond to accommodate the sheriff." He continued this whimsy into its various ramifications at the expense of Nye and Riley, who stood trying to face the audience, as Nye said later, "with a cold, forbidding look such as Napoleon wore at St. Helena." With the observation

that "as he is a little lame, I am going to ask you to allow him to speak in a low voice," Mark Twain introduced Nye, who rejoined:

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am allowed now to speak in a low, familiar tone of voice under the arrangement just made. I cannot do so, however, without saying that, although I have been introduced by this venerable fraud, I fully appreciate the fact that I, though very young and tender, have been introduced by the oldest and the toughest and the best and spiciest of American humorists, a man whose name is not only a household word in America, but also in the Old World, and I forgive him for all of the mean things which he has said, because I know that he is not really so mean as he appears to be. The more you know Mark Twain, the more you associate with him, the more you are compelled to like him, because he really intends to do right; and some day when his hair is all gone there will be under that shock of gray a large two dollar halo, I think. He is really a better man than he looks to be, better than he appears; and both Mr. Riley and I appreciate fully his kindness in coming to Boston and breaking the ice for us to-night, though he has done it in rather an awkward and contemptible way.

And so the entertainment ran, sparkling with the wit of Nye and Mark Twain, and glorified by the mirth and pathos of Riley's verse. There never was such a combination upon the platform. When the audience had laughed itself weary over Nye's drollery, Riley led it into a reminiscent or serious mood and stirred it to impressions and emotions never to be forgotten when he read "The Old Man and Jim" and "Little Orphant Annie" and "That Old Sweetheart of Mine."

The lecture tours resulted in an unusual friendship between Nye and Riley. In the following anecdotes and letters something of the heart of the man known to the poet is revealed. Riley often told the story of Nye's ill-fated wedding-journey:

A perverse fate had denied him and his wife that one pleasure which married people usually enjoy if they have nothing else—a wedding-journey. It had not been possible at first in the days at Laramie because of his poverty, and as time went on one cause or another deferred the event so long that they came to refer to it as to be taken upon the marriage of their eldest child, when the two couples would take the journey together. At last the opportunity presented itself auspiciously. Nye was not well and California had been prescribed, with the result that he made a list of engagements westward. The three children were placed in care of a niece, a very reliable young woman, and Mrs. Nye was to meet her husband in Kansas City following a lecture tour. When his wife was on the way the calamity came. It was announced in a telegram from the niece that all of the children had been stricken with scarlet fever and the house quarantined. With heroic patience in those hours of suspense and apprehension and suffering prior to Mrs. Nye's arrival, Nye busied himself in canceling Western dates and in making preparations for a speedy return. When she arrived he broke the painful news to her and they took the next train east, not knowing whether their little ones would be alive to greet them upon their return. And when they did reach the end of that journey of suffering, they found the children so ill that the arrival of the parents could not be announced to them. With his heart in suffering and suspense, Nye wrote long letters to the children of the happy and comical times he and his wife were supposedly enjoying in the land of sun and flowers.

The heroic spirit which Riley admired in Nye shows in this letter which Nye wrote during the same illness that postponed the proposed tour in 1886:

Asheville, N. C., *Feb. 1, '87.*

My Dear Riley,—The rumor to which you referred was too sadly and sorrowfully true. I need not tell you how your letter was the first streak of day after a long black night, for I have been physically miserable for some time and could not with safety have made the journey north even had I known in time how near my father was to his end.

It has seemed all at once to make an old man of me, for in his presence I was always a boy. When I went home, the hour was never too late for a welcome from him, not a wordy welcome, for he said little, but I would walk and have walked ten miles mainly to *see* the welcome that came alone from the heart, a welcome that I will sadly miss till we meet again.

Frank was with him through the brief illness and wrote me as best he could in the gray morning that stole in on the heels of death.

For forty years my father and mother had buffeted the billows of poverty or reveled in the brief sunshine of prosperity, and now one is taken and the other left. You can faintly picture to yourself, in your sympathetic poetic heart, how the tall tree lies prone in

the solemn hush of the forest while the wind-tossed tendrils of the ivy reach out blindly for the rugged boughs that for nearly half a century supported it. I can, even in my own misery, see that it is not like hers. Another home has grown about me and little voices and little hands break that awful hush that hangs about the old home to-day. I can now look forward to the trying time in my own life when one by one the children have gone, and then in the unnatural stillness my wife or I will fall and the other, whichever it may be, will stand mute and terrified, alone on the lonely site of what was once our home.

I cannot thank you enough for your letter. I have had a good deal to make me anything but gay this winter. I've been in fact sick for about two months and now, though better, I am not well by a long way. I get the *Journal* lately and though it is not addressed by you, I feel as I might if you had told Harry New or George Hitt that I would like to see it and they had sent it.

Goodbye my dear partner. May your life be as full of joy as it deserves and you will have all you can attend to in that line.

We will send our love and hope to hear from you soon. Yours always and ever.

BILL NYE.

As the years passed, Riley's friendship for Nye grew steadily deeper. At the times when he visited Nye's home he was a delight to the children. They called him "Uncle Sidney," and he put them in his poems. Upon Riley's return home after one of these visits Nye wrote in his most ridiculous manner to tell Riley how much he was missed by all:

Oh sir, the house seems very still now, and the bright and cheery tones of the grammatical and erect relative addressing the happy-voiced children no more echo to and fro with their merry cackle. The glorious Yuletide now coming on apace seems to murmur, "Where in thunder is Uncle Sidney?" The dying Year turns painfully on its couch and resting its "gooms" on the footboard of the bed seems mutely to wonder what is keeping Uncle Sidney. Everywhere there is a general demand for you.

Nye's friendship for Riley is reflected in this droll letter written to comfort the poet, ill in a lonely hotel:

N. Y., *Sept. 21, 1887.*

MY DEAR JAMESIE,—And so you have been sick all this time while I was mildly cussing you under my breath for not writing to me!

I wish you knew how many friends you have in this young and growing town. It would make you well. I went into a Broadway office the other day and heard a publisher recite "The Hare Lip." I had never heard it and I was pained to hear anybody recite one of your poems in the "O-Mother-may-I-go-to-school-with-brother-Charles-to-day-the-air-is-very-soft-and-cool-do-Mother-say-I-may" style, but his admiration was mighty sincere and you could see that you had reached his large dark-red heart. I wish that you and I might give a little show here together this winter under favorable auspices.

I have just come back from Mr. Coney's celebrated Island, where youth and pleasure meet and try to forget about the old man. I went as a guest of the Brighton and am free to say it was a great success.

The Brighton is as good a hotel as I ever was to. The cooking is done by hired help and the front yard extends to Liverpool. I went down to the beach several times to watch the girls in the embrace of the billows. If nature had not designed me more especially for a litterateur I would have been glad if I had been a billow.

Still even a billow does not have it all its own way, for they had to embrace some people down there that must have made the ocean heave.

When I started this letter, Jamesie, I thought I would write one that you would put in your autograph-album and point to with pride, but I see now that it is not that kind of a letter. It is low and coarse in its tone, and when I have been garnered in at last and sit on the right hand of the Throne, scared half to death for fear that the Almighty will introduce me to the audience and ask me to make a few remarks, I hope, Jamesie, that you will not produce this letter and humiliate me.

I feel the deepest sympathy for you in your sickness, for the Lord knows I've been through it and looked the ceiling out of countenance for months at a time, till I got so thin that my etruscan legs looked like the legs of a camera, but I was sick at *home* and to be sick at *home* is not really a calamity compared with being sick "at Lodgings" as we say in Piccadilly. I do not advise you to marry, because I don't know that it would be congenial to your tastes, but if you're going to be sick much I would do so without delay. A kind wife with a cool, soft hand and a tender, velvet voice and the odor of violets about her, and a weak attempt at authority, and a gentle apology for her severity and above all a deep and undying loyalty that defies and disarms death itself, will do more to make the king of Terrors ashamed of himself than all else besides.

Goodbye my dear Jamesie with the best wishes and the assurance that I will always use my influence for you at the throne of Grace.

Yours ever,

BILL.

Among the many comical stories Riley told of his experiences with Nye was the history of a book called *Nye and Riley's Railway Guide*, which gave them a broad personal and legal experience with publishers. From their first tour in 1886 their fancy ran riot with the idea of a comic railway guide for just such poor, ill-fated travelers as they themselves proved to be, for the man, as they wrote in the introduction, "who erroneously gets into a car which is side-tracked and swept out and scrubbed by people who take in cars to scrub and laundry."

"Nye and I," Riley used to say, "thought a little book made from our readings might perhaps stanch a long-felt public want. In fact, we grew enthusiastic as our eyes swept the prospect. Nye, indeed, thought there was money in it. I remember that, in his optimism, he wrote: 'Let us make some money, be Gosh, and put it in our inside pocket. It feels bully.'" Riley always chuckled reminiscently at this point in the story.

"Well, we went to *Chicago* to look for a publisher, and there we found one Ketchem & Skinem, who had a sign on the door, 'Drop MSS. here.' We dropped ours and went away feeling pretty good."

Riley then told of a long wait during which they wondered whether the manuscript would be accepted; then how glad they were to find the book on sale at the news-stands, and finally how they paid a visit to the publishers to inquire, timidly, into the matter of royalties. The door was locked. Some months later, in response to their letters, came an invitation to a banquet given by the publishers in their honor. Hopefully they presented themselves. "As we filed in to dinner Nye whispered to me, 'Think they'll hand us checks with the cigars?' Well, when the cigars were passed at length, the publisher at the head of the table pushed back his chair, put his finger-tips on the cloth, beamed on us and said:

"'Gentlemen and publishers, we have met to do honor to our two illustrious humorists to-night in an unusual way. We appreciate their humor, especially that which has made our book so successful. And in token of our appreciation we now present to them one hundred shares apiece in our great company. Ahem!—I believe that is all!'

"It was all. Nye and I hoped at first for the best, but neither of us secretly could find any market for our shares, and the company never paid any dividends before it went out of business."

After the tours, though they were no longer together, their friendship continued vital. One of the strange experiences of Riley's life illustrates this poetically.

It was at night; he could not sleep, and he arose with a feeling that he must write—that he must express, in some way, the sympathy he felt for he knew not whom. In this spirit Riley wrote the poem, "Bereaved." As was very unusual, he set it down quite rapidly, the entire composition requiring less than half an hour. A few days afterward came the news that a child of Nye's was dead. Riley at once addressed the poem to the bereaved parents, feeling that he understood what had prompted him to write it:

Fain would I be of service—say something
Between the tears, that would be comforting,
But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I,
Who have no child to die.

Nye's death came in 1896. The loss was a blow to Riley, felt as deeply as the severance of any friendship of his life. At the time he wrote for the press:

Truly we shall not look on his like again,—though there lingers no memory of him but is most cheering and inspiring—no grieving or regretting but is wholly selfish.

There was one thing Riley still could do for his friend. Nye's *Guest at the Ludlow*, a book as good as his comic histories, was in the hands of the publisher. Riley toiled over the proofs day by day with an ever-increasing sense of his loss. Then came a sonnet from his pen containing these words:

Such silence—after such glad merriment!

"Contact"

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

WHEN the question of the "ruthless submarine campaign" was put to the world by Germany in the opening months of 1917 there was at first no answer, and the Black Weeks followed. By and by the weeks grew not so black, because the world was beginning to find answers. And as the months moved on, more and more answers were found—answers flung down to the U-boats from the whirring skies and up from the broken waters; answers dragged from the sterns of old salt-crusted trawlers; answers dropped in round black cans from the taffrails of scouts and chasers and patrols and destroyers sweeping like a cloud round the coasts of Europe; answers carried into the teeth of a wind of steel at Zeebrugge and Ostend.

But of all the answers given to the pirate, the convoy was the compelling and authoritative answer. And the heart and meat of the convoy is "contact."

I have stood by at the making of more than a few contacts, and they are not moments one is apt to forget. From the deck of a crowded troopship I have seen the destroyers wheeling out of nowhere, swiftly, silently, dropping down from every quarter of an iron sky-line like small gray snowbirds, to swoop along the cheering flanks. Or standing on the bridge of one of those same destroyers, I have seen the foodships coming over the horizon in the dawn, a wide-flung line of ships like an army advancing upon us under a red banner of smoke. I have seen ships growing like ghosts in the midnight, lines and columns of mysterious, great steel ships towering against the stars beyond our rails where a moment ago no ships were.

And I remember another, a most impossible contact, made with a most impatient man, on a morning full of snow-white rainbows.

It was a brilliant day, as brilliant as a morning on the tablelands of Colorado, and we were coming out of France. Yesterday we had arrived there, destroyers from the American flotilla, herding home the queerest, the raggedest, and the slowest merchant convoy that the world of water (perhaps) has ever seen. And to-day we were steaming out of the harbor's gullet again, or rather pouring out of it at any number of revolutions per minute, to have dealings with this most impatient man.

"Twenty-three hours ahead of schedule—" the tale of him ran.

And still he was not content.

One could picture him out there in the bald immensity of the sea, Something Somebody, D. S. O., R. N. R., shaking his head and putting his shoulders down, "driving her home" through the last five hundred of the long thousands of miles out of Sydney and Calcutta and the China coast. One had a vision of the stokers sweating in the bellies of the big steamers; one seemed to hear the things they had to say in their dungeons about that self-willed, headlong old fellow tramping the top-side of the flagship along the line.

"Thirty-one hours ahead of schedule—"

By day and by night the tale of his impetuous career filtered through the electric network of the sky, through admiralties and lesser admiralties, commanders-in-chief and lesser commanders, all the way down to us, resting over for a bit of breath and oil and potatoes at somebody else's port.

"Thirty-three hours ahead of schedule—"

The Executive began to do things! The Navigator said, "He's got the smell of the beach in his nose, that 'Limey' sailor-man," and retired into the chart-house with a pencil. The Owner got up and put on his old pants and his wind-proof shirt, and, climbing to the bridge,

began to talk with all the flags and blinkers his quartermaster had. And after that we came rolling out of France to try conclusions with this Flying Britishman; to guide, counsel, and defend him; to make his path, not straight, but by a good sight yet more devious; and in general to weigh him down and hold him up and drag him back till the ways of the Admiralty might make themselves manifest.

Even if it was not at all the day ordained, it was a fine, bright, crystal one. The headlands hung over us for a moment, raw cliffs breaking down under a burden of green. Lighthouses gave back the sun like snow, and the sun ran over the colored sails of sloops creeping home from fishing-banks where very queer fish indeed have come to school, and over the grimy "dazzle-paint" of coastwise Frenchmen straggling to the northward under the tutelage of torpedo-boats quite as French and quite as grimy. And away above our heads it ran with a soft luminosity over the ghost of a tiny something in the blue, like the wraith of a cigar wrapped smoothly in a phantom of silver foil—a patrolling "Blimp" bound southward on a lofty highroad of the sky.

All of them went away. The coast crept down to lie on the world's rim, a faint, blue bastion of cloud, and the ocean took us up. An incredible peace lay over the water. The destroyers, formed in order of cruising now, kept column and station as sweetly as a battalion on parade, swimming onward over the sky-colored sea.

They run low, these boats, like hounds on a scent. Watching them even in the broad white light of day, one has a sense of stealth, of something secret and swift and bladelike, "at sight and gone again." In the sky they leave no stain. Being so lean of body, their wakes are hardly more than pale, taut threads stretched back across the water. They seem to make no effort, exert no power; their progress is unstrained, unhurried, almost lazy. Only the race of foam along their mottled flanks and the seas breaking over their bows at ordered intervals, to drown them, decks and houses and guns and all, in glittering drifts of foam, hint at the hungry pace they are holding, hour after hour, all day long.

It was a fine sight, a brave sight, but somehow, all of a sudden, quite meaningless. Why were we here, where were we going, and what was it all about? One has that feeling sometimes in weather like this, when the simple fact of an enemy becomes incredible. It is easier to believe in him at night, especially when the radio begins to chatter, dotting and dashing its tragic gossip of ships going down just here and just there beyond the dark. It is easier to conjure him up in heavy weather, when huge, dark, misty shapes drive down the wind and the broken water is full of the shadows of things. It is easier in a fog. But with the whole blue sky above one and the whole blue sea spreading away like a dancing floor, and a pretty wind blowing and everything right, the old habit of one's mind will come back again and the ocean is the open road.

I mentioned this to the Assistant Navigator. We were leaning on the rail of the bridge, looking down along the deck, like an iron sidewalk stretching away in perspective to what seemed a great distance, rolling lazily between its snowy borders of foam, cluttered with all manner of funnels and ventilators, torpedo-tubes and potato-bins, a lifeline and a blacksmith's shop and an extremely seasick steward. Men picked their way along this iron causeway, ratings and petty officers, all in their dingy sea-rigs, and all on this fine day trussed up in their wadded life-belts. On the bridge behind us four bundled figures at as many corners stared out steadily at as many quarters of the shining water. Over our heads there were other watchers leveling binoculars in the crow's-nest, and still others aft. Under our feet, on the chart-room deck, the gun crews waited hour after hour, as they had waited watch by watch, week by week, for the sound of a certain gong.

I heard that gong once, and I shall not soon forget the sound of it, nor the sudden tumult of footfalls ringing on hollow decks, the flicker of blue and gray and white pelting across the bright rectangle beyond the wardroom door, the ponderous swing of a painted gun, torpedo-tubes wheeling outboard like

hungry reapers with men leaning in the saddles, the rising wail of the fans, the rattle and cough of speaking-tubes as they reported, station by station, up to the waiting bridge. But that was weeks ago, and nothing came of it; to-day was another day. God was in His heaven and all was right with the world.

I said to the Assistant Navigator: "There aren't any, you know. Not really."

"How's that?"

"U-boats."

He was a tall, blond, good-looking fellow with a workable, sea-wise head and a large importing business back in Philadelphia.

"We crossed the course of one," he said, "about an hour ago. There are either two or three working up the bay, somewhere abreast of Bordeaux. Three big ones are coming out over the top of Ireland, and one was reported early this morning off the Scillys, damaged and making for home."

"Yes," I said. "Oh yes."

He put his other elbow on the rail.

"I know what you mean, though. And better than you do. I've been out here for—well, a good many months, at sea about all the while, bringing in convoys of all sorts in all sorts of weather, fair and foul—and I haven't had a peek at one of them — not yet. And sometimes, as you say—"

The voice-tube from the crow's-nest was coughing. The lookouts behind us took it up, and a quartermaster passed it on: "Life-boat bottom up on the port side, sir. Coming abreast, sir, close aboard."

A gull was sitting on the keel.

"But that sort of thing, now," said the Assistant Navigator, inclining his head.

"Yes," I had to admit.

Some time later we passed through a field of wreckage, broken boxes, bales of water-logged stuffs, half a chair, half a raft, a stove-in oil-cask scrawling an iridescent will and testament across the waters. But not all of these homely and disastrous relics could tell the tale of the murdered ship so poignantly as had that lonely life-boat an hour ago, with the little lace of wavelets playing around the dead garboards and the drowned planks blurring off and down into the green, and that pale creature resting on the keel and gazing at us, as we towered past, with unmoved, incurious eyes.

Weather came on with the dusk. We did without a sunset that evening; night ran over us, black and thick, and the sea picked up with an amazing speed. Standing on, plunging and beaten, all the rest of the squadron lost to sight in the welter, we took what came. And what came was gray-white in the dusk, heavy and staggering and full of thunder.

It must be remembered that a destroyer is not built for comfort in a seaway. She is built sharp and long like a pencil, or like a knife-blade standing on edge. Any boat whose beam is less than a tenth of her water-line length is bound to roll, and a destroyer is like that, and a destroyer rolls. And having the sea well forward of the beam that night, we also pitched. And it was wet. Even on the bridge, two decks up, glassed in forward and roofed with a canvas awning, even there it was very wet.

The bridge of a destroyer, it may be said in passing, is neither so elaborate nor so large as the bridge of a battleship. To-night in the gathering darkness it was like a little balcony hung out to toss on the black bosom of a gale, a place of silence hemmed in by storm.

The heads and shoulders of the watchers showed dimly in silhouette on the strip between weather-cloth and awning, motionless, wordless, some of them, some of them pacing back and forth over the streaming deck. One knew them as much by touch as by sight. . . . There was the officer of the deck, Lieutenant Z., one generation out of Rome, enthusiast in geared turbines, hermaphrodite banjoes, and the French language, a thoroughgoing navy man, and a most likable companion "on the beach." There was Ensign G., just out of the Academy, ambitious, respectful, a little self-conscious, perhaps, in the presence of the ship, and at the moment more than a little ill. And there was a chief quartermaster, boyish and grave, a chief gunner's mate with a face for weather, a boatswain's mate or so, four seamen in the watch-stations, and in the center of the stage the helmsman, sway-

ing to the buck and roll of the deck, his muffled torso dimly mutilated by the shadow of the wheel where the little yellow eye of the compass-light looked through at him.

And there were others, too. They came and went mysteriously, bringers of reports, shadowy reliefs, shades bearing endless bits of paper from the radio-room to be held for a brief instant under the binnacle's glow.

And there were yet others. Groping about, I came upon a figure in rough clothes sitting on the flag-locker, out of the way. The Owner was "taking the air." I had heard a great deal about Commander S. before I knew him. Since coming aboard I had heard a great deal more from his own officers, and it was all in the same strain. He is the kind of man who will make a navy. In physical appearance he is not cut, let us say, for a mythical hero. He is rather a short man, with a brownish face, a baldish head, calm, blue-gray eyes, and a thoughtful, slow, good-natured voice. He never "rows." He never scowls. He never indulges in what the English call "grousing." He is never visibly racked by the agony of decision. He is one of those ideal commanders of men whose subordinates always seem to be doing the whole thing—and doing the whole thing mysteriously well.

He uses homely curse-words. He used one now. It was his last trip in this destroyer. When we returned to base he was to be detached and sent home with a nucleus crew to bring out another boat, a newer and a larger one. And ever since he had led his squadron out, a week or so ago, he had been much on deck, prowling about the rails with a certain alert and wistful light in his eye.

"Daggone it!" said he, out of the blank. We were leaning over the rail, staring down at nothing in particular. "Daggone it!" said he. "I'd like to get one this trip."

"Maybe you will," said I.

"Maybe."

A tongue of spray licked over the search-light platform from the weather side. We rubbed it out of our eyes. After a moment the captain went on.

"A man doesn't like to go back—well—empty-handed."

"Empty-handed?"

"You know what I mean."

"You mean that you haven't 'got' a submarine."

"I haven't seen one."

"There aren't so many of them to see or to get as there used to be, are there?"

"Partly that. And then they don't work in the same way. You don't catch them on the surface now. They don't stand up like they used to. In this convoy game, now—"

"I understand, Captain. You've been in this convoy game for a long while, and you've brought in a power of ships, first and last."

"Yes, a good many."

"And out of them all you haven't lost one—not a single ton?"

"Not in convoy. No, that's right."

"And there aren't so many submarines, somehow, and they don't stand up as they used to. And France has *not* been 'bled white.' England has *not* been 'starved into submission within six months.' The American army, which couldn't possibly get across, *has* got across."

"Oh yes. We do that, all right. We do bring them in, somehow."

I refrained from making the obvious comment. After a moment I heard him say:

"But it doesn't make much of a story to tell."

It seemed to me to make a deal of a story to tell. Clambering down to the main deck, by and by (on ladders which seemed, for the moment, to have gone out of their senses), I stood in the lee of the forecastle-head with the life-line tucked under my arm. We were running blind, black overhead, black as the pit underfoot. Nowhere was there any sign of life, no sound beyond the rush of the seas and the wailing snore of the blowers. The visible ship ran only a few yards away before the night blotted it out. A profound sense of loneliness came down, a feeling of isolation and helplessness in the presence of wind and water and steel.

It seemed impossible, for the moment, to remember that the superstructure towering over my head was alive with watching men; that behind my back, beyond a thin bulkhead of iron, the

wardroom lay in a bath of light, with the chairs lashed to the table-legs, and an ensign sleeping in a sling on the starboard transom, dreaming of "June Week," perhaps, at the Academy.

It was hard to realize that the whole trembling, hollow fabric beneath the boot soles was a blaze of light, once one had penetrated that immaculate shell of blackness—mess-decks going down and down in the sharp bows, boys from my town and your town asleep in their hammocks with their arms crooked over their eyes; and the deep fire-rooms, where the men watching the dials and the air-pressures and the white-hot sprays moved in a very company of their own images, cast back from oil-filmed metal; and the engine-rooms, other men in other rocking caverns of light, keeping watch and ward over the huge thrust of the turbines, the whining dynamos, the condensers, pumps, cups, gauges, dials, gongs. And all of them, through all the bright core of that black shell, sleeping and waking and watching and carrying on with the single purpose and the one end.

Out in the ocean night, it was still the same. Away under the black wind to the right of us, away to the left, here and there on quarter and beam, still other dark shells were rushing through the night, silent each of them, save for the pound of the seas and the long overtone of the blowers, blind, save for the one little hooded gleam shining out from the compass's face, keeping their invisible stations mile after mile, hour after hour, by some kind of a sixth sense of seamanship which would have seemed a miracle in the old days. And all to the one end—that the course might be laid down straight and the speed told off true, that at a certain hour on a certain day, in a latitude and longitude appointed, the foodships or the troopships should not fail to find the escort, in sun or gale or fog, waiting to fetch them in.

Yes, it seemed to me that it made a story to tell, and a story that has not been told enough. The British have spoken habitually of their navy as "the Silent Navy" or "the Fleet in the Mists." If that is true for them, it is tenfold truer for us. If they got very little news in the papers, at least they did have their men home now and then to tell the unwritten tale; one saw the broad caps and the stripes of the Three Victories in the streets of all the towns, and if there was but one other traveler in the railway compartment, he was an officer of the R. N. R.

But when our navy men embarked for overseas, they went out into a silence and a mist which were to last "for the duration." They went out, a great part of them, from offices and mills, gang-plows and herdsman's saddles; in training-barracks they licked into shape as fast as they could with luck and the grace of God and ninety-nine parts of common sense; on the ships they bungled things at first, fouled lines and drove the pitiful handful of veteran officers to the brink of distraction. But, bungling and fouling and grumbling and laughing and driven to the brink of distraction, they did somehow manage to "pull it off"; to get their squadrons to sea in any kind of weather, to make their contacts with an invariable and miraculous precision, and, running dark on the flanks of blind convoys, to bring the troops and the guns and food to harbor in a way which no navy on water has ever excelled.

It was at night, going on toward twelve. For a great many hours we had been groping through a fog; it lay now like a smothering blanket on the sleeping sea.

In the wardroom three or four of us were "standing by," with the help of coffee and sandwiches. The talk had got around to submarines (German ones) and their commanders. The circumstance which had brought this subject before us was this. We had all been reading a story that afternoon and evening, a serial of adventure whose successive instalments came to us on the bridge, in the chart-room, the ward-room, wherever the radio messenger chanced to find us—chapters scrawled on bits of paper, worded briefly, as they had come out of code:

"From Trawler 'So-and-so' to C. in C.; one six four five B. S. T.

"Submarine damaged and unable to submerge. This north, that west, course Something or Other true. Am in pursuit."

"From C. in C. to U. S. S. 'Umpteen,' one six five seven B. S. T.

"Submarine on surface in this north, that west, 'So-and-so' in pursuit, standing Something or Other true. Proceed all speed."

"From U. S. S. 'Umpteen' to C. in C. . . ."

So they ran, fragments of a swift drama playing itself out on another sea, whispers picked out of the vast web of whispers weaving the zone. At dinner-time we had U. S. S. "*Umpteen*" winging an ethereal question to "*So-and-so*"—"*What is your present course and bearing?*" Before the cheese was done with, "*So-and-so*" had "*lost contact with submarine,*" only to regain it and lose it still again with the lighted pipes. Mystery crossed the far-off stage in the person of one H. M. S. "*Anonymous.*" The rôle of H. M. S. "*Anonymous*" was never made quite clear. The whole action began to grow dim, lapsing into longer and longer silences. There came one line out of the gathering shadows:

"From C. in C. to U. S. S. 'Umpteen' . . . Return to base."

It had the ring of a swan-song.

"Oh, I bet he's sore!" the Executive promised us. "You know Smith. Well, that's Smith in the '*Umpteen.*' And he needs a nice 'sub.' right now to hang on the wall. And just when it's all fixed fine, Mr. Sub. on top of the water, Mr. Trawler baying on the trail, and Mr. Destroyer pounding up the line four hundred knots an hour, bristling all over with guns and tubes and bombs and Smith—why, just then something happens—maybe the night or a piece of fog. . . . Oh, they'll do it sometimes." The little New York Irishman leaned as far back as his chair-lashing would let him and shook his head. "Just when you think you've got them dead to rights, why, sometimes—you haven't."

But we were not through with that drama yet. The plot was to turn yet one more corner. Long after sunset one lone, last cry crept through the dusky heavens, our old friend trawler "*So-and-so*" resurrected, most amazingly resurrected, and calling for help:

"Have expended all depth charges. . . . Am in need of assistance!"

That was all. Whether the desired assistance were of an offensive or a defensive nature we were not to know. Whether the valiant "*So-and-so*" ever received it remained a mystery. The third act ran off into silence, lost in the tangled give-and-take of the sky. Like some good stories, it had no ending—or rather, the ending was to be revealed long afterward, a chance foot-note read into the gossip of an Irish railway compartment.

The man had been there himself, an officer on that very craft, the shadowy ship "*So-and-so.*" They had found the quarry yet another time in the growing night, but he had managed by that to patch himself up enough to submerge. Standing over him, they had "given him all they had"—"*expended all their depth charges*" as by the letter of the text. They had been rewarded by pools of oil welling up to stain the surface. Nothing else.

And so, seeing that oil may mean any one of a dozen things, the tale still wants an ending, after all. . . .

But the Executive was going on, over the midnight coffee and sandwiches.

"Yes," he said, casting back to his remark of the earlier evening. "Now and then they'll give you the slip. But not like they used to. Lord, no! It's a harder game now, and, besides, they haven't got the men—not the kind of men they used to have."

The Navigator got his elbows on the table. "Not like 'Ushant Pete,'" he put in.

"I guess not! You don't find this later crop of commanders standing up to a convoy, much less taking the big gamble, running wild through the bunch, up and down the lines, till ten good ships are under. Not any more! Those men are dead now."

"There used to be four good ones." The Navigator, the only officer remaining on board out of the destroyer's original complement, grew reminiscent. "There was 'Kelly,' remember, and 'Ushant Pete'—"

As I listened to them turning over the names of a new mythology, it occurred

to me as a tragic thing, even in the mere sense of romance, that the *Kapitän-Leutnants* and the *Ober-Leutnants* of the submarine campaign had soiled their hands with crimes that even the teller of tales cannot bring himself to forget. The blood of children, of women and of wounded men, runs like a crimson blight over the whole adventurous tradition, and for once we have been given enemies of whom it is hard to make heroes.

It is too bad. For some of them have had qualities. The men talking around the table to-night were seamen and fighters, and there was no attempt to hide the depth of their admiration for the seamanship and the courage of the piratical dead. They know the devil as well as you or I, but far better than you or I or any landsman, they know the hell he lives in.

Out of that rambling midnight tale of "the four good ones" I call back the huge, mist-drawn figure of a "Kelly." What the real name was of this fabled captain of the lower deeps it would be hard for any one outside the walls of the Admiralty to say. It was as "Kelly" that the coasts of Ireland knew him in life, and it is the ghost of "Kelly" that roams there now in the pale company of the dead. Who knows but that in the shadows out there beyond the spark of Gaunt Lightship one yet might come upon the wraith of him, heaving to in his phantom boat to "listen in" on the Admiralty's late news, interrupting when it pleased him with a weightless key, applauding, quarreling as of old, pointing out with a facetious acrimony chance errors in the construction of the King's English, winging soundless threats, bombastic challenges, mocking adieus. Or perhaps in the windy heart of a night one might glimpse him stealing up from an old remembered landing-place, or striding once again, a huge, imponderable shade, over the hills and beaches running down to the Old Head of Kinsale, or, dressed in stolen clothes, consuming a chop in the unsuspecting brightness of a Dublin eating-house. Already, in this desolate green land where the fairies have found a last refuge, the tale grows fabulous.

But there can be no doubt that there have been exploits and wanderings and missions beyond the strangeness of fiction, hair-breadth escapes, high adventures—like the record of the commander of a sunken submarine who was rescued with a bill in his pocket bearing the three-day-old receipt of Glasgow's leading hotel.

Before I turned in that night I climbed to the bridge for a last look at the night. It was not much to look at. We swam in a chamber of mist shot with the faint pearl of half a moon riding somewhere in the lost sky. The Executive had come up with me. He never slept in his stateroom at sea, but got what sleep he could in the chart-room transom, where "two jumps" would have him out if the youngsters needed him in the night.

I asked him when he thought we should be closing in with our friend, the most impatient man.

"Oh, about dawn!" he said. "I'll have you called in plenty of time."

"But see here! If this fog holds on!" I'm sure it had the sound of a protest.

"Yes," he said. "It 'll need a little luck."

Luck! It was absurd! The ocean is a big place, a vast, bald, monotonous waste of an empty place where no roads run and no finger-boards stand up to point the way. And in a fog! Luck! . . . When a British squadron went out to the west of Ireland and picked up the first American naval expedition within an hour of the time appointed, the Admiralty radio rewarded them with a quick "*Well done!*" commemorating an exploit. And that was a contact of two wide scouting-lines sighting each other in the broad, clean light of day.

I said as much to the Executive.

"Oh yes," he allowed me. "As I said, it needs a little luck, especially in this sort of weather. But we're pretty lucky. Yes, I'll have you called in plenty of time."

When I got out of the wardroom door in the following dawn, I found the cloud still lying heavy on the sea. The sun must have heaved clear of the invisible horizon as I climbed to the bridge, for, looking out from under the starboard awning, I beheld a rainbow, white as the curve of a snow-drift and so close at hand beyond the rail that it seemed one could have fished up a pot of very pale

gold indeed with a twenty-five-cent bamboo pole. And thinking of that, I observed for the first time that the sea no longer boiled and tumbled away along the water-line, but it passed us slowly, almost lazily. And the endless song of the blowers had come to an end.

I looked about me. In the pearly twilight under the awning the bridge seemed unusually populous for that hour, and unusually still. I found the captain "taking the air" on the flag-locker, a corned-beef sandwich in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other.

"We've cut down speed?" I suggested, with a rising inflection.

He took a bite out of the sandwich. "Quarter-speed, yes."

"And the rest of us?"

"They're out in line." He waved the coffee-cup. "The *Canning* is next us on this side, about a mile out on the beam."

Turning my eyes, I saw nothing but the huge soft crag of the mist towering close beyond the rail, with a dead-white rainbow standing across its face.

"And the convoy? You haven't got a sight of it yet? No word, I suppose."

"Not yet."

"I suppose sometime this morning we'll be making up with it?"

"It will be making up with *us*. It looked the best thing to cut in above them on the course and go on ahead at quarter-speed till they overrun the escort from behind. They're back there now, about five miles I should say."

"Do you mean the convoy?"

"Yes, five or six miles, I should say."

"That is," he added, as I turned to the little ladder leading to the search-light platform aloft, "if we're in luck."

Standing alone up there, with my back to the search-light and nothing all about me but the cloud, I considered this gesture of a supreme and amazing faith. For long hours of dark and daylight, down under the pall, the commander of that home-bound convoy had been groping his way, leading the laden ships he could not see into the sightless north, led himself by nothing more than the point of a wavering needle and the measured count of revolutions, unless perhaps it were that faint wind wafting in his nostrils from a far-off, familiar "beach." For long hours we had been doing the same, sweeping headlong through a cloud, without sight of sun or star or our neighbor in the line, piling up blind miles on changing courses, by compass and count and the tick of the ship's chronometer. And now, when the last hour and minute and appointed second had ticked away, the act of faith was accomplished; a word passing to the helmsman, a gong sounding in the depths, a hand wheeling over a dial in the brightness of the engine-room. And the gesture of faith was made—with the sandwich, if I remember rightly.

"They're back there now" (that squadron of ships come all the way over the shoulder of the world from Sydney and Calcutta and the China coast), "about five miles—five or six."

Looking at the thing dispassionately, it became absurd. I climbed down to the bridge again. The captain was gazing at his watch, and by and by he said to the Executive, who was gazing at the bridge chronometer:

"I guess we'll do that."

While the Executive scribbled something on a piece of paper and the chief gunner's mate bawled down for a radio messenger, the captain enlightened me as to the meaning of "that," keeping his eyes all the while on the face of his watch.

"We're going to make a try of it," he said. "We'll go about and run straight down the course for fifteen minutes—and see if we're in luck."

He put the watch back in the pocket of his old shirt. "That message has been sent, Mr. F.?"

"Sent and acknowledged by all destroyers, sir."

"Very well. Make standard speed such-and-such knots, come hard right, and steady on a hundred and blank."

Words were passed; in the bowels of the ship a bell rang; the wheel went over; the voice of the blowers was heard once more in the mist, and the white wake beyond the fan-tail began to fall away in a singing arc.

I shall not soon forget that brief, swift dash of the invisible scouting-line down the course, putting fortune to the touch in a single cast, like dice thrown once and for all. The minutes went by,

five of them, ten of them, counting off on the dial of the chronometer above the bridge-chart, and no one had anything to say. We ran at speed through labyrinthine halls and chambers of fog hung with those strange white rainbows whose like I have never seen.

Thirteen minutes went, and fourteen; each one stood as he had been standing, men and officers motionless at their stations, and under the wail and wash of our blind advance no one spoke.

I found myself waiting, too, charmed by it all into an attitude of preposterous and illogical expectancy. And so when the last precious minute had ticked away and the mists held nothing yet but those absurd phantoms of rainbows, I, too, had a moment of disappointment, profound and, as it were, unexpected.

"Very well," I heard the captain calling. "Hard right and steady on the course again. And half-speed will do."

I put my hands in my pockets, still under the pall of that grotesque despair, and moved over to where he stood.

"It's as bad," I argued, gloomily, "as trying to find a needle in a haystack."

"Yes," he said, and he lit his pipe. When he had it lit he added, "We'll wait, though."

A man in a life-belt was climbing the ladder with a paper in his hand. The Executive took it from him and I heard him saying, "It's from the *Canning*, sir."

The captain read, and handed it on to me. The body of the message confined itself to a single word—"*Contact!*"

"Right your wheel, Mr. F., and steady on blank."

"Very well, sir. . . . Right wheel and steady on blank."

And turning to the voice-tube leading to the crow's-nest aloft, the Executive shouted: "Keep a sharp lookout for ships on the starboard bow. Have your wits about you up there."

I haven't the eyes of a seaman. I must confess that I didn't see them at all for a minute or two, that for a minute or two the hails of the lookouts taking up the "view halloo" of the crackling crow's-nest tube seemed but another gesture in this preposterous conspiracy of faith. But of a sudden they were all about us, huge, dim, soundless apparitions shouldering through the rainbows.

We found ourselves wheeling abruptly under a towering stern, striped and spotted like the day of doom; and raising our eyes, we saw the faces of Lascars gazing down at us with a fugitive wonder. And then they were gone and another ship stood over us, other Lascars lining the rails, other white-capped "Limey" officers thronging the bridge.

And so we passed from ship to ship through the cloudy lines and columns, and to our trumpet or our flags they answered us by hanging out their names, black names on long white backboards.

The mists had begun to lift a little, letting a white glory of sunshine through, when we came at last upon the most impatient man. He rode at the head of his column in a big ship striped like a tiger, in blue and black and white. We saw him on the bridge, standing out a little from his officers banked in the wing, a gaunt man with white hair, a tall old fellow, hawk-nosed, lean-cheeked, typical. One cannot say what rank he held in the navy, but more than one retired admiral has come out of retirement to bring home foodships on a captain's pay.

In the growing sunlight he hailed us, and the Owner, climbing up to the search-light platform with his speaking-trumpet, hailed in answer. It was something to hear those two men of the sea, come to a meeting out of the gray North and the colored harbors of the East, talking together across the white river that ran between.

"I say!" we heard the stranger crying. "I say, you did well to find us at all in this, sir. Bally well done, sir, and I shall let the Admiralty know!"

And we saw him lift his cap.

The Owner looked hard at the mouthpiece of his trumpet for a moment before replying.

"Thanks, sir. But it's mostly a matter of luck! Mostly luck, you understand."

And he, too, lifted his cap, the old fuzzy one, and we saw him mopping his brow with his handkerchief, and then the bald spot on the top of his head.

"As One Lady to Another"

BY BEATRICE RAVENEL

YOUNG Mr. Geraldine Mangan strolled up Upper Main Street and decided that he surely liked it.

Though genteelly residential, Upper Main Street was sweetly pretty in a country way, with vistas of sycamore-trees and new wistaria refreshing an old-fashioned background. It suggested forgotten Southern romance reticent around the corner. Mr. Mangan had been told that it was peopled very largely by maiden ladies.

"Elegant females," pondered the young man. "Refined sensibilities, tea, *and* gossip."

It was still the fresh of the morning, and he had as yet encountered no human creature except a few colored maids sweeping the sidewalk before the garden gates. Geraldine reminded himself to write that little thing on gates, a subject not new, but fertile. He passed several intriguing specimens: lovely old wrought-iron spokes that creaked, green wooden charmers with coral-budded creepers betwixt and between the bars, arches of clipped box that were quite out of story-books. Just because of the pleasant feeling those gates gave him he lifted his voice and woke the decent echoes with his friendly inaccurate barytone. The song was suggested by the inclosure that he had lately left behind him. It looked like a run-down little public park, planted with aloes and palmettoes and inhabited by a depressed and lonesome young deer.

"Oh, hurry to the ragged wood—"

he sang. "No,"

"Oh, have you seen in the ra-a-a-ged wood,
Have you seen the stag and his lady sigh
When they have gazed but on their images?
Oh, who ever loved like you and I?"

"Say, that's great, bad grammar and all. Where 'd you get it?" demanded a robust voice startlingly near his ear.

Geraldine swung round and looked straight into a face that protruded like a garden god through the top feelers of a half-trimmed hedge. He learned that Vertumnus resembled the business man before he acquired his celebrated tiredness, very alert and ruddy and with the mark of forty years on his deciduous forehead.

"Irishman, name o' Yeats," responded Geraldine. "Music by Mangan."

"Heard of Yeats," explained the head. "Who's Mangan?"

Geraldine laid his hand on his breast, the seat of the emotions and other things. "The empty singer of an idle day," he said, pathetically.

The head broke into a laugh. Inside the garden a feminine tinkle answered. "Bride," suggested Mr. Mangan's hair-trigger intuition. Then the head appeared at the gate beyond the hedge, having taken unto itself a body prosperously clothed both within and without. One hand beckoned hospitably with a large pair of shears.

"Come in," said the big man, genially. "We're just going to breakfast. Lord! Come in! I'm glad to see you. Men are scarce as the devil in this vicinity."

"I was coming, anyway, Mr. Barrington," said Geraldine, as he passed through the gate. It was freshly painted and had the legend, "Rosemere," worked into the iron. "Though I hardly intended kindly inviting myself to breakfast. I represent the *Evening Gazette*. We should like anything you care to give us about your proposed trolley system. You mean to connect Pineforest with the regular world, I believe."

"Never talk business before breakfast; spoils your appetite for both," responded his sudden host. They rounded an azalea-lined path and debouched on

a porch that, like the moderately Colonial house, was dazzling with bridal-white paint, just dry enough to allow the Lady Bankshire vines with which it was hung to have settled themselves comfortably into their old festoons. It was the first really new paint that Geraldine had noticed in Pineforest. On the porch such a table as he had never seen outside of the movies revealed itself to his gaze. "Old silver, lace insets, egg-shell cups—and eggs where they are." In a wicker chair sat the lady who was the motive and the high-light of the picture. Small, and altogether pretty, he decided, especially in detail.

While these impressions offered themselves, Geraldine, who could think in several layers, like a cake, was attending strictly to his very interesting food and also contributing the usual small talk with which the civilized races break ground.

"Do they make company of themselves this way, all the meals?" he wondered, when berries had given place to an omelet with green fringes, and that to a concoction of chicken and mushrooms, and that to waffles. There was too much. Everything was too much, a little touched up, a good deal too expensive. The same uncomfortable criticism included his hostess. At least she wore no jewelry, except that under the transparent yoke of her frock, negligée, whatever it was, and the lace tabs of her cap gleamed a string of pearls.

Her conversation also surprised him. She was the sort of person who liked to talk about books, Geraldine decided, and she got them out of book reviews. She hadn't been to the sources. She had no sense of values; she liked the best and she liked the worst. Barrington sat and regarded her with an immense pride.

"By the way, the stuff for your paper," he turned the talk at last. "My company considers that there is every excuse for the trolley system. Your country about here is full of planters and truck-farmers whose families would use it—school children and so on. It would link Pineforest with half a dozen neighboring towns like Mulberry and Rosny, and boom the tourist trade. Charming place. You see how it could be opened up?"

"Of course," agreed Geraldine. "Just what we need to wake up the sleeping beauties of the place."

"Are you referring to the ladies of this neighborhood?" Little Mrs. Barrington lifted her chin in the air.

"That's bridling," decided Gerry.

"That isn't the word I should have selected out of all the words to describe them."

"I was not, but I don't mind including them."

"Well, I *do*," ejaculated his hostess, almost savagely. She picked up her husband's shears and strayed off to cut roses.

"Now then," Gerry wondered, as he went his way along Lower Main Street to the marts of trade, "what has been disgruntling that little lady? The *place* is all right, but the women are not among the beauties of it. They've done something to her. I wish she would leave books alone."

As he turned into the inner office of the *Gazette*, his uncle glanced up from the book, totally unconnected with the news, which he was perusing.

"Did a rabbit run across your path?" he inquired, mildly.

"No. Why?" asked Gerry, absently. He had just discovered a new object of interest in the outer office. It was the back of a girl who was seated at a typewriter, and it absorbed his beauty-loving nature. And her hair. Pure young-gosling yellow with hazel shadows, and a faint all-over wave. What did it matter if Dierdre were dead? Her hair must have been commonplace to that.

"No. Why?" he repeated.

"I merely thought you might have decided to turn back for fear of bad luck—the first thing in the morning."

"Have I been as long as that? They—we were at breakfast. Got all the dope, though."

"As you are a new person in this community," went on Mr. Lucius Mangan, seriously, "there are a few things that I consider it my plain duty to warn you against. Never risk a rabbit, but never retrace your footsteps exactly; there is generally something dogging them. On New-Year's day be sure to look at something young and pretty

first; that's a good rule any time. If you will observe these 'simple rules and few,' and be careful to wear mole paws around your neck while teething, you will get on very well."

"I didn't know all those things were bad luck," said Gerry, still staring. "I *have* heard that seeing a cross-eyed woman first thing in the morning was—"

The girl at the typewriter turned and seared his soul with the fire of her regard.

"Does Mr. Mangan want that trolley stuff to go in this afternoon? If so, I'll take it now."

"Miss Rose, Miss Rose Elliott, the young lady who runs this whole office," his uncle's voice came pleasantly over his shoulder."

Geraldine ducked his head without removing his eyes from the girl's. He knew that he ought to look anywhere else, and he found himself trying to look both ways at once so as to meet them squarely. Everything in him seemed to be pulling both ways at once. She cut the knot by turning her back again. Then he did what something independent of his own volition made him do. It laid violent hands on him and pushed him close to her.

"I know you think me every kind of a fool," he said, in a tone that sounded like some hitherto unknown self. It flashed on him that it was rather a beautiful tone, full of vistas and unexplored feelings. "And you're right. But I want you to know that I think you the most lovely-looking human being I have ever seen in my life."

Then he fled into the composing-room to find the pony press, and, incidentally, a victim.

Had Mr. Lucius Mangan, owner and editor of the Pineforest *Evening Gazette*, been asked to name the leading citizens of the town, according to the dictates of his conscience, he would have perforce headed the list with Martina. Martina was probably the greatest public benefactor of society as well as the private sunlight, starlight, firelight of his own house. Martina was his ancient colored housekeeper.

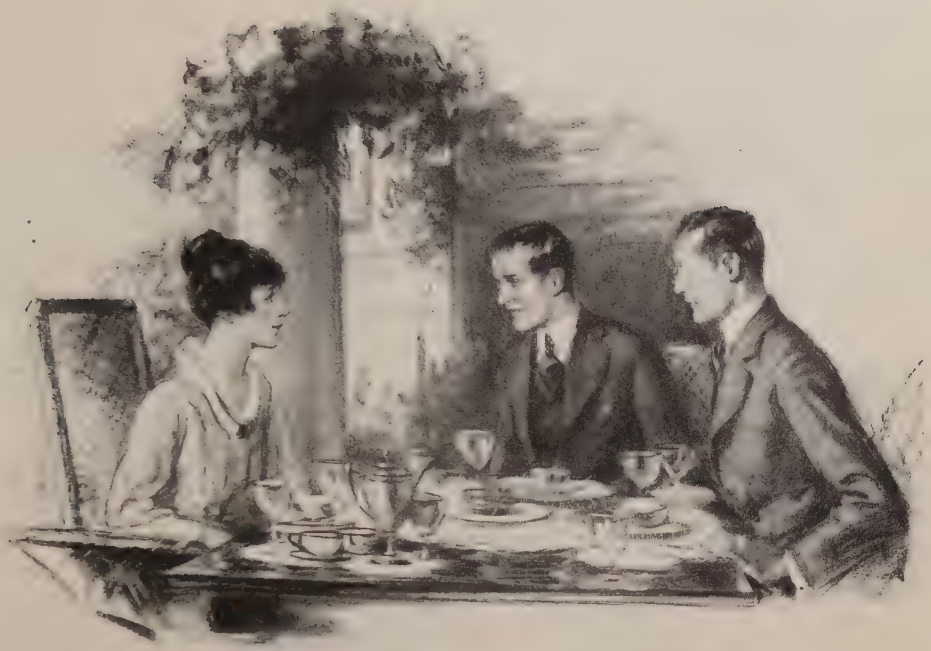
Mr. Lucius Mangan lived in a limited portion of his spacious house, like a spoiled guest. If anything went wrong, Martina the ancient colored servant used her brand of black magic without disturbing him. She kept the surface of life as downy and irresponsible as a peach. She had learned how from Miss Aline. She had come from the far South many years before with Miss Aline, the bride.

If Mr. Mangan lived in a few rooms, it was by his own habit. He secretly found it less lonely. As he grew older he found himself more and more companionable, but he could no longer spread his consciousness thin over any wide area. It had become centripetal, drawing closer to things already saturated with its peculiar essence, to the well-used. One closed room up-stairs was its citadel.

When his wife had died he had realized with resentful wonder how much of himself had been torn up and thrown away. He went about hunting not so much for traces of her as for bits of himself. Occasionally he still spent an evening at her old desk, working on his translation of Lucretius.

To the world Mr. Lucius Mangan seemed a cheerful and even gently humorous person. Having assured his hermitage, his city of refuge, he had promptly invited into it the disturbing element in the shape of a young nephew. Why, he couldn't imagine, except that his sister-in-law's hints had been deafening, and that he was constitutionally averse to saying no. After all, it might be a good thing for the paper.

Young Mr. Mangan decided, during this phase of his career, that if there exists one thing more amusing than appreciating the idiosyncratic atmosphere of a new place, it may be found in the imparting of the same to a second fresh mind. This mind he discovered in Mrs. Barrington. The pressing business calls he felt it necessary to pay the lady's husband easily established a custom. Barrington seemed frankly glad to provide his wife, especially when affairs called him out of town, with (here we quote the wife) somebody to play with who spoke her language. It is hard to stay away where one is so very welcome. Most late afternoons found Gerry on the flowery porch with a variety of



SHE WAS THE SORT OF PERSON WHO LIKED TO TALK ABOUT BOOKS, GERALDINE DECIDED

reading- and innocuous drinking-matter at his elbow, and opposite to an uncommonly pretty and comradely woman who treated him as an authority on literature and life.

The town, as a point of contact, lasted just long enough. They laughed at it and loved it. Each new quirk and kink in its manners and ways was delightfully exchanged. They rushed to each other with every fresh story of its rapturous queerness. Then she encouraged him to talk of himself, and after she had dropped her erudite airs and graces he couldn't have helped doing that, anyway.

There was a heady though unsubtle flattery, which is the kind that forms the habit, in Mrs. Barrington's candid joy in the young man's conversation. She made confidences easy; his views on books, on life as it should and should not be lived, illustrated from life; then, inevitably, his own ambitions.

The day came when he laid on her lap the darling of his heart, his first unlicked playlet.

"Oh, it's rotten!" he scoffed. "In about ten years I may be able to do something with it. By the way," he abruptly changed the subject, "I heard something new about you this day."

"At the Library, I suppose." Her figure stiffened. "You hear everything there. It's as bad as a man's club. They take their work and spend the afternoon —and talk."

"Mrs. Compton told Miss Evalina that your clothes looked like New York; and Miss Maisie Atterbury added that you were a perfect woman of the world; and her sister, Miss Dottie, said, 'Oh *yes*, she has afternoon tea every afternoon.'"

"How do they know?" demanded his hostess, unsmilingly. "They've never been here but once. I presume they went on to wonder whether my pearls were real."

Geraldine's silence assented.

"And Miss Maisie supposed they must be, because I always wear them under something for safety, and Miss Evalina insinuated that the nicest people didn't wear jewelry in the mornings."

"How did you know?" demanded Gerry, appalled by such clairvoyance.

"I know the kind. And Mrs. Compton—"

"Come now," expostulated Gerry.

"She's a thoroughly good-natured woman. When old Comp went to Washington from this district the very best asset he had was his wife. She's the most popular woman in town, and she's always helping something along. She even has her clothes made by home talent."

"You may be sure she doesn't wear those clothes in Washington," hinted Mrs. Barrington, acutely.

"Well, of course she's human, but she's a jolly good sort."

"She's the sort that breezes up to you and punches you delicately, and warbles, 'Gracious goodness! How many pounds have you lost?' or gained—whichever she thinks you want her to say. Not that she ever treats me that way. She's distantly polite—like all of them. She doesn't like me; none of them do."

"Good Lord! How can they help it?" asked Geraldine, feelingly, brooding over the vision. "Now the men—"

"The men?" blazed his friend. "What do I care about the men? I have a *perfectly* good man of my own. It's the women I want to interest. Do you suppose most women, apart from certain types, bother themselves about *men?* They dress for women, and they talk for women, and they regulate their lives in accordance with other women's opinions. Men! The conceit of them!"

"I protest, I object, I beg to differ!" shouted Gerry.

"And when I first came here I thought it just what I'd always wanted." Her voice became piteous. "I loved them, their ways and their manners. Patsey, did you ever see anything like the manner of the old ladies? As gracious as a—a candidate, and as simple as a duchess. You can't imagine them raising their voices. And I expected them to converse exclusively on family trees, and they hardly ever mention such things. This is one of the oldest towns in the state. They've all got groves of them, and they just take them for granted. And—and I can't get *in*. I believe I could break into a foreign court as easily as I could get into the intimate life of these little old maids. Most of them *are*, you know. Now the Atterburys—"

"Oh no!" deprecated Gerry. "Not Miss Maisie and Miss Dottie. I should still call them marriageable young ladies—though the rush hour must be pretty well over."

"They gave a party yesterday, right over the way—not a functional party, the sweetest party you ever saw, and they didn't ask me. Oh yes, they've called on me, once, and they've invited me to join the charities and the Friday Literary. Every respectable white woman in town belongs to those. And there it ends."

"I rather think the entertainments are very small, and—limited," began Geraldine, carefully.

"I wish you could have seen the Atterburys'. It went all over the house and the garden. I saw over the hedge from the up-stairs hall window. The trees were dripping with wistaria and those darling little vine-roses, and everybody wandered about with huge saucers of strawberries and the most maddening little cakes, and played cards or talked, just as they liked. And it was all so gay and so natural. It was a heavenly party, and I suppose it didn't cost two cents. Everything that didn't come out of the garden was probably made in the house."

"It was. Miss Elliott helped make it."

"Oh, that cross-eyed girl," Mrs. Barrington recollected. "What a shame they didn't have her eyes straightened when she was little. But her father is a retired Episcopal clergyman, old style, I believe, and I suppose he thought it would be flying in the face of Providence."

Gerry wondered why such attractive women will say such jarring things. Mrs. Barrington twisted her rings around her rather short, overmanicured fingers. Then she made up her mind.

"Patsey," she broke out, "you are my only friend. Tell me the truth. What's the matter with me, anyhow?"

"Nothing whatever. On the contrary—"

She brushed his gallantry aside like a fly; indeed, she almost appeared to swat it. "Don't mind my feelings. They don't, in their dignified, gentlewomanish way. I'm not good enough for them! Think of being turned down by a whole

community. I *want* to know—I've a *right* to know—what's the matter."

Geraldine adjusted his thoughts. "It seems to me," he began, cautiously, "a certain difference of values—"

She threw her hand out as though it held a missile. "For Heaven's sake, don't be literary, for once in your life! Straight talk. I can't stand *nuances*."

"All right," said Geraldine, reluctantly. He looked for an illustration and found himself entirely surrounded by it. "I mean—all this. It's too perfect, don't you see? Too smart, too expensive. I felt the same way at first. It's a high-light in a—a—"

"Twilight?"

"Exactly. It makes them blink. Also they think it's—"

"Questionable taste?"

"Perhaps. Look at your clothes, your co—"

"Complexion?"

"Oh, come!" said Gerry, miserably.

"Everybody does now, even the young girls. . . . And you don't expect me to wear my skirts sweeping the ground like theirs?"

"I don't."

"Anyhow, nobody even bothers to *look* at ankles nowadays," went on the defense. "We're all face, like the Indian."

"I didn't mean that at all," explained the prosecution, hastily. "I meant your conversation. It's too sophisticated, too wide; all about books they've never read and places they've never been to. It's too much the great world breaking in—"

HE HAD JUST DISCOVERED A NEW OBJECT OF INTEREST IN THE OUTER OFFICE

The pretty, tinted face puckered into helpless creases. The artfully coiled head went down. Gerry swooped forward, why he didn't exactly know. He was an unnecessary brute; he had made her cry. So he had, but he had also made her laugh.

"Oh, Patsey," she rippled, "if they only *knew*." She delicately swabbed her eyes, scrutinizing the absurd handkerchief after doing so; then she produced a powder-puff.

"They wouldn't like that, you know," warned the relieved and enlivened young man. "They wouldn't be caught dead with one of those things outside of their own rooms."

"*You* don't mind, do you?" purred the charmer, extending the leisured hand. It might have been merely a gesture. But in spite of being stubby, it was a friendly little hand. Because of this, and because of a swift vision of two other hands, beautiful exceedingly but not friendly, whose motions he felt like taps on his nerves every morning of his life—because of this and the dim hurt at his heart, he lifted the kind little paw and kissed it cordially.

It was at this noticeable moment that Fate elected to lead Miss Maisie and Miss Dottie Atterbury gently into plain sight, around the bend of the garden path.

"Oh, I don't mind anything," said the unsuspecting Geraldine.

Whenever Mrs. Compton and Mr. Lucius Mangan met, any passer-by with a nose for psychic auræ might have detected an Indian-summer fragrance in the air. Both knew that, but for the intervention of Aline and the real thing, Lucius, under the pressure of propinquity and paucity of competition, would have married Emmie Laverne. She had become Aline's good friend. Later Dick Compton, then a keen and slender young lawyer, had appeared and every Jack had had his Jill. But there was a generation of memories between her and Lucius and not a few comfortable, old-shoelike jokes.

Mr. Mangan, therefore, smiled with double pleasure when he sauntered into the Library one morning and found his old friend turning over a pile of aggressively new books at a table in the corner.

"Where did these come from?" He picked one up, his long, humorous mouth and eyes quirking. "They put forth their young leaves and the bindings give a good smell," he half chanted. "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. . . . Do not be alarmed, Emmie; this is addressed to the books, not to you. Just the stuff I want. Frazer, Freud, Havelock Ellis. Do you know, I have hardly taken a book out in years."

"Then that's the solution," said Mrs. Compton, with relief. "Take all you want; send a wheelbarrow. Take them out on a study card and forget to return them until they blow over. Go on; go down to the bottom. Can we turn that loose on the ladies of our membership?"

Mr. Mangan was studying a frontispiece. "Better not," he opined, soberly. "Although I think our beloved Miss Evalina could read practically anything without detriment."

"So could others. They wouldn't grasp a suspicion after reading from cover to cover. But they would know that they were offended; they wouldn't like it."

"But who sent them?"

"That impossible little new importation. Have you met it?"

"The only new importation I know is my nephew. I have surely met him. He's turning my business upside down. The dry bones are rattling jauntily. By the way, *are* you interested in trolleys?"

"That can wait."

"They don't. That reminds me. You are an influential person in Pine-forest. May I say, the influential person?"

"You may not."

"Nevertheless, I do. I have been persecuted for days by the new boss to get you on a wire—"

"The trolley wire?"

"Exactly, and pull it for all I am worth. Is it pulled?"

"Very well," said Mrs. Compton. "I'll tell Dick. I think it's a good thing, anyhow. We can't remain Sleepy Hollow forever, and if the change must come I prefer bringing it in ourselves. Which brings me back, exactly like a belt-line. No, I do not refer to the romantic Ger-

MRS. BARRINGTON DIRECTED THE TRANSFER OF A PILE OF BOOKS

aldine. He's very engaging, like you in your prime, rather. And he adores you," she added, with her habitual amiable stressing of the truth. "He told me that he was saving your manner for his old age. . . . No, it's that little Mrs. Barrington. Before you can escape, will you—if Lucullus will quit dining with Lucullus for once and put up with my cook—will you come some evening next week and meet them?" Lucullus was one of the old jokes.

"So you feel that you really must ask her to dinner?" queried Mr. Mangan, with a twinkle.

"Supper. I courtesy to Pineforest customs when I'm here, meal hours and all, and I'm not going to change for any elegant stranger. Do you believe that she had the impertinence to discuss with me—we two *mondaines*, you know—what do you suppose? Our dear, artless, old-time ways, our durned quaintnesses. Excuse me, Lucius, but she made me feel not only old-time, but cave-womanish. She didn't seem to know that I'm related to half the town. The little painted—"

Mr. Mangan put up an imploring hand. "Not that," he pleaded. "I beg and pray, not that. I suggest minx, moppet, even vixen."

"Snip. Honestly, she antagonizes me."

"So I gather. Barrington's a good man, solid, sensible. Men like him."

"Well, I hope it's catching. She floated in here the other day and demanded all the latest books. She was writing a paper on 'Modern Tendencies' for the Friday Literary. By the way, she reads it this afternoon."

"Then she commented on the hiatuses on our shelves. Now you know, Lucius, nobody expects this to be an up-to-date library. How could it be? We all do our best, but since we had to raise Evalina's salary there has been precious little money to buy books. And yet we couldn't let Evalina starve. We felt that old Mr. Elliott really owed it to our expectations to marry her, but he seems perfectly satisfied to let the situation remain as it is. If he wasn't a clergyman *I* should call it flirting. You know when the Daughters of Patriots

"OH, JOHNNIE, HAVE I GOT TO TELL THEM *THAT?*"

started the Library Evalina's grandmother was president. She is the child of the Library."

"Of course," acquiesced Mr. Mangan, "but—"

"It has never bothered me much. We do get the magazines. And all Dick asks is that a story shall end well. He is like the women who inquire about every new play, 'Does he get her?' And if he doesn't, they won't go. I merely look at the last page, and if it says, 'Forever,' I take it, and if it says, 'Nevermore,' I don't. But the little painted—"

Mr. Mangan's apprehensive hand shot up.

"—goose said, never mind, she'd send for the books herself and then donate them to the Library. And here they are. I seem to have made a long story of it; it isn't often that I get you to myself. Of course *I've* read a lot of those books, and talked them, too, when it was necessary—you have to keep up. But I don't like them."

"Oh, the double life, the double life!" deplored Mr. Mangan. This was another of the old jokes. He went on dipping in the volumes. "Of course the little woman can't have read all of these."

"You're very charitable. Perhaps you wouldn't be if you knew all," said Mrs. Compton, darkly. "But far be it from me—"

"Many of them are good; new men. But these—somehow I don't seem to see them on Upper Main Street. Better not risk them. I shall present Miss Evalina with the last issue of the *Churchman* for consolation."

As he paused at her desk Miss Evalina raised baffled but unpolluted eyes from a brazen-looking text.

The Atterbury sisters met him on the porch and he stopped to hold the door open for them. Something compassionate and scrutinizing in their glances made him touch his tie, which seemed quite in place. Then from within Miss Maisie's penetrating tones reached him:

"Haven't you *heard?* There she sat right on the piazza, with a powder-puff in one hand and that Mangan boy's hand in the other. I don't *like* to tell you the rest."

Mr. Mangan thought several things, then helplessly shrugged his shoulders. "Young married women also will be

boys," he mused. "I think the little painted—ahem!—will have to do without that supper. But," pondered Mr. Mangan, "how is Gerry to be withdrawn from the bill of fare?"

He hated to think about practical matters, but he went on thinking.

This fateful Friday morning, on which the things occurred that were destined to convulse Pineforest, trailed on its way as innocent in seeming as the fuse which stings the charge of dynamite. The interview just recorded took place before noon. Still earlier, say about twenty minutes after ten, Miss Elliott, descending the steps of the Library with the book of reference that she had sought and actually found there, was witness to the following scene.

Mrs. Barrington, as always exquisitely overdressed, sat in her machine, directing the transfer of a pile of books from the tonneau to the arms of the also modishly garbed chauffeur. As the books went on their way, Geraldine's figure curved over the door and his voice, earnest and intimate to match, uttered the words:

"Please be careful. I shouldn't, if I were you."

"Now, Patsey, behave. It's none of your business," returned the enchantress.

Rose passed on. Something in the set of her shoulders made Gerry take an uncertain step after her. Then he came back.

"Look here," he said, hurriedly. "I've just thought of something. If you wouldn't mind . . . Why don't you let my mother write some letters to the people here? She knows them all."

"But she doesn't know me."

"She knows you're my friend. She'd be glad to. She's done worse things than that for me; she's a regular mother."

"It's too late now," said little Mrs. Barrington, vindictively. "You don't know how those Atterbury women behaved after you left. I'm going to give them a lesson. *You* know about the place where they haven't anything to touch a woman scorned."

In spite of her start, Gerry entered the *Gazette* office hard in the wake of Rose. He stood beside her table and waited until she looked up.

"Did you want anything?" she asked, coldly. Then she adjusted a sheet of paper and gazed out of the window.

"I want to be treated with common politeness, that's all," said Gerry. He tried to keep his tone cool and impersonal, but he fumbled it badly. "Of course I know that you dislike me—"

"What?" ejaculated the girl, a note of genuine amazement running like pure gold through her voice. Geraldine walked abruptly across the floor and caught the back of a chair hard in his shaking hands.

"You don't?" he demanded, a restive and threatening joy rocking the chair.

"I—I don't like some things about you as much as—others," said Rose to the outer air, shamelessly running to cover; then, inconsequently, "I didn't know that your name was Patrick."

"It isn't. At school they called all the Irish boys Pat unless they were named that; then they called them Dennis. It was a custom." He added, "So that's it."

No answer.

"O God!" said Geraldine, devoutly. "How unbelievably beautiful and miraculous! You're jealous!" He brushed aside her inarticulate cry of denial. "We started with the truth and we might as well keep it up. There's no use trying to tell you how I feel. You know. And you're jealous."

"I am *not*," cried Rose, furiously, putting a hand to a flaming cheek. "But some people are talking about your going there so much."

"Some people would talk about the angel's going to see Saint Cecilia so much," responded Gerry, indignantly. "I have no doubt the Signorine Atterburini across the way did." Then he began to laugh in a foolish and lightheaded way. "Though I always did feel that that angel's motives, quite unbeknownst to himself, may have been rather mixed."

Rose gasped. She was not unused to Gerry's quick changes of front, his cheerful habit of going over to the enemy, horse, foot, and aeroplane, during the course of an argument. Like all artists, his most congenial seat was the Fence, where he dropped according to the immediate appeal. At present, more-

over, his happiness had reached the silly stage.

"Do you realize," he mused, "that an angel has not only two arms, but two wings? He could attend strictly to an organ duet and still—"

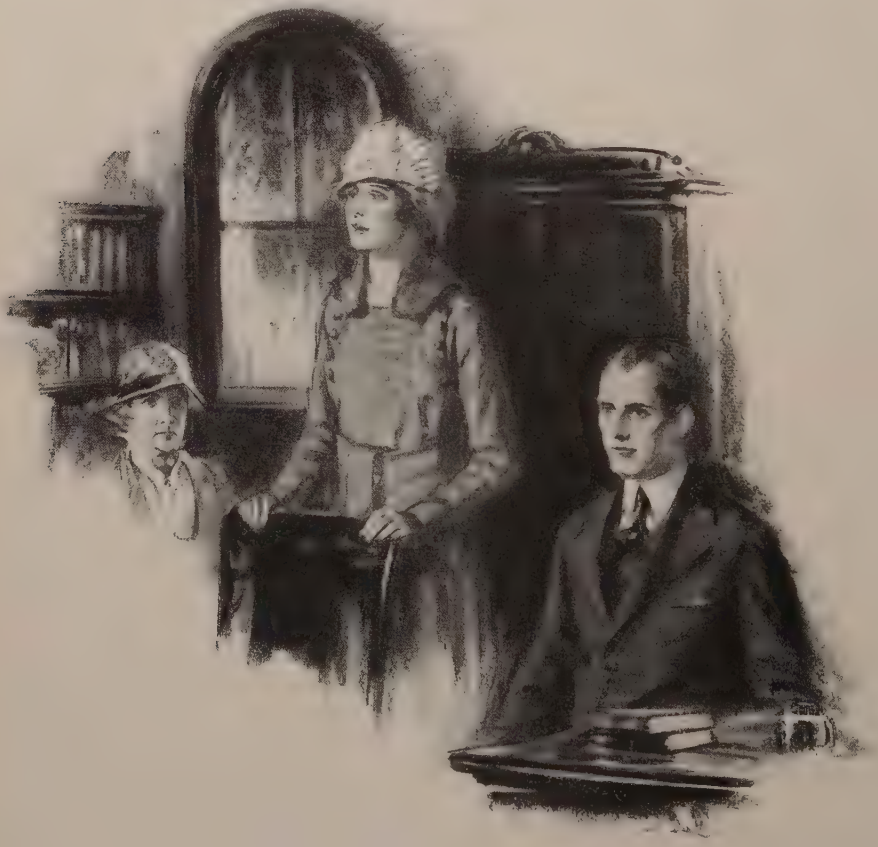
This was too much. Rose hurriedly began her delayed work. Gerry regarded her entirely alluring back for a few fond seconds before taking himself off to his uncle's room. The typewriter stopped. He put his head through the doorway.

"An archangel," he observed, wistfully, "has *four* wings. Oh, what *is* man that thou art mindful of him?"

Rose faced him. This had to be stopped. She had the desperate feeling that a dash of cold water was indicated

"You are taking a great deal for granted," she said, deliberately. "When I say that I don't dislike you, I don't mean that I am madly in love with you, as you seem to infer. As you say, we might as well keep to the truth. And I *don't* like young men who flirt with married women. Now will you let me finish this? I want to go out this afternoon."

She heard the door shut. Then she did a singular and illuminating thing. She put her elbows on the table and her head down; she shut her eyes and covered her ears with her hands. It looked like the beginning and the inviting of a magic. It was. A slow flush crept up the back of her neck, her eyes squinched —there is no other word—her lips parted. After a moment she straightened up like a released spring. With two impatient movements she brushed down first one arm and then the other, as one brushes away raindrops after being caught in a shower. Then she assailed the typewriter as a humiliated terrier takes it out of a rat. . . .



"IT WAS WONDERFUL OF YOU TO LET ME COME HERE AGAIN TO-DAY"

To return to the day, which was creeping nearer to the detonation.

That afternoon at five o'clock Mr. Mangan and his nephew stood at a window of the office and regarded the gathering of the Literary Club at the Library, where its meetings always took place. Nobody with the slightest breeding ever dreamed of stopping for a book on Friday afternoons. First came Miss Evalina, who had exchanged her usual shirtwaist suit for a sprightly blue-checked muslin and a hat adorned with the fruits of the earth in their season. Next Mrs. Compton walked briskly in; as president she made a point of being early. She wore a plain white linen with an organdie collar. After her appeared the Atterbury girls, looking immense in silk sweaters and sport hats. Then came a bevy of meek little ladies in black that showed no passion to follow the more daring styles. They carried fans made out of the plumes of the domestic turkey. Gerry decided that they had an air worth having. Next arrived girls. Then more ladies in black. Gerry recognized with joy some hair jewelry and two massive vinaigrettes. Afterward came the rest of the feminine population. It was a singularly full meeting.

Across the pavement in front of the Library went a pageant in little. Gerry saw first a white, round, spokeless umbrella dripping with fringe. This was upheld by a sable maid, Annaline, well known to him, also in white. Under it walked Mrs. Barrington, her burnished hair held by something that was not so much hat as fillet. Her arms were not bare, they merely appeared so through films of chiffon. Over this she wore a tunic effect of shimmering white silk girdled, but not constrained, by a broad fold with silver-threaded ends. Her white stockings were of the chameleon kind that turn pale pink when on. Under her arm she carried several note-books; in the other hand a roll of manuscript tied with a silver ribbon. Behind her came the harmonious chauffeur, aiming to be worthy of the ceremonial quality of the occasion, his arms laden with books.

It was ostensibly in the interests of mere curiosity that Gerry rose from the supper-table that evening and announced his intention of rambling up to the Elliotts'.

"They have a piazza," observed Mr. Mangan, "that is perhaps unrivaled. Is there a moon? A moon is a great help."

"Oh!" said Gerry, and left abruptly.

Two long hours later Geraldine reappeared with a curious air of mingled excitement and sheepishness.

"From what I could pick up—and the pickings were good," he began. "Though, the Reverend being present, we had to be careful. . . . Miss Rose says she never argues with ladies and clergymen . . . the net result is that Mrs. Barrington has been playing the deuce."

"Did the costume count?" demanded his uncle. "I remember. 'Modern Tendencies.' A liberal blanket subject."

"It did not. After the first shock nobody seems to have noticed it. She plunged right in. And everything on such unimpeachable authority. She read them pages from the best people—Havelock Ellis, Geddes, Galton, Saleeby, Freud, Ellen Key— By the way, is she a Mrs. or a Miss? It makes a difference in this case. Even dear old Lecky. It was the application that was so devilish. And she didn't mince her words; she let 'em have it raw. As Miss Rose says, most of the papers they hear are croquettes. She treated the dictionary as though it was What Every Child Should Know reading. As Miss Rose said, 'She was perfectly awful; she was *scientific!*'"

"But what was it all about?" insisted his enthralled auditor.

"Haven't I told you?"

"You have not."

"But I've been telling you," exploded Gerry. "It was about Old Maids."

"My God!" said Mr. Mangan, piously.

"The town is seething. Upper Main Street is lighted up like the night before the battle of Waterloo, and there was a sound of revelry, or at least of extreme excitement, from all the piazzas as I came along. Everybody's feelings are lacerated beyond repair. It isn't funny, really. When I think of those innocent turkey-tail fans and vinaigrettes, it isn't humor-

ous at all. As Miss Rose says, 'We represent the greater part of the population and do a considerable share of the work of this town, and we have never before been accused of lunacy.' And she says, if Mrs. Barrington is the type of woman men prefer to marry, *she* prefers any other type."

"I see," said Mr. Mangan, truthfully. "What else?"

"Oh, the paper, you mean. She informed them that spinsters were a natural mistake and an economic waste. She indicated the junk-heap; she said the Button-maker would get them. She looped a short loop on the subject of eugenics. That shocked them down to the ground. Think of Miss Evalina and eugenics! She mentioned parasites who take from the world and return nothing. As Miss Rose said, 'She seemed to think that because the Atterbury girls, for example, didn't have a dozen toddling tots around their knees they ought to be expunged. I've never noticed any olive branches—' Then she went on to the subject of free love."

"She didn't recommend—" Mr. Mangan's usually detached expression had given place to the well-known exhilaration with which we sympathize with our neighbors' misfortunes.

"Not exactly, but she said that it was better than some other things. Sort of justification by results. Quoted King Lear and Freud, also the Key lady. I declare, I can't get used to calling her plain Ellen. Then she gave them some French and German men, in translations so nobody should miss anything. She hinted that they, the spinsters, I mean, represented a type that wasn't quite normal. She spoke of the Revenges—"

"Where did she stop?" shouted his uncle, genuinely horrified.

"Right there. She ended by quoting, after all the highbrows, an old black Mammy she knew who summed up the subject thus, 'Ole maids is some *queer*.' Then she sailed out and left her reputation to the avengers of blood."

"She ought to be ashamed of herself," said Uncle Lucius, angrily. "All those respectable ladies. Where's Barrington? Out of town, eh?"

"Mr. Mangan, what am I to say about that—" Rose groped for the *mot juste*, decided that there was none bad enough, and gave it up. "That *meeting* yesterday?"

"Anything you like, Miss Rose," said the editor, hastily. "The social news is your province. We generally give a brief summary, don't we?"

"But I *can't*. Won't you, please?"

"I repudiate all connection with it," protested Mr. Mangan. "I have always been on pleasant terms with the ladies and desire to remain so. Gerry, you are indicated. A poet ought to be able to say anything and make it sound like anything else."

All the forenoon Geraldine sweated blood and tears. At the last possible moment he rose, wild-eyed and desperate, from the sea of scribbled pages and laid his achievement before Rose.

"That's the very best I can do, and it's too late to change it now. At least it's inoffensive," he said, hopelessly.

Miss Rose read and withered him. "So is a hard-boiled egg," she rejoined. "Listen:

"The regular Friday meeting of the Friday Literary Club was held at the Library last Friday.

Not really?

"The paper of the afternoon was read by Mrs. John B. Barrington, on 'Modern Tendencies,' and was much enjoyed. The next paper, by Miss Caroline Laverne, on 'The Women of Poe, Hayne, and Timrod,' will be read next Friday.

"I like your wealth of glittering detail," Rose continued, heartlessly. "You might as well say about a fashion parade, 'They wore clothes.'"

Gerry denied himself the obvious retort and watched her as she turned to the exchanges, the old wonder in his heart.

Rose gave a sudden gasp. "Mr. Mangan, Mr. Mangan!" she almost shouted. "Look at this! Here's the whole thing in this morning's Mulberry *Clarion*. She must have motored over with it right after the meeting, and of course they jumped at it. They would at anything on Pineforest. Oh, it's outrageous! It's too awful! We'll be the joke of the whole state!"

Next day the letters started to come.

By the day after that the papers began to take notice. Not even Barrington's trolley system undertook to introduce Pineforest to the map as had the little effort of his wife.

Gerry read the first letter listlessly.

THE EDITOR OF THE "EVENING GAZETTE."

DEAR SIR: Although we have always believed the sphere of Woman to be the home, along with husband and children, if any, and that in the words of the poet, fools often rush into the newspapers where angels fear to tread, yet we feel it to be a Duty to protest against certain statements made by you on a paper which was read lately not a hundred miles from our beloved town. It was by no means "enjoyed."

TWO LADIES WHO WERE THERE.

"I can guess not a hundred miles from those two ladies," Rose commented. "Do you think Miss Evalina ventured on this one? She does love words."

DEAR SIR: Although the days of chivalry are long passed away, it has always been the partiality of our retired but cultured neighborhood to cherish the amenities of social intercourse. Gratuitous offense and unrefined innuendo masquerading under the guise of Science have ever been appraised at their true value, which is the silence of contempt. Need I say more?

A MAIDEN LADY.

P.S.—One might mention the Maid of Orleans, the Virgin Queen, and Miss Charlotte M. Yonge.

Rose took up a black-bordered sheet of note-paper, breathing faintly of violets. "Now this," she said, spitefully, "is the kind of missive that makes me want to shake your Mrs. Barrington. This woman is really hurt, and I don't wonder."

MY DEAR SIR: I have never before written a letter to a public print, but I have been induced to crave the courtesy of your columns by reading a number of those sent you by other affronted women. I am sure that if the writer of the article which has aroused so much comment throughout our state, and even, I understand, beyond, had thought seriously, she would have refrained. It has hurt many of us very deeply. For myself, I have never married, because he with whom alone I could have entered the holy state of matrimony perished on the field of honor during our great struggle. There are hosts of women like me in the South. We do not ask for pity, but surely we should not be blamed.

LEST WE FORGET.

"She didn't mean it that way," said Geraldine, miserably. "It was just a foolish joke."

"Then why doesn't she say so? Here's one she ought to see."

DEAR MR. EDITOR: I wonder what would become of Pineforest and places like it if all the spinsters were suddenly removed. Nobody does more and gets less thanks for it than the cheerful spinster. Unfortunately, our young men seem to have formed the habit of moving to larger business centers, not always inviting our girls to accompany them. Those who are left behind have to make the best of it, and they do. If you will inquire who helps the charities, the churches, the sick, and the uninteresting, you will find that the old maids fully justify their existence. And most of them are still at large.

ONE OF THEM.

"There are lots of that sturdy kind," said Rose, sorting the pile on her table. "Here's a pithy one."

DEAR SIR: Where are *her* jewels?

CORNELIA.

"If Mrs. Compton hadn't the caution of the political woman I should suspect her of that. She can't bear your Mrs. Barrington."

"She is not mine; she is another's. So am I," hinted Gerry.

Rose began typewriting with intention.

"Well, the circulation is soaring, anyway," said Geraldine, drearily. "That's one comfort."

Never as a small boy had Gerry longed for Christmas as during the course of that week he desired the return of John B. Barrington. He came out of it purged of all temptation to poach on the preserves of better men. As the only friend of the pariah, he stanchly suffered himself to be confided in, wept on, and paraded on Main Street, but the once glamorous post of attaché to a married woman had become an unmitigated nuisance. Moreover,

the one girl eyed him askance in every way. She acted as though something, intangible but frightfully real, were all his fault.

On Thursday John B. Barrington, the ardently longed-for, returned like Ulysses to a disorganized household and a weeping wife.

"What am I to do, Johnnie?" lamented the penitent after the general confession was over. "The worst is that horrid paper—that Mulberry thing. They featured it, they keep on writing little paragraphs about it. They called it, 'As one lady to another.' It wouldn't have been so bad—"

"It was bad enough," said Barrington. He disengaged himself from the cling of arms and ruffles that represented his little bit of happiness in a flinty business world, and placed her firmly on the sofa at least three feet away. He wanted to remain obdurate.

"Have I queered your work here? I never thought of that. I'll never forgive myself."

"No, I guess not. That's pretty well fixed."

"But you look so worried. What ought I to do?"

He told her. When he ended she faced him flushed and incredulous.

"All that? I can't! I won't. Oh, Johnnie, have I got to tell them *that?*"

"I guess so, old lady. You've made them feel mighty bad and it's up to you to save their feelings every way you can."

"All by myself?" wailed the culprit.

"I'll go with you and hold your hand, if they'll let me," comforted her husband.

"And you don't hate me for being a little fool?" giggled Mrs. Barrington, with a sob.

"Sure," responded her lord, annihilating the three feet with a single gesture. "How many more ways have I got to tell you that?"

Mrs. Barrington burst into tears.

If the last meeting of the Literary Club had been a field-day that which was about to begin broke all records. The word had gone forth that Carrie Laverne's paper had been put off and Something Else was going to happen. Old Miss Lettie Waller appeared in her wheeled chair with her ear-trumpet. Several honorary members inquired anxiously regarding the propriety of their presence. Young Mrs. Mimms, who had scarcely set foot outs de of her own garden since the death of her husband, and who might have sat for the portrait of the Eternal Widow, felt that it was a duty to make the effort sometime, and made it. But the most astonishing vision of all was John B. Barrington, a gentleman unafraid, who sat between his wife and Madame President and regarded the concourse of women with pleased and confiding glances, as though he really believed that they had no wish to injure him.

This feeling of security was not shared by his wife. Not Mary Stuart before her judges could have suffered more trepidation and sickness of mind than did little Mrs. Barrington, face to face with the tribunal of women whom she had injured. After all, the confronters of Mary were merely men. She had dressed for the part; if she had to tread the terrible way, she would do it properly. No penitential sheet could have been more significant than the dovelike simplicity of her little gray gown and her little white hat. She had removed some of the burnished hair of her head and all the make-up from her face. There were reminiscences of tears about her eyes; she looked ten years older.

Had the marooned Barrington known it, his feeling of exceeding aloneness was too lavish. Another male creature was within hail. On the piazza which ran around the Library, behind the bowed shutters and the conniving vines, Geraldine Mangan, for it was indeed he, was committing the first really dishonorable act of his clean young life. He was peeping, also eavesdropping. The only extenuating circumstance he had to offer was the consent of the president.

Mrs. Compton opened the meeting in her pleasant manner. There ensued a moment of pregnant silence. Miss Lettie Waller adjusted her ear-trumpet firmly. The Atterbury girls, Gerry told himself, must be reincarnations of setters. With a common impulse all the fans stopped.

"This afternoon," Mrs. Compton broke the spell, "Mrs. Barrington wishes to say something to us. We shall all be glad to listen to her, I am sure."

Mrs. Barrington rose to her feet. She put both ungloved hands on the back of her chair and kept them there; every now and then the knuckles showed clearer for an instant. She fixed her eyes on the cornice and spoke to that.

"I want—" she began. Her voice gave out. Barrington moved in his chair and she began again steadily. "My husband has told me that I owe you an apology. I agree with him. I want to say that I deeply regret the paper that I read here last Friday. I realize, as I did not then, what an unpardonable, what a stupid—and—and dreadful thing it was—"

"I am sure," said Mrs. Compton, formally, "that we accept Mrs. Barrington's apology. The next business before the club is—"

"Oh, wait!" cried little Mrs. Barrington. She swept the crowd of hostile faces with a look of anguish. "I don't want you to accept it like that. I want you to mean it. I want to make you understand what I felt—why I did it. I *can* make you feel it—if you'll bear with me. . . ."

Mrs. Compton nodded. Her whole manner had become more kindly.

"When I first came here," Mrs. Barrington addressed the cornice, "I thought it was the sweetest place I ever saw. It reminded me of the dearest old story-book. I loved it, the trees and the houses and the lovely old things in them, and—the people. I made up my mind that I'd leave nothing undone to make them like me. I see now I didn't know how. It was just what I'd always wanted and never had."

A little stir went over the room.

"I had always felt how nice it would be to live in a *neighborhood*, to have ever so many nice women who knew one another well enough to run in and out and drop in to meals, and exchange books and ideas—and food. Just that sort of gracious, intimate, *little* life. I had never lived like that. I never had a woman friend except one whom I have never seen. I'll tell you about her later. I hadn't been in a really civilized house for years and years. I know you wonder how I came to miss all these things, and where I come from, anyhow. I come from the backwoods."

There was no doubt in the world about the atmosphere of the room now. It was shameless curiosity, but under that something else.

Mrs. Barrington shifted her gaze. Gerry felt that if it had met any human glance she must have stopped, but there was a sort of protection in talking to inanimate objects. To his great disturbance she chose the chink of light that came through his particular shutter as her next confidant.

"My father," she went on, "was a cultivated man; he was a professor in a college—a small college; but his health broke down—his lungs. We went to the North Carolina mountains and tried to farm. He and my mother knew nothing about farming and were very much surprised that they couldn't make a living out of it. I was about eleven then. Later he got a little school, and sometimes he had students to coach during the summer, but not often, because we were too far away from the tourist track. They used to talk about going away, he and my mother, but after she died he never had the energy. The school was a certainty, at least, and living was cheap. We couldn't starve there, and he seemed to feel that we might very easily anywhere else. After he—after I lost him—I kept on teaching the school. There was nothing else to do.

"At first I boarded around. That was dreadful. After a while I went to live with an old woman who wanted somebody in the house with her. We grew rather fond of each other, but we hardly ever talked. I never had money enough to get away and make a start somewhere else. I had my father's feeling of terror of the big unknown world that might fight back if you tried to fight it.

"Then one day the most wonderful thing—except one other—happened. A letter came from a woman whose brother had been one of my father's pupils. I think she was the sort who really hunt for chances to do kind things. Her husband was the editor of a newspaper, and she wrote that quantities of magazines and some books came to him, and

if I liked she would send me some every month! If I liked! It was like heaven when they began to come. She wrote to me every now and then, and I tried to tell her. After a while she sent me very good things. I prayed for her every night of my life. I—I do still. Her name was Mrs. Lucius Mangan. Now do you wonder that I loved this place?

"After a while I found that with just a start from the books I could live very largely in my imagination. Sometimes I was almost happy. It's just as easy to imagine the best things as the common ones, even in every-day things. When it's as impossible for you to have an eighteen-fifty dress as a two-hundred-dollar one, it's really economy to imagine the two-hundred-dollar one. The pleasure wears better."

She paused and fumbled at her throat.

"About the most wonderful thing of all—" Her voice broke on an exquisite vibration, her hand rose in a little quivering motion. Barrington slowly turned the color of the red, red rose that's newly sprung in June.

"He was riding through the mountains," said little Mrs. Barrington, as simply as a folk-song. "He said that he was a man who knew his own mind, and he certainly proved it. One week after he saw me for the first time, under a rhododendron-bush in bloom, in a faded pink gingham of a very trying shade of pink—the rhododendron *was* lovely, and I suppose he got a mixed impression—he drove me ten miles over the worst roads you ever saw to the nearest minister, and we were married. She faced her audience at last for one moment, triumphant, not afraid of anything on earth. Then the eyes and the voice dropped.

"I did so want to be like other nice women; I did so want to have everything right. So I went to the places and I got the things that they told me were the best. How was I to know? And . . . and of course I wanted to look as young and as well as I could. . . . And when I found that I had done everything all wrong—that you wouldn't have me . . . that I wasn't good enough . . . why, naturally I was hurt all through, and I decided, since I couldn't make myself liked, I'd— Oh, you can't think anything more hateful about me than I think about myself! I proved that you were right. It was wonderful of you to let me come here again to-day and give me the chance to tell you all this. I do think," cried little Mrs. Barrington, with the ring of utter conviction in her voice—"I do think that you are the very nicest women that God ever made!"

Then the storm broke. Above it her appeal soared: "Oh, wait, wait a minute! I haven't told you the worst yet. . . . Oh, Johnnie, do I have to tell them *that?*"

"I'm afraid so, Lulie," said the obdurate spouse, pityingly.

"Wait a minute. . . . Listen. When I was married I was forty years and two days old. I was an old maid myself!"

Emmie Compton's shoulder received the shaking little figure. "Never mind, my dear," said that diplomatic but hearty person. "You are certainly one of us now." She kissed the penitent for the Club.

"I fancy I'd better go and impersonate Lazarus at the gate," Geraldine decided. "This is a love-feast."

Through the gentle turmoil that surged about the two central figures he caught sight of Barrington shouting down old Miss Lettie Waller's trumpet, undoubtedly the only man who had ever done so with a beatific grin. Young Mrs. Mimms was weeping through her smiles, like a sprinkler over a flower-bed. Miss Evalina was elegantly mopping her eyes in a delicious mush of sentiment. The Atterbury girls, fatuous benevolence wreathing their broad pink faces, were craning their short necks for fear of missing something. At last he caught sight of his own girl, and his heart gave a jump. He hadn't known she could look as sweet as that.

She met him outside in the early dusk when the evening perfumes were venturing out from their lairs and an apposite little moon hung before them all the way as he led her home. Neither uttered a word until they stood under the magnolia-tree outside her gate.

"Well," he asked, in the unmistakable tone, "are you jealous now?"

"Jealous?" answered Rose, like a singing harp. "Jealous of an old maid over forty years old. I—I think she's *sweet.*"

The New Nationalism and Business

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

Director of the Bureau of Industrial Research

WAR-TIME Washington was like nothing Americans of our generation had ever seen before. On a day in April two years ago the least business-like city in America became electric with business energy. From all parts of the nation multitudes of men and women—scientists, manufacturers, stenographers, business men—poured into the capital. It was as if the human watersheds of the country had been rocked and lifted so that their gathering streams of man power converged toward Washington as to a central storage basin.

The swift concentration of America's vital energy was a thrilling spectacle. But it was a disquieting spectacle, too. America had undertaken to stop and finally crush the most efficiently organized military machine of all time. Her own vast resources were unorganized. She faced the necessity of converting her potential into efficient power and focusing it upon a point at the fighting front more than three thousand miles away. Her eighteenth-century governmental machine was not designed for this prodigious twentieth-century task. It was like a wooden mill-wheel caught under the falls of Niagara, where dynamos and turbine engines are needed. There were months when it looked as if our vast stores of energy would be lost in the spillway. Our railroads staggered and broke down. While our Allies were pleading for coal, we were unable to stoke our own furnaces. Essential supplies piled up in disheartening confusion at our choked terminal ports. We discovered, what our Allies had already learned, that modern war is a battle of industries as well as of men at arms. In his *Principles of War* Marshal Foch points out that victories are won less by new methods of strategy than by the invention of new forms of political and administrative organization through which the entire resources of a nation can be harnessed to the national will. In America two years ago the form of our national administrative organization was of so ancient a pattern that the functional integration of our industrial resources with the national will was physically impossible.

Faced by disaster, Congress adopted an unprecedented course. Shallow critics say that Congress abdicated. No charge could be more grossly unfair. It is the distinction of the war Congress that it discarded precedent and by a sweeping delegation of its constitutional authority enabled the President to create a new administrative organization adapted to the emergency. For the period of the war, the organized industries of the nation became the recognized instruments of the national will. Antiquated and unfunctionalized Congressional committees, tape-tangled governmental departments, were superseded by boards and commissions directly representative of the basic industries of the country—the Food Administration, the Fuel Administration, the Railroad Administration, the War Industries Board. For the period of the war, the conventional distinction between public and private business disappeared; business men became the agents of the national will for the mobilization of our industries and economic resources.

The full significance of this administrative reconstruction has hardly yet come home to the consciousness of the American people. The war, in so far as we were involved, did not last long enough to enable us as a nation to see in sharp outline what had happened or why it had happened. The service which business men rendered to the nation was

obscured by charges of profiteering, by inefficiencies incident to the necessarily hurried organization of the new administrative agencies, by the generally deep-rooted prejudices and suspicions of a business people against conspicuously successful business men. There was profiteering; there were instances of disgraceful incompetence, as in the case of the Aircraft Board; there was occasional abuse of unaccustomed authority. But all these things sink into insignificance compared with the extraordinary fact that for the period of the war organized business and the representatives of organized business divested themselves of their private status and became the conscious and accepted agents of the national will. For the moment we became a united and economically integrated nation, with all our energies focused upon the accomplishment of a definite national purpose. Industrially, as well as politically, the war made us a new nation.

To understand how this new integration was brought about we need to get close to one of the business machines through which the war administration was able to throw the whole weight of our national resources into the scale. Take, for example, the Steel Division of the War Industries Board. The American steel industry is one of the most highly organized and powerful instruments of economic government in the world. By its control of essential ores, railroads, fleets, mills, and smelters it holds a dominating position in the nation's industrial life. Practically all manufacturing industries, and transportation and agriculture also, depend upon the steel industry for indispensable equipment. Before the war, the steel industry was strictly private property, administered primarily in the interest of the holders of steel stocks and bonds. It produced what it wanted to produce, subject only to the dictates of business expediency. It had its own internal government, its independent electorate. It maintained its own ambassadors in every important industrial center in the world. It was an *imperium in imperio*, a state within the state.

When war came and the life of the nation was threatened, the steel industry immediately took on the character of a public service; from an instrument of private profit it was transformed into an instrument for the doing of the national will. Instead of producing at its own discretion, it was required to produce those things which the nation needed, and only those things, irrespective of profits. The steel industry made money during the war; but money-making was incidental. The prices of steel products were fixed by the government, with primary regard to the development of the industry as a public service. In the case of many products, the enforced reduction in prices as compared with the prices which the industry had been able to impose upon an abnormally necessitous market amounted to 75 per cent. Steel plates, for example, were selling at from eight to fourteen cents a pound when the government fixed the price at three and a quarter cents. Moreover, when the Steel Division of the War Industries Board was organized, only a very small part of the output of the mills was adapted to the emergent needs of the nation; the industry was ruled by the primordial law of supply and demand and its own interests rather than by the national will. Then the director of the Steel Division summoned a Committee of Iron and Steel Manufacturers to act as the brain of the nation for the conservation, production, and allocation of steel. All steel-producing companies were required to furnish weekly reports of orders received, shipments, and unfilled tonnage to the army, navy, the Emergency Fleet Corporation, and other government agencies, to domestic non-government agencies, and to each of the Allies. Steel that was going into non-essential commodities, however profitably, was diverted to essentials. All requisitions for steel needed by the nation were distributed to the various mills in accordance with their ability to produce; where there was a shortage of needed facilities new facilities were created. Through the Committee of Iron and Steel Manufacturers, acting as the nation's qualified brain on the problems of steel production, the director of the Steel Division of the War Industries Board knew the location of the nation's available supplies of iron ore, manga-

nese, molybdenum, and other ferro-alloys, knew where the mills were best equipped to convert the raw materials into required finished articles, knew what engineers were best qualified to operate the mills. Under the inspiration of a clearly defined national purpose, the steel industry became as definitely a public service as the army itself.

What happened in the case of steel happened also in the case of all other industries whose privately owned raw materials and manufacturing plants were needed to win the war. The wool industry, the leather industry, the shoe and clothing industries, the manufacturers of tinware, soap, linters, bleaching-powder, rolling-stock, machinery, tools, and timber, were mobilized as national services, with their representative committees—the qualified brains of the nation on the problems of their trades—through which the War Administration was able to harness their resources to the national will. The result of this functional integration of the industrial mechanism of the country with the will of the nation is now a matter of history. In almost every essential direction production rose to unprecedented volume, and we were just getting into our stride when the war ended. In spite of the withdrawal of millions of men into the army and navy, in spite of the confusion attending the shifting of millions of men and women from non-essential to essential industries, we produced more steel, more coal, more shoes and clothing, than ever before. In spite of the diversion of enormous quantities of goods to our Allies, the standard of consumption among the masses of our own people reached a new high level. Wages attained unprecedented heights. Unemployment disappeared, and poverty, that terrible scourge of the masses, was fast disappearing. It is true that the full significance of the administrative reconstruction which made these results possible has hardly yet come home to the consciousness of the American people. How the results were obtained they do not yet clearly understand. But they have made the unforgettable discovery that our national resources can somehow be so organized and directed as to satisfy the healthy desires of the entire population for economic security, decent homes, education, and the amenities of life.

It is this discovery and the resultant temper of the masses that constitute the great domestic problem of business, now that peace has returned. The authority delegated to the President by Congress, which enabled him to give to organized industry the status of an acknowledged public service, was for the period of the war only. When peace came the President felt obliged to throw off the harness and release business to its own devices. But the conception of business as primarily an instrument for satisfying the wants of the whole nation lingers in the minds of the people. The masses are not classical economists. They do not understand the technical intricacies of business. They are not intelligently interested in the problems of capital investment, overhead charges, the burdens of financial administration. But they are stubbornly determined that their newly attained standard of consumption shall not be lowered, that wages shall not be reduced, that their new status as recognized parties to the control of industrial production shall not be impaired. Unless business men can contrive in peace, as they did during the war, to harmonize their private interests with the insistent popular demand for abundant food and clothing, for equality in educational opportunity, and a full share in the amenities of life, unrest will develop; there will be strikes and inflammable discontent; a passionate conflict of interest will arise between the propertyless many and the private owners of industrial capital; the devastating spirit of revolution may spread across Europe, across the Atlantic, across our own shores.

For hunger, which is the parent of revolution, is a relative term. It may mean hunger for bread; it may mean hunger for clean, comfortable homes; it may mean hunger for a college education; it may mean hunger for social status and economic security; it may mean all these things together. Hunger in America is not likely to mean hunger for bread alone; we are too generally prosperous for that. It is much more likely to mean hunger for the mainte-

nance and further uplifting of the high standard of living to which millions of our people first attained during the war. It is likely to mean a spiritual even more than a material hunger. And throughout history the revolutionary force of unsatisfied spiritual hunger has been infinitely greater than the mere hunger for bread. The French Revolution was not the work of sansculottes or starving peasants. It was a revolt of business men against the autocratic pretensions of the old landed aristocracy. The liberty and equality which the French Revolution brought into the world was the liberty of merchants and business men to do business as free agents rather than by special permission of princelings and kings. Today the temper which the wage-earning masses are developing toward the business men as the vested owners of capital and the machinery of production roughly parallels the temper of business men toward the landed feudal aristocracy a hundred and more years ago.

The problem is further complicated by the strained domestic and international financial situation. America has piled up a huge war debt that must be liquidated principally out of taxes levied upon the earnings of business. The government's promise to our farmers to buy every bushel of wheat harvested in the United States in 1918 and 1919 at a price approximating $2.26 involves a disbursement of nearly three billions, and a probable loss, in view of the post-war market, of a billion dollars. Other billions invested in munitions-plants and shipyards ill adapted to the uses of peace are likely to be added to the nation's bonded debt and will become an added charge upon business.

On top of all this is the fact that America has become a creditor instead of a debtor nation. When the armistice was signed in November, America had made cash advances to the Allies aggregating more than seven billions, which probably represents only a fraction of the total indebtedness of Europe to the business men of this country. In the case of several of the Allies, these debts were incurred in the expectation that they could be liquidated, in the event of victory, by the recovery of Russian investments and the imposition of indemnities on the conquered peoples of Central Europe. These expectations have been jeopardized by the threatened repudiation of obligations incurred by the government of the Czar in Russia and by the overthrow of the structure of private business in Germany and Austria. While civil war rages on the Continent and until peace is firmly established, millions of men will be kept under arms, and, instead of being able to liquidate their debts, the victorious nations of Europe will probably need further economic assistance to make the fruits of victory secure. In the face of this precarious international situation, American business men cannot afford to risk the development of discontent and industrial turbulence at home.

How will they meet the problem? During the war it looked as if the business men of America were undergoing a spiritual rebirth. Time and again one heard business men of conspicuous ability declare that they could never happily return to the old game of money-making. They gloried in their new identification with the public service, they freely made their business the nation's business and the nation's purpose their own. Without their patriotic co-operation, the will of the nation could not have been harnessed to the modern industrial machinery of the country. The vast stores of energy that converged toward Washington at the outbreak of war would have run to waste. It was they who created the new administrative organizations through which the whole weight of the nation's resources were thrown into the scale and victory was assured. But when peace came they abandoned their posts with a speed that was as amazing as the earlier concentration of forces had been thrilling. With an almost indecent haste they rushed back to business as usual.

A few weeks after the signing of the armistice, upward of five thousand business men held a convention in Atlantic City. There were few signs there of the spiritual rebirth that seemed to have been in process during the war. The feeling against the restraints which the war administration had imposed upon private initiative for private business ends was intense. It was not enough that the

President had thrown off the war-time harness; there was an insistent demand for the repeal of the Sherman law "and all other checks on private initiative." The only war-time enactment which met with unqualified approval was the Webb-Pomerene law, which removed the restrictions of the Sherman Act upon business combinations for the exploitation of foreign trade. But in view of the unsettled condition among the wage-working masses, the most ominous manifestation of the convention was that of class-conscious animosity against organized labor and the advance in status and power which the organized workers had made during the war with the aid and encouragement of the government. The course of events in Europe seemed to have made little impression upon these representative business men. At a time when the stability and healthy democratic growth of our business and economic structure depend as never before upon the development of the co-operative spirit between business and labor, they seemed eager for the abrogation of the enforced industrial truce, and ready for a fight to the finish with the trade-unions.

There is a very wide consensus of competent opinion that the labor problem is at the heart of the entire domestic problem confronting American business to-day. We cannot proceed in security as a nation divided against ourselves. Everything that tends to sharpen class divisions or to intensify hostile class feeling tends toward civil war. Whatever one may believe about the seemliness, wisdom, or usefulness of trade-union organization, the fact is that the unions exist and that the wage-workers regard them as their most effective instruments for securing what they want in the matter of hours and wages, and for maintaining their standard of living. If business men undertake to attack the present conservative organizations of the workers, they will find other and less conservative organizations arrayed against them; they will fan the present moderate desire of the workers for participation in the control of the conditions of their employment into a revolutionary flame for the overthrow of established business and economic order. They will have to advance to meet the rising tide of democracy in industry or risk the inevitable consequences of power grown rigid and irresponsive to the expanding human needs and desires of the wage-working masses.

In this field of industrial relations, the business men of England have been more alertly foresighted than the business men of America. Their longer experience of the war taught them that the old industrial order could not be completely restored, and that unless British labor and capital could discover a new basis of co-operation, England could neither liquidate her war debts nor hope to recover her former position in the international competitive markets. They saw that the productive efficiency of British industry must be enormously increased, and they had the wisdom to see that industrial efficiency is impossible so long as industrial relations are shot through with suspicion, hostility, and mutual sabotage. Instead of adopting an attitude of uncompromising hostility toward the organized workers, they invited the trade-unions to join with them in working out a plan for the establishment of representative government in industry, not by single establishments only, but also on a national scale.

The idea underlying the national industrial councils is the familiar idea of representative government applied through the nation's industrial units as it has traditionally been applied through geographical units only. As so applied, it presupposes the existence of an inclusive association among the employers of an industry, and a similarly inclusive organization of the workers. These two groups elect their representatives to a joint governing body which becomes responsible for the democratic conduct of the industry as a whole. Each national council is formed under a standing agreement—not a contract terminating on a specified date, but a constitution, rather, a body of basic laws governing the scope and method of joint procedure. This does not mean any loss of flexibility in determining labor or production standards; it simply assures that demands for changes will be considered with a minimum interruption of work and with a maximum use of orderly parliamentary

methods. It is of the very essence of the plan that the national council and all its administrative subdivisions should fully incorporate the principle of equal representation of the two parties, the organized employers and the organized workers. Indeed, so necessary is it to the success of the larger purposes of the council idea that the representation shall reflect the sentiment and opinion of the entire industry, that some form of enforced membership in employers' and workers' organizations is under serious consideration. The pottery industry, which was the first to organize a joint national council for the government of the industry, has gone on record as advocating that the state should give the force of law to the council's determinations or that "membership in trade-associations and trade-unions should be compulsory by law on all eligible for membership." This demand is highly significant, whether or not it is immediately acted upon by the government; for it clearly recognizes the responsibilities as well as the privileges of full industrial citizenship.

As a necessary corollary to this full joint representation, is the power to confer and legislate upon many more matters than the "wages, hours, and conditions" which mark the limits of the usual collective agreement. The industrial councils will extend the scope of their joint consideration to problems of shop organization, problems of training, research, the introduction of new machines —all problems affecting the efficiency of production and the status of the workers as human beings and enfranchised industrial citizens. The basis of joint negotiation has thus been widened in recognition of the fact that all details of industrial and shop management can be settled in a way that makes harmonious operation possible only when the workers are fully consulted regarding them. But the plan does not contemplate the centralization of all power and authority in the national council. It provides for the creation of local district and shop organizations to assume responsibility for local self-government. It is what the English call a devolutional plan—national bodies, composed of equal representation of the employers and workers throughout the industry, operating under permanent constitutions with wide powers over the trade, but delegating to district and local groups, similarly composed, power of decision and enforcement within the local jurisdiction. Broadly speaking, the industrial structure with its city, county, state, and national agencies of administration and adjudication.

Clearly, such a plan did not spring up overnight in one man's brain, nor did it get under way simply by virtue of its inherent wisdom. There has been an interplay of economic forces to bring the idea into actuality—of forces similar to those which during the war crisis compelled the American government to create functional administrative instruments for the purpose of harnessing the organized industries of the country to the national will. The outstanding difference between our war administrative boards and the national industrial councils is that the councils are voluntary organizations controlled, in the first instance, not by directors with autocratic powers, but by small industrial parliaments composed of equal representations of the employers and wage-workers. Their object, however, is to continue in peace that same integration of the productive forces of the nation with the national will that gave to England, as to America, a new spirit of national unity, a new domestic and international vitality and power.

For the business men of England realize that England needs high productivity and a clearly defined national purpose in peace as much as in war. They realize that high productivity cannot be secured with industrial conflict, sabotage, limitation of output, and strikes rife throughout the land. They cannot get it under a system of cutthroat competition that ignores quality, that creates high charges for competitive selling abroad, that permits the most selfish producer to dictate the terms on which an entire industry shall employ its workers. Like American business men, they are impatient of negative restraints which bureaucratic government has placed upon industry to protect the community against the evils of unrestrained individualistic competition, just as the workers have grown

impatient with an industrial system which compels them to take a hostile attitude toward efficient production in order to protect their jobs and their standard of living. But they see that the evils themselves must be eliminated. Through the industrial councils they intend to eliminate the worst forms of competition. Through the representative national industrial councils it will be possible to level up and equalize the conditions and terms of employment and the standards of productive efficiency throughout the nation, which in itself will remove some of the gravest abuses of human exploitation and sweating, some of the gravest causes of discontent and unrest.

And finally, the business men of England have come to appreciate that the coherent organization of an industry on a national scale is essential to the most efficient and economical prosecution of the industry's foreign trade. The work of appraising and developing foreign markets is expensive and difficult; the consular service is a cumbersome and inexpert instrument; individual competition in this field involves an undue and unnecessary tax upon the resources of the individual manufacturer. This our American business men recognized when they secured the enactment of the Webb-Pomerene law, permitting combinations for the prosecution of foreign trade.

With so much to be said in favor of the national industrial council idea, it is not strange that when the British Reconstruction Committee, appointed to examine into "relations between employers and employed," brought in the now famous Whitley Reports, the British government promptly gave official approval to their recommendations and intrusted to the Labor Ministry the duty of assisting in the establishment of national councils in such industries as seemed ready for them. Already fifteen industries, representing 2,300,000 workers, have been constitutionalized, and the organization of joint councils is proceeding in at least half a dozen more. Before the government initiated this policy several industries had of their own initiative developed national industrial organizations so nearly identical with the council idea that they are properly to be regarded as parts of the same process of industrial reconstruction. The most noteworthy of these are the Cotton Control Board, the newly formed Wool Council, and the Building Trades Parliament. And the demand of the National Union of Railwaymen for representation on the national directorate of the railroads promises to develop into a reality which will make of the railroads a democratically controlled and operated national service.

Of course, Great Britain is not the United States. Industrial, social, and political conditions there differ in many respects from ours. But the spirit of our institutions is the same and the economic and industrial forces that have led to the establishment of national industrial councils there are clearly at work in America. They have the advantage of a more flexible constitution and a more highly developed industrial consciousness. Our constitutional form of government was devised chiefly by small farmers and highly individualistic pioneers who were suspicious of all forms of financial and economic combination and especially suspicious of "big business." Our laws have been designed to check rather than to promote the forms of business organization which are inseparable from the effective development of modern machine production. Our national policy with respect to business has been inhibitory and negative rather than liberating and constructive. As a result, the inevitable structure of modern business organization has been forced to develop under cover—often in violation of the written laws. Instead of a steady functional adjustment of governmental to industrial organization, and a deliberate conversion of business into an expanding instrument of national service, our courts and legislative bodies have fostered the inherited spirit of hostility between public policy and the efficient economic organization both of business men and of wage-workers. The basis of representation in our recognized governing bodies has remained exclusively territorial, whereas the basis of representation in the so-called "secret government" is by industries and economic organizations. For the purpose of national industrial administration, the

"secret government," our atavistic fears and prejudices to the contrary notwithstanding, is and for more than a generation has been our effective government, although, in obedience to our eighteenth-century conception of government as a system of restraints, checks, and balances, we have persisted in forcing it to work in the corrupting darkness of lobbies. When war came and we were faced by the necessity of establishing dynamic relations between the public will and the industries of the nation, we swept aside the old legal restraints, we encouraged combinations and price-fixing, we called the "secret government" into the open, we invited the industries to organize and send representatives, not to closeted lobbies, but to the public eminence of such administrative and executive boards as the Food, Fuel, and Railroad administrations, and the Committee of Iron and Steel Manufacturers.

The swift dissolution of the war administrative organizations after the signing of the armistice is not so much a reflection upon their value or upon the patriotism of business men as it is upon the incompatibility of our inherited governmental machinery with the actual structure of our national industrial organization. Considering the obstacles which our inherited system of restraints, checks, and balances placed upon them, the achievements of the business men who entered the public service during the war are almost miraculous. Nothing could be done without the direct authorization of the President, whose executive freedom was for the period of the war only. The President was overwhelmed with requests for decisions which would have taxed the brains and energies of an executive general staff. Time and again minor executives were compelled to take action in the interest of the nation, which, if it came to the attention of Congressional committees, exposed them to censure and possible disgrace. Men who came to Washington enthusiastic and eager for public service were driven to despair, and left Washington with the conviction that public service under our form of governmental organization was impossible; that business initiative, inventiveness, and efficiency were utterly incompatible with the red tape of our administrative system. If the new spirit of national service which the war emergency awakened is to be saved and perpetuated, we shall have to devise some plan similar to, if not identical with, the national industrial councils of Great Britain, through which the industrial energy and genius of the nation can at the same time be liberated and brought into effective harmony with the national will.

This is the great task which confronts American business to-day. To howl down government ownership and control because of the manifest inefficiencies of our present legislative and administrative system, without devising an efficient substitute, will not meet the situation. Nothing is clearer than that we cannot go back to the old ways of cut-throat competition, business sabotage, harassing and destructive hostility between employers and employed, between organized industry and the government. If, in their natural reaction against the war-time restraints of an efficient bureaucratic system, business men yield to the temptation to return to the old game of business bucaneering, of fleecing the consuming public, and beating down the workers, they will imperil their present trusteeship of the economic and industrial resources of the nation. They are on trial before the wage-earning masses of to-day as the old landed aristocracy was on trial before their business predecessors a hundred and more years ago. It is for them to say whether history will repeat itself. There are those who believe that there is a fatality in history, that the minds of men are the predestined instruments of inexorable economic forces, that power breeds a lust for power, and that the only escape from the tyranny of power is revolution. But there is no such fatality. Human intelligence is free to shape its own destiny. It is not a patter of words to say that the spirit of democracy is gathering irresistible force throughout the world and especially throughout our Western World. Business, too, will have to conform to the new spirit of the times. Will it conform through processes of rational and voluntary adjustment, or will it resist and, by striving to repress the new spirit, invite catastrophe?

Boy Power

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

IT was on a jewel of a morning, in a necklace of crystal June days, that Science came and made her nest in Tom Rucker's back yard and started to bring up a family. Mechanical science, chiefly—transportation, telephony, wireless, marine engineering, a touch of ballistics, a dash of hydrostatics, odds and ends of physics, chemistry, manufacturing, and liberal arts. Also the drama, history, poetry, and song. The best people said afterward that it was a day of great and joyous achievement. Others, of larger stature and smaller minds, said that Mrs. Rucker must have a wonderful nervous system.

Science could not have chosen a fitter place to nurture her brood than the estate of Thomas Rucker. All the essentials were at hand—a horseless barn, a board-pile, a piano-box, a shedful of valuables saved from the junkman, and a mechanical genius. For beneath Tom Rucker's generous, sunny, and freckled exterior, with his easy-fitting ears, with his talent for the lighter forms of comedy, was a serious strain. There were blind spots, perhaps, in Tom's capacity; he and orthography were total strangers; the Amazon might have been in Australia as far as he was concerned. But give him some wire, a wheel or two, and a piece of string, and he could construct a marvelous machine, baffling to the eye, untainted by utility. The pursuit which Tom loved best of all was doing some easy thing in a complicated and difficult way.

In this respect Tom differed widely from "Fatty" Hartman, who was the first to burst into the yard this sparkling morning to see what, if anything, Tom was up to. "Fatty," who could carry a tune quite a distance without spilling it, made his entrance with his customary dash of song.

"Tom, Tom, the piper's son," he chanted, to music of his own contriving. "What are you makin' there? What's it for?"

Tom waved his ears in amiable greeting. "How do I know?" he replied. "I jus' commenced."

"If you don't know what it's for, what's the use of makin' it?"

"Where's Ranny?" was Tom's reply.

It appeared that Ranny had already been invited to Tom's yard — by "Fatty"—and could be expected when he finished a slight job of grass-cutting.

"He tried to rope me in to help," said "Fatty," "but I was a little too tired. Ted's comin' pretty soon, too. Mebbe it's a sawmill."

The inventor stepped back, cocked his head on one side in a workman-like manner, and thoughtfully regarded his creation. "No, it's no sawmill," he said.

Ted Blake came as advertised. He looked at the contrivance, basically a piano-box, lifted it at one end to show how muscular he was, and advanced the theory that it was a steamboat.

"I'll let you know pretty soon, mebbe," was Tom's decision.

"What have you got there, a thrashin'-machine, or what?" The face that was now looking over the fence was the face of Link Weyman, of rural origin. Link had been invited to this orgy by the noise that Ted and "Fatty" were making. Among the assets of the Rucker homestead was a combination teeter-board and merry-go-round, a stout plank revolving loosely upon a post. The innocent bystanders were trying to maim each other upon this device.

"It's just a — a thingamajig," said Tom. "You'll find out soon enough." Tom's sudden decision had been to make a mystery story out of the thingamajig.

The matter stood thus in solution when intermittent rattling heralded the approach of a person upon one roller-skate. This hullabaloo was now com-

plicated by a fainter, though similar, sound and derisive shouts, such as:

"Come on, you ol' ice-wagon! Wha's the matter with you? Gonta stay there all day?"

A traveler, flushed with exertion and victory, stumbled into the yard, executed a rather brilliant series of gyrations, and fell heavily in the path of the conquered, the two making a squirming heap at the alley gateway. Thus the company in Rucker's back yard was enriched and enlivened by the presence of Bud Hicks and Randolph Harrington Dukes.

"What's that? What's that? Borin' for gas?" asked Ranny.

Tom pointed out once more that the identity of the critter was a dark secret.

"It's a steam-dredge," said Bud. "Anybody can guess that with their eyes shut."

But the word "secret" had lodged in Ranny's fertile brain and was producing reactions.

"Le's make a— I tell you what le's do." There was a flattering silence while all hung upon Ranny's words. "S'pose we have a—you know—secret society about it and don't tell anybody what it is."

"I know," said Bud. "Like a lodge, and have 'nitiations and ever'thing. My uncle belongs—"

"Take in new members and whack 'em," said "Fatty" Hartman. "Fatty's" chief idea of humor in these days was inflicting pain upon somebody. Henry Wiseman, baker, confectioner, and *ex officio* observer of boys, said that "Fatty" was a believer in corporal funishment.

The seed had fallen upon good ground. Latterly the group had been suffering from a bad attack of "organization." They could scarcely go fishing without first stopping to form a club and elect officers. So they now agreed that this was a fraternal society and that everybody was to keep the secret or be tortured with horrible agony.

"Now ever'body's got to put in a lot of things and make it hard to guess," said Tom.

"When are we goin' to find out our *own* self?" asked "Fatty."

"We'll find out soon enough," said Tom, darkly. "Too soon, mebbe."

Everybody wondered what Tom meant by that. Tom might have wondered a little himself, but curiosity was not among his weaknesses.

Probably no other organization ever had a more simple form than this. It had no title, no officers, no dues. Ted Blake suggested that they all sign their names in blood, but nothing came of this idea. All they had was a potential secret.

Yet Ranny's suggestion had put purpose into the game and it now took on vast activity. Somebody found rollers to put under the ungainly thing, making it slightly movable. Ted Blake clung to the belief that this was a seagoing craft. He installed a kind of wireless outfit and a gun to repel pirates. He "avasted" and "belayed" without stint and threatened to "keelhaul" people.

To the internal mechanism, composed by the master-builder, were now added elements of the perambulator which had carried the infant Tom, an extinct pair of bellows filled with water, and some fragments of harness reminiscent of the days when the Ruckers kept a fine horse named Noggins. Ranny, for obscure reasons, installed a cash-carrier system and a telephone. "Fatty's" joy was made perfect by the discovery of a battered phonograph horn. He sang constantly through this and spouted portions of the poem beginning, "The boy stood on the burning deck." He would then take the water-bellows and extinguish the burning deck and as many of his companions as practicable. His uproar attracted the notice of Tug Wiltshire, who was in that part of town and who was already wondering what had become of everybody.

The question now arose, Should Tug be initiated or was he a charter member? Tug solved this problem himself.

"I wouldn't join your ol' society. You couldn't hire me to."

He was therefore allowed to come in on the ground floor, though "Fatty" got a paddle and initiated him slightly on his own private account.

It was the impression of the bookwormy Tug that the thing was a Roman barge, fitted up with modern improvements.

"I'm Nero, and all of you are galley-

"HE TRIED TO ROPE ME IN, BUT I WAS A LITTLE TOO TIRED"

slaves." As nobody was willing to be a galley-slave to make a Roman holiday, the theory at least did no harm.

The diversion was so engrossing that all were surprised and a little resentful when Tom's parents called him to noontime refreshment. Mr. Rucker presently came out in person. Not only did he force his son to go in and take nourishment, but he intimated that anybody else who had a home should repair to it. Mr. Rucker gave the thingamajig only a casual glance. Mechanical phenomena were no rare treat to the father of Tom Rucker.

"Don't tell anybody the secret," was Tom's parting injunction to all. "Come back 's quick as you can."

"I'll proba'ly be the first one back," said Bud. "I'm the fastest eater."

At noon repasts the boys gave out guarded statements as to what was taking place at the fortunate Rucker home —each according to his lights, each painting the thing as he saw it.

"We got a kind of a machine at Tom's house," Ranny told *his* parents. "A society and cash-carriers and ever'-thing."

"Don't gobble so," said mother.

"They's some hist'ry in it, too." This was an after-thought designed to advertise the idea of self-improvement.

"I see," said father. "Studying history by machinery. Good idea."

"No, it ain't that, exactly." Ranny tried to be enlightening without giving away what might be an important secret. "It's kinda like a boat or a dredge or something. Link Weyman shoves in grass and thrashes it."

Mother looked at father with some perplexity.

"That's clear enough," said father. "It's a threshing-machine that runs on the water and digs ditches and teaches history."

"It isn't finished yet," said Ranny. "We got to go back this afternoon."

"Must be a pleasant time for Mrs. Rucker," was all mother could find to say. Mothers do not understand machinery very well.

As accounts similarly enlightening

were given out elsewhere, the news inevitably reached Gifford Rawlins, whose enterprise as a news-gatherer (and advertising solicitor) compelled Editor Henders to pay him ten genuine but reluctant dollars every Saturday night. Young Rawlins was somewhat at his wits' end this noon. He had already made the rounds of the railway station and doctors' offices; if people were not going any place it was not because they were sick. It was the dry season in politics, court was not in session, and Lakeville was in the doldrums.

"I hear there's some kid foolishness going on at Enoch Rucker's," he told his employer. "S'pose I run over and see if it has any news value."

"I was going to suggest," said Henders, with heavy sarcasm, "that you try to find something to put in the paper one of these days—if convenient!"

"You old crab—blaming me because nothing ever happens in this dead town."

Rawlins owed it to his self-respect to say this; but he owed it to his job not to say it until he was safely out of the sanctum.

Arrived at the stricken home, Rawlins went to the fountainhead of wisdom, who was at the moment putting an alleged steering-wheel upon the creature.

"What is this thing?" asked the press. "What is it for?"

Tom Rucker, under strain of interview, spoke as follows: "Well, it's a kind of— Well—you know—it's a thingamajig; it does things like— Hey, Ranny, show him the cash-carrier!"

Ranny operated the tin can skilfully upon its string, but he did not get the reporter's undivided attention, for Link Weyman, unbidden, fell to threshing grass and Ted Blake loaded his cannon and sank a couple of pirates, "Fatty" Hartman kindly furnishing the "boom" through the phonograph horn. As Tug Wiltshire lived in the east end of town, he had not as yet returned from dinner—so Rawlins was spared Nero.

"See," said Tom. "All kind of—"

"Watch out there!" yelled Bud Hicks. He suddenly lowered a dredging-crane—in humbler days Mrs. Rucker's clothesline pole—and narrowly missed one of the most important heads in journalism.

"Yes, but what do you call it? What is it really?"

All these diverse activities ceased and waited upon Tom's reply.

"It's a—a secret. We got a—watcha call it?—society. You tell 'im, Ranny."

"We got a kind of secret society about it and we don't tell anybody," said Ranny.

"Couldn't I join?"

"Yes, le's take 'im in," said the bloodthirsty "Fatty."

But the consensus of opinion blackballed young Mr. Rawlins. He tried to gain his ends by bribery, but his twenty-two cents were of no avail, and finally he went away.

On the way out to the street he met Tug Wiltshire.

"Do you belong to that thing in there?" Rawlins asked. "What do you call it, anyway?"

Tug answered, with perfect frankness: "It's a ancient Roman barge. I'm Nero and the rest of them are galley-slaves."

"There's nothing in that Rucker business," Rawlins reported to his boss. "Just a crazy kid machine. They won't even tell me what it is; I couldn't hire 'em to. They make some kind of a mystery—"

"What?" Mr. Henders seemed to rise into the air and reach for his hat all in one motion.

"I said they— Where you going?"

"Watch the office," said Henders, and, though he was in such a hurry, he took time to add: "Keep safe behind the counter. Some story might come in here and bite you."

The first person he saw as he rushed out of the office was the pastor of the brick church, who was always spoken of in the *Bulletin* as "Rev. Beckwith."

"Hey, Beckwith, got time to come with me?" called the editor. "It's a case for spiritual advice."

Mr. Beckwith took himself sufficiently seriously on the first day of the week to ease up considerably on the other six. A friendship based upon real respect existed between the two men.

"I associate with good people professionally," the minister once said. "Henders is a recreation." He, therefore, readily agreed to go along. "My repu-

tation is secure," he said. "I can run around with sinners and publishers."

On the way, Mr. Henders accosted the city marshal, who was sitting on the shadier side of the pump.

"Better drop around to Enoch Rucker's house pretty soon. The kids are up to some mischief in the back yard. I suppose it's all right, but—"

By the middle of the afternoon it was generally known in the business district that Editor Henders was having one of his periodical literary sprees. Visitors to the office reported him as denying himself to callers, yet taking plenty of time to chuckle and slap his knee. To add to the suspense, the evening paper did not appear at its usual time.

"It's worth being late for," Henders had told his employee. "We'll kinda spread ourselves to-day, Giff."

The stone which Rawlins had rejected was to become the head of the corner.

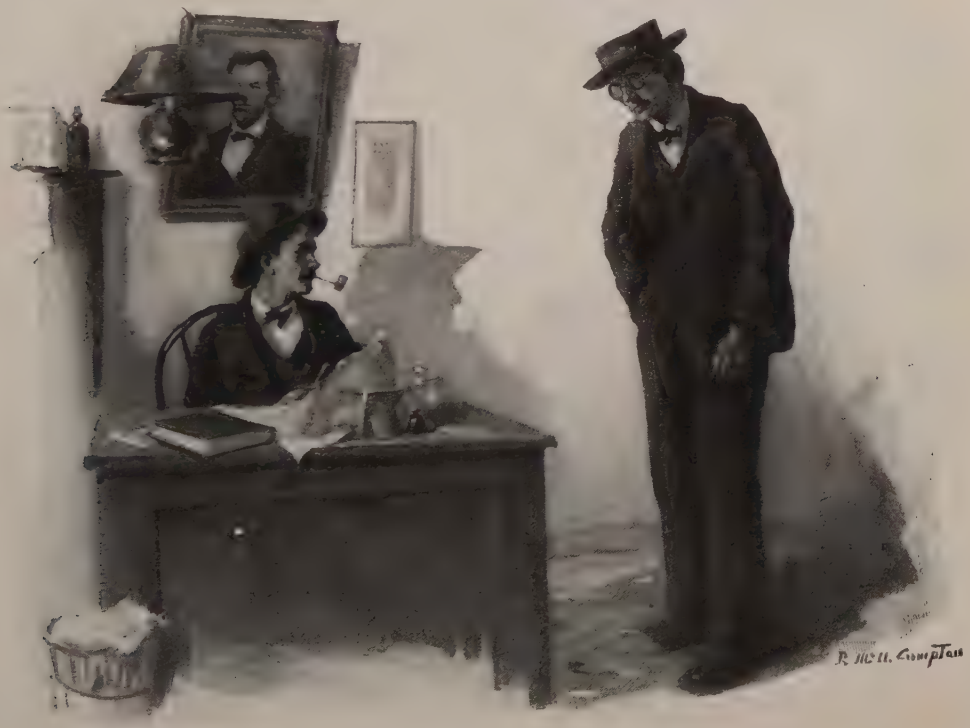
Meanwhile it was a time of growing excitement in the Rucker domain. When Gifford Rawlins came, it began to look as though these activities had got into the public eye. Now came the editor, a *deus ex machina* accompanied by the minister.

It had become the practice of Nero to climb upon the splendid upper deck of the piano-box. There, with a piece of gunny sacking folded over his heartless chest, amid wireless apparatus and dredging-beams, he sat and issued cruel orders to his galley-slaves, who properly paid no attention to him. In the interest of realism he spoke in "Pig Latin," a language that had made some headway recently among the educated classes. Nero was doing this when the adults came, and he found it hard to get down. So the visitors got a fine view of this pagan rite.

The two men gravely put the company through its paces, probing, but gently, into the great secret, for Henders saw that the mystery was worth more than the explanation.

"Looks to me like a pure case of idolatry," said Mr. Beckwith, sadly.

"That shows what your work in this



"I HEAR THERE'S SOME KID FOOLISHNESS AT RUCKER'S; S'POSE I RUN OVER AND SEE"

town has amounted to. Here they set up a golden calf or something."

The Department of Correction now arrived. He seemed to think the whole thing slightly felonious, but he let the culprits off with a warning. "Don't make too much noise," he said, "or let this thing run amuck out in the public highway, scaring horses and all."

As the monster was about as active as a lethargic glacier, there seemed to be little danger of breaking speed laws or running down pedestrians.

If he made no arrests, the marshal did describe the thing sociably about town, to his friend Lem White, among others. Mr. White, when he next found himself at leisure, namely, when he had been beaten at checkers by Sim Coley of the Fire Department, wandered around to see the phenomenon. He proved to be the most complimentary visitor of all.

"If I had this thing under canvas on the Fourth of July, with you kids workin' it, I could charge a dime and make a barrel of money." He was an authority on public entertainments, for he always sold refreshments at times of festival.

"It costs a nickel now," said the quick-witted Bud Hicks. "You can put it in that cash-carrier."

Mr. White rewarded Bud with only a hearty laugh. "You boys are cautions," he said.

When he had gone his parsimonious way Bud wanted to know why Lem White should make a barrel of money off their activities.

"Le's have a show our *own* self, an' make that barrel of money."

"I know where they is a barrel," said "Fatty."

"We'll move the whole shebang in the barn and charge to get in." This was Ranny's contribution.

So Tom's work of genius, which in one process of the sun through the arc of the heavens had been a mechanical marvel, a secret society, a historical pageant, a mystery story, and a religion, now became a side-show.

At the cost of many grunts and the

"COULDN'T I JOIN?"

amputation of some of its appendages, the monster was imported into the barn, where it was again put upon a working basis, with certain improvements and refinements. For example, Tom found a splendid remnant of axle grease in an old can and applied it in his generous, free-handed way, which inevitably included the boy-motors which ran the machine. They presently took on the appearance of seasoned mechanics. Ranny looked himself over with the prideful reflection that he was not unlike the employees of the grimier and more interesting parts of his father's wagon-factory.

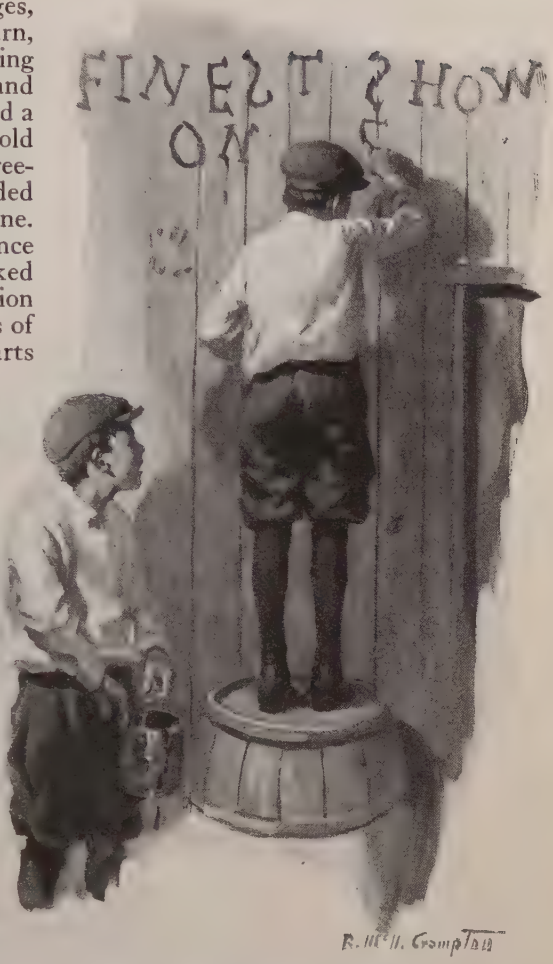
The host also found a barrel, making it unnecessary for "Fatty" to leave his work to find a savings-bank. Ranny's cash-carrier system was connected up with this in such a way as to dump nails and screws (money *pro tem.*) into this receptacle with a prosperous rattle. Bud Hicks, who admitted himself to be an excellent painter, went home for the materials, and with ample help announced matters on the outside of the barn boldly, yet vaguely:

FINEST SHOW ON EARTH. 5 CTS.

The axle grease was black; the paint was green. These two colors, therefore, predominated in the low-tone symphonies on the faces and hands present, the dust and chaff of the barn putting a fine softening effect, as of old masters, over all.

A scout, detailed for the purpose, returned at last with the Rucker copy of the *Bulletin* delivered at the front door. Tug Wiltshire read the wonderful article aloud from beginning to end, from the intriguing head-line, "The Great Center Street Mystery," to the puzzling editorial peroration. He stumbled a little over such unfair words as "amphibious," "Neo-Roman," and "anachronisms," but he sounded the black subtitles with splendid emphasis. "All Things to All Boys"—"Minister Deplores Lapse into Paganism"—"City Marshal Vigilant"—"The Day of the Machine."

Tug knitted his brows over the last-named paragraph. The words seemed to be English, yet they made amazing nonsense.



BUD HICKS ADMITTED HIMSELF TO BE AN EXCELLENT PAINTER

"He's a good hard writer, all right," said Tug. "Le's see, now. Le's read that again."

"'This busy little boy-power machine at the Enoch Rucker home cannot but strike the observer as sym—symbolical of that larger and busier machine which operates upon the big hill at the state capital. It, too, buzzes cheerfully, to the joy of everybody who has a finger in the pie.'"

"We gonta have some pie?" asked the ignorant "Fatty" Hartman.

"Keep still, can't you? This is hard enough, anyway. 'It, too, buzzes—no, I read that— It, too, has its Nero. It, too, has its cash-carrier. It, too, has its

mystery. What is it all for? What does it accomplish? Perhaps Mr. Rucker, who is a local partizan of that Nero and a supporter of that buzzing, blustering, busy machine on the big hill, can solve that larger mystery.'"

"That's a good piece, all right," said Tom.

"That ought to bring a lot of people to our show to-morrow," added Ranny.

A SCOUT RETURNED AT LAST WITH THE RUCKER COPY OF THE *BULLETIN*

There was a sound of revelry that night in the Enoch Rucker home. Friends came to call, real friends and false friends who had "been meaning to get around for a long time." Tom was stowed away early to theoretical rest, but gusts of laughter from the front porch and the jingle of the telephone invaded his bedroom. If he could not sleep he could revel in reminiscences and plan for the prosperous future and take an honest pride in the glory he had brought upon his family.

But he did not know that one of the best and most important persons in the world did not share his enthusiasm. The last guest had gone and Enoch Rucker thus breathed his relief to the partner of his sorrows:

"I wasn't meant for public life. I like a little privacy myself."

"It was awful to-day," Mrs. Rucker replied. "What will it be like to-morrow? Do you suppose people will really pay to see the awful thing?"

Mr. Rucker was silent for a time.

"No, they won't," he said. "I'll fix it."

"Now — Enoch — you wouldn't do anything to make Tom unhappy? He was kind of cunning about it, after all. I can stand it, really; it won't last long."

"I could stand it, too, I suppose— people coming in to giggle at us, and parents calling up on the 'phone and asking how were we standing it and would we please stop greasing and painting their precious sons, and all that. But Henders has made a political issue of this; he has used it to cast ridicule upon the grandest and noblest—"

"Well, Enoch, you know best." Mrs. Rucker had borne much and was willing, if necessary, to bear more, but she evidently drew the line at listening to a political speech at this time of night.

"I'll get the lantern," said her husband. "I won't be long."

Thus on the stroke of midnight, fashionable hour for assassination, Enoch Rucker attacked the dragon and brought it low. He left it there in the blackness of the barn, a lifeless heap of splinters and wheels and twisted wire anointed with axle grease.

But the ghost of the thingamajig continued to walk the earth. The next day's *Bulletin* chronicled the destruction of the illogical creature and glowingly prophesied the smashing of that other and even more sinister machine when November had rolled around. The *Bulletin* rode out over cindery little single-track railroads to other somnolent towns, and other hard-pressed editors,

of like political pattern, seized upon Henders's articles and made the most of them. The denouncing season started that year before the corn was in the tassel.

So the pebble which Tom Rucker and his grimy assistants cast into the pool made a genial little ripple out over the state. The boys, first depressed by the collapse of their hopes, then began to cheer up and bask in their reflected glory. A trifle of such basking was going on in Wiseman's bakery the next day. Ranny's father, who agreed with the *Bulletin's* politics as much as he disagreed with Mr. Rucker's, had been shamefacedly generous to the extent of fifteen cents, and Ranny was doing the honorable thing about it

"That mystery, now," said Baker Wiseman as he filled an order for gingersnaps. "You might tell a fellow about it. It's all over, anyhow."

"No," said Ranny, "we'll never tell."

"Not even for lollipops? Think it over a minute." Wiseman went forward into the salesroom to wait upon a customer.

"Le's tell 'im," said "Fatty" Hartman, "an' get somepin good."

"Ye-ah," said Tom. "Easy enough to say. What 'll we tell him?"

"Fatty" had no answer ready; nor had Ranny; nor had anybody else. A minute raced away. Wiseman returned bearing a bouquet of varicolored lollipops.

"Well, Tom, how 'bout it now?"

Tom Rucker looked at the beautiful confections upon their sticks. To his pain, he could distinguish strawberry, lemon, and chocolate. His eyes took a farewell trip around the circle but he saw only the reflection of his own helpless misery.

"No—" he dragged out the words—"we can't tell."

Henry Wiseman laughed. "Well, you may as well have them, anyhow. "With these delicious words he handed the things around. "You *can* keep a secret," he said, presently; "I'll say that for you."

Ranny removed a brilliant red lollipop from his mouth.

"Yes," he said, with perhaps too conscious an air of virtue, "tha's the way we are."

Old Song

BY DAVID LANG

I LOVED my love, and he loved me;
He gave me many a pretty thing:
He gave me a yellow wedding-ring;
And Grandmother smiled and nodded at me.

My dear love came to live wi' me.
I swept and tidied his wee house,
I fed and milked his wee brown cows,
I sang when his wee son smiled at me.

I saw my love grow tired o' me;
He laughed, and a gipsy's eyes were brown:
He took the lane to London Town.
And Grandmother smiled and nodded at me.

Crater's Gold

A NOVEL

BY PHILIP CURTISS

XXIII

"IF you can keep butter down there, why can't you keep cows?"

Mrs. Fields gazed fiercely at the group standing around the entrance to the old mine shaft and demanded a flaw in her logic.

"The container for the thing contained," murmured Stiles, softly. "What is true of the part is true of the whole." But Mrs. Fields did not hear him, and the others were too intent on amazing facts to have time for abstract excursions.

"Cows?" exclaimed Eksberger, looking down at the hole. "Are there cows down there?" A look of incredulity spread over his face. "Say," he said, "don't try to tell me that Bugby's steers are still there."

"I don't try to tell you anything," retorted the housekeeper, with a fierceness which was almost witchlike, "except that no Bugby or anybody else has a claim to a hoof or a horn."

"For Heaven's sake, how many are there?" demanded Eksberger.

"Four," replied Mrs. Fields, her lip trembling, "and a three days' calf. It was him that was talking Spanish," she had to add; however, with a twitch in the lines of her face which only made her expression the grimmer. "The quilt I'm willing to pay for."

"They are your cows, then?" asked Stiles.

Mrs. Fields looked at him as if the issue had come to a head at last. "They most certainly air my cows. Did the judge want to think I was working for nothing the last four years?"

Eksberger and Baumgarten looked at Stiles as if this were a matter which he understood; and he did, to a certain extent. His talk with Pullar had prepared him for developments such as this, but it was hardly a matter that he wished to reopen. He stood gazing down at the hole in the cellar, saying nothing, but Mrs. Fields was determined to have it out on the spot.

"I hain't any papers, but I'm willing to go to law on it before I'll give them cows up. The calf is mine, anyway."

"Nobody is going to take your cows away from you, Mrs. Fields," said Stiles, quietly. "How long have you had them down there?"

"When did you come?" parried his housekeeper.

"Three weeks ago," answered Stiles.

"Well, then, they've been there two weeks." She still looked at him with lingering suspicion, but in her queer, crooked old mind honesty fought with defiance. "You come on a Tuesday and they went in there the following Saturday. I had 'em up in the woods for a month while the judge was counting the towels and winding up the estate, but after you come it was too far to go up there nights."

Stiles looked at the fierce little figure and there came to his mind the pitiful picture of that frail old woman stealing out at night and trudging her bitter, determined way through the dark, silent woods to care for and shield her one little property. Her mountaineer ancestors, guarding in secret their flocks and herds from Saracen bands, could have done no better.

"Look here," he said, suddenly, Eksberger or no Eksberger, Baumgarten or no Baumgarten. "Did my uncle leave you anything in his will?"

"Your uncle never made no will. You ought to know that."

Stiles hung his head, but, like Mrs. Fields, he wanted to have it out now.

"And for four years he never paid you a cent?"

For the first time since he had known her Mrs. Fields visibly softened. "He was a man accustomed to using his money—what money the judge let him have."

"So you took the cows?"

"The first year he told me to call the Clark cow my own, and after that they wasn't much said about it. They was another spotted heifer that was still his but that died last fall of being bloated."

"But what I don't get," broke in Eksberger, "is how you ever got them down there."

He spoke loud enough so that Mrs. Fields heard him and she turned to him with a snort. "They's plenty o' ways if you only know them."

Stiles hastened to intervene.

"Would you be willing to show us?" he asked, gently, but, while the forced strain was telling on Mrs. Fields, she still managed to summon one last show of fierceness.

"That's understood, then, that the cows is mine?"

"Full and free, without let or restraint, without secret covenant or implied reservation," Stiles answered, with a smile, "and before two witnesses—three," he amended, as Rose, seeing that none of her companions had been eaten alive, slowly conquered her fear and came across the lawn.

"And the calf, too?" insisted Mrs. Fields.

"The calf, too."

"Come on, then."

Rose met the group returning to the main house under the trudging lead of the little old woman, and her face implied a question.

"Fall in," called Eksberger, gaily. "We're going to explore the mine."

As if she had hardly heard him, Rose looked at Stiles and he repeated Eksberger's exact words. "There's no danger at all," he added, and, timorously, Rose walked along with them.

In her kitchen Mrs. Fields lit a lantern and led the way through the hall to the cellar stairs, where she turned.

"This ain't the way I got them in," she explained, laconically.

She led her explorers down the rickety stairway, and, turning at the bottom, held up the lantern while they followed, Rose last of all. As they left the main floor they were met by a smell of mold and their faces were brushed by cobwebs. Rose shivered but kept on bravely.

The cellar floor was of dirt and wavelike in its levels, but sooty windows helped out the lantern and Stiles with his party looked around. There was little to see except the base of the immense chimney which filled a considerable part of the cellar. Along the walls were innumerable crocks and earthen jars of all sorts and shapes, and a rusted machine of which not even Mrs. Fields knew the purpose. "I got them in there," she said, and pointed to the closed door of the hatchway.

Indeed, relieved of her secret, Mrs. Fields was—for her—actually garrulous. A brisk and almost hysterical amiability had come over the dour and defiant woman who had waited grudgingly on Stiles for three weeks. Was it relief? he wondered. Had the guilty knowledge of those four pitiful cows hidden under their feet been gnawing at her vitals ever since his arrival, furnishing her with the source of a mental turmoil as great, in its homely way, as Lady Macbeth's, transforming her from a harmless, gossipy woman-of-all-work to a hostile old crone? It could be. Four cows to her meant the prop of old age.

Behind the chimney, the cellar continued under an ell, a space without windows, and here, in the floor, the lantern showed a slanting passage leading into a gaping hole. Beside it were big piles of dirt.

"Why, it's fresh!" exclaimed Baumgarten, leaning down and examining it in the light of the lantern.

Mrs. Fields stood still and said nothing while Baumgarten took up a shovel.

"Some one's been digging here."

The old woman smiled, a thing Stiles had never before seen her do. "A cow's a pretty big animal," she replied.

Baumgarten straightened himself and looked at her, his hands on his hips. It was a mannerism of his, one of his detestable mannerisms. One would never have believed that it could be noble, but it was at that moment. It was an attitude of utter respect. At the sight of those huge piles of dirt and the sight

of that little old woman, bent and frail in the light of the lantern, the pompous, well-fed New-Yorker had seen, in its every atom of pathos, the picture that Stiles had seen the moment before.

"Well, my gosh!" he said, slowly, and of that, too, every syllable was laden with pure respect.

Before them the blackness of the gaping hole apparently led into the base of the wall.

"But some hole was there?" suggested Stiles.

"Oh yes, there's always be'n a hole," replied Mrs. Fields with the same willingness, "one that you could go in with stooping. The frost broke it in, I guess, or perhaps boys did it long ago. We used to keep butter to cool there and your uncle used it for—for things he wanted—but it was too small for a cow."

"And you shoveled it out?" said Stiles.

"The wall was broke anyway," said Mrs. Fields, fearfully.

She turned the wick of the lantern higher and led the way into the tunnel. It was here that the old woman had evidently done her heroic and secret digging, for the passage sloped very steeply for ten or twelve feet through new, fresh earth so soft that the explorers sank into it to their ankles, while once a sifting of loam came tumbling down off the walls. Baumgarten, who was in the lead, after the housekeeper, stopped fearfully.

"It won't fall," said Mrs. Fields, turning. "The top's just the same as it always was. I only dug out the bottom."

At the end of the slope they came suddenly into a large subterranean gallery where the footing was hard. Mrs. Fields stopped with the lantern and the others gathered around her. Here they could stand erect and, looking up, they saw that the top and the sides were held up by hand-hewed beams set close together. Stiles looked back the way they had come.

"How long did that take you?" he asked.

"Only four nights," she replied.

Stiles and Baumgarten looked at each other and the latter shook his head in despair. Rose, who had come through the tunnel clinging to Stiles, slipped one hand through his arm and one through Eksberger's. With a little shudder, she drew them both close to her for protection as she had done the first night. Mrs. Fields held the lantern over her head and its light brought out weirdly the wondering, upturned faces.

What a band to gather in that dank gallery of a lost colonial mine to unearth by flickering lantern-light the marks of men forgotten a hundred years! —Eksberger the trumpet of Broadway, Baumgarten the ponderous and immaculate salesman, Rose the dainty and fragile comedienne—all the picture of utter sophistication but all now subdued and with faces transformed by awe and wonder.

Stiles reached over his head and touched one of the beams gingerly. The surface, which still bore the marks of the adze, was seemingly hard enough but it gave to his touch and showed that the heart of the wood was soft and rotted.

"This must have been the end of a sap," he said. He looked back toward the cellar. "I don't know much about mining, but I shouldn't have looked for copper so near the surface."

"I don't guess they knew very much about it themselves," volunteered Mrs. Fields in her new sociability. "My father's grandfather, he was a miner, and my father always told about hearing him say that all the copper he ever see would go in a four-quart pail."

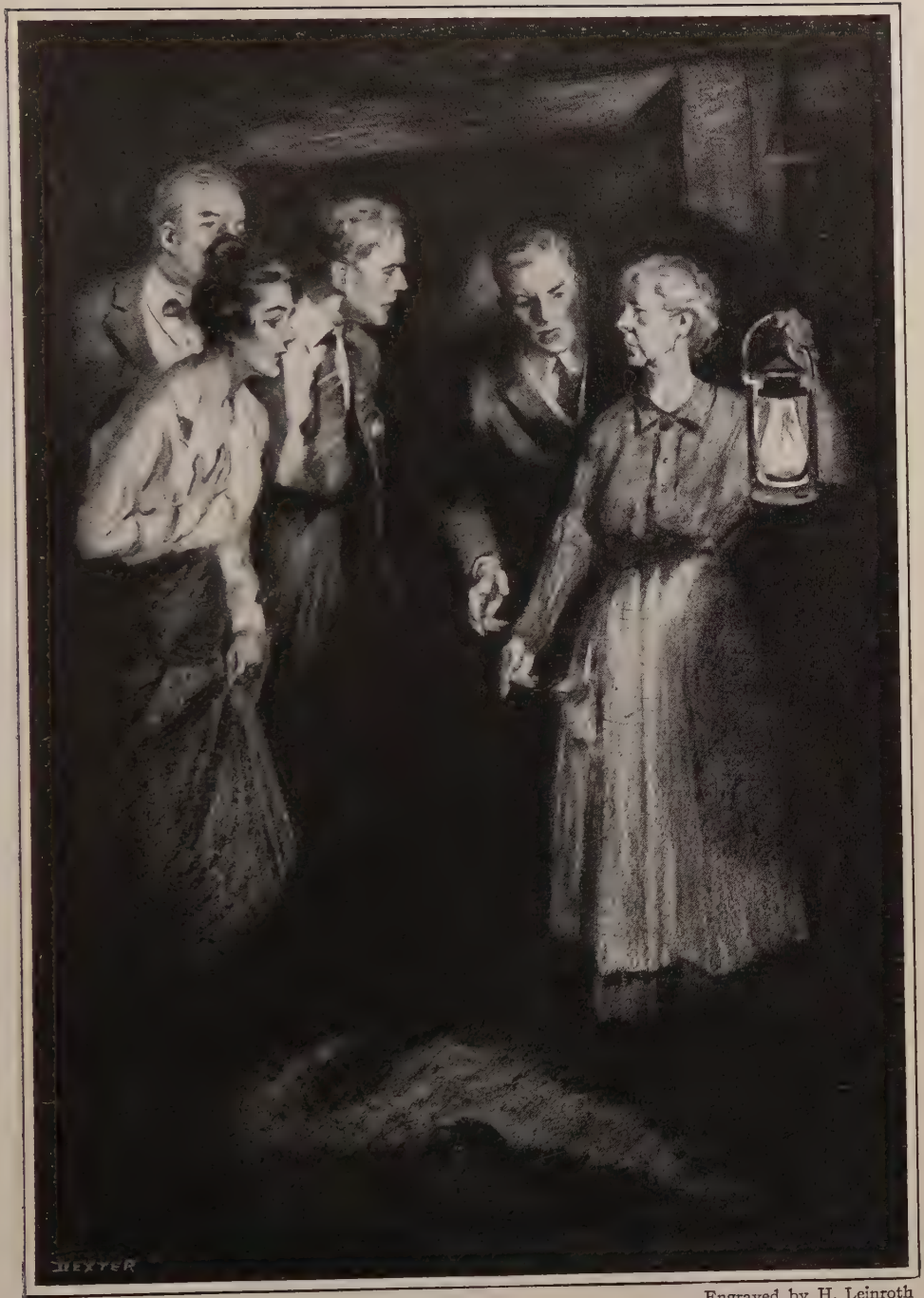
It occurred to Stiles that such a rush of confidence had better be drawn on. It might never come again.

"Mrs. Fields," he said, "the judge told me that your family was Spanish."

Mrs. Fields grunted. "That's what they say. I don't know whether it's so or not. My father, he might have known."

Stiles looked at Rose, then at Baumgarten, then at Eksberger. The lantern-light was strong enough, but their faces brought no response, no indication that they saw anything strange in the statement. At this new wonder, he realized, he must marvel alone.

Only a few, few years before, this woman's fathers had lived in the Pyrenees. Before the Moors, before the



Drawn by Wilson C. Dexter Engraved by H. Leinroth

AT THEIR FEET, LIKE THE MOUTH OF A FUNNEL, YAWNED INKY BLACKNESS

Goths, before the Romans, before the Phœnicians, before the Celts, before the first faint traces of history itself, her race had established itself and, through all the milleniums of wars and migrations in Europe, had bitterly kept its purity intact. A hundred years, fifty, this side of the water and even the memory had been lost. Without a struggle, the Basque had become plain Yankee. Even the name had been stunted. A nasal Inchgerry was all that remained of it now.

Stiles looked at the others standing around him, their upturned faces greenish pale in the lantern light. For that matter what did any one of them know of his heritage? What did Eksberger, what did Baumgarten, both Americans, unable to speak a syllable of another tongue? Could either one have told with certainty where his family had lived three generations before? What had he known himself—or cared—until the death of the last of a fading line had brought him back to close the book on a name he did not even bear? Except for that accident he would have been just like the others, living, smugly, a life of which the very roots did not go back of yesterday. On the other hand, the judge knew. The judge saw as living figures men who had died before this country was born—Solomon Crater, the "massacreed" uncle, the West "Injy" merchants. But the judge, for all his tradition, for all his background, how was his life the richer? Where was his culture from Harvard? Where was the thrill of his shipwreck near Singapore? Where was his romance of the days of the forty-niners? Wherein even did he speak purer English than Eksberger? The judge? As Baumgarten would have said, with a shrug, "There you are!"

"But where are the cows?" asked Eksberger, suddenly.

"They're here just a piece," replied Mrs. Fields. "The rest is easy. Don't step on the beams, they're soft."

She picked up the lantern and led the way down the passage in which the timbers arched overhead like the ribs and deck beams of a ship. At intervals one or two lay fallen. She rounded a curve and, for a second, the light of the lantern came to them only by reflection.

"It smells like the circus," said Eksberger.

"That's them," replied Mrs. Fields. "Soo, Blacky!"

Around the curve they came suddenly into a very large underground chamber where the four cows were standing, chewing their cuds with the nonchalance of domestic animals, perfectly unconcerned as long as they were fed. With a proprietorship which was mounting to pride, Mrs. Fields held the lantern over the tail of the farthest. She looked at the visitors expectantly and Rose followed Stiles at the safe distance from the animal's heels.

"The darling!" she exclaimed, her eyes brightening in the lantern light. Between the last cow and the wall, a little black head looked up at her in friendly impudence and widespread little black legs tottered in front of her. Suddenly she burst into a laugh. "What in the world has he got on?"

Mrs. Fields looked at Stiles. "It was tore anyway," she said. "I thought you'd cotched me that night. If you'd come three or four minutes later, you would have."

"If I'd come three or four minutes later," replied Stiles, "you might have been shot." He picked up the corner of a pink padded quilt which was tied with a girth of bed-ticking around the little black calf. "You're welcome to it," he said. "What else is there here?"

The vault in which they were standing had evidently been used for some sort of headquarters, possibly the head of the shaft, for the top was still ceiled with planks, while rotted boards crumbled into a sort of red dust under foot.

"This is as far as it goes," replied Mrs. Fields, "leastways as far as it goes now. The rest is water. Better not go there," she called suddenly. "You'll break your neck!"

With his usual talent for exploration, Eksberger had started strolling nonchalantly around the cavern, but he stopped with a start at the housekeeper's voice. One scare was enough from that mine. With a willingness almost effusive, however, Mrs. Fields picked up the lantern and walked to his side.

"Careful, now," she warned, "if you

want to see it. Don't git ahead of me."

On the opposite side of the chamber to that by which they had entered was the rotted frame of a broad, heavy doorway with two planks propped criss-cross to bar it. Mrs. Fields took these down, and, holding the lantern at arm's-length before her, she shuffled through the doorway, not lifting her feet from the ground, while, inch by inch, the others followed. For eight or ten feet from the doorway the footing sloped moderately and then, with a jerk, the housekeeper stopped. At their feet, like the mouth of a funnel, yawned inky blackness. The old woman picked up a chunk of dirt and tossed it off into space. With a velvety, uncanny silence it vanished from sight while the faces in the lantern light, leaning over Mrs. Fields's outstretched arm, waited tense and expectant. Five seconds passed and then came a faint hollow splash.

"Water," said Baumgarten, significantly.

"I should say it was water," exclaimed Eksberger, in a dry voice, "and except for the grace of Heaven it might have been me."

"Don't, Charlie," said Rose, with a shudder. "Hadn't we better get back? It might fall or something."

"If it hasn't fallen for a hundred years I guess it won't fall now," replied Mrs. Fields.

She drew back her lantern from over the shaft and turned, but as she did so, Eksberger, crowding forward, made a sudden motion to throw an old piece of iron and struck her arm violently.

"There, you've done it!" she cried.

The lantern flashed up and down and then there was utter darkness.

XXIV

Curiously, it was Baumgarten, Baumgarten the pampered sybarite, who rose to the crisis.

"Don't any one stir an inch," he said, in a low, firm voice.

Before that, there had been an instant of light and dark and of confusion in which nobody had been quite sure what had happened. After that, they had found themselves standing in damp, pitchy blackness, hearing one another's breathing.

Even when Baumgarten's voice came out at their shoulders, no one else dared to speak. Each waited for some one else to ask the terrible question. Finally, from sheer tension, Rose began to sob, softly. Some one else began to stir. After that, without asking, they all seemed to know that they all were still there. Stiles suddenly discovered that he had been standing with eyes tight shut. He opened them slowly, cautiously, but it made no difference. It was just as black as before, but, curiously, with his eyes open, he seemed able to hear better—and smell. He could now smell distinctly the cold, swamp air from the shaft at their feet.

Again Baumgarten took command. "Light a match, somebody."

There was another silence and again all felt a foreboding of what would prove to be the awful truth. In a queer, strained voice, Eksberger spoke what they knew was the common fate: "I haven't got one. Have you?"

Nobody answered and Eksberger broke out in a sort of falsetto, "Stiles, light a match," and then, as Stiles did not answer, he cried out in fright: "Stiles! Stiles!"

"Yes, yes, I'm here," answered Stiles. He had become conscious of a faint scent from Rose's gown and he had been wondering whether it would reassure her or only startle her the more to touch her. After he had spoken he did put out his hand and touched her shoulder. Like a child she came into his arm and he held her. He could feel her heart beating rapidly. There was another moment of that uncertain groping and then Baumgarten could be heard in a husky voice:

"I think I've got just one, but for the love of Heaven don't anybody move."

With ears strained, they waited ages while Baumgarten fumbled through his pockets. They could hear his stiff collar creak as he moved his arms. "Here it is," he said at last. "Now give me the lantern."

"The lantern?" cried Mrs. Fields. "The lantern is down the hole!"

A sinking feeling seemed to follow. Baumgarten grunted at last:

"Well, anyway, we'll make the most of it."

He could be heard making motions to strike the match, but Stiles stopped him.

"Wait a moment," he said. "That match is precious. Before we light it, let's find out where we all are."

"I'm here," said Miss Fuller, speaking two inches under his chin.

"Who's that?" asked Stiles, as his groping hand touched a coat-sleeve.

"That's me," replied Eksberger. "Here's Stuffy. Where's Mrs. Fields?"

"All right, now," commanded Stiles. "Keep hold of hands."

"Are you ready?" called Baumgarten. They could feel him poised.

"All ready," said Stiles.

The breathing became strained again as they waited nervously for the brief moment of light. Once, twice, they heard the match rub over cloth and then a muttered word—"Hell!"

"What's the matter?" asked Eksberger, pettishly.

Baumgarten did not reply and the match again rubbed over cloth. "I thought so," he said at last.

"What's the matter?" insisted Eksberger.

"It's a safety match. I knew there was something wrong," muttered Baumgarten after a moment, "because I never carry matches in that pocket, never carry 'em loose anyway."

They stood helpless, waiting for any suggestion.

"If I were only sure just where the door is," complained Stiles.

"It's right on my left," said Eksberger.

"Well, *is* it?" insisted Stiles. "I'm all turned round."

"Rose must be nearest," suggested Baumgarten. "She came in last."

"Just the same," said Stiles, "it won't do to take any false steps. We can't be a foot away from that shaft."

"I think I can find it," said Mrs. Fields, "if you hold on to me."

"Are there any other holes?" asked Stiles.

"Yes, two," replied Mrs. Fields. "I know where they be. You hold me up and I'll try it."

Feeling her way over faces and coats, she made her way, each man passing her up the line until she reached Stiles. "Now then," she said, with assurance, "but take little steps. Don't stir up the dirt."

With one hand clutching her arm and with the other supporting Rose, Stiles followed her, inch by inch. Behind him Eksberger held his arm and Baumgarten clutched Eksberger's.

"This would be funny," said Eksberger, "if—"

"Well, it isn't funny," interrupted Baumgarten. "You save your jokes until we get on safe ground."

Shuffling and testing the ground with his feet, half carrying Rose, it seemed to Stiles fifty yards before his foot struck something hard.

"What's that?" he exclaimed.

"The door sill," replied Mrs. Fields. "Step high and then you're all right."

The inner chamber was blacker if possible than the head of the shaft, but the air was better and they felt almost as if they had reached home.

"Are we safe?" asked Rose, as she felt Stiles relax.

"Safe and sound," he replied. The girl slipped out of his arm but fumbled her hand through it in the now familiar way.

Behind them, Baumgarten and Eksberger could be sensed moving around, but not one of them could see six inches ahead. The blackness was so oppressive, so different from the darkness of a room, that they felt themselves groping as if to ward off something, even when standing still.

"Now you stay there," commanded Mrs. Fields, "and don't move hand or foot."

A minute later her voice could be heard from an incredible distance. "All right, I've found it."

"Found what?" called Rose, eagerly.

"The entrance to the passage," explained Baumgarten.

"Stand still," commanded the housekeeper sharply, and with that parting word the shuffling and rustling of her movements suddenly ceased.

"Mrs. Fields!" called Stiles, but no answer came.

With her departure, a loneliness and a vagueness more dread than ever seemed to settle down in the vault and

with it a silence. Each one felt that all of the others had gone and hesitated to say the first word. After a moment, out of the cavern, came a slow rustling sound.

"What's that?" asked Baumgarten in a low voice.

"The cows," replied Stiles.

"Oh," muttered Baumgarten. "I'd forgotten they were there."

There came another long silence and then Eksberger spoke with tentative cheerfulness. "You there, Rose?"

"Yes, I'm here."

Another silence.

"Where are you, Stuffy?"

"I'm here."

Some quality in the black, echoing void seemed to change their voices from place to place, for, when Eksberger spoke again, he seemed to have moved from behind Stiles to far off on his left.

"Well, anyway," he exclaimed, decidedly, "I'm going to sit down. No, I'm not, either," he added, hastily.

"What's the matter?"

"Wet—and cold as ice. Say," he suggested in a lower voice, "suppose she never came back."

"Don't worry," answered Baumgarten from some other point in black space. "She may not care about us but she'd never abandon those cows."

"I know, but suppose she fell down a hole herself."

"Oh, don't," begged Rose, almost sobbing and Baumgarten intervened.

"Cut it out, Charlie, cut it out."

Unconsciously they were relaxing, becoming accustomed to that uncanny conversation, questions and answers heard in familiar voices but shot out of changing points of the darkness from figures invisible. There followed a very long silence but a silence more tolerable and then Eksberger's voice could be heard saying, musingly:

"I wonder if cows would get blind if you left them down in a place like this long enough."

With the fatuous earnestness of people stranded, uneasy, and helpless, their voices discussed the idea for minutes. One who has wondered what people would do if suddenly voileyed out of their usual world, cast on a desert island, or, for that matter, translated to another planet, would do well to study that moment down in that damp pitchy mine, when once the first wave of fright had subsided.

"I knew a man once," said Eksberger's voice. "He was a comedy juggler."

Even in the solid darkness, Baumgarten could be felt bristling with a sudden and jealous interest.

"Who was that?" he asked, sharply.

"Nobody you know," replied Eksberger's voice, teasingly. "He was one of the 'Juggling Jordans'—his real name was McCarthy—but he lost three fingers in the revolving door of the post-office in Montreal and then he couldn't be a juggler any more, so he went to training beagles."

"Training what?" asked Rose from Stiles's elbow.

"Beagles," replied Eksberger. "What did you think I said?"

"I thought you said eagles."

"Eagles!" retorted Eksberger, scornfully. "How could he train eagles?"

"I don't see why he couldn't train eagles just as well as he could train beagles. What are beagles?"

"Dogs," replied Eksberger from the height of superior knowledge.

"Well, what did he train them to do? Tricks?"

"Tricks?" snorted Eksberger. "Of course not. He trained them to hunt."

"Hunt what?" persisted Rose.

"Why, why—" answered Eksberger. "I don't know. What do beagles hunt, anyway?"

"Search me," said Baumgarten, speaking apparently from a comfortable, stationary attitude in the darkness. "What do they hunt, Stiles?"

"Foxes or something, don't they?" suggested Stiles, startled at his own sudden bass voice. "I never saw one except in a picture. All I know is that they always wear white gaiters when they hunt them."

"The beagles?" asked Rose.

"Oh, say!" interrupted Eksberger, impatiently. "Who's telling this story, anyway?"

"Go ahead," said Rose, demurely. "Juggling Jordan lost three fingers in the post-office and went to training beagles in white gaiters. What then?"

"I've forgotten what I *was* going to say, now," replied Eksberger. "What were we talking about?"

"About cows getting blind if you left them in a mine long enough," suggested Stiles.

"Oh yes," Eksberger recalled. "That was it. Well, this fellow used to do a trick in which he caught five lighted candles between the fingers of each hand."

"I see why he had to quit," suggested Baumgarten, and then he added: "That must have been some hand he lost. I've only got four spaces in mine."

In the darkness Eksberger counted. "Well, anyway what difference does it make? Call it four. The point was that he hadn't tried to do this trick for four or five years, but one day he was going out to his barn when a fellow came along with a—"

"Listen!" whispered Rose, suddenly. "What was that?"

Instantly all of them were listening intently. At first they heard nothing, then two cows clashed horns at the other side of the cavern.

"Cows," exclaimed Eksberger. "Well, anyway—"

"Keep still," whispered Rose. "It wasn't that. I heard somebody talking."

They stood in silence.

"There!" whispered Rose, and all of them heard a faint crackling sound.

"It's Mrs. Fields," said Eksberger aloud, but Baumgarten checked him roughly. "Keep still. It's behind us."

In the darkness Rose pressed against Stiles while all of them strained their ears. There was no doubt about it now. They did not dare move, they did not dare even turn, but more and more distinctly, behind them, came the crackling sound as of some one walking over brush.

"I hear it!" whispered Eksberger, and distinctly they heard a mumble of voices. Some one of them stirred.

"Stand still!" ordered Baumgarten.

The crackling grew suddenly louder at their backs and then a voice said so clearly that it seemed to be right in the room:

"Twenty-five thousand dollars!"

XXV

As the crackling had sounded nearer and nearer, the little group in the cavern had, by some process of gravitation, drawn in closer. Its members found themselves touching one another, seemingly counseling silence. Again the voice was followed by crackling and then it sounded again, this time over their heads. It was a casual voice, speaking casually:

"It hasn't changed since I was a boy. The very same rubbish is here."

Eksberger's face leaned across Stiles's. "Pullar," he whispered, but all of them knew it already. "I know where he is," Eksberger whispered. "He's in the old cellar. It can't be ten feet."

"Sst!" ordered Baumgarten, but then came a shout almost at their elbows—"Hallo-o-o!"—a pause and then a shout from far off—"Hall-o-o-o!"

It was Eksberger's happy lot in life to assume continually that he had discovered things already perfectly obvious to every one else. "Do you get it?" he whispered. "That's what he's doing. He's shouting down here. He said that he used to count nine. I'm going to answer."

"Shut up!" hissed Baumgarten.

For a moment it did seem as if Eksberger had disclosed their position. For a moment there was a silence and then a voice, a woman's voice, spoke precisely and a little impatiently: "You must see how we feel about the whole matter, Judge."

In recalling that moment afterward, three of the four would have sworn that they looked at one another and grinned, darkness or no darkness, but whether the judge saw or not, they were never to learn, for his voice was a mumble.

"We don't want to be unjust or hasty," went on Mrs. Pullar, "but you must realize that all of us have spent a great deal of pains and money up here. We think of the town as our own. We discovered it, in a manner of speaking."

It was too much for Eksberger. "What did I tell you?" he whispered, exultantly, but no one replied. They were listening too keenly, but a low mumble from the judge was their only reward. Mrs. Pullar herself must have moved, for after that her voice, too, was only a mumble, then suddenly down it came clearly again:

"Isn't that how you all feel, Louise?"

"The question being," whispered Eksberger, "who is Louise?" and this time nobody checked him. They had all wondered that.

At last, slow and profound as that of a judge on his bench, came the voice of the judge in the cellar above:

"As to who discovered this place, ma'am, they might be those as would want to dispute you."

"Good old judgie," whispered Eksberger.

"But, Judge, of course you know what I mean."

"Yes," drawled the judge, slowly, "I know what you mean."

There came a silence and, knowing the judge, they could see him deliberate.

"They was a feller"—his voice came at last and Stiles chuckled aloud, for, as if he had been on the spot, he could see Mrs. Pullar's impatient tolerance—"they was a feller come up to see me one time with a prowject for doing away with the locks on the Erie Canal. He was a nice feller, too. His name was Spencer. Well," he broke off suddenly, "did you find him?"

The listeners below heard a crash on the debris of the cellar above and then Pullar's voice, "No, he's not there yet, but Mrs. Fields has come back and she says he'll be there in a minute."

"That's nice to know," whispered Eksberger, but the use of his name so calmly up there had given Stiles the strangest start of the whole afternoon. It seemed such a ridiculous and yet such an uncanny link between the sane world above and that fantastic place in which they stood, so impotent, below. It was like hearing people speak of you after you were dead. Above them the voices were sounding in mumbles again. Only from time to time did a sentence come down with that strange and almost magnified clearness. One came to them finally in Pullar's voice, spoken with that same incredible matter-of-factness:

"Well, Judge, if you'll be good enough, I guess we'd better go in and wait. You won't come with us, dear?"

"Dear" evidently would not, although they could not hear her say so, for the next thing they heard was Pullar's voice:

"Why don't you and Louise take the car and then send it back?"

There seemed to be reasons why not, for Pullar gave in. "Well, be careful crossing the brook. I'll be home for dinner."

There followed more crashing and then a long silence. The group in the mine began to relax and stir when there came a new voice, presumably that of Louise: "Ooh, isn't it black? I'm going to throw something in."

"Please, please," urged Mrs. Pullar's voice, and her arguments evidently were sound for no splash followed. Instead came Mrs. Pullar's half-whining tones: "Bob is so unreasonable. He ought to have done this two weeks ago. Now it will cost us three times as much."

In the darkness, Stiles started to move, but Baumgarten checked him. To Stiles's amazement, he had apparently been debating the same ethical point. "Keep still," he whispered. "We can't help it. If they don't want it heard, they shouldn't say it."

With some hesitation, Stiles fell back in his place and, after a series of mumbles, Mrs. Pullar could be heard again:

"Father was always in terror that some one would try to start up the mine. They'd be fools to do it, but just imagine what Eden would be like all full of coal heaps and miners!"

Louise seemed to murmur a question, for Mrs. Pullar replied:

"What? Oh no, the judge says he'll never do that. He's the kind of man to let things run on just as they are. It's not the mine so much we're afraid of, but suppose that Mr. Eksberger really did buy it."

There came a responsive murmur above and Eksberger nudged Stiles. At least he nudged somebody and it happened to be Stiles. Again came the voice protesting:

"Well, I don't think it's nonsense at all and neither does Bob and neither does Jack. The judge doesn't seem to say much one way or the other, but just imagine if once he should come here and build—"

Beside him, Stiles heard Eksberger chuckle so loudly that he missed the rest of the sentence above. The reply from the unknown Louise came in the usual

murmur and then Mrs. Pullar cried out, indignantly: "What would it mean? What would it mean if Mr. Eksberger and all of those people once got a foothold here? Why, don't you realize that—"

She had stopped for a moment but, before she could finish, Stiles had turned quickly and taken a half-step toward the mouth of the shaft. He threw back his head and shouted in deep, rolling tones:

"*Arma virumque cano!*"

He waited a moment and then added in a slow, mournful wail of utter despair:

"*Lingua toscana in bocca romana.*"

Above them the group in the mine heard a shriek and a crashing, another crashing and bumping sounded right in the cavern and then a light flashed into the chamber.

"You scared the cattle," said Mrs. Fields. She had come at the moment around the curve in the gallery bearing not only two lanterns but individual candles for the return trip. "Young Pullar is up-stairs waiting to see you," she added. "His wife and another lady is out looking down the old cellar."

"I bet they're not there now," laughed Eksberger; then he turned to Stiles. "What did you want to do that for? If you'd only kept quiet I might have learned something about myself."

"You've said it. You might," answered Baumgarten, gruffly. "Let's get out of here."

He took a lantern from Mrs. Fields and they fell into line, but, with the rescue, Eksberger was in high humor.

"Stuffy," he cried, from his place in the line as they walked through the gallery, simple enough in the lantern light—"Stuffy, you didn't get me. You don't know what's happened the last few days. You don't know what those people are scared of me for."

"I know a damn sight more than you think I do," retorted Baumgarten. He had held the party together largely by his own will the past hour and his nerves were going. "Charlie," he added, "you ought to hire a tutor so that you could get wise to yourself."

Eksberger stopped and turned. "What do you mean get wise to myself?"

For reply, Baumgarten merely waved his hand. "Hold up that candle. You're dripping the grease all over your coat.

"Holy Moses!" he exclaimed with relief, a moment later, as, the last of the line, he burrowed his way out of the tunnel, "I never thought that a cellar would look sweet to me."

"Me, either," said Eksberger. "Let's get up. I want to stand in the sunlight."

"You'll have to hurry if you want to do that," remarked Mrs. Fields. "It's quarter to seven."

"Quarter to seven?" exclaimed Rose. "And my train went at six." She turned to Stiles quickly and looked at him suspiciously. "Did you do that on purpose?"

Stiles drew a long breath. "Hardly," he answered. "Not all of it, that is."

"Stiles," said Baumgarten, "if I thought that you did *any* of it on purpose I'd throw you back in that hole and seal up the entrance."

"In the mean time," said Eksberger from the foot of the stairs, "haven't you people been underground long enough?"

"Don't wait for me," called Stiles, and he himself turned to his housekeeper. "Did you?" he asked. "Did you tell Mr. Pullar where we were?"

Once back in a normal world, however, Mrs. Fields seemed to have drawn back into her shell, to give signs of her old taciturnity.

"I never was much of a hand to tell things," she said, gruffly.

When he reached the main floor, Stiles pushed hurriedly ahead of the others. In the study he found no one, but in the little-used parlor on the other side of the house he heard low voices. He entered and found a self-conscious group which looked up at him, startled. The judge was standing in front of the mantelpiece; Pullar was wandering back and forth, while his wife was sitting nervously on the horse-hair sofa holding the hand of a younger woman with a sweet but, at the moment, very pale face. On the table was a handkerchief and a glass of water. It was very cheap, he told himself afterward, but he couldn't help it. He walked toward Mrs. Pullar with cheery briskness.

"This is very delightful," he said.

Mrs. Pullar looked at him searchingly,

but as usual she had self-control. "Mr. Stiles, may I present you to my sister-in-law, Mrs. Cady?"

The sweet-faced woman looked up and smiled wanly. Stiles bowed. "I think I have met Mr. Cady. Can't I get you some tea or something?"

"Oh no, please don't," replied Mrs. Pullar. "We didn't really intend to come in—" but for once in her presence her husband asserted himself.

"Thanks ever so much, Stiles," he said, "but it's very late. The truth is that the judge and I came up here to talk business."

Stiles said nothing and looked expectant. Pullar looked at the judge, then turned back to Stiles. "You'll hardly care to have us disturb you now. I wonder whether you would be willing to meet us at the judge's this evening."

Stiles was not unprepared for this, but he hesitated. "I think that I can," he said, slowly. "In fact, if you hadn't come to see me I should have come to see you. Would nine o'clock be too late?"

"Any time you like," replied the judge. He looked at Stiles curiously. "Ain't getting restless, air you?"

"No," replied Stiles, "not restless exactly." He looked at Mrs. Pullar and his eyes narrowed just a trifle. It was the last fling of that look of defiance that they had thrown to each other the night before. She understood it and looked, embarrassed, out of the window. "Not restless," he repeated. "I think that I am getting a little homesick."

XXVI

"To-morrow morning," said Rose, decidedly, "seven o'clock will find me seated on the station platform, ticket in hand, waiting for the nine-o'clock train."

They were walking out from dinner and Stiles turned from the door. "Have you found your visit as terrible as that?"

Rose did not deprecate. "You can't say yourself it was very restful."

Stiles looked at his watch. "As long as you stay until seven to-morrow, I will not object. I've got to go to the judge's in half an hour. Promise me solemnly that you will not run away before I get back."

"Don't worry," replied Rose. "I'm not going to move one foot in this country without a body-guard and a searchlight."

Stiles looked out at the darkness under the trees but, in comparison with that of the mine, it was mild and inviting. "As a searchlight," he said, "I am a comparative novice but as a body-guard I am noted from coast to coast."

Half an hour later they came up the steps and Stiles entered the house. When he came out he called to Baumgarten:

"Mrs. Fields says that a messenger came this afternoon to have you call up New York. I'm afraid there's no telephone nearer than town. Will you walk down with me?"

Baumgarten looked at him a moment. "I'll come," he said, shortly.

As they fell into step in the road, Stiles remarked, "Of course there wasn't any message."

"I understood that," replied Baumgarten, gruffly. "Going to sell your place, are you?"

"Yes," replied Stiles, rather astonished. He thought a moment and then added, "I presume you don't want to buy it now?"

"It was take it or leave it, Stiles," replied the other man, quietly. "I never go back on my word."

There might have been a note of real resentment in his tone. Stiles understood that he would never know what had been written on that slip of paper that he had refused to look at, but the resentment, if it really existed, extended only to that one transaction. Otherwise Baumgarten was friendly enough.

"Given up your idea of living here yourself?" he asked.

"I'm old," answered Stiles, "too old to learn. If I were Pullar it would be heaven, but I haven't the figure for tweeds. I thought I could do it. I thought I was sick of New York—"

"If it gets in your blood it never gets out," interrupted Baumgarten, quickly. "Take Rose, now. She's always been talking about a house in the country."

"She told me she had," answered Stiles, quietly. He had finally learned that frankness was the only policy with this man. His companion did not misun-

Drawn by Wilson C. Dexter Engraved by S. G. Putnam

"AS A SEARCH-LIGHT, I AM A COMPARATIVE NOVICE"

derstand the brief sentence and walked along moodily.

"Of course," said Stiles, "if I could have New York come to me now and then as it has this week—"

Baumgarten broke in, roughly: "Stiles, New York will never come to you again as it has this week."

Stiles made no reply and they walked in a silence again almost hostile.

"About this meeting?" suggested Baumgarten, quickly.

"When a man goes to fight a duel," said Stiles, "he takes along a friend who knows something about pistols. When he goes to talk business, he takes a friend who knows something about business."

"I ought to know something about it," replied Baumgarten. He added: "You heard your answer down in the mine, didn't you? Ask 'em for forty thousand, let 'em beat you down to twenty-five, then stick like a burr."

As if he were planning a sale in his own New York office, Baumgarten began once more to talk smoothly and confidently:

"Nine-tenths of the land in this town is owned by members of a corporation known as the Eden Realty Company."

"I knew that," said Stiles, "but how did you know it?"

Baumgarten snorted. "I don't do things blind. I found that out the day I came. It is a voluntary association, incorporated under the laws of the state of Massachusetts, and empowered to do about everything in the world except commit murder. Actually it is a landowner's protective league designed to keep out the roughnecks. The minute I found that out I knew there'd be nothing doing with Pullar for me. That's why I came directly to you. It made me mad in a way."

"You don't call yourself a roughneck, do you?" asked Stiles.

"I'm no lily-of-the-valley," replied Baumgarten.

At the judge's house, Pullar and his brother-in-law were waiting stiffly in the old parlor and the four bowed silently with the ridiculous formality of men who may have seen one another all day but meet at night to transact business. The judge came in behind the others, a suspicious twinkle in his eye. He was going to enjoy this scene.

Stiles saw no reason why time should be lost.

"Without beating about the bush," he began, "I understand that you gentlemen and others are prepared to purchase my property. Am I correct?"

There was a silence. Pullar looked at old Colonel Cady and the latter cleared his throat. "You are correct."

"Well, then," continued Stiles, "I have drawn up a deed."

He took a paper from his pocket and handed it to Pullar. Pullar opened his eyes as he read it.

"By any chance are you a lawyer, Stiles?"

"No," replied Stiles, "but I speak the language."

"Perhaps you had better read it," suggested the judge, and Pullar began:

"Know all men by these presents that I, Andrew Stiles of the city and county of New York in the state of New York, for divers good causes and considerations thereunto moving—"

Pullar looked up. "I guess I can skip this," he suggested. The others nodded and he went on:

"—especially for the sum of one dollar and other considerations received—"

"Just a minute," interrupted Colonel Cady. "We can hardly proceed until we know what the other considerations are."

"May I suggest," replied Stiles, "that before we touch on that point you read the conditions attached."

Pullar turned over the sheets, mumbling hurriedly over the formal phraseology. "Is this what you mean?" he asked, "'Said members of the said Eden Realty Company do agree and covenant'?"

Stiles nodded and Pullar read aloud:

"Said members of the said Eden Realty Company do agree and covenant, collectively and individually, and do hereby bind themselves by acceptance of this quit-claim deed, to the following reservations:

"1. No mining or other enterprise for gain or profit with the exception of agriculture, husbandry, horticulture, or herding, shall ever be practised in or on the said property . . . and on violation of this clause . . . all

title in the said property shall revert to the grantor or his heirs or assigns.

"2. A cottage erected on any part of said property at the expense of the said Andrew Stiles may be maintained for the benefit of one Mary Jane Fields, widow of—"

"Asahel Fields," supplied the judge, promptly, and Pullar wrote it into the deed:

"—and by her occupied during her lifetime or pleasure.

"3. Access to and the right to take from the said property any books, furniture, documents, monuments, relics, or any other articles of historical or artistic interest whatsoever shall be given at any time to Judge Abner A. Tyler of the said town of Eden in recognition of his faithful stewardship of said property and other property of the present and previous title-holders."

Pullar looked up from the sheets. "My word! Stiles," he exclaimed. "Is this a quit-claim or your last will and testament?"

"Both," replied Stiles, "so far as Eden is concerned."

Pullar continued his reading:

"4. A plot to be designated by said Andrew Stiles and not to exceed one acre, comprising the sites of both the old and new Crater mansions so-called shall be held in perpetual trusteeship by said Abner A. Tyler and such successors as may be hereafter appointed. All houses, barns, stables, granaries, and other buildings whatsoever now standing on the said plot shall be razed at the earliest practicable moment and the ground so graded as to remove all traces of such buildings, the expense of this action to be borne by the said Andrew Stiles. Thereafter no buildings or edifices of any kind shall be erected on such plot with the exception of a memorial to be designed and designated by the said grantor, Andrew Stiles."

Pullar looked up. "That seems to be all."

"That *is* all," replied Stiles.

The colonel was stroking his mustache. "You have made a good many conditions, Mr. Stiles."

"Those are the only conditions on which I will sell."

"Hum," said the colonel. A long pause followed and then he suggested: "Now as to the other considerations. I take it for granted that you do not mean to sell your property for one dollar."

Stiles smiled but for a moment he did not reply.

"Gentlemen," he said at last. "It has—well, I may say that it has come to my ears that you would be willing to pay twenty-five thousand dollars."

Pullar and Cady looked blank. Baumgarten and the judge smiled.

"The property, you understand," said Colonel Cady, slowly, "has no such intrinsic value at all. There are merely certain abnormal circumstances which have given it what I may call a fictitious value." He looked toward his brother-in-law and made the slightest motion of his head. Pullar spoke:

"Is that your price—er, Mr. Stiles?"

'Are the conditions otherwise acceptable?" insisted Stiles.

The brothers-in-law looked at each other. "I think so," said Pullar.

"Well, gentlemen," said Stiles, quickly. "The conditions, as Mr. Cady says, are—abnormal. I am not a philanthropist; neither am I a blackmailer. Three weeks ago the price of that property was seven thousand dollars. Seven thousand dollars is the price to-day."

"You're a fool, Stiles, an absolute fool," remarked Baumgarten as, half an hour later, they walked up the dark village street.

"That," said Stiles, "is one of the things I now can afford to be. It is one of my new luxuries."

"It's a strange luxury," muttered Baumgarten, "but I don't see what you wanted me for."

Stiles laughed. "I thought you'd enjoy it."

"I did," Baumgarten replied. "It was regular stage stuff. And I'll have to grant," he added, a moment later, "that if you wanted to be such an ass you did it in style. I'll bet you've even got a picture of the memorial."

"I have," said Stiles, simply. "I've enjoyed that, too. The place where the houses stood will be leveled and turfed and a small stone put up."

"With your name on it?"

"With nobody's name on it," answered Stiles, stiffly. He did not intend to say more, but he was, at the moment, in rather exalted mood and he drew from his pocket an envelope. "This is what it will be."

Baumgarten took it and stopped to read in the light of one of the faint street-lamps. On the envelope was a rather neat sketch of a simple stone column and on it the plain inscription:

Here Lived
And Died
An American Family

The instant that he had given the envelope Stiles regretted it. If Baumgarten should laugh he believed that he would strike him, but Baumgarten did not laugh. He handed it back and walked on without a word.

"Stiles," he said a moment later, "I told you that you had something worth more than that copper mine."

Stiles did not ask what it was and he did not have to for Baumgarten went on, "Class, Stiles, class!"

After that almost anything could be said between the two men and Baumgarten knew it.

"Stiles," he said, slowly, "you know why I ask. Are you going to marry Rose Fuller?"

"Yes," answered Stiles, quietly.

XXVII

Judge Tyler walked up the platform of the Eden station to find Rose and Stiles looking up the track for the nine-o'clock train, but the presence of Stiles, in clothes which had lain in his trunk for three weeks, did not seem to surprise him. He seemed more concerned to explain, almost shame-faced, his own presence.

"I mistrusted you'd all be leaving this morning. So you're going, too?"

"Yes," said Stiles. "To stay now would be anti-climax."

The word seemed to do for the judge as well as another, for he was looking back over the hills with dreams of his own. "I thought so. I thought so. Your grandfather, old Major Crater, was just such a one. He'd be here for months, content as a mud-turtle, then *puff!* he was off."

Eksberger, with Baumgarten's help, had been trying to draw out from the reticent station-agent the number of weeks which would probably elapse before a freight-car could be secured to take his motor back to the city, but at sight of the judge he came up and held out his hand.

"Judge, how are you?"

The judge looked him up and down as he always did. "In the words of the Felsted Courier," he said, "I see you're leaving our midst."

"Yes," laughed Eksberger, "but, Judge, let me whisper you something. Just as soon as I get things right, I'm going to come back here and buy me a nice little farm."

"Yes," replied the judge, slowly, "yes, I've heard men say that."

Baumgarten joined them with twinkling eyes.

"Judge," he said, heartily, "do you ever get down to the big city?"

The judge looked over the hills. "No," he said, slowly. "No, I don't go away—any more."

He did not convince his hearer any more than Stiles had done.

"Nonsense, Judge!" exclaimed Baumgarten. "The trouble is that, unless you know the inside, you never see New York as it ought to be seen." He reached into his pocket and drew out a card. "There's my telephone number. Now some fine day you make up your mind, just get on a train and come down. We'll show you the time of your life—a bang-up dinner, a show, and then Eksberger here will take you behind the scenes."

The judge seemed unmoved and Baumgarten thought the inducement wasted. He repeated. "Ever been behind the scenes in a theater, Judge?"

The old man looked over the hills and at last he smiled faintly.

"Behind the scenes in a theater?" he asked. "Just once. It was in Rome, Italy." He mused a moment over the recollection. "They was a feller—"

Up the track the train whistled.

[THE END.]

Hunting With the Lords of the Dezertas

BY MAJOR CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG, U. S. A.

THE revenue man's safe fell through two floors when his office in Funchal burned—fired it himself they said, because he was suspicious of a Lisbon inspector who had been sent to Madeira. When the ruins cooled, the safe was opened with great ceremony by the inspector, the padre, and the mayor while all Funchal stood about on tiptoe. They found —nothing in it. As a consequence, the estate of its owner was auctioned off. It included the Dezertas, three uninhabited islands east of Madeira, which Messrs. Harry Hinton and Charles Cossart[1] of Funchal bought for two thousand pounds—that's how two Englishmen became the "Lords of the Dezertas."

One balmy morning Hinton[2] spread an admiralty chart before me on the table of his spacious office into which the lazy air wafted sounds of industry mellowed by the time-lapsed romance of the old port that seemed to muffle modernity. The smell of sugar told of the great factory which, with Hinton's other interests, gave employment to a large proportion of the Madeiran peasantry.

"You see," said Hinton, pointing, "Chao, here, is the smallest island of the group, a scant mile in length, but Dezerta Grande, high and mountainous, is six and a third miles long, while Cu de Bugio, so called because it resembles an ape's back, runs about four and a half—a group of the Great Atlantic. Cossart and I hunt over them every year. We've decided to make it a bit early this time and go with you. José! send for old Peraicha and Barbudo."

Two islanders, hats in hand, were ushered in. The gorilla-like aspect of the taller was emphasized by a slight hunch and short neck, obscured by a grizzled beard — hence *Barbudo*, the bearded one, patriarch of his clan. The other, old Péraicha, was short and wiry, and despite his sixty-eight years his eyes glittered keenly in a tanned, wrinkled face. The two men came from Caniço, tucked away in a coast pocket east of Funchal.

When not veiled in storm-clouds with which the *leste* (east wind), sweeping across from the Sahara, so frequently enshrouds them, the Dezertas may be seen from Caniço. For centuries the men from there have climbed the Dezertas in search of the *orchilla*, for its purple dye, and have hunted shearwater gulls (*Procellaria puffinus*) for their fat, flesh, and feathers.

From the pick of these hardy men my hosts drew their "beaters," who, during the hunts for wild goats, drove the game from their retreats in the crags and caves of the cliffs. Thus "beating" has become a trade, which Caniço has handed down—like its history—from father to son for many generations.

The following day the little 100-ton steamer *Açor* headed along the Madeiran coast and took aboard about twenty of the Caniço outfit: nine beaters, four gun-bearers, a cook, two helpers, and a boat's crew to assist in landing. Our party comprised Hinton, Cossart, Mr. Welsh, Jr., of Funchal, Erving, and myself. Amory, who had set sail earlier, with Portuguese friends aboard our schooner planned to meet us at Grand Dezerta in Castanheira Cove.

[1] Capt. Charles B. Cossart, who served with the British army in France, is junior member of the noted firm of Brown, Cossart & Co. of Funchal. In the firm's letter-book of commercial transactions between Madeira and London since 1745 much Madeira history is written.

[2] Harry Hinton, Esq., is the most prominent figure in Madeira. The most important commercial relations between the Portuguese government and Madeira usually resolve themselves into "*La questão Hinton.*" Once, when asked if he knew Hinton, the late King of Portugal remarked, "Oh yes, he is the man who nearly overthrew my government."

Four miles ahead, we sighted the little schooner in the breathless lee of the island, drifting with the current toward the jagged cliffs, but Cossart quickly signaled one of his tugs from Funchal, and she was towed to safety.

Twenty miles of atmosphere interposed a neutral-blue veil before the Dezertas, whose pale lengths loomed above the horizon. They were named by their discoverer, João Gonçalvez "O Zargo," the first Captain (Governor) of Madeira. From then (1421) until 1840, these islands have, by right of discovery, been kept in this family, an inheritance of the captains of Funchal, who styled themselves "Lords of the Dezertas." About 1870, because of the abolition of the Portuguese law of entails, the Conde de Tipa, who entitled himself "Eleventh Lord of the Dezertas," sold the islands to Senhor Alexandre Camacho, in whose family they remained until 1894, when Hinton and Cossart purchased them, thereby becoming the "Thirteenth Lords of the Dezertas."

The *orchilla* of these islands is no longer worth gathering, although eighty years ago it was quoted next to gold, and once touched £90 a ton. This lichen is burned with wet "pigsbed" until the sooty mass forms into small, odd-shaped lumps. From these is produced one of the finest violet-blue dye extracts used for coloring blue serges and for other purposes. Here, too, several thousand shearwaters, or puffins, are still caught every year; but the islands, used by their present owners for wild-goat hunting, have now become a vast game preserve.

Late in the afternoon the *Açor* reached Castanheira Cove; our schooner, arriving shortly after, stood "off and on." Above us rose stupendous cliffs of basaltic and trachytic rock, seared with red soil and black, lichen-covered rocks. Higher still—sixteen hundred feet above us—loomed mountains, purple-edged, and fretted here and there with basalt red. A glorious, barren desolation, suffused in the golden saffron of the lowering sun—Dezertas—well named.

Disembarking by small boats, each of us on the heave of a wave sprang from gunwale to boulder; then followed supplies, hove from boat to shore amid the shouts of the men. Meantime, by advice of his Portuguese friends, Amory, with the schooner, disappeared south to a treacherous anchorage at Carga da Lapa.

Among a jumble of boulders lay a jumble of supplies: over twenty great wine-kegs of water, sacks of vegetables, cases of provisions, tent equipment, baskets, alpenstocks, bags of rock-salt, a cask of *aguardente*, gun-cases, and coops of live fowls.

Near by, nature had hewed a mighty cleft in the cliffside; up this, where man had scratched a steep, treacherous trail, the hardy islanders were soon portaging the heavy cargo on their heads. They climbed carefully, for an awkward movement might send down a rock or a water-cask, which would bowl men into the great chasm beneath, like ninepins. Once, a companion of Hinton's, when half-way down, dug his nails and refused to budge until a disgusted beater brought a rope.

"Here," commented the latter, "is where one of us fell."

"Was he killed?" queried the terrified man.

"Well, we found a bit of his hair, his waistcoat, and pockets."

A hard-looking, sweating crew debouched from the dark hole of the chasm onto the island-top at sunset. Was it Ali Baba and his forty thieves, emerging from this black hole of earth, trailing their long, purple shadows in the blood-red glow of the setting sun, to deposit their treasures on our camp site? This was chosen at nearly eight hundred feet above the sea and on a level stretch at the foot of Long Valley, which shunted its shallow way southward through the heart of Dezerta Grande. With difficulty, tents were pitched on the hard soil, in the teeth of the ripping *leste*, which tore across the island-top, swaying the dry remnants of poppy stems, while wild sea-birds, aroused from their solitudes, screamed overhead. A little, tented village soon glowed its warm welcome amid this desert waste.

"A number of interesting men have hunted on these islands," remarked Hinton, as we sat that night about the lanterns' glow. "Among them have been

the Duc de Leuchtenberg, a Russian; Prince Auguste de Arenberg, and the Marquis de Vogüé, both French; and the Prince of Monaco has been here several times. Then there was Major Wissmann, the explorer and governor of German East Africa. I hope the beaters have pegged down your tent better than they did his, for they became disgruntled at his eccentricities. He used to sleep in an old-fashioned nightshirt—well! his tent blew down in the night. Thistles grew here then, instead of poppies," chuckled Hinton.

Early morning found us filing up Long Valley with gun-bearers and beaters. A picturesque lot, these men of Caniço, with their multicolored, patched shirt and helmet-shaped woolen caps, with a long, iron-pointed pike ranging across the shoulder of each. Was I trudging in company with Zargo's men, in a setting unchanged since the time of the *conquistadores?*

Besides old Barbudo and Peraicha, the patriarchs, there were powerful Manoel Sa, also young Nuñez, whose father, old José Nuñez, like his father before him, had been one of the most daring hunters, but who now lies buried on Dezerta. Then there was Vinagre (vinegar), stoical and daring; and others of a courage to the manner born—bred from childhood to scale these dangerous precipices. My gun-bearer was a good-looking, sun-tanned youth, Francisco de Suzia, who carried my rifle, cartridge-bags, camera, stalking-glasses, and canteen.

A beater motioned. To a man we crouched low; eight goats and two bucks were discerned on the eastern slope. The wind was in the right quarter. Cautiously Cossart stalked them, shot, and a big buck dropped. It was a fine specimen of the prevailing Dezerta type—a brown body with black forequarters and a distinct black saddle-mark converging into a stripe along its back. A few Dezerta Grande goats are gray, but those on Bugio are all black.

Domestic goats were first put here by Zargo. They soon went wild, and now, after half a thousand years, their progeny roam the Dezertas in uncontrolled freedom. Shy as the wildest of things, their keen sense of smell and remarkable climbing ability make them difficult to approach. Stalking, therefore, is a rare occurrence.

The usual method is "driving." The beaters clamber along the dangerous cliffsides and make the "drive," while the "guns" wait hidden above. Even then, old bucks become suspicious and often actually break back through the line of beaters.

A mile up Long Valley, a solitary fig-tree spread above a tumbled-down corral; near by were the remnants of a few threshing-floors, and at the valley head, near two dew ponds, still stood some ancient cottage walls and the ruins of a little chapel—grim reminders of nature's victory over man. In some long-ago time, the ancestors of the men of Caniço established a little colony on these well-nigh inaccessible isles.

These "ancients," Barbudo told me, brought over cattle, pigs, fowl, and sheep. The sheep, like the goats, reverted to their wild state, the last being shot by old José Nuñez about 1865. In addition to providing cattle pasturage, the limited soil of the Dezertas sometimes produced eighteen tons of wheat a year. Most of it waved in patches, on the plateau-top of Chao. The first settlement, with its little church, was on the higher land above Long Valley, in the middle of the island and the center of the best grazing-ground.

In 1808 came a terrific cloudburst and waterspout. They tore off the island-top and in fearful washouts gullied it into the sea. Since this deluge which broke the backbone of the island, the terrific winds reaped further havoc by disintegrating the crumbling mass, which it sculptured into grotesque formations; and the rains further deepened the little valleys. With pasturages gone, the handful of settlers and the padre moved down into the valley, where the ruins now stand. Here they existed for a while, until feed for their cattle gave out; then, about a hundred years ago, these last settlers abandoned Dezerta Grande.

Besides the ruins of several field walls, I could trace, by its disconnected remnants, the course of a rough-paved road, where, after serpentining up the steep trail of the ravine, it had formerly extended like a vertebra the entire length

of the island. I came also upon a stone of the chapel, punctured with holes, in which bars had once been inset.

"Why such heavy bars, Peraicha?" queried Hinton.

"*Que, senhor!* The thieves were much better than they are now."

"But what could they steal?"

"They stole the saints."

We followed the beaters up a steep climb by a spot called Lycosa, and entered a desert of color, scummed by a crust of crumbly red earth and rock, undulating like the dunes of the Sahara; so I named this waste the Painted Desert. From it rose wind-blown columns of semi-rock, shaped like toadstools and of innumerable strange formations, suggestive of the weird *djinns* of the African deserts. We tramped through Pompeiian-red valleys, among pillars and dunes whose seared sides revealed yellows and green-yellows mottling into shadows of purple; greens and blue-greens mingling in shades of red-violet. Here, color in strong intensity; there, neutralized by time or space, the djinnlike columns subtly fading away like blue specters into the mysterious island mists.

Trailing the beaters through this wonderland of colors and shapes, we passed over the highest peak, at an altitude of 1,610 feet. Here swallows crested and soared in the terrific blast of the *leste*, due to the African sirocco, which we now met in full force as it ripped across the island-top.

Two miles farther brought us to the island's eastern edge. Here remnants of the unfallen portion of a colossal landslide hung suspended, awaiting the final wind-wearing, rain, or earth-shock to send millions of tons crashing into the sea a thousand feet below. Just north of this landslip curved a well-defined beach, one of the very few about the island, probably the remainder of an ancient landslip. Above this, the less precipitous cliffs offered feeding-grounds for the goats.

Hinton pointed to where, on the shore far beneath, a Dempster steamer with a load of his machinery aboard was once wrecked in a fog. As it was just at the beginning of the sugar season, he ar-

THE MEMBERS OF OUR DEZERTA EXPEDITION

Erving on left, Welsh, Hilton, Furlong and Cossart

ranged to salve it himself. When he had opened a case containing shoes, Hinton carefully selected a pair of his size, but later was disgusted to find that both were for the same foot. The artful shippers, to prevent stealing, had packed in the case only shoes for one foot.

Unobserved, the beaters had disappeared over the island edge; we next saw them rounding the cliffside far below, heading toward the feeding-grounds. The "guns" now took positions screened by boulders along the cliff-tops, north of the feeding-grounds, and the drive was on.

Around a headland, well up the steep cliffside, a single beater came into view; another appeared above him; then another; and another still higher. Edging along the wet, slippery rockinesses of the dark-seared cliff, they resembled little brown ants, in hesitant course circling round the rough bark of a forest monarch, working ever higher.

Through our glasses we espied a herd of six goats and some kids, which are always gray, led by three bucks. Now and again the herd hesitated, the bucks sniffed the air. As the beaters worked toward them, all at once the startled herd dropped, striking ledge after ledge as they shot down the cliffsides, while I waited for each lifeless carcass to make its final splash into the sea. Suddenly their fall was arrested and the herd gathered again, as they scented another beater below. It was an inimitable exhibition of navigating a vertical wall, yet they simply bounced from crag and ledge, where seemingly no crag or ledge existed, after the manner of all self-respecting Dezerta goats.

They had been headed off from Rochedhor, an unapproachable spot even for a beater, but a favorite refuge for old, solitary bucks. Marvelous as was the goats' agility, that of the men impressed me more. With their eleven to fifteen foot iron-pointed pole, called a *haste* (Moorish), which would be an impediment to the novice, they worked with amazing agility up, down, and along this vertical wall.

Falling is not the only danger to these beaters. It was on a ledge just below our hiding-place that the father of José Nuñez had been found dead, his head dented in by a falling stone, dislodged probably by a goat. Old Barbudo once essayed to work for Cossart, handling wine-casks, but when he saw the great, rolling, cumbersome pipes, despite the hazards of his own unique calling, he refused to risk his life in such a dangerous business—"How use doth breed a habit in a man."

The island spread out before me, a fascinating page in natural history at every turn. By far the greater part of my hunting was with note-book, sketch-book, and camera. Little wonder that this eastern slope, from Faja Grande, held the attention of us all for the time being.

Near the cliff edges the valley slope was pitted with holes and crannies, nesting-places for the island's feathered troglodytes. From one habitation a beater drew forth a fluffy, struggling thing, a young puffin—*cagarras*, the beaters call them. Our little fifteen-day-old captive weighed about a pound and was seven inches long, with a nine-inch spread of wings. It was colored a middle-tone gray, white under the neck and belly, with darker gray side markings from neck to tail. It fought furiously with its beautiful neutral-violet and deep-green beak, tipped with pale sage green. My gun-bearer suddenly drew two more young *cagarras* from a hole directly beneath where I was sitting.

Puffins are hunted principally for their oil, which, smelly and unrefined, is used on boilers. They are so full of it that, when held up by the legs, the oil runs out of their beaks. After the puffins are plucked of their down for pillows and their wings cut off, they are split in half and hung above tubs overnight. When the oil has dripped off, they are salted and bring from forty to forty-four dollars a thousand. Several thousand are sold annually for food to the people of Machico and other coast towns.

From another hole we dragged forth two live rabbits; from still another cavity we extracted two coal-eyed, sooty, black petrels (*Thalassidroma bulweriï*) which fought savagely, not only with Cossart, from whose hand they drew blood, but even with each other.

The rabbits, undoubtedly derived from those introduced by the first col-

EACH OF US ON THE HEAVE OF A WAVE SPRANG FROM GUNWALE TO BOULDER

onists, multiplied unrestricted and ravaged the plant life of the island. Dr. Michael Graham of Funchal informed me that during nearly five hundred years the measurement of this rabbit has been reduced nearly three inches and its weight decreased by one-half. The beaters claim that these rabbits are now decreasing and will eventually be exterminated, not only by the shearwaters, but by the wildcats, who also live in burrows and caves. These cats, progeny of domestic cats brought by the early inhabitants, are on the increase, and have developed into much larger animals, with shorter tails and very broad faces. All are black, though occasionally they are found with one or two white paws.

A small field-mouse is said to exist on Dezerta; this may be the black rat, though I found no evidence of rats of any kind. Neither are there any of the progeny of peacocks and fowls placed here by Zargo; even the guinea-fowls, partridges, and pigeons turned loose by the present owners were never seen afterward, probably having been destroyed by the cats and birds of prey.

On one hunting trip the beaters led us through the desolate Painted Desert, suddenly swung eastward to the upper part of the island, known as Acharda das Flores, then swished through a fern-clothed hillside diamond-laden by the sweeping mists. This high region had once been a crown of pasture-land, but now was devastated to a desert by the fierce deluge already mentioned.

Elsewhere on Dezerta a few grass and fern patches have been spared, and new patches occasionally struggle for a foothold, obtained only during an exceptionally windless summer. But it is an ill wind that blows no good, for even the mad, tearing *leste* compensates by bringing moisture, which sustains the roots through the dry, hot summer.

During the Dezertan winter the slopes of Long Valley and the cliff crannies of the island's eastern side, more fertile than the western, are green and covered with flowers. Among the grasses nods the white opium poppy (*Papaver somniferum*), probably indigenous; the beautiful gentian, too, grows on nearly every fertile spot of the island and in May turns Long Valley into a great purple vale. Many of the other numerous plants of the Dezertas are contained in my West African Islands' collection, now in the botanical department of Cornell University.

The *orchilla*, or archil, found inland,

is darker and better than that on the sea rocks and cliffsides. It probably was the source of the wonderful Gætulian purple of the ancients, and its beautiful lilac dye was used as a mordant for brightening other colors. For centuries this most valuable product of the Dezertas and the Canaries was once sought as eagerly as the gold of the Incas was later sought by the Spaniards.

Among the bracken of the higher hills some furze-bushes are found, but perhaps the unique Dezertan plant is an umbelliferous perennial, one of the *Monizia edulis*, found on the old landslope by Faja Grande, on its black stem —like an inverted elephant's trunk. This large, white-flowering plant supports a crest of flowing fronds of parsley-like foliage, suggesting a miniature palm. A unique species, it was thought to exist only on the rocky ledges of Dezerta Grande. However, it was recently discovered, bearing purple flowers, not only on the lonely Salvages Islands, to the south, but in a central Madeiran valley. This fine Dezertan plant is comparatively an almost depauperated maritime example.

One noon we bore upward to the west of the ruins, through the Painted Desert, and came suddenly upon a grove of tall pines (*Pinus pinastar*) and soon, farther southward, upon a larger grove. Here, as though in another world spot, we lunched beneath the soughing branches. In the smaller grove there were scarce fifty trees standing. The wind makes sad havoc; the young pines never seem to survive, and the remaining monarchs of each of these groves are gradually disappearing. As the beaters, sitting in a circle, munched their coarse bread and yams, we could overhear their reminiscencing.

"Do you remember when the *engenheiro* (engineer) came here and bragged of the game he had shot in all parts of the world?" mumbled Barbudo.

"Yes," grinned Peraicha. "He went home without the seat of his breeches, offering up all the prayers he had ever learned to be put safely on the steamer again."

"You see," laughed Cossart, "they started up the difficult Cargo da Lapa pass, although Barbudo said it was no good taking that sort of a man up, his hand shook so. On the way up he was sick three times. From a shallow cave on the downward journey he looked over into the dizzy depths to shoot a goat. Instead he jumped back, braced his feet stoutly against a stone, and refused to come out. Well, they had to take him down with a rope and pole, and when he reached the bottom he had no bottom to his trousers. On arriving at Madeira he went at once to see Hinton, saying he wanted to look at him—'you who have climbed those places.'"

The line of beaters now wound through the Painted Desert, through the Portal das Vaccas (Gate of the Cows)—two twelve-foot pinnacles set there by nature and formerly framing the entrance to a cattle-corral. Gradually we ascended the center of the island southward, over its storm-torn crown, once the most fertile portion, now a scarred devastation. On what was left of a high knoll lay a jumble of stones; one, Barbudo said, was an arched stone of the church, and the only indication of what the jumble once had been.

Two miles farther on we were abruptly stopped. The broad reach of the island-top was transformed into a narrow, mile-long ridge with a sharp crest, crumbly and as false as Judas, which cut us off completely from the island's southern end. These softer rocks were pierced with a thin basaltic vein, secondary to the larger mass forming the backbone of the island. First the softer tufas crumbled and were then washed and blown away, where nature had sliced down the island by great landslides, leaving this picturesque volcanic ridge.

Some geologists hold that these islands, surviving as three water-worn, ancient mountain-tops, were never appreciably larger than they are now. They rise from a submerged platform, connecting with the Salvages to the south, and with the eastern end of Madeira to the north. The limits of this platform and the profound ocean depths which surround it, coupled with the fact that there seems to be no evidence of temporary submergence or subsidence, indicate that the Dezertas were never much wider than they are to-day. Some hold that the distribution of plants and

animals disproves the union of these three islands one with the other, or with Madeira. They are probably remnants of great volcanic bubbles which rose out of an ancient Miocene sea. Each island is penetrated with volcanic dikes, running in line with the long axis of the narrow foundation on which they stand.

The broader part of Dezerta Grande is an elevated valley. The rains are continually washing the inner valley into the sea; the sea is constantly washing against, undermining, and making its cliffs collapse, while across these edges from the north and east the wind sweeps with terrific force, gnawing at its vitals—the softer clays and soils—completing what rain and sea leave undone. In time Dezerta Grande, through the wearing away of its ridged portion, will become two islands; so will Bugio. Just now time seems to have hesitated in the passing, but in the dim future all three Dezertas will disappear.

THE HARDY ISLANDERS WERE SOON PORTAGING THE HEAVY CASKS OF DRINKING WATER ON THEIR HEADS

Dense, wind-driven mists scudded over the island-crest, almost carrying me up the shunting slope. Suddenly a warning shout from Francisco brought me to a difficult standstill on the very cliff edge of the up-sloping valley, with its thousand-foot drop into the nothingness below.

This was called Pedregal, where a slice of the island a mile long had dropped into the sea. It began with a great crack across which the beaters were formerly able to leap, but which gradually widened. When the crash came the landslide formed an island and sent a tidal wave, five feet above normal sea-level, to parts of Madeira, twenty miles away.

Joining Cossart, we climbed down the cliffside and, seated on a narrow ledge, awaited the drive, which, on account of the dangerous climbing, is extremely difficult here. We gazed across on clouds, cascading in endless rapid stream over the island's edge in mistfalls foaming down upon the sea in mist. Then it cleared, and we looked over the most beautiful part of Dezerta Grande; little bays and stupendous headlands graduated southward; beyond, in full view, Bugio and its precipitous craglands.

"Climbing Bugio's thirteen hundred and fifty feet," Cossart explained, "is even more difficult than the ascent here, but the bucks are bigger and worth the danger.

"In one place we had to edge one foot after the other, for a hundred and fifty feet, along a horizontal crack in the cliff wall, with width for only half of one's foot. 'Don't look down; look straight ahead,' cautioned our beaters.

"On one vein ledge Hinton started with the wrong foot, and we all had to climb back and start again. His guide took him to task, admonishing, 'Mind you put your left foot first this time, as you have to swing out of sight around that corner.'"

To our left, escaping the cliffside, was a deep ravine, "Ribiera das Inglesias,"

or English Beach, used by daring climbers as a sort of back door to the island. Once two herdsmen of the little Portuguese colony which formerly inhabited the island-top espied an English galleon and two smaller ships, and watched their boats, loaded with crews and archers with crossbows and some hounds, land at the foot of the ravine. Guided by Penteado, a Portuguese outlaw of Villa do Conde, they started the ascent, to raid the settlement for cattle. A sixteenth-century manuscript tells the rest of the story. "Penteado's luck or his aims found him out, for they were seen by two herdsmen, who, when the English were climbing up, began to roll down stones . . . which . . . gathering others in their fall . . . obliged them to embark—with more haste than when they landed. . . . After they were gone the herdsmen found much blood on the rocks, many arrows, and a bloodhound on the beach."

"Ayah! Ayah!" whispered Francisco. On the opposite cliffside, in the shadow of a cave, like the ghost of a goat, stood an old buck—motionless. Up to now he had escaped us all. A long wait, then a half-dozen goats, led by two bucks, paused, as they rounded the point high up on the cliffsides, sniffed, and clambered toward us, slowly followed by the beaters.

"Vinagre there and others," grinned Francisco, "once when they were after *cagarras*, scrambled up very fast, when a French war-ship happened along, raised a red flag, and let off a tremendous shot, using the cliffsides for a target. Some hid all day in caves; but most of us left our birds and *orchilla* and scrambled straight up; when we reached the top we found we had left our toe nails, too. But Vinagre, though he broke three ribs, came up carrying his sacks."

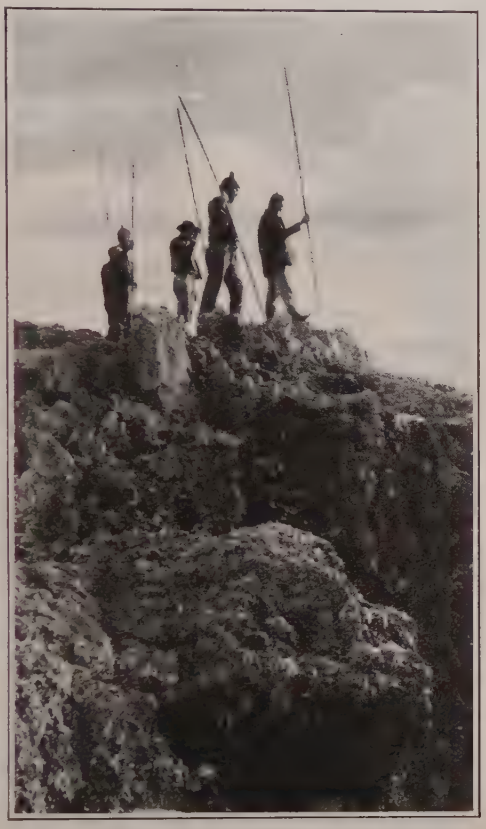
But I witnessed an even heavier load borne up these sheer walls of rock. One of the bucks was dropped by Cossart. Vinagre, climbing to the dangerous ledge upon which it lay, gralloched it and cut off its legs, leaving four points of skin. These he tied together, slung the goat over his shoulders, and with the band thus formed resting across his forehead, continued to climb and "beat" as before.

Arriving at the crest, Vinagre informed us that the beaters had seen our schooner anchored by Cargo da Lapa pass, where she was yawing dangerously and heaving under the terrific blast of the *leste*, which, shooting down from the cliff-tops, sideswiped and counter-currented in that dangerous pocket. We learned later that Amory had hoped to have shot some seal at this point, but, because of the terrific winds which dropped down in miniature cyclones,

WAS IT ALI BABA AND HIS FORTY THIEVES EMERGING FROM THIS BLACK HOLE OF EARTH?

like the williwaws of the Fuegian Archipelago, he was doomed to disappointment. In fact, had they not hove him a line he would have been carried out to sea in attempting to land in a dory.

These amphibians, a large male of which measures nine feet, are the Mediterranean seal (*Monachus albiventer*). They are found about the islands, where they inhabit sea caves along the coasts of Dezerta Grande and Bugio. Both Hinton and Cossart have hunted them in these caves, to enter some of which it is necessary to dive and swim underwater; then in the semi-darkness, after netting the entrance, the capturing—one of the most exciting of sports—takes place.



A RECONNAISSANCE

Every day of our expedition on Dezerta Grande was fraught with new interest. We trailed to unexpected vistas along the cliff edges, through bits of bracken and grasslands where bloomed the *barrilha* and other plants, or trudged through the crumbly soil of new regions of the Painted Desert, from which at night we returned, literally painted with its wind-driven, red-ocher soil. Always in each of our tents at the day's end a tub of hot water awaited us, drawn from an enormous iron caldron which hung over a constantly burning fire. Tea followed, then a stroll in the evening light for rabbits, and dinner.

What never-to-be-forgotten memories are associated with that little group, gathered on that lonely Atlantic island-top! Around the evening meal in the partial lee of the buckling tents, the lashed lanterns vibrated their glimmering lights, playing hide-and-seek with the shadows over the tanned faces of the diners; while the terrific wind paprikaed our food with the fine red soil dust. Sometimes our guns furnished part of the menu which one night comprised:

Sardines on Toast
Pea Soup
Curried Rabbit
Goat-meat Stew
Potatoes Lentils
Canned Pears
Coffee
Madeira Wine

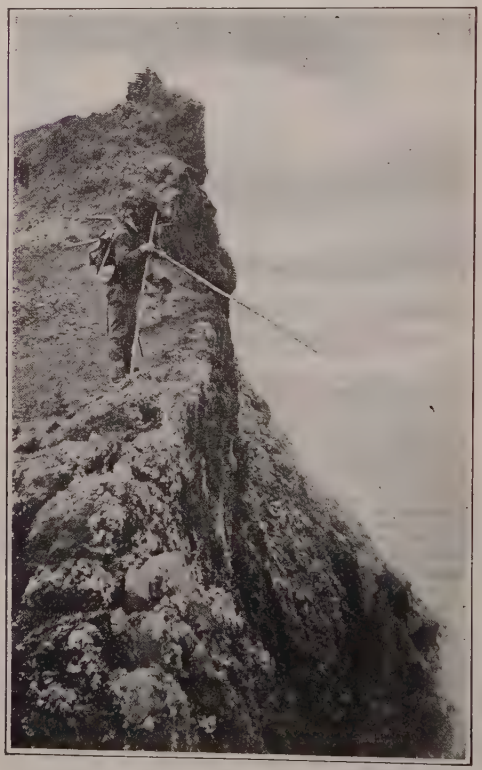
Our hunt on the island was celebrated the last night by Welsh's producing a bottle of Sercial wine of a vintage of seventy years ago. "'Sercial Sherman,' we call this," he proffered, "because at Christmastime for many years your General Sherman sent for four bottles, and since then his daughter has followed her father's custom." Then would come the pipes, the recounting the day's sport, and reminiscences of former expeditions.

"Do you remember," asked Cossart, turning to Hinton, "how Wissmann philosophically remarked, when, with all his African big-game stories, he failed to get a goat, 'Mein Gott! der pigness of dat goat vas by twice dimes, mit dot pig beard und dot pig horns unt dose eyes. Ach! vunderschoen, I make some shoot off dot goat; he heard someding und rund avay double quickness. Ach! mein Gott in himmel! vat grand sport! But

der zensations of me, vat I got, dey vas der same'"

"Who could forget him," Hinton laughed, "and the Russian prince with a rank of general-admiral and his case of champagne, who came over with a marquis and me one year? The prince wanted to shoot goats simply because he had a three-barrel gun with one trigger. We cautioned him to wear rubber-soled shoes, but he arrived in a gold-buttoned, green-velvet, military coat and patent-leather riding-boots, and sat down at least forty times on his way."

Usually we turned into our blankets early, and were lulled to sleep by the wind soughing through the guy-ropes and the weird calls of the *cagarras*, hundreds of which, in their nocturnal wanderings, flew over us with their uncanny calls and semi-articulate guttural cries.



LOOKING DOWN THE CLIFFSIDES OF DEZERTA GRANDE

The early morning, before we left for the day's hunt, was generally spent near the camp, adding to my natural-history collection. Sometimes it was begun within our tent, where I would pounce upon, and bottle up, intruders—earwigs and numerous beetles, of which there are at least eighty-nine Dezertan species, six being peculiar to Dezerta Grande and three to Chao. Moreover, scattered on the surface about our camp were innumerable land shells, of which there are about forty-six species; only six, however, are common to all three islands. Curiously, too, of the one hundred and fifty-eight land shells on the Dezertas, Madeira, and Porto Santo, not more than three are common to all.

The most interesting of our early-morning hunts was for spiders and lizards, of species probably found nowhere else in the world. In these hunts the beaters joined, turning stone after stone to surprise them in their retreats. Sometimes it would be the large black spider (*Lycosa ingens*) with an inch-and-a-half body and two-inch spread of heavy legs—an ugly customer, whose bite is dangerous. Sometimes the lizard (*Lacerta dugesii*) of about five inches maximum length, the only reptile here, would scurry away in little streaks of black, brown, and bluish green.

Shortly after one dawn the beaters took their stand just north of our camp, on the spot where the early inhabitants used bonfires to signal Madeiran boats. Their descendants now signaled a far-away fishing-craft, beyond Chao. The signals were picked up by the eagle eyes of the crew.

Far off, with high prow and stern-posts, she might have been a Roman trireme; then, as she drew nearer, she resembled a private corsair. In Castanheira Cove she downed sail, and hove over a huge stone with a wooden bar, for an anchor. These Madeiran boats go deep-sea fishing for tunny, an industry I have seen carried on off the African coast down to Senegal. They are leased on a basis of seven shares—one-half for the boat, one

WANDERING LIKE GNOMES THROUGH THE WEIRD SHAPES OF THE WIND-BLOWN PAINTED DESERT

and a half for the captain, three for the crew, and two for the owner.

Accompanied by a half-dozen beaters, we scrambled down Castanheira Gorge to the boulder-strewn shore. Springing aboard the high prow was not easy, because of the heavy sea. We were soon heading toward Chao Island, and the *leste* swept in terrific blasts across the quarter-mile reach of channel between Dezerta and Chao.

Because of the wind's direction, the captain, called *arraz* (from *rais*, Moorish), ordered out the sweeps, which ranged from thirty to forty feet in length (some even longer than the boat itself), with three or four men swinging to each of these huge oars. On the recover the looms literally rose to arm's-length above their heads; then, with a singing, barbaric call, they "gave way" together.

Even the inimitable Howard Pyle seldom depicted a more picturesque, piratical-looking crew, their aspect heightened by long-topped, short-tasseled woolen caps, a development of the fez. Sun-tanned, sinister, eagle-eyed, the wild blood of the Moroccan coursed the veins of all, though mingled with the gentler strain of the Portuguese. Every eye in the boat scanned searchingly to starboard the heavy oncoming seas as they foamed through Chao Channel, the glaze of the waves streaked with spume by the *leste* like rent lace-patterns.

The Dezertas, like the lonely Salvages with their purported Kidd-hidden treasure, have been a rendezvous for smugglers and bucaneers. Considerable contrabanding has been carried on from these islands, lying as they do within easy access of Madeira. My companions, crew and beaters likewise, could tell of well-hidden caves (*furnas de contrabando*) which have served and probably still serve as the loot-cairns of *contrabandistas*.

Cries of warning often came from the rowers; then with redoubled efforts they swung the prow to windward, as our direction forced us to work more or less broadside across channel. Even in this turmoil the grinning faces of the crew showed that an undercurrent of humor was finding expression. It developed that, some weeks before, old Barbudo and Peraicha had administered a sound drubbing to a young upstart in Caniço, and that chance had now thrown him in the same boat with his patriarchal admonishers, whom he wished to avoid.

A long, hard pull, and our galley worked under the protection of Chao. Great care is required in sailing under the lee of these islands, as violent squalls

drop down from the high land, often whirling water into the air in miniature cyclones and precipitating a deluge on the vessel's deck.

Landing on the western side in a small cove called Porto Santa Maria, where the rocks showed a six-and-a-half-foot rise of tide, we ascended a rough trail up the cliffside and stepped out upon a broad tableland, about a mile long and a third of a mile wide, rising three hundred and thirty-six feet above the ocean. Although open to the wind and unprotected by trees, a portion of stony surface soil, mingling with its rocks, has in time past been sown with wheat. Now only the ruins of a wall, three dew ponds, a hut, and an ancient threshing-floor evidenced even temporary occupancy by man. Neither goats nor rabbits seem to have existed here. Our purpose, however, was to hunt Belgian hares, the progeny of two pairs turned loose in 1903 by Hinton and Cossart.

With guns and beaters forming a line at the southern end of Chao, we worked to the northern end. The island-top is clothed mostly with a low bush (*Artemisia argentea*), among which flower a number of plants, particularly a sweet-scented jasmine. On the island rockinesses the ice-plant, called by the natives *barrilha*, smutches top and cliffsides with splashes of beautiful rose-pink. This lovely, rock-hugging plant, common to all the Madeiras and Salvages, heavy and moisture-laden with sodium phosphates, is the *Mesembryanthemum nodiflorum*, one of the three Dezertan soda-yielding plants.

The beaters thrust their long *hastes* into the artemisia-bushes to dislodge the hares. As they scurried to new retreats, the repeated reports of the guns showed that the animals were plentiful. The drive brought us to the northern end of the island.

Here, from Chao's highest elevation, I looked down on a single *piton* of rock rising one hundred and sixty feet out of the sea—a spire of one of nature's submerged cathedrals. At its base the sea murmured an eternal chant, rimmed it with a halo of silver foam, then spaced away in unlimited leagues of cerulean-blue distance. This is known as the Farilhao or Sail Rock, as in thick weather it has been mistaken for a sailing-ship, and once was fired at as an enemy by a Portuguese man-of-war. From Sail Rock to the southern point of Bugio, bearing south 20° 28′ east, gives the Dezertas group a length of twelve and a quarter miles.

By noon we had clambered down Little Flat Island, as Chao is sometimes called, to the boat again, and were soon sailing back to Dezerta Grande, with

OUR PIRATICAL-LOOKING CREW APPROACHING CHAO ISLAND

twenty-four gray, silvery-furred hares as the result of the morning's bag.

Thus passed those Dezertan days. It was not until the last, however, that I relinquished pencil for gun. North of Penteado I shot my first goat; my second was on the western sheer of Castanheira Gorge, where it hung lifeless on a narrow crag of the precipice side, hundreds of feet above the sea.

The failure of one of the hardiest younger beaters even to approach it convinced me that the spot was inaccessible to man. A sudden call—"Peraicha!"—echoed and re-echoed, as though the very gorgesides had repeated the grim challenge to the peer of beaters. Shortly the old veteran appeared, and at once took up the challenge by starting the descent for the dead quarry, which lay out of his view, two hundred feet below him. From the opposite gorgeside Francisco signaled him the location.

A MORNING BAG FROM CHAO ISLAND OF SILVERY-FURRED HARES

Cautiously Peraicha worked down on crag and ledge along the merest footholds. Now around a dangerous projection, now against the wall, flat as a coyote skin on a cabin door, he edged along impossible places, skilfully carrying in one hand his *haste*. His was not of the common variety of eucalyptus or pine, but of *folhado*, wood of the lily-of-the-valley tree. After feeling for a crevice and testing his hold, he inserted its iron spike. With incredible skill the nervy beater, now with the aid of the rocky wall, wriggled down the pole, although the least jounce or hitch might dislodge the spike and send pole and bearer crashing into the abyss below.

"But how can he get back?" Cossart almost anticipated my question.

"Any place a beater can get into he can get out of." Then a tenseness came over his face. "I say, old chap, you won't mind if I'm off, will you? It's the worst place I've seen the old fellow try, and I don't want to see him fall."

"But I don't want him to risk his neck for that goat. Tell him so."

Cossart smiled. "You don't know old Peraicha—besides, he considers his standing with the other beaters is now at stake." Then I realized why he left. Peraicha had come to a standstill, not an available crag or crevice broke the wall of the precipice between him and a narrow foothold ten feet farther down. Carefully with his *haste* he felt for a crack in the narrow platform, then crouching he suddenly shot downward. Involuntarily I sprang to my feet, by which time old Peraicha was well on his. He had gone down six feet in a single drop onto a two-foot shelf of rock; below the chasm yawned in awful fascination down hundreds of feet to the rock-selvaged coast, hell-raked by time and the elements, where, even half-way between us and the sea, gulls appeared mere silver pin-points on a stretch of

THE BEATERS SIGNALLING FISHING CRAFT FROM THE TOP OF CASTANHEIRA GORGE

shimmering silvered mother - of - pearl. About eighty feet from him, along this ledge, lay the goat. Foot by foot Peraicha edged along; each step found the ledge narrower until it disappeared, merged into the sheer wall, to reappear again some yards beyond.

Nothing daunted, the veteran now spiked his pole in a crevice; cautiously, with one arm on the *folhado* and the other against the wall, simultaneously making good use of his feet, he edged up to a higher, narrower ledge. Leaving his pole, he now straddled from one slight cranny to another across a seemingly gripless surface and descended to the other part of the ledge, where the buck lay. He quickly disemboweled it, then scanned the rockiness above him. Even this peer of beaters could not carry that burden up such a climb.

Leaning nonchalantly far out from the ledge, he peered into the depths, intending to throw the quarry down, after assuring himself there was no projecting ledge to intercept its fall. Peraicha shook his head—that place would not do. Seizing the goat by the legs, he continued his perilous journey another fifty feet. Again he craned his neck—sheer wall for hundreds of feet. A mighty swing; then, leaning far outward, he hove the buck from him. Down, down it fell, turned once, twice—then a dull thud came up out of the gorge.

Cossart had well said "any place a beater can get into he can get out of." The nerve-racking spectacle was over. My tense muscles relaxed. That night in camp I gripped old Peraicha's calloused hand in honest tribute. Oblivious of having done anything unusual, he grinned and modestly inquired of Hinton, "Why does the senhor wish to shake my hand?"

A younger beater who had been despatched to bring the buck up by the Castanheira trail arrived well after dark. One of the horns hung limp, broken by the fall. They had, however, a spread of twenty-six inches, little short of the record of twenty-nine inches. The twist of the horns is about the only characteristic in which these goats had not reverted to their wild state. The right horn of a Dezertan buck has a right-hand twist, its left a left-hand twist; while those of all wild goats—take a markhor for instance—has a left-hand twist to the right horn and a right-hand twist to the left horn. Horns of all wild sheep, except those of the bharal, curve with the same twist as do those of the Dezertan goats.

Despite wind and mist which had greatly interfered with hunting, we se-

cured two goats and eleven bucks. So that night, as on each night, the beaters skinned and salted down the goat meat, to be sold in the markets of Funchal. The firelight glistened on the white fat, glowed hot on the red meat, reflected in the eyes of our worthy crew, and gleamed crescent flashes of silver from their long knives as they worked.

The men soon turned into their caves in the rocks, we into our tents. Overhead the weird *cagarras* still winged with uncanny cries in ceaseless flight. The wind still soughed through the guy-ropes and the Dezertas were a dusky memory.

It was but four-thirty the next morning when we began to break camp. Seven o'clock found everything packed and down the ravine, where breakfast was served on the rocks. Crash! A great stone burst just beyond, like a loaded shell, and smaller ones dropped now and then, adding to the clutter which formed the rocky shore. It was evident why a cranny under the overhanging cliffs had been chosen as our breakfast-room, for a number of beaters have met death from the fall of rocks from above, dislodged, perchance, by a goat. The gaps in the rocky beach held pools, filled with beautiful little limpets, and near by Manoel Sa, a swarthy-skinned young Hercules, swam to rid himself of harvest bugs.

By nine-thirty we were again aboard the stanch little *Açor*, quartering across a living gale from the north. Once beyond the lee of Chao, we felt its full force and all but turned turtle, shipping green water badly on our lee side. The skill of the square-jawed Portuguese captain at the wheel was put to an iron test as he countered the heavy seas fore and aft.

Not until a third of the way across did Madeira loom up. At Brazen Head we landed old Peraicha and the other beaters, who, well contented, went to their homes in Caniço. Behind us lay the Dezertas, all drabbled in gray; then Nature drew her canopy of rain-cloud and mists across these lonely sentinels in an ocean of eternity.

Panacea

BY AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL

GREAT Mother Woods, stretch forth your arms to me,
For I have come again with failing fire,
My only strength the urge of my desire,
A patient for your tonic greenery:
Your roots are deep in wisdom as the sea,
And yours a singing soul of wind-tossed mirth
To heal me as you healed the scars of earth
With kiss of moss and tenderness of tree.

Renew my thoughts to beauty like the grass
In hopeful spears when wintry days depart,
And show me truths, as stars seen one by one,
White faces through the sky's blue window-glass—
Oh, let each seed of sorrow in my heart
Grow tall and be a neighbor to the sun!

Education by Violence

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Professor in Yale University

SAVE peace politics, there is nothing more discussed in Europe just now than education. The English newspapers quote from Milton, "The reforming of education is one of the greatest and noblest designs that can be thought on, for by the want thereof the nation perishes." Public speakers, whether they know it or not, spend more than half their energies on problems of instruction. If I were asked to state one thing that men say they have learned from war, it would be the unsuspected and incomparable importance of education.

I do not mean education in any formal, text-book sense. At Aldershot it was a question of making soldiers. At Polder's End and Barrow-in-Furness, as one walked through row after row of mob-capped working-girls turning shells, the talk was of how they had been taught to work, and how the employers had been taught to teach and handle them. At Issoudun, it was education all day long in *vrilles* and loops and the co-operation of brain and eye in observation. On the New Zealand front I lunched within sound of a battery, and, eager for stories of the enemy, listened to the general in command while he talked education, how that remarkable little island might get back trained men after the war.

Everybody was either learning or teaching on the front. What was the rehearsal of an offensive but concrete education in tactics? The sanitary corps never made its rounds without teaching care of physique. Back and back again the conversation came to the morale of the enemy, his training bad and good; how and why he worked harder than we did; how and why he had less independence of action, less judgment, less humanity; and the answer was always, education. A young general of the old army said at lunch one day: "I am a 'mercenary soldier,' and therefore I can't believe, and don't, that war is bad for character; but I would not have military training for a whole nation, except in time of war." He need not have made concessions to the civilian present. Education for war-time as one heard it explained and speculated upon in the army was not much narrower than the reform of the human species, making them more intelligent, more adaptable, and more capable in all things as a prerequisite for waging successful war.

In England, one half of the serious discussions one heard I should classify under education. I do not mean precisely that London in war-time was like a teachers' association with its gabble of methods, courses, and text-books. On the contrary, although exposed to "shop" of this nature by a university connection, I heard little talk of formal education, could arouse no interest in "the college curriculum after the war" and such favorite subjects, found it difficult to get a clear idea of just what the British school system had been like, such was the keenness to discuss not the bones, but the blood of education. And yet this was the period of the fight over Mr. Fisher's education bill, so hotly contested that even the war yielded front-page columns now and then in its favor. This was a time when you could stir any Britisher to talk—M. P., soldier, workman, country gentleman, superintendent, I tried them all—merely by the question, "What is going to happen in English education?"

No wonder they are interested. Efficiency—and in March of 1918 England saw clearly that she must be efficient or starve — depends upon education. Propaganda—and half the writing done in England was propaganda—is a form of education. The next generation is decimated by the war, and what is left of it

will have to make the greatest profit in the briefest time from education. Germany had set the nations at one another's throats, and to thoughtful men there seemed no way to prevent the thing from happening again except by better (and in Germany's case, compulsory) education.

I am not (thank heavens) writing a treatise on education after the war, for the excellent reason that neither I nor any one else knows the terms upon which it will be conducted. But one cannot come into active contact with hundreds whose experience, often bitter, has brought them a new sense of values without at least an enrichment of opinion. And the effect upon most men who have taught for a living is to make them crack open every educational idea they possess to see whether it holds dust or moving life within it. England at large is profoundly dissatisfied with her education; and she is right to be dissatisfied, for in some respects she was dragging far below the safety line. The crust is cracking everywhere, the dust is blowing away, new blood is throbbing. We shall soon be profoundly dissatisfied; not with entire reason, for, after all, our success in the trying year of 1918 was a success for American education in school and out of it. But when we begin to realize that under stress a boy of twenty was being taught the very complex business of modern war in a quarter the time we allotted to less difficult professions of peace, we are bound to be dissatisfied also. We are bound to wonder whether we have not underestimated American capacity for learning, even when unstirred by a grave crisis. And when we thoroughly understand that propaganda (which is merely expert transmission of ideas) has turned the heart of nations, while our formal education in ideas, historical, philosophical, or economic, has often sunk only skin deep, we are sure again to be dissatisfied. If we had educated as well before this war as we have educated for waging it, there might never have been one. If we educate as well after it there will never be another; or, if there is, we shall win it.

This is an essay and not a treatise, and I shall be more than content to say as simply and briefly as possible what the living heart of education seems to some of us; what England has had, and has, that we have not; what we have grasped that England is still seeking. If successful war is largely a question of national education, and a stable peace is also to depend upon education, then that co-operation which we all hope to see among English-speaking countries may serve us almost best through mutual education.

There is, I am well aware, a prevalent belief that Great Britain has little to teach us in education. It is known that her lower schools are good, but probably no better than ours. It is known that her "public schools," of secondary grade, are wonderfully effective in "stamping" the boys that go through them, but narrow and rigid in what they teach; that there is no wide-spread system of secondary education for everybody such as our high schools afford. It is known that British universities, while still famous for the men they produce, are irregular in their excellences, hampered by a medieval organization, and distinctly behind in many ranges of modern thought and investigation. This was known, and this is measurably true. The Fisher bill, which in effect establishes compulsory high schools that after seven years will keep boys and girls in school until eighteen, seems a step up to, not beyond, America; and one hears of no radical, far-sweeping changes proposed in the British universities.

Why, then, after the stress of war and in the approach to reconstruction, should we be interested in British education? The answer is to be found in the war itself. Many nations have suffered more than Great Britain; none of them has had to make such a universal right-about in thought, habits, purposes, desires, down to the last detail of daily life. I can think of only one among all my acquaintances under sixty years of age in England, whose daily life has not been completely upset and rebuilt since the war. And the leaders in this revolution have been in nine cases out of ten the products of the most British part of British education—Oxford and Cambridge, the public schools, the circles of the Workmen's Educational Association. We thought that our own college system

was decadent until the war revealed what fine fellows it was sending, in spite of its faults, to a business world that was, perhaps, too self-centered to appreciate them. And the education that sent forth the dead tens of thousands who led the way for England is not a failure. Neither has it succeeded because of its faults.

The enduring strength of British education is its practical grasp of the principle that nothing matters half so much as the meeting of minds. There, for all our elaborate systems and doors wide open everywhere, we have been negligent. Its weakness is an exclusiveness, half purposeful, half due to exigency of circumstance. Here much is to be learned from America.

I think that my first clue to the master idea of British education came from two Scotchmen, munition-workers then, but one-time educational experts, who simply would not talk about "the curriculum." It was not that they did not know; of course they knew; but every question aroused some problem in teaching or research that interested them far more than the typical schedule of the British school. It was weeks before I succeeded in pinning down an authority to a statement of just what the British school did teach, and then I got it in printed form, and found that, when all had been said, what was taught depended chiefly upon what the school wanted—a scandalous situation, as any well-regulated American would testify. In Oxford, in Cambridge, in Manchester and Edinburgh, in the London schools, in the training-camps, in the commencing khaki university behind the lines, the same thing always happened. I came away from each investigation with a sense of having talked vitally on education and with few "facts" to put into my notes. It was all humorously different from many a school and college convention I have left in America with a bag leaking syllabi and prospectuses all the way home.

There is a close connection, of course, between this British planlessness and both the lack of theoretical science so evident in England at the beginning of the war and the inferiority of technical training in Great Britain. These defects must be taken care of, but there is no need to pause for criticism. The bird I am after is of swifter wing. It is the secret that explains (for example) why a slack college with an eighteenth-century equipment could send men to the front who, not at first, but in the long run, proved themselves the equals in most respects, and the superiors in some, to the far more efficiently trained Germans. It is the explanation of why British education, with all its faults, has really educated.

The answer is simple enough, and I shall be merely reiterating in stating it, but this answer has a new significance for these times, and especially for us. It explains, I think, why it is hard to interest the Englishman in problems of curriculum. Said the master of an Oxford college (we were talking of one of the "young men" of the new England): "He was with me for a year. One of those wide - reaching, generalize - it - all sort of minds. Would write ten thousand words before he found the fact that ought to have come first. Never would think as I think; but I had the facts and he didn't. I gave him an hour a day, I suppose, for a year. Don't agree with his thinking now; but it was worth while."

"What was he studying?" I asked.

"Don't remember, exactly; history, economics, I suppose. The important thing was his mind. That is what I was teaching."

The principle here is evident. It is the living together of mature and immature intellects; it is education by contact or by meeting of minds; and it is worth while. Such teaching is expensive; but is expense the first consideration if it results not in subjects partly mastered, but the power to master them completely—in wisdom as well as knowledge? Is any education too expensive that sinks deep?

"Whatever we cannot pay for is too expensive," the American taxpayer answers, "and we cannot pay enough first-rate minds to give personally an hour a dayto all who seek education." Perhaps not, and perhaps, with adjustment to existing conditions, we can well afford it. Let that point wait; it is the principle that is important, and

this I found alive throughout the British schools and universities, and in the army, whence it is spreading to ours. It would be a curious by-product of the war if it should come to us through education in demobilization, and so home by the military route. I found it in the public schools, where the curriculum (often with good reason) was secondary to what the masters judged was the total mind of the boy. I found it in grammar-schools, where the discussion was always of what the youngster seemed to be good for in actual life, not what he had learned. I heard of it operating in the internment camp at Ruhleben, where every man who knew became the center of a little tutorial group, each member of which afterward formed other groups, until education of that vital kind which comes from self-help under criticism and direction spread throughout the curious assemblage of all kinds and classes imprisoned together because they were Britons.

Can such personal education be adapted to the vast and heterogeneous needs of a democracy? A group of Fellows, picked men as they are nowadays, living in monastic seclusion in a gray-walled Cambridge garden, with a chosen race of boys exposed, like volunteers in a medical experiment, to culture and intellectual honesty and the desire to know until the infection takes—such a system, in spite of rigidities and archaisms, is sure to produce some remarkable results. But there will be no monastic seclusion for our millions in America; no period of undisturbed incubation, no high proportion of trained to untrained minds. Is the thing possible or desirable in a democracy?

I should not have written an article in war-time on a subject like this if I did not believe that there was the best kind of evidence, of the highest importance for Great Britain, and potentially important for us, that you can practically educate by the meeting of minds in a democracy. Nothing better proves the vitality of the English idea of how to educate than its reaching out to meet the new conditions of life that, beginning a decade or more ago, are now rushing throughout the British world. I mean the W. E. A., the Workmen's Educational Association, the training-school whence many of the most alert political and economic thinkers in England have sprung or been inspired.

Every one should know about the W. E. A., even in America, for it has not lacked advertisement. Books have been written upon it as a successful educational experiment; its doctrines and practice have been preached here as well as all over the British Empire; and those familiar with the currents of British thought know that, in its effects, it is a political force of the first magnitude. Nevertheless, it will bear brief explaining. The W. E. A. is only fifteen years old. I know its founder, a workman, and its first tutors, still youngish men. It began at Oxford, not, like so many "settlements," to "uplift" the lower classes, but definitely and consciously as a means of bringing together workmen who wanted to understand the economic system of which they were a part, and students of economics and sociology who, while teaching the theory of their subjects, could learn the practice from the men and women they taught. Thus the W. E. A. is distinctly a meeting of minds, designed to train the less skilled, but with advantages for both.

A group of men and women (never larger than thirty-two) forms among workers, let us say, in the pottery industries of the "Five Towns" district. They choose a course, which will probably begin with a history of industrial conditions, as of closest kin to their interests, but may lead through politics, science, history, literature, wherever they want to go, provided that it consists of such related subjects as a university might require. The course is three years as a minimum, with an opportunity to spend a week in Oxford or Cambridge or some other university summer school afterward, and they must elect the course for three years. There are twenty-four meetings during the term; two hours each of them, an hour roughly for the tutor's disquisitions, one hour for free discussion. The tutor comes from the university, the cost is borne by the university, by labor organizations, and by the board of education. Books are used freely, and are supplied by the association. There are no examinations, no

work for a certificate or direct means of betterment, because no competition is desired; but twelve essays must be written a year. Where the subject is taken up, how it is developed, what questions are discussed—these are not to be found in syllabi, but depend upon the intelligence, the previous training, the present interests of the group and the tutor. It is not forced-draught education, but rather the meeting of minds between men and women desiring to increase their power of criticizing life and an instructor who, like an earlier Englishman, would gladly learn and gladly teach. The emphasis is all upon the personal relation. And this simple system has spread widely over Great Britain and Ireland, has captivated "materialistic Australia," and, through the adoption of its principles in much army teaching, is becoming familiar to the whole empire. The sanity, the vigor, and, most important of all, the political vision of the best labor leaders of Great Britain, now probably the broadest and soundest defenders of labor interests in the world, come, most of all, I think, from the example of the W. E. A.

I have tried to make clear that this is no random philanthropic experiment, but rather a sprouting into new life of a national instinct. This is what makes it worth writing about for readers who have only a general interest in education. Essentially, the W. E. A. puts mature but untrained minds into touch with men who care immensely for the intellectual welfare of the community. I saw the same principle working in a great factory in the north of England, whose managers had run ahead of the continuation schools proposed by the Fisher bill, and put in schools of their own where working boys and girls were given from three to six hours a week under men and women whose sole interest was in their developing bodies and minds. The very principle of the Fisher bill was not to teach this or that, but to keep the youth of Great Britain for four years longer in the care of those who might wish to develop, not to exploit, them. I heard a master of apprentices in an old skilled trade that had inherited the best medieval traditions of boy workers say one night: "The only way to save England after this war is to have more education for the boys and girls. I don't care what they teach them, though I should prefer to have it general as well as technical; the important thing is that it should be somebody's business to look after their minds."

I believe that this sound instinct for true education has been the chief cause of British initiative and political and intellectual strength in the century past, and I further believe that it explains the surprising strength of Great Britain when, in sudden catastrophe, she was thrown from peace into deadly conflict with a nation far more completely trained than herself. The flat truth is that the German was better educated, in so far as education means knowledge and discipline, than the Englishman, especially in the lower and middle grade of society; and yet less excellently educated in the things that make for wisdom. The British deficiencies—lack of science, lack of system, lack of a breadth of opportunity—we have already avoided. They may be left for home correction, but we must not disregard, as of local concern only, the secret that has made England successful in spite of her faults.

War makes men dishonest as regards the future, for the rush of passions toward desire for victory drowns judgment and common sense. But the intense reality of war-time makes us very honest about our past. What American, looking back from 1918, does not find his estimate of school or college education vastly altered? Experiences he had supposed were not education at all—adventures, casual reading, personal relationships—have clearly taught him much. Whole sets of formal training appear as lost motion utterly. Habits formed in work he hated under minds that impressed him, ideas shot irregularly from the world of knowledge that took root somehow—these remain. Does he doubt that his best education was self-acquired? Does he doubt that a steadying hand, a pointing finger, an atmosphere where learning seemed worth while, were the best things that came to him (if he got them) from teaching in school and college? What sheer

brain prostitution was most of his "tutoring" for examinations! What unnecessary boredom the recording of "facts" from innumerable lectures heard and not heeded! What unspeakable benefit the few "inspirations" from minds greater and sweeter than his, when the spark shot and hit and smoldered and is still burning!

Why can we not now be honest about education in America? Why can we not say that it is too arid, too impersonal, that it is successful only because life in America has itself been an education? Are we too proud to borrow this British secret from a nation that in many respects is less educated than our own? Are we too proud to borrow for our many what has been given to their chosen ones with a success that our best curricula have seldom experienced? Our technical, scientific education in advanced work has been highly individual, and the results are where all can see them. Why is it that in the things of the mind—in his criticism of life, in his sense of values, in his knowledge of how to use his vital energy—the American is still so crude, so youthful in comparison with Englishmen less vigorous and less potential? It is because his "liberal" education has blown over him in airy precepts, has been fed to him in capsules swallowed but never digested, has come to him wrapped in words instead of active personality.

And the difficulties in the way, the expense, the magnitude of the problem! The energy absorbed by a week of war would carry an intellectual revolution. A few slight changes in the practice of our American colleges as they were run before the war would make important alternations with little difficulty. The ratio of teachers to students was in good institutions of collegiate grade roughly as one to ten. If each teacher were given a personal responsibility for the minds of, say, ten men, exercised perhaps only in the briefest of weekly meetings, the increase in toil, where there was any, would be balanced by the inspiration of friendly contact, increase in expense there would be little or none. Now we choose "division officers" and ask them to be personally responsible for the intellectual consciences of sixty-odd students; the rest of the faculty need only teach. Such a change would be only a beginning, just a little fresh blood pumping through old arteries—but we should soon go farther.

Already we are beginning one of the greatest of all educational experiments —an army of youths trained for war who must be prepared for peace while in demobilization. Although the circumstances are so widely different, the problem is almost identical with that of the W. E. A. Fairly mature minds, of every degree of previous training, are in both instances to be given quickly and in the midst of distractions what they vitally need to make life more livable. Shall we hand them in lectures the general knowledge they require in addition to their ration of technical instruction; or by personal contact with those who know shall they be made to crave and get knowledge? The two methods are different; and the second, though hard, is practicable, and in the long run the cheaper.

Very soon now and in a wrecked world we shall fully realize how precious is youth, how essential that not one drop of its energies shall be wasted. We shall direct our courses of study toward the needs of the future, and direct them easily and well, for there we have practice. But shall we place the emphasis upon courses and systematized departments of learning or upon the shaping of minds to crave facts and get them? The two methods go together; but they are different, and without the second the first alone will never meet the emergency. Since the days of Plato men have been saying in every language and environment: "It was, after all, one or two men who educated me. They set me thinking." How far in America will we act upon that principle? How far have we acted upon it? Consider the textbook, its multitude and its aridity, if you wish an answer.

We Americans, however, also have our national instinct in education. It is a commonplace to say that from the founding of the nation we have tried to give equal opportunities to all to be educated. We know what was proposed; better, perhaps, than what has been accomplished. English observers, now

that England is on the way to sudden social democracy, see it most clearly, and are eager to learn of us. Our intense systematization, our standardization of teachers and teaching and subjects and text-books—that very machinery whose noisy grinding has so often drowned the voice of personal instruction—all this is just a means of realizing our national instinct for democratic education. No other nation in the world, not even highly trained Germany, has tried to open all kinds of education to everybody; and if we have made tremendous errors we have also invaluable experience. England has as much to learn from our high-school system as we from her theory of how to teach.

The cry there is, Be practical and consider the taxpayer. And the reply in England is that the taxpayer deserves, first of all, education for his money, and that he must therefore get access to vital education. The cry in America is the same, and the answer should not be different. But unless we learn from one another, both sets of taxpayers, as in the past, will be cheated. A hundred pounds for a child's education is cheap if you get results; is dear if the factory takes the child prematurely and exploits him. A thousand dollars (the price of a high-calibre shell) is little to spend upon a child's education, if he gets educated.

Four years ago an essay like this should have been a treatise on education, or remained unwritten. It should have surveyed at length our schools and colleges and those of the English, explaining the methods, criticizing them, pointing out how, by marked changes in our purpose and slight ones in our practice in teaching, we could vastly increase our results, pointing out that by more system and a restricted standardization the British could extend their benefits to a whole population. The Workmen's Educational Association, which has accomplished both these ends, would have provided merely an adequate introduction.

It is different now. In the midst of war we could make no elaborate plans; but with everything on the move about us we are in the very mood for seizing new principles.

Many, for example, have felt for years that a period of productive work in the world should precede the ending of every education, yet could never contrive general acceptance. Now the war has flung our boys, many of them half-educated, into the most intense of practical experiences, and we begin to see how youthful service to the state, continued after the war, may be a real aid to education. One hopes that the service may not be exclusively military, that William James's fine dream, "A Moral Substitute for War," will find unexpected realization.

Two years ago in America we were criticizing the dogmatic character of most of our educating, and wondering helplessly how we could teach the teachers of boys and girls that learning came by working out problems, not by hearing the answers. Then with a sweep our youths were flung into the highly experimental business of war, where all advance, from the shooting of a gun to food control, was learned only by experimental practice. Will the boy of eighteen who has been through a training-camp and the rough life of the trenches, where he has learned by doing them new ranges of activities—will he ever again take second-hand statements of theory in history or economics or literature, and think he is being educated? The answer may be, yes—if we let him. But will we let him? For we also have learned by experience, have been grasping new principles.

The truth is that everybody is being re-educated now, except those petrified beings who are beyond alteration; and, where every one is learning, there is no opportunity for one age to impose upon another its sets of crystallized ideas that must be accepted whole or evaded. Education is vital again because it has become a universal experience.

I spent a day last spring in the Bull Dog Club on Edgware Road in London, an institution that began as a home for soldiers on leave with nowhere to go, and then extended its care to discharged men whose old careers were lost to them and who needed guidance and help. Everywhere in England one hears the questions: What are the half-educated eighteen-year-olders to do when they come back, tired boys without a trade or profession? What are the sometime

clerks to become after two or three years in the honorable but impermanent profession of being an officer? Will they go back? What are the gentleman rankers to do, impaired in health, without either profession or money, and thrown upon the unsettled labor-market of England after the war? I was interested, naturally, in an opportunity to get advance information from a club where every day such cases were already being handled. The man with a trade is easily placed, they told me. The men without a trade and lacking in especial intellectual ability are a grave problem. Of the men with brains and intellectual training, many of them say that they want to go in for teaching.

It surprised me then, but not after I had been to the front and lived longer in France and England. It was minds these men wanted to teach, because their own had been altered. War, as Thucydides said, educates by violence; and by violence these soldiers had been educated to understand what a man must know about life. If I were searching for teachers I should choose them in preference to others with more knowledge but a less illuminating experience.

Visual Beauty

BY GEORGE STERLING

THY futile clarion is at our ears,
Calling we know not whither, and thine eyes
Hint of enchanted skies,
But not the abiding secret of our tears.

Thy tragic lips use here an alien speech,
That none may know nor any man forget,
In whose wild tones are met
Accents that wound and silences that teach.

What word hast thou for man, O mystery?
Is thy mirage its own reward and goal,
With which the lucid soul
Mingles at last, as rivers with the sea?

We know thou comest to us from afar:
The silver of the star is in thy feet,
That find a pathway sweet—
A rainbow road, but leading to no star.

The shadow of thy beauty and its pain
Is like the sorcery that music makes,
And thy sad smile awakes
A sense of wings come earthward—and in vain.

Dreams are thy final gift, and, vision-drowned,
We dream thy face is given us for grail,
And all thy hues a veil
To loveliness as yet unsought, unfound.

Ah! finding such and all our dream's demand,
Shall then the strange, immortal hunger cease?
Draw near! Disclose the peace
That waits unfathomed in the Secret Land!

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

A POET of the class which is forced by unsparing affluence to seek a luxurious exemption from winter in a Southern clime, once advanced so far as the first line of a sonnet apostrophizing some disappointing facts of his circumstance.

> "The shameless violet and the unblushing rose,"

he began, in recognition of the difference between the temperature and these facts; and he hoped eventually to get in all he felt in an air which pinched his nose and chilled his marrow when he walked abroad in a midwinter landscape wearing the illusion of early summer. But he was so pleased with his first line, that he determined to go no further for the present, though there was perhaps less of volition in the matter than he imagined. It is not easy to carry a sonnet to its fourteenth line, when it opens with a first so expressive of the poet's feelings and suggestive of his resolution to do exact justice to the guilt of every flower of the field and blossom of the tree, as he had done in the case of the rose and the violet. He had always taken these at their quoted value, and now he intended to go on through the whole list and mock them with the reversal of their popular acceptance as a test of the thermal character of the winter resorts where he saw them offering a false welcome to the traveler descending from his Pullman: the red and white camelias that scentlessly emulated the hues of the rose; the spiky petals of the poinsettia that burned like flakes of fire against the windows; the bignonia and the bougainvillia that theatrically flung themselves over the house walls and climbing the roofs; and the honeysuckle that trailed its leaves and flowers over the rails and trellises, all in a show of summer which the stranger trusted with a heart unused to the illusion.

But the poet who knew the season for winter from the custom of years watched the new arrivals with no unkindly smile while he questioned the value of his greater experience since he had put it to no use, but had continued year after year to follow the birds and flowers to the South in their common pursuit of summer in his own land, and in the Older World he had sometimes joined the multitudes flocking southward in the autumn from every northern region. We who crowd our through-trains to Florida and California scarcely realize the intensified migration of the European sufferers and pleasurers who seek pleural and bronchial relief from the deadliness of their native winters. But without some personal intimacy with the fact, we cannot know how the Russians and the Germans and the English hurry southward before their snows and fogs to Egypt and the Sicilies and all the Mediterranean littorals from Nice to Naples. The English, indeed, find migration so essential to their health and happiness that, if they have not the time or money to get as far as Luxor or Taormina, or even Cannes, they do what they can in the fond delusion of an English Riviera, say Bournemouth, where from twenty minutes to three hours of sun are daily advertised. They find there the same deceitful flowers blooming as at Bordighera, or, for the matter of that, as they would at Llandudno in North Wales; and they do what they can with the substitute, just as in former days we tried to believe a summer mildness into Lakewood and Atlantic City because these resorts were ten degrees warmer than New York, and ever so many more than Boston.

But it is long since we satisfied ourselves with such comparative mildness, and now the migratory habit is fairly fixed in such of us as can afford it. Nothing short of Palm Beach or Pasa-

dena will satisfy us at the worst, and at this writing, in December, all the resorts on the way have their transportation and accommodations well preempted. When this writing becomes the reading which it will before the end of February, the tide will not yet have turned northward unless from the southernmost of the Floridian coasts where the dog-days moistly rule the inverted year, and the flowers really mean the summer weather they so frequently affect.

The migratory habit is apparently fixed with us as with the like of us in Europe. The Southing sick are here as there, but they do not so largely count; and the worst of them find themselves unwelcome to the point of repulsion or the event of expulsion. The cough of the consumptive is no longer a winning appeal to the compassionate; it is a note of warning which the wise will fear as far as they can hear it. Colonies of the tuberculous gather in certain definitely bounded localities which the merely migratory carefully shun; in fact, it is to the air of the North frozen clear of impurity that the tuberculous now tend rather than to the humid warmth of the South. Meanwhile the history of hygienic suggestion has been interesting and sometimes quaint. More than a generation ago, say a generation and a half ago, a daring genius native to the most tuberculous region of New England contributed to a leading periodical of Boston a paper elaborating a plan for the amelioration of the conditions in such wise as to render it the fit home of pulmonary invalids and other people of delicate constitution. It was not yet the day, or rather the night, of sleeping in the open air; the Adirondacks, which since have become the sleeping-porch of the Atlantic slope, were still unexplored by science, and our theorist could brave it with his scheme for a life immune from the White Plague without fear of having the North Woods cited as nature's provision of a far cheaper and hopefuller plan. His own plan was for the roofing and windowing of whole streets with glass, in we do not remember just how large a proportion of the city; we think there was no suggestion of civic or corporate heating such as is now common in New York, but with the air tempered to that of say a cold grapery and defended against all impurity under foot and overhead, a great advance toward the defense of the general health against the White Plague would have been taken.

The plan, however, would not have availed against the migratory habit now so fixed with classes and conditions of people who but for their pleasure need not stir from their Northern thresholds. In the present season the far vaster number of these took flight southward three months ago and are already beginning to secure transportation and accommodation for their northward return with the blackbirds and robins. But there is still a number, a large proportion of the migratory who are securing transportation and accommodation for their southward flight. Some of these perhaps have waited the earlier winter through before deciding upon it, but have suffered until they can bear it no longer. There is a charm of the winter at home which no warmth of air or glow of sunshine can impart to the traveler, alone, or worse yet, in the society of other exiles. It may be confided here that the *compagnon de voyage* is not always very interesting and perhaps does not find you so; in fact, are you not a *compagnon de voyage* yourself? We are not very sociable on our travels, we Americans, and when we are, we are sometimes worse. Our hotels do not lend themselves to mutual acquaintance as the English hotels do, and if they did we should rather shun than seek their help in finding a stranger who would replace the crony we have left behind us! Who, indeed, could console you for the daily habit of A's lofty mind, or the blithe humor of B, which has become a second nature with you? Winter has its charm, yes, but it is a hardship which increases with our years; and somehow we must try to ease it by the subterfuges we practise. Yet the change of climate which we effect by change of latitude is, as we have been owning, an imperfect remedy for its ills. It would not be so bad, winter would not, if it were not for the thawing which alternates the freezing. The snow is not so bad; it is even beautiful as the poets have more than once affirmed.

The feet that slid so long on sleet
Are glad to feel the ground

when March is over and past; but there is nothing in nature of effect so faery, so incredible, so celestially glorious as the sleet

That clothes the wold and meets the sky

from every point and surface when the sun comes out and shines upon the tears that have frozen on nature's face trying to smile through them. We seriously doubt if there is any such glory in California or Florida, and we urge the southbound multitudes to reflect upon the supreme loss they suffer in their escape from the cold that can alone work the miracle.

As we have been urging, perhaps tediously, it is no real summer which we find in the South at so much pains and expense, and the disappointment of it forms the great hardship of our deserving rich or ailing poor, so that we find ourselves still tempted by the dream of that dreamer who fancied glassing in the Boston streets and creating in the climate of a cold grapery an incomparable health and pleasure resort. We have never vividly imagined the presence of this human conservatory of his, but we have thought it might be something like the Burlington Arcade in London, or the famous Galleria of Milan, with great refinement of the retail trade of the one, and the charm of the other as to its cafés enhanced by the addition of afternoon-tea tables, and the nicest features of the Woman's Exchange. We do not remember now how the cost of this conservatory was to have been defrayed, but probably the dreamer shrank from fully facing the figures, and left the reading, or unreading, public to conjecture them. Probably the public, then comparatively so impecunious, shrank in turn from seriously considering the expense. But now that the late war has taught us to think in billions we need not let the expense of glazing our streets abash us. We are not ourselves prepared with an estimate, but we are ready to say that it would not cost more to glaze all Boston than to fight a battle of the ordinary eight or ten days' duration, counting, of course, the preparatory outlay in arming and transporting and provisioning the troops. The maintenance of our fleet through the war must have cost more than the realization of our dreamer's vision on the largest scale.

We have only to go on thinking in billions, accumulating billions and lavishing billions, for a single year, and the thing is done on an almost national scale. The money can be easily raised by a slight increase of the surtax on the income of profiteers, or, if we prefer a more popular means, by a five-per-cent. Pulmonary Loan, or, more dramatically, by a Bronchial Drive. Then we shall have abolished the worst of our winter and kept the best; we shall have made our climate over on the most beautiful and healthful terms and left our migratory habit to the swallow, the blackbird, and the wild goose, whose flight we shall follow with the eye through the roofs of our civic conservatories, with no care for transportation and accommodations. To be sure, we must own that, while we keep out of winter in those conservatories, we shall never waken in them from the berth of a Pullman car and look out some morning on the sunrise flush of a peach-orchard in blossom. We can never have this divine surprise, this ecstatic vision, without the travel which will have been dull, as you were allowing with us, and later there will be times when you will still accuse

The shameless violet and the unblushing rose,

for misrepresenting the temperature, and vow never to leave your native winter again; but none of these will be the time when you look upon the peach blows in early March. That will be the time when you resolve to secure your transportation and accommodations for the ensuing year on the best train at least as far south as southern Georgia.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

WHEN SHE DROPPED HER EYES WITH GENTLE SIGHS

What the Pug Knew

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

THE Pug sat up on the cabinet
With his short nose in the air;
He was only a pug of porcelain
With goggle eyes and a stare.
His legs were short with a strong incline
To be bandy at the knees,
But he wore the lofty air of a pug
Who took the world at his ease
And that Porcelain Pug on the cabinet had a look which your soul might freeze.

He looked to neither the right nor left,
That being his scornful way,
But his goggle eyes were never closed
Either by night or day.
And what he saw, he saw, 'twas said,
And what he knew, he knew,
And what he might have said if he chose
Might please neither me nor you,
For that Porcelain Pug on the cabinet had an eye to pierce you through.

His mistress—(and he often gave
A porcelain sniff at that,
As on his Chinese pedestal
Unflinchingly he sat)—
His mistress he'd known far too long
To be the least deceived
By the tricks and airs and graces
In which some folks believed.
For he could have told—that Porcelain Pug—what their spirits might have grieved.

And he knew stern duty called on him,
With his bandy legs and stare,
To lead her in the path of Right,
And try to keep her there.
Which was quite as much as any one
From a porcelain pug could ask,
And, if the simple truth were told,
Was rather a thankless task.
"Don't ogle me," said the Porcelain Pug. "I could your tricks unmask."

He was neither moved by smiles nor tears,
And he did not care a rush,
When she dropped her eyes with gentle sighs
And even got up a blush.
"Let those take that who like," he said,
"It doesn't work with me."
Which was really disappointing,
Besides being bold and free,
But that Porcelain Pug on the cabinet had no sentiment—not he.

And when she appeared most sweetly meek
And innocent of guile,
And wore a simple artless gown
And a soft engaging smile,
He glared with both his goggle eyes
And his bandy legs outspread,
And sniffed his fiercest porcelain sniff,
Though never a word he said,
And before that Pug on the cabinet her air ingenuous fled.

For his glance insinuated that
She was not so wise or fair
As she would have the world believe,
Which was a statement bare,
And one to which she did object,
Although she felt it true,
And loathed that Pug on the cabinet,
In that so much he knew,
And what was worse, that he did insist that he knew *she* knew it too.

And many a silent tiff they had,
While he held aloft his head;
"Leave me alone," said she to him.
"Behave yourself," he said.
And when, her best effects prepared,
She tried her nicest scenes,
This porcelain scorn seemed erst to say
"Tell that to the Marines"—
If a Porcelain Pug on a cabinet looks only what he means.

"POOH, YOU'RE ONLY A PORCELAIN PUG," SHE SAID

"I'm mistress here," she would oft remark;
But, his short nose in the air,
The sole response he deigned to give
Was his usual goggle stare.
And when she strove to jeer him down
And pretended she did not care
That he'd found her out with her flimsy ways,
And had bid the world beware,
"Pooh, you're only a Porcelain Pug," she said, "with goggle eyes and a stare."

But in the midst of her flippant scoff,
She'd falter 'neath his gaze,
And now and then—at intervals—
Resolved to mend her ways.
But why she should care for a staring pug,
Short-nosed, short-legged, and fat,
Is a problem the solution
Of which one can't get at,
And as to a guilty conscience—what have pugs to do with that—
Even the sharpest Porcelain Pug that e'er on a cabinet sat?

Lightening the Load

THERE had been a slight accident in a Pennsylvania coal-mine, with the result that Casey was partly buried by a small quantity of earth.

Callahan, the leader of the rescuing party, called down to Casey: "Kape aloive, Casey. We're rescuin' ye."

Whereupon there came from the earth a muffled voice, "Is that big McIntire up there wid ye?"

"Shure he is."

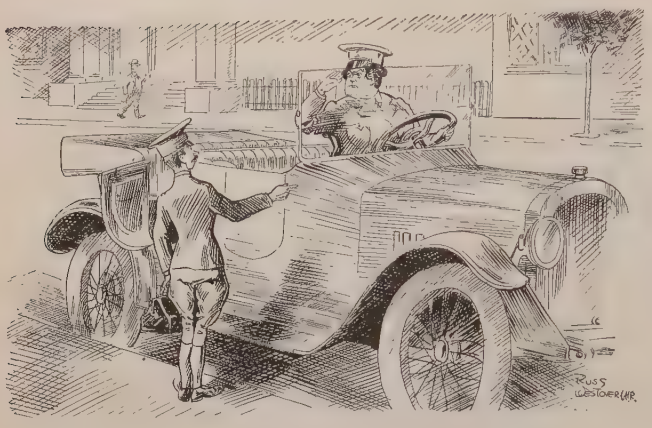
"Thin ask him plaze to step off the rooins. I've enough on top o' me widout him."

No Danger

A BOSTON woman recently engaged a new maid, with whose appearance and manner she was greatly pleased. When the terms had been agreed upon, the lady of the house said:

"Now, my last maid was much too familiar with the policemen. I think that I can trust you."

"Indeed you can, ma'am," replied the new maid. "I can't bear policemen. I was brought up to hate the very sight of them. You see, my father was a burglar."



War the Leveller!

Mr. Henpeck has the novel experience of giving orders to his wife

How to Dispose of Bores

A MEMBER of the municipal government of a Western town was for a long time pestered by a particular bore, and not long ago hit upon a plan to get rid of him for good.

The official's doorkeeper was a good-natured, accommodating fellow who could never find it possible to turn the aforesaid bore away. Just as sure as the official was in, the bore was certain to be admitted.

When the official had determined upon his course, he said to this doorkeeper:

"Dick, do you know why Collins continues to come here so regularly?"

"No, sir."

"Well, Dick, I don't mind telling you, in confidence, he's after your job."

From that day on the official was never troubled by the bore.

Simple Arithmetic

"I HAVE five children and half of them are boys," a man remarked.

"How can that be?" an astonished bystander asked.

"Well, the other half are boys, too."

A Failure in Strategy

"A POLICE court isn't all grim and sordid," remarked a judge recently. "Not long ago a chauffeur was brought before me charged with running down a man.

"'Didn't you know that if you struck the pedestrian he would be seriously injured?' I asked.

"'Yes, sir,' replied the chauffeur.

"'Then why didn't you zigzag your car and miss him?'

"'That was what I tried to do, your Honor, but he was zigzagging himself, and outguessed me.'"

A Permanent Job

SOME school-children were asked to retell in their own words the story to which they had just listened. One boy did his best and wound up the recital with the statement:

"At last the king died and Hans married the princess. Hans was glad to get the job, for he was a poor boy."

Her War Service

THE pension examiner looked at the applicant curiously.

"And why, madam, do you consider yourself entitled to a pension?" he asked.

"Well," replied the woman, "my husband and I fought all through the war."

"But why did you name him Bill?"
"Well, you see he was born on the first of the month"

Making a Communication Trench

Heroic Politeness

FRANCES, aged twelve years, was spending the day with her friend Jane Watkins. Frances had taken one spoonful of soup when something floating on top caught her eye. Was it black pepper, or was it a black ant? What should she do with it?

At this moment Frances's close scrutiny of her soup attracted the attention of Jane. In a stage whisper, plainly heard around the table, came Jane's: "Oh, Mother! There's an ant in Frances's soup."

That was it, an ant. Of course, now Mrs. Watkins would take the soup away. How relieved Frances was.

"The very idea! An ant in her soup! I am surprised at you, Jane. It is pepper," said Mrs. Watkins, severely, and she looked reproachfully at both girls.

Through her mind flashed all the instructions on politeness Frances had ever heard: never contradict your elders; under all circumstances be polite; table manners show one's breeding. What must she do? "Never contradict your elders!" . . . She spoke up at once, trying her best to make her tone positive:

"Oh yes! I think it is pepper."

"Of course it is," answered Mrs. Watkins.

Frances stirred her soup, hoping Jane's attention would be called away, that she might catch the swimmer and transfer it to the dinner-plate.

But there was no such luck. Up came the speck more like an ant than ever. Pepper was one speck; here were two specks close together. It was an ant, and Jane, persistency itself, leaned over for one more look, saying:

"It *is* an ant."

Frances glanced at Mrs. Watkins, but she hadn't changed her opinion; it was pepper. "Be polite," ran through her brain again, and, taking up the spoonful of soup upon which that suspicious double fleck floated, Frances settled the question forever before saying, faintly:

"It was pepper. I know by the taste."

Sufficient

WILLIE'S mother returned home just after her hopeful had received his lesson from the music-teacher.

"Willie," asked she, "did you wash your face and hands before the music-teacher came?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And your ears?"

Willie hesitated a moment. Then he answered, "Well, mother, I washed the one that would be next to her."

Nicodemus in a New Rôle

AUNT MARINDY had just been told that Ham, the biblical character, was the founder of the negro race. The old woman snorted disdainfully.

"'Tain't so!" she said. "We all ain't 'scended f'um no ham. We's 'scended f'um Nigger Demus. Dat's who!"

The Choice of Two Evils

A Young Diplomat

MARGERY had formed an unfortunate habit of begging for pennies and her uncle was her favorite victim. Wishing to break up the habit, Margery's mother asked her uncle to do his part. Accordingly, on the next occasion, Uncle Will said:

"Margery, it isn't nice to ask people for money. After this, whenever I feel like giving you money, I shall do so, but I shall never give you any when you ask for it. Now promise me that you won't ask for money again."

Margery promised and thoughtfully withdrew.

The next morning as Uncle Will sat reading his newspaper, the door opened far enough to admit Margery's curly head, and a cheerful voice saluted him:

"Good morning, Uncle Will. Do you feel like giving me money to-day?"

She got it.

Setting Him Right

ARMY men tell of a private who reported sick one day.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the young officer to whom he presented himself.

"I've got a pain in my abdomen," said the private.

"Your abdomen!" exclaimed the officer. "You mean your stomach. Don't you know that only officers have abdomens?"

Establishing a Precedent

ROBERT, returning from Sunday-school, bounded into the room and exclaimed:

"Mother, the queen came down to the water!"

Mother thought for a moment, trying to establish a connection, and then, remembering that the Sunday-school lesson had been the finding of Moses by Pharaoh's daughter, said, sympathetically, "And what did the queen find in the water?"

"A baby," breathed Robert, rapturously, "in a little boat!"

Mother was properly impressed. "And what did the queen do with the baby?" she asked.

Robert hesitated a moment and Mother suggested, "Did she take the baby out of the little boat?"

Robert's face brightened. "Yes," he said; and then, with the light of happy inspiration in his eyes, he added, "But she did let him take a little sail first."

Amazing Announcement

IT happened during the regular pastor's vacation, when the sermons were being delivered by ministers from other churches. A list of the coming attractions was posted in the vestibule. One morning when making his announcements for the next week, the day's incumbent mislaid the slip containing the name of his immediate successor, but he supplied the information in this wise:

"My friends, yo' will find de preacher fo' next Sunday hangin' up in de vestibule on yo' way out."

A Lost Opportunity

THE "Dust to dust" item of theology had been extended to little Ogden in explanation of the creation of man, and had found firm soil for growth. One day he had been intently watching the accumulation of sweepings during the spring housecleaning and finally, as the furry rolls had reached unusual dimensions, he rushed in to his mother with the astonishing announcement:

"Oh, come out in the hall and look! We've got enough dust for God to make a baby."

"Can't" Was in Her Dictionary

LITTLE Florence, wearing an expression of extreme disgust, recently went to her father with this protest:

"Daddy, all your talk about 'perseverance winning in the end' is nonsense!"

"Well, well!" exclaimed Dad, astonished. "Why do you say that?"

"I'll tell you," said Florence. "I worked hard all the afternoon blowing soap-bubbles and trying to pin them on one of mother's hats."

Cause for Tears

THE youngest came crying to his mother.

"Why, dearie!" she exclaimed. "What is the matter?"

"Dad was lifting a big box and it fell on his toes," explained the child between sobs.

"But," continued mother, "that is hardly anything to cry about. You should have laughed at it."

"I did," said the boy.

His Reason

OLD Tom Parker, a colored servitor, had been in the service of a certain family for a long time, and so, when he made the surprising announcement that he was "gwine to quit," his employer was for a moment startled into silence. When he had finally regained his composure, he asked:

"But why do you wish to leave, Tom?"

"I'd rather not say, suh," replied Tom, politely.

"But come, come, I insist upon knowing."

"Well, suh, ef yo' must know, I's been heah now fo' mo' dan twenty yeahs, an', suh, I's absolutely sick an' tired at de sight of yo' an' yo' fambly!"

Wanted to be a Jail-bird

THE warden of a certain penitentiary tells a story of a new-comer to his institution who, in response to the question usually asked in such cases, replied that he would like to be put at his own trade during his stay there.

"That might be a good idea," said the warden. "And what is your trade?"

"I am an aviator, sir."

His Father's Home

DURING some city disturbance the head of the house, a member of the National Guard, had been detailed for duty in the troubled district. The state penitentiary, which happened to be located near the center of the trouble, was chosen as a temporary barracks. This fact was well known to little Wilfred, and some time after the difficulties had been straightened out he was riding with his mother, eyes to the window, in a well-filled street car. The large, gray building, already historic in his mind, loomed up as they passed.

"Look, mamma," he shouted, to his mother's great confusion and the interest of all the other passengers, "there's where papa used to stay."

A Great Difference

A NOTED physician, particularly expeditious in examining and prescribing for his patients, was sought out by an army man whom he "polished off" in almost less than no time. As the patient was leaving, he shook hands heartily with the doctor and said:

"I am especially glad to have met you, as I have often heard my father, Colonel Blank, speak of you."

"What!" exclaimed the physician, "are you old Tom's son?"

"Certainly."

"My dear fellow," cried the doctor, "fling that infernal prescription in the fire and sit down and tell me what is the matter with you."

"Gee whiz, Private Woodpecker! You must have seen a lot of service to get so many stripes on your sleeve!"

"Now I Know Why my Girl at Home Didn't Want Me to Learn French"

Niceties of Our Language

THE class was composed chiefly of foreigners.

"What are oxen?" asked the teacher.

The children looked blank.

"Does any one know what a cow is?" asked the teacher, hopefully.

A dingy hand waved wildly at the back of the room.

"Well, Johnny," the teacher said, smiling, "tell us, please."

"A cow," answered Johnny, "she lays milk."

A New Standard in Art

AMONG the bewildered and, in some cases, indignant spectators gathered at a recent Futurist exhibition of painting and sculpture in New York City was a young man from Kansas City who was paying a visit to a cousin who is very "strong" for the new movement in art.

The Kansas City youth remained quiet during the view and the subsequent explanations of the new idea given him by his cousin.

"Well," said the cousin, at last, "you don't seem to be particularly interested or enthusiastic about the pictures. What do you think?"

"Think!" exclaimed the youth from Kansas City. "Why, man, I've got two aunts out West that can knit better pictures than these!"

The Pessimist

OUR Uncle Dan was a mournful man
Designed on a dark and dismal plan.
He counted a grin a kind of sin
And the world a place to be gloomy in.

If days were fine it was just a sign
That storms were brewing, the most malign.
If storms did come he was just as glum
And said: "There are worse in store, by gum!"

I've heard it said that the gloom would spread
Like fog wherever he turned his tread;
That the sun grew dim at the sight of him
And even the song-birds lost their vim.

He was old and gray when he passed away
In his fortieth year one somber day.
'Twas mean, I hold, that the clouds unrolled
And the sun beamed out as his knell was tolled.

But still, I'd swear when he climbed the stair
And waited his turn at the wicket there
That he scratched the date on the Golden Gate
To see if the gold were merely plate!

WALTER C. DOTY.

Painting by C. E. Chambers

Illustration for "Gray Socks"

"COME, WHICH SHALL IT BE?" SHE ASKED ME

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STEFANSSON AT MARTIN POINT CAMP BEFORE THE START OF HIS ICE TRIP

Solving the Problem of the Arctic

A RECORD OF FIVE YEARS' EXPLORATION

BY VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

PART I

While the war has engrossed the world's attention, Stefansson has spent five years almost alone in the Arctic and out upon the uncharted Polar seas. His successful return, after he had been given up for lost, marks a new era in Arctic exploration. He has solved the problem of living off the land and the sea-ice which he traversed. The full story of his remarkable trip will appear in six instalments in HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

WHEN the Canadian Arctic Expedition was originally planned it was not a Canadian expedition at all. Its original sponsors were the National Geographic Society of Washington and the American Museum of Natural History of New York. The expedition was to have a comprehensive scientific program and to carry a staff of six or eight scientific specialists, but in all other respects it was to be as simple as possible. It was planned that the scientists should carry the minimum of technical paraphernalia; that they should be young and self-reliant men who could work independently with few material resources and depend on their note-books, their cameras, and their memories for much of what they hoped to bring back.

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My expedition of the years 1908–12 had been carried out on substantially this plan to the satisfaction of its backers, the American Museum of Natural History and the Geographical Survey of Canada. We had then carried no food with us upon long journeys through lands either uninhabited or inhabited only by Eskimos armed with bows and arrows, some of whom had seldom, and others never, seen a white man. And the scientific results of that expedition had, in the opinion especially of the American Museum, been such that both were anxious to promote another of the same sort.

But later, when the unusual came to pass and a government had been found enlightened enough to want to undertake all the expense of a great scientific expedition, the plans were of necessity altered. When the Hon. Robert Borden (now Sir Robert), on behalf of the government of Canada, took over from the American institutions the already planned expedition, he promised them that I should be left in complete command of it, as I should have been under their auspices, and that I should be the sole judge of the suitability of all plans, men, and materials to be used in the undertaking.

Nevertheless the character of our new backers brought about a partial change of program. When the almost unlimited resources of the government were considered, it appeared advisable even to me, especially as I was strongly urged, to combine my former simple plan of relying upon the resources of the country with the orthodox one of carrying an extensive equipment. I felt that if this extensive equipment were taken along it could be used wherever it was found usable, and that my own idea of living by forage could be resorted to whenever we had come in our journeys to the uttermost limits of time and distance to which the "condensed-food system" could carry us.

Previously I had expected to bring home only a limited number of scientific specimens, but now it seemed best not only to try to bring home a much larger number, but also to carry on our vessels laboratory equipment for scientific studies in the field. Sea-water, for instance, is said to undergo chemical changes if brought home in vials, and it is therefore preferable to study water

HELPING THE DOGS OVER A ROUGH PASSAGE

samples the day they are secured from the depths of the ocean. Minute animals, too, which might be alive in the samples when they are brought to the surface, would die and decay into their chemical elements before the samples could be studied in our southern laboratories.

The mere outfitting of a comprenensive scientific expedition would be an entertaining story if it were told as it cannot be told here. To begin with, even among our tens of thousands of university graduates it is not easy to find a dozen or more men who combine the qualities of being young and of sound body, with an unexcitable temperament and an imagination that sees fascination in work which to other temperaments would be only hardship and drudgery. Furthermore, these young men would have to be either of independent means or sufficiently careless of material rewards to be willing to give several years to work for which they could expect no substantial pay in the ordinary sense. The expedition being Canadian, we preferred Canadians in our choice, yet we were able to get in Canada only five out of a staff of thirteen. We turned next to other parts of the Empire, and secured three men from Scotland, one from Australia, and one from New Zealand. Even so, we had to look farther and take one man from France, one from Denmark, one from Norway, and two from the United States. The universities represented in the training of these men were the Sorbonne, Oxford, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Toronto, McGill, Harvard, Yale, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the State University of Iowa. Several of the men had earned the degree of Ph.D., some had received various honors from scientific societies, and practically all of them were devoting their entire lives to that specialty which engaged them on the expedition.

JOHANSEN MAKING A SOUNDING TO DETERMINE DEEP-SEA TEMPERATURES

We were outfitted under the supervision of Mr. J. W. Philips of the navy yard in Esquimalt. Partly because I thought that the orthodox equipment might, after all, prove useful, and partly because of pressure put upon me by those who rested their faith more exclusively than I did in the older methods, our expedition eventually turned out to be probably the most sumptuously equipped of all Arctic expeditions. We had at the start three ships, the *Karluk*, the *Alaska*, and the *Mary Sachs*. Of these the *Karluk* was much the biggest and the best, and she had for sailing-master our most experienced man, Capt. R. A. Bartlett. Because of her character, and because of her commander, we trusted to her the greater part of what was considered our most valuable equipment. She carried nearly all the pemmican, hard bread, malted milk, chocolate, butter, and other forms of condensed rations, the suitability of which has been demonstrated by Admiral Peary notably, but also by the many others

who have used what may be called the condensed-food system of exploration. By this is meant the method wherein men and dogs depend during sledge journeys on food brought from home, game being not relied upon, properly speaking, but simply used in an emergency if the condensed food does give out before the journey has come to a successful close. Besides the condensed food, the *Karluk* carried some fourteen sledges of the type I had used on my previous expeditions, and abundant sledge material and a carpenter whose intended work it was to make during the winter, under Captain Bartlett's direction, a number of sledges, of the type so successfully used by Peary. My mind always has been and still is open on the question of which is the best form of sledge, and I was anxious to give the two types a thorough trial, comparing them on the same journeys. Our best men also were on the *Karluk*—best from the standpoint of geographic exploration.

The complicated history of the early misfortunes of our expedition Captain Bartlett has already narrated in a book entitled *The Last Voyage of the "Karluk."* It is enough to say here that through a combination of circumstances this, our most valuable ship, was taken out of our hands during the first months of what was to be an expedition covering many years, and thereafter we had to conduct our work without the help of the good men and the elaborate equipment of instruments and food which she carried. The *Karluk* had found herself too far offshore from the Alaskan coast and had been caught in the ice and carried by it to the northwestward, as it proved, permanently out of our sphere of operations. Our *Alaska* and *Mary Sachs*, according to the custom of navigation which has been found by whalers to be safest in the Alaskan portion of the Arctic, had hugged the coast continually as they proceeded eastward, and eventually wintered safely at Collinson Point, in about west longitude 145°. The ice that was powerless to carry them off because they did not go out into it, nevertheless blocked their farther passage for that year. The season was an unusual one, ice conditions being undoubtedly the worst in twenty years.

The winter of 1914–15 found us, then, on the coast of Alaska, 250 miles east of Point Barrow, with crippled resources and our entire task yet before us. The expedition had various subsidiary scientific aims, but its main purpose was exploration of as much as possible of that great unknown area which lies between Alaska and the Pole, west of the already known Canadian Islands. This area was estimated by some to be as low as 500,000 square miles, but others, among them myself, have estimated it at over a

THE THIRD CAMP ON THE ICE—MARCH 27, 1914

A HALT NEAR OPEN WATER

million. That this latter estimate is not far wrong is shown by the fact that both the Russians under Vilkitsky and our own expedition discovered extensive lands within that portion of the Arctic which the map-makers had considered already explored. Though we have since made long journeys in various directions over seas hitherto unknown, this unexplored area still remains larger than most geographers estimated it to be before either the Russians or we reported the results of our work.

The task before us, according to the orders of our government, was plain. If we were going to succeed in it we had to make journeys north from Alaska comparable in mileage to, or even exceeding journeys previously made by sledge on any part of the polar sea. Any short excursions north from Alaska or west from Banks or Prince Patrick Island would fail of the purpose we had set. It is Admiral Peary who has carried the condensed-food system of exploration to its highest attained, and probably its highest attainable, results. But for his journey of less than 500 miles north from Cape Columbia to the Pole, Peary found he needed 133 dogs, 19 sledges, and 24 men. A stock-taking of our resources showed that we had available for our proposed journey over the frozen sea two good sledges and two poor ones. We could undoubtedly have bought dogs, and sledges of a sort, from the Eskimos of Alaska, but what was the use when poor sledges are always breaking and good ones are the only kind with which any useful purpose can be accomplished. It was easy to get sledges suitable for work on shore and near land, and we had those. But there was no material obtainable in northern Alaska for the making of the grade which our work on the rough ice required.

It was thus, virtually, not possible for us to do our work on the Peary system. Peary started from shore with nineteen sled-loads of food. In a few days he found several of those sledges empty, for the men and the dogs had eaten the food, and so he sent them back home. This was the first support party. A few days later he again found several sledges empty and sent them home. By repeating this several times, always sending back the poorest dogs and the men least fitted for the hard work of winter travel, he eventually found himself with two or three sledges loaded with food, and with three or four picked men, within striking distance of the Pole.

Evidently this system could not carry

us anywhere. Just as Peary had to send back his first party when only a short distance from land, so should we have had to send back our support party when near land, and as we had only one support to send back instead of several, that system could not have taken us nearly as far from our base on land as was necessary to make any considerable exploration of the unknown. I proposed then to my men that we should try another system, and called for volunteers substantially on the following basis:

I said it was well known that the polar sea is not covered with one expanse of ice, but instead there are upon its surface in continual flux an indefinite number of pieces of ice that break under the force of the wind and the current, with lanes of open water and triangular and pentagonal water-holes everywhere. I argued further that our experience showed that the food of the seals is mainly the shrimp or various shrimp-like sea animals, and that, as these are animals which are not confined to the vicinity of land, but are found living in the upper layers of the ocean everywhere, seals would also be found everywhere because they would "follow the feed." I said that in our travel we should every day, or at least every few days, come to open water, and when we found this open water we could stop awhile until we had killed seals enough, so that their flesh might serve us for food and their blubber for fuel while we proceeded farther. The reasoning seemed to me sound, but it did not appear so to most of our men, nor did it find favor with a single Eskimo on the north coast of Alaska, nor with the whalers on the two ships *Belvidere* and *Polar Bear* which had been held by the same hostile ice conditions and compelled to winter near our winter quarters. My old friend Captain Cottle of the *Belvidere*, and my newer but no less useful friend Hullin S. Mott of the *Polar Bear*, offered me all the assistance in their power in outfitting, and even tried to disguise sufficiently their disapproval of my plans, in order not to interfere with my hiring Eskimos or white men out of their crews. But from me they did not conceal their belief that the plans were untenable.

A PRESSURE RIDGE

My own men were no less frank in their disapproval, and quoted in rebuttal of my arguments many printed and other authorities, especially certain paragraphs of Peary's book, *The North Pole*, where on page 202 are laid down the first principles of safe and successful polar exploration by sledges at sea. One of these is that you must "have the confidence of a large number of Eskimos who will follow the leader to any point he may specify"; and they pointed out that we had no Eskimos who would follow us far beyond sight of land, for they well knew that there was no food there. Another principle quoted was that you

must have "for the sledge journey sufficient food, fuel, clothing, oil or alcohol stoves, and other mechanical equipment to get the main party to [its destination] and the various divisions to their farthest north and back." Here they laid special emphasis on the words "and back," showing that Admiral Peary had put no reliance on anything but the food he carried with him; and they submitted that no one was justified in asking men to undertake a journey on any other basis.

Although no one placed especial emphasis on them at the time, it is interesting to note that among other of Peary's first principles are these: "to have dogs enough to allow for the loss of 60 per cent. of them by death or otherwise," and we intended to make our journey with six or seven dogs and hoped to retain them safe, whereas his principle required him to take 133 dogs for a journey of similar length; "to have an ample supply of the best kind of sledges," where we had only two that were good; "to have a sufficient number of divisions or relay parties [of Eskimos] under the leadership of a competent assistant to send back at appropriate and carefully calculated stages," while we expected to take only one support party and to send that one back, not at any calculated time, but whenever the poorer sledges happened to break; "to return by the same route followed on the upward march, using the beaten trail and the already constructed igloos," while we knew from our own knowledge of local ice conditions and from the experience of Baron Wrangell and Leffingwell and Mikkelsen that should we try to return on ice in these southern latitudes we should find it impossible to follow our trail back. In these waters the ice cakes are continually spinning around on their axes, crushing themselves into ridges, or drifting apart, so that you can hardly even think of following southward to-day the trail that you made going north yesterday.

I saw the validity of all the Peary principles as applied to the Peary system, but contended that there was another system which, if not necessarily as good, was, at any rate, the only system available to us, and that we should have to go ahead on the basis of living by forage or give up the main purpose of the expedition, which I did not think we could reasonably do until this other system had been at least fairly tested.

There were good scientific reasons why some of our staff should decline to volunteer, as they did. They were technical men brought north for certain special work on land, and as it was no more to my interest than to theirs that they should be taken from that special work, I preferred that they should be ashore in the spring, although I should have liked two or three of them to

DOG-POWER FOR ARCTIC TRANSIT

volunteer to accompany us fifty miles or so as a support party, or until their light sledges broke down. They could have returned to land from such an excursion in ample time for their spring geological and topographical work.

But there were other men in the party who—to the great advantage of the plans laid down by the government—could have volunteered for our service, and none of them did so. It was, of course, impossible for me to undertake work believed to be both dangerous and full of hardships with men other than volunteers. One member of the party, Mr. George H. Wilkins of Australia, who eventually proved our most useful man in carrying forward our geographic work, was the only one who showed any willingness to go the whole journey with me. I preferred, however, to direct him to take command of the *North Star*, a trading-schooner I had recently purchased, and to have him along rather as a member of a support party. Mr. Aarnout Castel, a Hollander, who proved one of our good men, I was able to hire from the *Belvidere* for the entire journey. But my main reliance for the difficult work ahead was my former companion in arms, Storker Storkersen, who had been first officer of the Anglo-American Polar Expedition in 1906–07, when I was a member of that party as anthropologist, and whom I now had found trapping in the Mackenzie Delta and eager for a more stirring life. A young Norwegian trapper, Ole Andreasen, whose brother had sold me the *North Star*, was engaged as a member of the support party.

A CAMP FIRE MADE OF WHALE-BLUBBER FOR FUEL

I had left the winter camp of the expedition at Collinson Point about Christmas to go to the Mackenzie Delta, about 300 miles to the east and south, to buy dogs for the ice journey. At that time I left instructions that preparations should be made for our start northward over the ice from Martin Point late in February or the first week in March. Later on I sent Storkersen back from the Mackenzie Delta with similar instructions. But, for reasons too complicated for telling, these instructions were not carried out, and when I got to Martin Point the first week of March I did not find, as I expected, everything ready for the start northward, but, on the contrary, very little done, and practically nothing which Storkersen had not done single-handed. Although all preparations were pushed forward with great energy from the time of my arrival, still it was the 22d of March before the start could be made.

One of the curious errors about the North that are prevalent among those few who have any ideas about the North

ROAD-MAKING UNDER DIFFICULT CONDITIONS

at all is that cold is the chief enemy we have to fight beyond the Arctic Circle. I am sure that all those who have traveled extensively on the moving polar ice would agree with me that the cold is our best friend. For that reason February is a better month than March for sledge travel, and January would be as good as February were it not for the fact that it is then too dark for safe working among broken ice, where water-holes are a danger everywhere. In April, when the temperature seldom goes lower than 30° below zero for a night, if a gale breaks up the ice, as often happens, forming open leads that crisscross each other in all directions, it takes several days for the frost to cement the broken places and to form ice over the lanes, which are impassable moats while they remain unfrozen, but which become smooth boulevards when covered by six inches of young ice. In February, when the temperature is seldom above −30° and frequently goes down to −50°, the same lanes would freeze over in a night, saving many a tedious delay.

It was therefore heart-breaking to lose by the delays in outfitting, as it proved, the whole month of March, for, although we were ready to start on the 22nd, a gale which had just swept the country had broken up all the ice to eastward, and seven miles from land we were stopped by impassable open water. We had then an extraordinary spell of warm weather, about two months ahead of its time, when for a week or ten days the temperature seldom dropped to zero and occasionally went as high as 28° above. With regular March temperature of −30°, the gale would have delayed us only two or three days.

Our party at the start consisted of four teams with about thirty dogs. Besides myself, there were Storker Storkersen, who was about twenty-eight years old; Ole Andreasen, who was about twenty-five; James Crawford and Bert McConnell, Americans of about thirty-five and twenty-three; Aarnout Castel, Hollander, of about twenty-five; and George Wilkins, also about twenty-five.

On account of the open water and warm weather we had to remain in camp for several days about five miles from shore and within plain sight of our outfitting camp at Martin Point. In the water there were plenty of seals, and, as I knew the party on shore was short of dog-feed, we killed a number of these. One day I asked Wilkins and Castel to take one of the good sledges and a dog-team to carry some of the seals ashore. A kerosene-tin had sprung a leak, too, and I wanted them to replace it with a sound one. They started for shore about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and in the

ordinary course should have been back inside of four hours.

The ice on which we were camped was very thick and had been land-fast all winter. The weather was calm, with the sun visible through a haze, and a light snowfall started just after the party left for the land. Although none of us was weather-wise enough to recognize the signs, this was the beginning of one of the worst blizzards I have ever seen. Two hours later, about the time we knew Wilkins's party was getting ashore, the wind was probably forty miles an hour from the southwest, and the snow was flying so thick that a man in dark clothing could not have been seen more than 200 yards away. It must have been blowing even harder than that ashore, for I learned, months afterward, that when the two men got near the house the wind repeatedly swept them off their feet, and that after they unhitched the dogs and put them in the dog-barn they had to crawl on their hands and knees against the gale to the house, a few yards away. By four o'clock I imagine the wind was eighty or ninety miles an hour, and one could no longer speak of how far a dark-clad man would have been visible. If you opened your eyes they promptly filled with snow, so that seeing was out of the question except by squinting between fingers almost touching each other as you held your hand over your eyes for a moment.

We were encamped on the outer edge of the land-fast ice and the huge floes of moving ice to seaward ground past 100 or 200 yards away from us, heaping the edge of our floe up into huge ridges. Ordinarily the breaking of the ice would have sounded like a cannonade, but in this case the flapping of our tent and the howling of the wind drowned all other noises. We knew what was happening, and had our knowledge confirmed the next day by seeing the pressure ridges which had formed near by; but at the time we kept to our tents, for it was not necessary to do anything unless the ice we were camped on started breaking up underneath the tent. This did not happen, although by the next day we had only thirty or forty yards left of the 100 or 200 yards of the outer edge of our floe which separated us from the open water beyond.

Because our ice had been land-fast all winter, I did not really fear the thing that, unknown to us, was actually taking place in the gale. This floe had withstood so many gales I thought it would stand another. But when the weather cleared the next day and I started landward along the sled-trail in the hope of

STORKERSEN AND McCONNELL SKINNING A SEAL FOR SUPPER

REPAIRING A BROKEN SLED

meeting Wilkins and Castel, I came, after half a mile's walk, to open water. In other words, the wind had pulled a square mile or so of ice, upon which we happened to be camped, away from the edge of the land-floe and had carried us at first we knew not where. A few hours later, when the air had completely cleared, the 6,000-foot-high Endicott Mountains to the south became visible and I recognized abreast of us one of their foot-hills, called by the natives Kamarkak. This hill was now south, although it should have been forty miles to the east. Our little island of ice had not been stationary, as it seemed to us during the gale, but had really been drifting east, altogether forty miles. Instead of being north of Alaska, we were now north of Canadian territory and only about twenty-five miles from Herschel Island. As the coast-line here runs southeast, we had drifted not only forty miles east, but fifteen or twenty miles south, for it is the nature of the ice in these waters that when the wind blows from the southwest the ice drifts at about right-angles to the wind, in a southeasterly direction. This peculiar action of the ice is one of the many reasons that have been adduced for the possible existence of land in the unknown ocean to the north.

It was unfortunate to have drifted eastward, for we wanted to travel straight north, but it was even worse to have drifted south as well. Yet neither of these things was of any consequence as compared with the irreparable loss of two of our best men, one of our two good sledges, and one of our best teams of dogs, as well as of the kerosene which we had intended to use for fuel in our blue-flame portable stove, a kit of tools that we needed badly for possible repairs to broken sledges, some ammunition, a camera, some scientific instruments, and various other things that had been in bags or boxes permanently attached to the sledge. We had naturally not removed them for what we thought only a four-hour trip to take half a dozen seals ashore. We now had left only one good sledge and two poor ones, and so had to throw away a considerable amount both of food and spare clothing before proceeding north.

On the 1st of April we at length had a moderate frost and were able to travel. Ten days later our party of six had made

fifty miles from shore through the worst going of the whole trip. It is always so at the start. Two principles of ice travel that explain this may be laid down here. The first is that the farther south the ice the thinner it is and the more fragile and easily broken up by winds and currents, giving you more hindrance in the form of frequent patches, either of open water or of ice too young and thin for safe crossing. The farther north you go the thicker the ice, the less mobile, the less easily fractured, and consequently the more level, so that you find your road continually improving and your speed increasing, until, north of 80° north latitude, ice travel becomes comparatively simple and not so very different from land travel.

A BIT OF HARD GOING

The second principle is that, no matter what your latitude, the ice is always rougher and more broken up near land than at a great distance from land, because when the wind pushes the ice against the immovable obstruction of the shoreline, the ice buckles and piles into ridges against the land, and breaks and heaps up at all points of special weakness from the land outward. The give evidently becomes greater and the strain on the ice less as you go farther and farther from shore, until seventy-five miles from land fracturing of the ice and huge pressure ridges become rare.

Our one good sledge took no harm from anything that happened to it while carrying its thousand-pound load the first fifty miles, but the other two were so badly used up that it took half our traveling time to repair the breaks they suffered when they upset and turned somersaults in crossing pressure ridges. It was time to send back our support party. I had taken it along partly to give Mr. Johansen, our marine biologist, some chance to investigate the sea in places which he could never have reached aboard his vessel, the *Alaska*, and partly because I wanted an "anchor to windward" in the form of the food carried by these two sledges in case seals and polar bears at sea did not prove as abundant as I expected. Up to the time the support party turned back, however, we had seen no diminution of animal life and had killed one polar bear and as many seals as we wanted. My mind was now fairly clear that so far as food was concerned we could continue our journey northward indefinitely, but it was equally clear that on account of our late start any considerable mileage was going to be difficult, for the sun was already shining eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, and it could not be long until the leads ceased freezing, necessitating laborious methods of crossing bodies of water which now were easily traversed bodies of ice.

The men of the support party who turned back were Crawford, McConnell, and Johansen. I sent back by them to Doctor Anderson, who was in command of the party ashore in my absence, instructions which looked forward to one of two eventualities.

First, it was possible that during the next fifty or one hundred miles of northward progress we might come to the conclusion that animal life, after all, was not abundant far from land, in which case we should try to return to Alaska,

therefore, certain instructions would cover only the period until that return.

The alternative was that if we did find animal life as abundant as we expected, and if the currents did not carry us to the westward, but were either negligible or easterly, we should proceed as far north as the rapid advance of the season allowed, and when summer threatened to stop sledge travel we would turn east and land on the northeast corner of Banks Island, or else on the southwest corner of Prince Patrick Island. My instructions provided that in case of our non-return Doctor Anderson should send the *North Star*, under command of Wilkins, north along the west coast of Banks Island. We should then meet her at Norway Island, which is an islet near the northwest corner of Banks Island, and proceed with her to Prince Patrick Island if we could. But if Wilkins did not find us at Norway Island, or any messages from us, he was to try to cross to Prince Patrick Island, where in that case he was to expect to find us. I mentioned in the instructions that should we land upon Banks Island we should spend the summer in hunting, in putting up dried meat for dog-feed the following winter, and preparing skins for clothing.

It is interesting now to remember that, although the men of the support party were familiar with the tenor of these instructions, and although during those last few days I occasionally spoke of my desire not to return to Alaska, these remarks were never taken seriously. One of the last things Mr. Johansen said to me was that he hoped to see us back ashore in a certain number of days. In their minds what we talked of doing was visionary. They never expected to see it translated into fact.

Although the reasoning upon which our journey was based is simple and sounds conclusive, it must be remembered that a part of the conclusiveness which it holds is due to the fact that it is known to have worked out in practice. Up to that time the weight of opinion was all against it. Those who have read works on Arctic exploration know that no adjectives are more common than "desolate," "barren," and "lifeless" when applied to the fields of polar ice, and that there is rarely any qualifying reference to possible life in the waters underneath. How strong this belief was is best seen by the fact that, when we did not come back to Alaska, no one assumed that it was because we were carrying out our announced plans and were traveling safely north and east, but every one imagined that our non-

SIGNALING TO AN ADVANCE PARTY

return signified that we could not return, and that we could not return because we were dead. It was known that we had had forty days' provisions when we sent back the support party, and when that forty days became eighty days, and then one hundred and twenty days, every one agreed that we had perished, except those few who thought we had been carried westward by an assumed westward drift and were in the ocean north of Bering Strait, where doubtless we would perish, as our chances of getting ashore were considered negligible by those who believed in the westward current.

Among the Eskimos of Alaska, who have no experience of ice except that immediately near shore, and no book knowledge of the success of such men as Peary in traveling over it farther east, the dangers of ice travel were so overrated that they all believed us dead, for other reasons than scarcity of food, and believed it doubly because they also believed in the food shortage. The white men—the whalers, the trappers, and the members of our own party—based their conclusion on the food shortage mainly. In the North there were a few men who had faith in the sanity of our plans, among them Capt. Matt Andreasen, the brother of my companion, Ole Andreasen, and my old friend John Firth, the Hudson's Bay Company's factor at Fort Macpherson. Now that we have been so long alive, a good many amusing arguments have arisen among whalers and others as to just who believed we were not dead, but most claims for that distinction are disputed.

In the south one or two friends at the American Museum had faith in our eventual return, and in Washington Admiral Peary expressed hope for our safety; his opinion to that effect would doubtless have been much stronger had he and others known that it had not been our intention to return to Alaska unless we had to, but this fact, strangely enough, never got into the papers, although it was well known to members of our expedition. In the Canadian Parliament at Ottawa in April, 1915, the Hon. Frank Oliver inquired of the Minister of Naval Service, the Hon. J. D. Hazen, what the chances were of our safety. After taking a day to consider the matter, as is customary in parliaments, the Minister replied in effect that he was sorry to say that there was grave doubt of our being alive. Upon further inquiry from Mr. Oliver, he said that the basis of this statement was the uniform opinion of all the Arctic authorities that the government had been able to consult. On the basis of this official announcement, a great many editors in various parts of the world published kindly and (as is often the case with the dead) flattering obituaries that are now the most interesting section of my scrapbook.

While these opinions were growing up farther south and finding expression through various channels, we were traveling successfully and comfortably northward, finding abundant food and fuel in these theoretically inhospitable regions, and securing them by methods which require only a moderate application of common sense, and that reasonable absence of ill luck which permits a careful man to cross Fifth Avenue with safety after the traffic policemen have gone home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Gray Socks

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

ONE evening, when I was leaving the house to go to the bakery where I work, my landlady met me before I had reached the staircase. Usually she waits at the front door for me. I could see that she was excited. She was fluttering about in a circle, for all the world like an old mother hen with a brood of ducklings.

"Josef Vitek," she cried, "what do you suppose has happened? . . . I have had a letter that has come all the way here to San Francisco from France. And can you fancy? My brother's son is in the army. And what is more, he has sent me his picture, and a picture of the very house in Alsace where I was born. Of course you are a Bohemian and cannot understand why this makes me so happy. Ah, Josef, my son, if you were but a Frenchman I should ask for nothing better!"

"Well," I answered, quickly, and my face grew red as I said it, "Bohemia is a pleasant country, and it is possible that God has smiled on it also."

"Josef, Josef," she said, shaking her finger at me, "you should know enough to laugh at an old woman's words. You are what you are, and if the case were different you would not be Josef, so I am content. As a matter of fact, I stopped to ask a favor. Do you think you could find time to-morrow to do an errand for me? Here is some money . . . and what I want with it is knitting-needles and yarn."

"Knitting-needles and yarn!" I repeated. "What do I know of such things?"

"What do you need to know?" she answered. "Go to a shop where there is a pretty girl, and you may leave your wits at home and still do as much as I ask you. Tell her you wish yarn such as they knit soldiers socks with, and leave the rest to her."

"Ah, then you are to knit socks for this nephew of yours!" I said, feeling greatly pleased at my cleverness.

"That is as God will decide," she returned. "I am an old woman and it is many years since I put my hand to work of this kind. When I was a bride, I knit socks for my husband, and before that— But what does it matter, now? Once my fingers had plenty of skill, it is true . . . but I was pretty once, also. Ah, Josef, my son, there is no greater thief than the years." And at that she walked swiftly into her room and shut the door. I climbed the stairs.

"Well," thought I, "one must pay for everything. They say that pretty women have no heart. But there are plenty of mothers in the world and they could not all have been ill-favored. And this landlady of mine, does she not leave cakes and fruits upon my bedroom table? No, Josef Vitek, the years have done better by her than she will admit."

Next day I set about my errand at an early hour. My custom is to leave the house a little before seven in the evening, so that I am in plenty of time for the night's baking, but, as one can guess, there are few shops open in San Francisco at such an hour. I started on my way at five o'clock, and presently, as I walked down Fillmore Street, I came upon just such a shop as I was searching for. A pretty girl stood in the doorway, and I cannot say which was brightest, her smile or the red of her hair or her blue eyes.

"Well," she said, following me in, "and what can I do for *you?*"

"Knitting-needles and yarn such as they knit soldiers' socks with," I answered, all in one breath, fearful lest I should forget just how my landlady had put the matter.

She said no more, but she brought out knitting-needles of every color and shape, and yarn enough to cover the feet of a regiment. "There!" she cried. "I

have shown you everything we have. Pick out what you wish and I shall wrap it up for you."

"What *I* wish?" I answered. "Do you fancy that I know anything about such things? No. This is all for my landlady, who has a nephew in France. 'Go to a shop where there is a pretty girl,' she told me, 'and leave the rest to her.' Well, you can see for yourself that I have obeyed. It is time now for you to do *your part.*"

At this her cheeks turned a pleasant color and I put the money down upon the counter. "Well," she said, finally, "what another would choose I do not know. But *I* should pick out white needles such as these here and gray yarn of this thickness." And, seeing that I was pleased, she wrapped up her choice without ado. "But let me tell you something further," she went on. "Gray socks are the same everywhere, and if I were your landlady I should knit a band of some gay color into them, so that her nephew could tell his at a glance. And, if she is skilful, a design would be even better."

"As to that," I replied, "you are the best judge. Let us see some yarn of a gay color, and if it should all come to more money than she has given me, why, very well, I shall pay, myself, for it."

She took from the shelf a bit of blue yarn and some that made a crimson spot upon the counter, and she laid a bit of pure white fleece beside it. "Come, which shall it be?" she asked me.

I considered the colors carefully. "Let us have some of all three," I returned. "My landlady is an old woman and I fancy she has more skill at this than she will admit. And there is no telling what fine thing she will do if she has the chance."

"You will have to open up your own purse," she said, shaking her head.

"And what of that?" I returned. "My landlady is a good woman and it is not often that I can do her a pleasant turn. Wrap up all three colors and say no more about it."

The young woman who waited upon me was pretty enough and she knew what was best in the way of knitting-needles and yarn, but she had no great skill at wrapping bundles. So it happened that by the time I reached the bakery anybody with half an eye could see what I was carrying. Almost at once my Greek friend who works beside me began his banter.

"Ah, Josef Vitek, what have we here?" he cried, rubbing his hands as he does when he thinks about worrying a comrade. "Knitting-needles and yarn? Well, but all this is valiant. And what are you planning—wash-rags, so that the men in France can fight with clean faces? Or are they to have neck-ties striped like barbers' poles?"

"They are to have socks," I said, gravely. And I bent over my task without another word.

"Did you hear?" my Greek friend called to the others. "Josef has taken to knitting socks for the men in the trenches. I suppose, now, he will not have to go to war. People who build ships and make powder and knit socks are all to be let off. Well, after all, it takes a Bohemian to manage properly."

"You should not carry your yarn about in this fashion, Josef," broke in another. "You should get a knitting-bag. My wife has one made out of an old green petticoat and trimmed with yellow cigar ribbons. If you wish, maybe she can find scraps enough left for a second one."

"He says that he is to knit socks," called out my Greek friend again, "but surely he cannot use such colors for that purpose. He must be intending to try his hand at something gay—shawls, for instance. Yes, I am quite sure he is to make shawls for the men to slip on when they have morning chocolate served in bed. Ah, but he is a sly one. Next thing we know, he will be getting a war cross. Well, for my part, I shall not be envious. If he wishes to break down his health with hard work, it is his business!"

And thus it went all evening, but their chaffing slid from me like gray slanting rain from the ruffled feathers of a water-fowl.

When morning came, my landlady was waiting in the hall for me. "Gray worsted for socks and white needles upon which to knit them!" she cried, taking the bundle from me and picking out

the bright colors. "But who said anything about weaving a rainbow?"

"Ah, mother," I replied, calmly, "you told me to leave everything to a pretty girl, and it turns out that she wants gay things knit in a border upon these gray socks for this nephew of yours. . . . But perhaps you have not the skill."

"Skill! *Skill*, Josef Vitek! Let me tell you in my day there was no task at knitting that was beyond me. And on long summer evenings, when my good man sat upon our door-step with his pipe, I wove such borders into his socks as this pretty girl speaks of—stars, and circling hoops, and flowers with four petals, and little crimson squares. Yes, I did all this and more. But now, in these times, who can afford such foolishness?"

"In these times I, Josef Vitek, can afford it!" I said, proudly. "Who but your nephew has a better right to a gay border on his socks at my hands? Are you not my landlady, and do you not leave cakes and ripe fruit upon my table?"

"Ah, Josef, my son, you have a good heart!" she replied, wiping her eyes with the edge of her apron. "I had fancied strong gray socks for this nephew of mine, but now there will be no end to the things I shall weave into them. I could knit socks for others—strangers—but my heart would not be in it. Now I can say at every stitch, 'This is for the son of my brother; this is for Alsace; this is for France!' You have a good heart, as I have said, but you cannot understand everything. And yet, you have bought and paid for that which will make my gift a pleasant thing!"

"You forget I am a Bohemian," I returned, smiling slyly at her. "After all, that must count for something."

"Yes," she said, sadly, "you are right. We have both felt the heel of the conqueror. Well, oppression does not last forever."

And at that we both sighed softly and went our way.

I had thought, when I bought gray worsted and ivory-colored needles for my landlady, to say nothing of blue and white and crimson yarn for borders, that I would be through with my part of the bargain. But it proved otherwise. There was the matter of winding the fat thread into soft balls and other tasks which my landlady invented for the pleasure of having some one to chatter at. Knowing that at noon I rose after my morning's sleep, she would begin to tap softly at my door and call to me in a loud whisper:

"Josef, we must wind the crimson yarn to-day. Only be quick and have your lunch, and then you will hear what a wonderful thing I am to weave into the next border."

And it would happen as she said: I would sit holding the crimson fleece between upturned hands, while my landlady wound and wound and wound. And when this was finished she would pull out a pair of harsh gray socks and say:

"Now you shall see to what famous use your gay yarn is to be put. What do you think of it? Shall I make a double row of tiny stars, or would crescents be better, crimson crescents like virgin moons blushing, or shall we make red circles on a white field? Only say the word, Josef, my son, and it shall be done. For this yarn belongs to you, and when I write my nephew I shall say: 'The gray, furrowed parts of these foot-coverings are from your old aunt. But the bright borders are the gifts of youth. It is my foster-son, Josef Vitek, who has made all the gay things possible—a clean-limbed youth like you.' Ah, Josef, from his picture this nephew of mine must be the son of his father—with long, straight legs that can outrun or outdance or outstand any man in his village. He must be a brave lad on the march, with bugles playing and banners waving, and drums making a clatter. Think, Josef Vitek, one day this nephew of mine shall walk on his two straight legs across the German border. And then we shall see what we shall see! Ah, that will be a day to repay me for every sorrow! There is no grief so great that he will not stamp it out with these two feet of his—there upon the soil of *that* country!"

At this the tears would come into her eyes and she would lay aside her knitting and repeat:

"Yes, there is no grief so great. For did they not shoot my man down in cold blood these many years ago? Yes,

Josef, my son, there are still plenty of us left who can remember what was done at that time. The world may have forgotten, but *we* remember—mothers and wives and sisters. Women may forgive, Josef Vitek, but they never forget!"

And as she wove stars, and blood-red crescents, and hoops whirling upon white fields, I would say:

"Tell me, pray, when are we to have flowers with four petals—flowers such as you wove for your man many years ago? Or have you forgotten how to accomplish such a brave task?"

To which she would reply: "Only have patience, Josef Vitek! Is there not left untouched a skein of blue worsted? There is no telling what you will see done before I am through."

And when the crimson yarn was used up, we wound the blue thread into balls, and my landlady made flowers with four petals for borders, and tiny triangles, and curious darting figures that looked like swallows. And one day she said to me:

"I have been trying my skill all day upon this last pair of socks. And do you know what I am making? Blue lilies of France, such as Joan of Arc wore upon her shield. I tell you, Josef, my son, there will not be a soldier in France with a finer border upon his socks than this. And can you guess what this last pair is for? It is to be worn by this nephew of mine on the day when he tramples the dust of the Rhine country underfoot. Ah, there can never be knit socks too smooth or borders too beautiful for his feet upon that day! Lilies of France, Josef, my son! blossoming in the dust of the Rhine country!"

Sure enough, there they were, sprinkled upon a white band, but I must confess that I should not have known them for lilies if my landlady had not named them. But what does that signify? They were lilies by God's grace and the hopes she placed in them. And yet, knowing all this, I said a hateful thing without meaning it for such.

"And if your nephew should chance not to trample this Rhine country underfoot?" I inquired. "What then?"

"What then, Josef Vitek? That will be only because he is dead. My brother's son has two legs and he will have need of nothing further when the time comes."

Having said this, she was silent. I sat awhile, watching her. At last I slipped quietly out and went to my work. I felt ashamed of my foolish words, and all that night I was heavy-hearted. But the next morning we had both forgotten everything save pleasant things.

"Josef, my son," she said, smiling at me, "do not sleep too long to-day. The socks are all done, even to the last border of lilies. I must have you to help in their packing."

After I had helped my landlady wrap in stout paper the socks for this nephew of hers, and tied them with thick black cord and sent them away, it seemed as if the days did not go swiftly enough to bring word that he had received them.

Every morning, meeting me coming up the stairs from my work, she would say: "How many days is it now, Josef Vitek, since we stamped and mailed him our bundle? Surely he must have it soon. What do you think, will he sit down at once and write, or will he wait until he has tried on the socks and then tell us how famously they wear and how envious his comrades are of him? I warned him in my letter to leave the pair with the border of lilies until the last. It would be a pity to kick them into threads before the time appointed for them. But surely my brother's son has sense. He will see without my telling him that they are not for raising the dust of an ordinary highway. Ah, but he will be surprised that his old aunt has still so much skill left in her knotted fingers!"

Days past, and weeks went by, and months began to slip away, and no word came. But every day she questioned me bravely, seeking to hide the trembling of her lips with a smile.

"It is now two months, is it not, Josef Vitek?" she would repeat. "Oh, well, youth needs all its breath for dancing; it has not time for idle words of thanks. Still, I should like to know that he is wearing them. I should like to know that they are upon his feet and not upon the feet of another. Not that I begrudge comfort to a stranger, but who save one of my own kin will take pride in the stars, and crescents of crimson, and hoops whirling upon white

fields? Who but the son of my brother will know enough to let the lilies of France blossom above the dust of the Rhine country?"

And there would flash across my mind, "What if this nephew of yours is dead?" But aloud I would say:

"Only have patience. In a little while he will write you. Matters these days are not ordered with despatch. There are worse things than waiting."

Finally one day a letter came.

"I was afraid to open it," she said, meeting me before the door of my room. "It is from France, but it is not in the handwriting of my brother's son, Josef Vitek. Please read it quickly and tell me the worst."

I went into the room, and she followed me. I shut the door and pulled up the window-shade and moistened my lips. Then I took off my coat and folded it up neatly, setting it upon the back of a chair.

"Only be quick, Josef, my son!" she said, breathing hard. And I saw that she was trembling.

I took the letter from her and tore it open with a brave flourish, as if I had nothing to fear. But I could hear my heart pounding in my ears. I read very slowly, and when I had finished I laid the letter down.

"In God's name, Josef, what is it?" she asked.

"Your brother's son—"

"What? Is he dead?"

I picked up the letter again and looked it over. My landlady said nothing.

"Your nephew has been ill," I said, slowly. "He was not well enough to write himself, and so a comrade has done this service for him."

She drew in a long breath. "And the socks, Josef Vitek? What does he say about the socks?"

I folded the letter slowly and put it in my vest pocket. "He has been ill," I repeated, frowning. "How can you expect him to think of socks at such a time?"

She looked up at me in surprise.

"Well, you are right, I suppose," she said, softly. "And yet I had hoped—" She gave a shrug and left me standing by the window. I was not sorry to have her go. I stood a long time gazing at nothing.

Next morning my landlady said to me: "What has become of the letter, the letter from my nephew? I should like to read it, now that I am more calm."

"How shall I answer her?" I asked myself. "It will never do to tell her how bad matters are with him. Some day I shall tell her, but not now. One truth at a time is hard enough to bear."

"The fact is," I replied, "I took it with me to read to my comrades at the bakery where I work. And now I have come away without it. Have patience, my good mother, and I shall get it for you again."

She gave a little sigh, but she did not reproach me. Finally she said: "Well, I have been thinking about some more socks for him. If he has been ill he will need thicker ones, now that winter is here. After a sickness one's blood is thin."

I grew suddenly cold all over. "Why not make him mittens, this time?" I replied. "Mittens or little warm bands for his wrists?"

"Ah, leave all that foolishness to his sweetheart!" she cried, laughing. "He will not stamp the soil of Germany with his hands unless he has turned acrobat. No, I am an old woman and I have my notions. It shall be socks from me or nothing!"

I felt a sharp pain at my heart, and I thought: "I should have told her the worst—everything—at once. Now—"

But I said nothing more. Instead, I went to my room and locked myself in.

I could not sleep that morning. I lay on my bed and closed my eyes and I thought of this nephew of my landlady, wondering what he could be doing then at that hour. What does a man do who loses the best things in life? And his old aunt bent upon more socks for him—warmer, thicker socks! Was she planning gay borders for these, too—stars, and crimson crescents, and lilies of France upon a white field? And for the first time in my life I laughed bitterly after the fashion of my Greek friend who works beside me. And I remembered the picture of this young soldier, standing proudly upon his two straight legs, those legs which were one day to have tramped the dust of the Rhine country underfoot.

And at noon when I left my room to go for my lunch I came upon my landlady sitting on the front stairs in the sunlight, and what should she be doing but knitting more socks for this nephew of hers! I thought then to tell her everything, but both her smile and the sun were too pleasant for spoiling.

"Well," thought I, "I shall tell her to-morrow and end it. After all, it has happened to others."

It has always been a pleasant thing to find my landlady at the front door to welcome me in the gray of morning when I come home from the night's baking. But on the morning that I had decided to tell her everything, I wished, for once, that she would not be in her accustomed place. At the last moment I had a hope that I could wait until I had slept, or perhaps until evening, or any time except the time I had chosen. But there she was waiting to wish me good-morning, and I knew before I began to mount the steps that she would ask me again for the letter.

There had been a sweet-smelling rain in the night that made me think of a summer shower in Bohemia and other pleasant things, so it seemed sad that the day could not continue happily.

"How shall I tell her?" thought I. "What words shall I choose for a beginning? Perhaps it will be best to prepare her gently—with a lie." And so, while she stood waiting for me to slip off my raincoat, I said: "At the bakery where I work I was reading the letter from your nephew's comrade, and what do you suppose? My Greek friend has a brother in the war, and only to-day he has received the news that this brother of his has been wounded."

I stopped and looked at her. She seemed not to have heard. Could it be possible, I wondered, that she cared nothing for what had happened to the kinsman of another?

"Yes," I repeated, "he has news that his brother is wounded. And can you fancy how? He has lost his legs—they were shot off so, like that!" And I snapped my fingers in the air.

"Well, well," she replied, "that is certainly not pleasant news. But in these times one must expect anything."

"And the worst of it is," I went on, "his mother had been knitting socks for him—as you knit them for your nephew. And she has been waiting to hear how warm and comfortable they were. Well, now he cannot wear them. And her work has gone for nothing. It is all very sad."

"Yes, yes!" my landlady said, almost impatiently. "What you say is true. But surely the socks can be given to another."

"Ah, but she wished them for *her* son."

"Yes, I understand. Still— Tell me, did you remember to bring me back the letter?"

I put my hand into my vest pocket and drew the letter out. "It is here," I said, slowly. "But you must not read it until I tell you the worst. Your brother's son will never tramp the Rhine country underfoot."

She was very white; even her lips had lost their poor color. "Then he is dead, after all," she answered. "Josef Vitek, why did you lie to me?"

"No, he is not dead; but his legs—"

She sat down upon the stairs. "His legs," she repeated. "Both of them? Can it be possible? My brother's son?"

"Yes, my good mother, anything is possible," I said as softly as I could.

She sat very still for a long time, like a frightened mouse in the bright sunlight. Finally she rose and came close to me. "I hope he has given the socks to his comrade," she said, bravely. "I am not one to begrudge comfort to a stranger. And if once I wished to keep the skill of my old fingers for one of my own, God will forgive me. What shall we do for him now, Josef Vitek? What good thing can we cheer this nephew of mine with?"

"He has still his hands, my good mother," I answered.

"God grant that he has!" she returned, lifting her sad eyes to mine. And with that she took an unfinished sock from her apron pocket. "What shall it be?" she asked me, as she unraveled the gray yarn with her gnarled fingers. "Shall it be mittens or little warm bands for his wrists? Only say the word, Josef, my son, and it shall be done!"

Our Land

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

THE gift of an idealist,
She came of vision, and the dream
Of one who saw beyond vast waters gleam
The light of a new world without a name:
A gift of Life she came—
She, the renascence from Earth's ancient woe,
With Raphael born and Michel Angelo.

Noiseless, the patient years went by,
And only red-men cared to roam
Her glorious streams, and call her mountains home.
Then came to her, like pilgrims of the Grail
Whose courage could not fail,
Others, sad exiles, longing to be free—
Seekers of God and human liberty!

A blessèd, blessèd Land! She gave
Ideals, to mankind unknown,
And toiling, taught a wondering world to own
The dignity of toil, despised before:
She opened a great Door;
Enlarged the human mind, and made men see
That he who shares his freedom is most free.

Oh, strong and beautiful and brave,—
The Titan-Mother of the West,—
Gathering in her arms and to her breast
The hurt, unfriended, weary, and forlorn,
Outcast, and alien-born!
How should the unfriended poor beyond the seas
Not yearn to her—the new Hesperides? . . .

Full garners were her toil's reward;
But, laboring, alway she dreams.
Mistake her not! Mid clouds her eagle screams,
Emblem of liberty that nothing bars,
And on her brow are stars—
Stars whose pure radiance is not all of earth,
Enkindled there where Justice had its birth.

Belovèd Land! Apart, she smiled!
But, oh, more glorious to-day,
Life's Larger Summons eager to obey,
Her strength outpoured to succor and befriend
A World, wide without end,
She waits—how yearningly!—the hour to come
When laurelled Peace shall lead her heroes home!

How the War Was Won

BY GENERAL MALLETERRE

Governor of the Musée des Invalides and Military Critic of the Paris "Temps"

Put into English by HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

With Sketches of American Troops made during the Advance in the Meuse

BY LESTER G. HORNBY

PART II.—THE BATTLE OF LIBERATION

THE ups and downs of the war were disconcerting and tragic. Our enemies as well as ourselves frequently experienced complete and surprising disillusions. More than once were hopes raised high on both sides of winning a rapid decision, and more than once the thought of a stalemate was entertained by the keenest of military observers. On September 6, 1914, General Joffre reformed his armies in retreat and called them to the battle on which was going to depend the safety of the country. Eleven days later the fortune of war seemed to have turned. Our victory appeared incontestable, and it was possible to believe that Germany was conquered. But more than four years passed before, after the second battle of the Marne, we were able to do what we could not do in 1914, follow up our successes and force the enemy to evacuate France.

From September, 1914, to September, 1918, on the eastern fronts as well as on the western fronts, both groups of belligerents had their successes and their failures. The occasions were more numerous than the public knows when a little more pressure exercised by the army on the offensive would have brought a decisive victory. The first Bagdad Expedition, the attacks against the Dardanelles, the miscarriage of our plans in the Balkans, irresolution on the part of the Russians in the first Galician offensive, a spring instead of summer offensive on the Somme in 1916, the Champagne offensive of April, 1917—these are our "almosts." The Germans, too, had their moments when they failed for want of sustained effort: the Yser in 1914, the Argonne and Salonika in 1915, Verdun in 1916, and the startling last spurt in the spring of 1918.

At the beginning of 1918 who would have dreamed that the Germans would be able to return to the Marne and, after a lapse of nearly four years, would once more be nearly at the gates of Paris? Similarly, who would have prophesied that a few months after the second battle of the Marne the Germans would be forced to ask for an armistice, and would come to the Peace Conference with our armies occupying the Rhine, the Kiel Canal, and the Baltic ports, the German fleet interned in British waters, and the Kaiser a refugee in Holland?

What has happened is not as miraculous as it seems. In the last issue of *Harper's Magazine* I outlined the sources of superior strength which justified, even in the hours of darkness and perplexity, our belief in victory. It is now my joy and privilege to tell the story of the Battle of Liberation.

In default of the triumphal victory which the German General Staff had believed would follow the invasion of France through Belgium, the German armies had to content themselves with maintaining their hold on Belgium and the departments of northern and northeastern France. The ability of the Germans to throw a strong defensive line from Switzerland to the North Sea was the price we paid for our initial military inferiority and lack of foresight. But this very invasion was really the cause of Germany's final defeat. The violation of Belgium's neutrality aroused the

world against Germany. The belief that Belgium and the invaded provinces of France must be held as pledges during peace negotiations became a popular dogma which left the German military leaders and statesmen no room for military and political maneuvers. Because Germany felt that she must keep what she had won in the west, she had to hold herself on the defensive on the occidental front for three years, and use her offensive force in overcoming the dangers threatening her on the eastern front. It was not until in 1917, when she believed herself mistress of Russia and the Balkans, that Germany regrouped her forces for a final offensive in the west. It was too late, for the United States troops were arriving in great numbers to prevent the Germans from having a superiority in effectives and material. The submarines, which were going to cut off Europe from the American intervention, cost the lives of less than three hundred American soldiers!

The emotions and the anguish of the tragic spring of 1918 are still too vibrant in our hearts not to leave in our minds a sort of bewilderment, almost anxiety, over a victory so rapid and complete. The change in the military situation was so sudden that we could not grasp it, and none expected the end of the war before the spring of 1919, even while we were going from victory to victory.

The Battle of Liberation, begun on July 18th, followed immediately a blocking of the third German offensive in the Champagne by the counter-offensive of the Tardenois. It ended on the morning of November 11th. It had lasted exactly one hundred and seventeen days, only one day less than the German battle, which was begun on March 21st and ended on July 16th.

Let us compare the battle which started on July 18th with the battle of Ludendorff. In spite of all his material means, in spite of the methodical preparation of the infantry, in spite of the exaltation he instilled into his soldiers by speaking of the Kaiser's Battle, the Battle of Peace (*Friedenschlacht*), the last battle, after which everything would be finished, Ludendorff was doomed to fail in his desperate effort to win a decision by arms. We must render this justice to the Germans, that they fought well. On March 21st, April 8th, and May 27th they marched forward with extraordinary courage. One felt that these soldiers, pushed by their commander, who knew that it was necessary to reach a decision, did all they could, individually and collectively. But how was this effort produced? By blows of a battering-ram. There was something incomplete, something disconnected, which indicated improvisation, exhaustion. And, as is invariably the case with the Germans as soon as there is a surprise, as soon as things do not go according to preconceived plans, the mechanism broke down. They had to make a fresh start, and for that time was needed. After June 15th a whole month was necessary to recommence the offensive. In all these lulls there is something extraordinary of which history will speak.

The German success of the Marne in June, which stirred us so deeply, which almost struck France to the heart, was a capital event of the war. It turned the Germans from the Oise and drew them on to the offensive of July 15th, which, from every point of view, was the adventure that brought about their downfall. In fact, the arrival of the Germans for the second time upon the Marne, without serious opposition, after breaking through the Chemin des Dames and crossing the Aisne, made them believe that the French army was worth no more than the British army, that we were at the end of our rope. The Germans were convinced that they were going to break down our last defenses, and that Paris would fall. As the revenge for the first, Ludendorff conceived a second battle of the Marne which would cut the French army in two, separating Paris from the east. It would be the end of the war. Either Ludendorff had lost his sense of what was possible or the alarming influx of American divisions compelled him to play his last desperate cards.

On July 17th the German offensive met the French army of Champagne, and from the first hour of the battle failure was evident. From now on we were going to see the effect of unity of command, of the leadership of Marshal Foch.

In the month of June secret instruc-

tions were given to the generals of our army corps concerning the new method that had been decided upon for defensive fighting. These instructions can be resumed in one brief sentence: *No longer hold at all costs your first positions, but carry the fighting back to a principal line of resistance a considerable distance in the rear.* Thus we were going to profit by our bitter experience of having masses of combatants uselessly slaughtered by toxic gases and rolling barrage fire in the effort to keep intact the defensive trench system. Thus we were going to return to the old doctrine, too much forgotten in trench warfare, the doctrine of combat which divides forces on the defensive into three distinct groups — advance-guards and advance posts; troops to sustain the shock of attack, and reserves to strengthen the line at any weak point which might develop. In March, and again in April, the Germans had taught us that trench systems were not inviolable. So our high command abandoned the ideas which had paralyzed both defensive and offensive action on both sides for nearly four years. Our advance-guards and advance posts were instructed to limit their activity to getting into contact with the enemy and reconnoitering. The troops to sustain the shock were no longer to be subjected to heavy and continuous shelling before the enemy made his appearance. The bulk of the reserves were to be kept outside the fighting until it was realized how they could be best used according to the way the battle developed. General Gouraud was the first to have the chance to try out this happy return to the old doctrine of defensive warfare. How he applied it proves his clairvoyance and his control over his soldiers. To be able to designate advance posts to hold advance lines, when the units designated know that they will get no support from shock troops or reserves, it is necessary that the chiefs be quite sure of their men and that the men are well trained in a practice which involves the almost certain sacrifice of their life.

This is what happened on July 15th last. These tactics were applied. The Germans wasted their artillery preparation against positions the French had decided beforehand not to defend, and they struck their big blow against a mere curtain of troops. When they came on over undefended ground they were surprised by our counter-batteries. They were in disorder and already decimated when they reached the principal line we had chosen to defend. This was the first symptom of German defeat. It was Nicopolis over again. Foch used a twentieth-century adaptation of the tactics of Bajazet. Did the Kaiser realize this when he mounted a high observation-post to follow the battle which was to be his crowning victory? Our great poet Rostand, who has just died prematurely, immortalized this memorable night, which at daybreak had turned into the prelude of the German collapse, in an ode: "*Guillaume à sa tour monte.*"

From July 15th to the moment when the signing of the armistice was notified to the contending armies, the battle never ceased. When we look back to these very recent events and draw upon our day-by-day impressions, we are stupefied. On the afternoon of July 18th, three days after the Kaiser launched his last bolt, we learned that General Mangin had attacked in the region between Villers-Cotterets and Soissons. The emotion caused by this bulletin after that of July 16th will always live vividly in my memory. Something appeared to have changed. Although as military critic I divined the turning-point, I did not dare to rejoice. But the indefinable hope which was born again in my heart I found had come also to others who were following closely the battle.

The Germans were fighting in the mountainous region beyond Rheims, and were even still making progress there, pushing back the Italians and the troops of General Berthelot, who were holding desperately north of the Marne. Suddenly the attack of General Mangin began with extraordinary violence and without preparation of artillery. There had been some preparatory combats, and I was greatly astonished that the Germans did not seem to be paying attention to them. For several days before the attack our troops had been taking back certain ravines. There were encounters between patrols. General Mangin explained to me on the map the rea-

AN ADVANCE THROUGH THE DEVASTATED STREETS OF A MEUSE TOWN

Rivers of mud, with occasional drops into shell-holes where everything the doughboys had on was drenched and slimy

son of these preliminaries. A surprise attack could not be made at this point until wooded basins were secured, in which could be hidden the troops massed for the assault.

In this attack, as accompanying artillery for the troops, we had ready at last our answer to the German portable trench cannon, which wrought havoc in the British lines in the offensive of March 21st. We sprang upon the Germans the surprise of our new tanks. So effective were the tanks that the Germans had to withdraw hastily several kilometers, almost to the gates of Soissons. The army of General Degoutte, supported on the right by the Americans, attacked at the same moment. This sudden menace on the flank of the pocket of the Tardenois showed the Germans the weakness of their position. The offensive mentality of our poilus astounded them. Had they not believed that the French army was on its last legs? The number and quality of the Americans and the deadly effectiveness of our tanks dismayed them. July 18th will remain a date as important in the annals of the war as that of the surprise of the Cambrésis, of which we have already shown the significance.

One might have thought that this was only a local battle. The army of General Gouraud was no longer showing activity. The battle was being concentrated in the pocket of the Tardenois. The German reserves were hurried into this pocket. The Germans do not like to let go of what they hold. They held here all the more tenaciously because they believed that they were going to succeed in passing the Marne and marching on Paris. In this pocket they had accumulated enormous material and strong reserves. Perhaps Ludendorff did not realize yet the importance of the aid the Americans could contribute without further waiting. Perhaps he did not know that the British army had been reinforced, because the British, in spite of the menace of the last German advance, had remained absolutely quiet since May. Even in France there was an uneasy feeling, and every one was

saying: "What is the British army doing? We are fighting in the Tardenois. The Americans are helping us. We must be having heavy losses. And the English are doing nothing to relieve the pressure!"

Yes, the English did not budge. But that was not their fault. Marshal Foch, now the real commander-in-chief, was holding them in his hand. When he thought that the Germans had been tricked into sending into the pocket of the Tardenois a large part of their reserves, and identified Bavarian divisions among the troops of the German Crown Prince, he was ready to attack in turn the Bavarian Crown Prince. He gave the word to the British. Reinforced in men and material, recuperated after a long rest, sustained by an important num-

TRAFFIC CONGESTION NEAR THE FRONT

During an advance, the roads are a continuous traffic jam of ammunition lorries, supply trucks, ambulances, mounted officers, and infantry. The "M. P" standing near the gas alarm at the right, wearing a black brassard and holding a whistle to his mouth, is ready to hold up any suspicious looking vehicle or to direct others

AN INCIDENT IN THE "DAY'S WORK"

A handful of doughboys had been advancing by rushes, when one who had gained the shelter of a pig-pen shouted back: "Easy on that movie stuff, and I'll wing this bird." He crawled through the pig-pen, gaining a hiding place from which he threw a grenade into the window, "getting his bird"

ber of French and American divisions, in the fighting-line and in reserve, the British attacked on the Ancre on August 8th. Just as they had been astounded by the dash and vigor of the poilus on July 18th, the Germans had the painful impression on August 8th—an impression which was the beginning of demoralization for the German General Staff—that hundreds of thousands of unbeaten Tommies were entering into action, and that the new phase of fighting in Flanders was beginning with perfect liaison of British and French and Americans.

General Debeney, who commanded the First French Army, which was cooperating with the British, told me how the operation started. Here we see still another illustration of the new conception which has given us the victory. Up to this time, in order to have the advantage of the whole day, it was the custom to attack in the morning. The Germans were operating in this way, and we had given them reason to expect the same thing of us. On the day before the date set for the attack General Debeney had made a demonstration in the morning. The Germans said to themselves, "We are forewarned; we shall be attacked tomorrow morning." In fact, on the morning of the next day the artillery bombarded heavily the German lines, but no infantry attack followed. The Germans held themselves ready. They waited vainly for hours. In the afternoon, as the artillery had died down altogether and there was no sign even of patrols, they relaxed their watch. At five o'clock in the evening, while the Germans were making their soup, our whole First Army advanced suddenly. Farther along, the British and Americans began the offensive. By eight o'clock our First Army covered six kilometers. The Germans were surprised gathering potatoes in fields north of Montdidier. Soup was bubbling on the kitchen fires. When General Debeney

told me this story he said, smiling, "I played them a beautiful trick."

Successive British attacks were started, one after the other, up to Flanders. Importunate calls for reserves could not be answered immediately. So we see how the pocket of the Tardenois was the kernel of this extraordinary battle. By his stubborn and continuous attacks, which seemed to indicate a determination to take the Chemin des Dames and to attach an excessive importance to freeing the Marne, Marshal Foch had drawn the German reserves into the pocket of the Tardenois. The German Crown Prince allowed himself to be fooled, and the Bavarian Crown Prince yielded to his call for reinforcements. By this imprudence, in which both had a share and responsibility, the two princes lost their chance of ever becoming kings. For the British army had started an advance which was not to stop until the day the armistice was signed.

In the month of March the British army had received a shock so violent and had been overwhelmed so suddenly that there was not time to call up and throw into the line the forces which could have re-established the situation. Perhaps the British government had been hypnotized by the chimerical fear of a disembarkment on English soil. The German superiority in numbers over the British in March and April, 1918, had been due to the unwise disposition of Great Britain's reserves in fighting troops. Something had gone wrong also with the disposition of the British artillery and ammunition reserves. The Germans were probably unaware of how strong the British really were, and interpreted wrongly the disaster of March 21st. According to what I have been told, at the beginning of August the British mustered 1,700,000 men for the new offensive. All their lost cannon had been re-placed, with something over. The British army entered into line on August 8th with 35,000,000 shells!

The battle spread out northward. As

WITHIN THE RANGE OF THE BOCHE

During an artillery duel two nine-inch shells crashed through the same hole in the roof and wall to burst in the mud just beyond the door

one army advanced and its left was uncovered another army would attack the Germans. Taken anew week after week—or, rather, day after day—on the flank, the Germans had to withdraw on the Somme, give up Péronne, and fall back to the Hindenburg line.

During the month of August the battle developed from the west of the Oise to Flanders against the armies of the German right wing. At the beginning of September the French army entered into line again, repeating the same operation east from the Oise to the Argonne. These successive actions, which increased the continuous attack to a front of hundreds of kilometers, are one of the most remarkable examples in history of co-ordinated effort, and were, of course, possible only because of unity of command. Each British army entered into action when its neighbor on the right had gained several kilometers. And precisely at the moment when the left found itself exposed to a flanking counter-attack the neighboring army attacked in turn, thus anticipating a possible German counter-attack. The Fourth British Army (Rawlinson) followed and supported the First French Army (Debeney) toward Péronne and against the Oise. The Third British Army (Byng) followed and supported the Fourth Army in the direction of Le Cateau. The First British Army (Horn) marched against Cambrai, Douai, Valenciennes. The last to move, the Fifth British Army, then entered Lille, Roubaix, and Tourcoing, and marched toward Tournai. Then the French armies began their attack. Between the Aisne and the Oise General Mangin stormed the formidable position of Saint-Gobain, and Generals Berthelot and Guillaumat pushed back the Germans from the Vesles to the Aisne. These two attacks combined took little by little the whole of the famous Saint-Gobain system. General Mangin entered Laon on October 12th. General Gouraud, who had not ceased to press the enemy since July 15th, advanced in turn, and, after heavy fighting, reached and passed the Aisne, between Rethel and Vouziers. While his army was getting into the Argonne by the northwest, the American army, under General Pershing, was operating between the Meuse and the Argonne. The Americans had before them the most difficult ground of all. Their advance was slower, in spite of heavy sacrifices, because the Germans had to defend the Meuse at all costs.

"MOVING UP SUPPLIES"

A unit of the never-ending, never-failing commissariat line

During these two months I was asked several times: "Has Marshal Foch enough men at his disposal? With this unprecedented battle-front, is he not going to end up by finding himself without reserves?" I answered: "If Marshal Foch is operating in this fashion, it must certainly be that he has sufficient effectives to keep the battle going. Anyway, it is not so much a question of having troops as of knowing how to use them." The Battle of Liberation, from July 18th on, was a continuous battle, a battle without respite. History will be able to call Foch "*le Maréchal sans répit.*"

In the month of October the battle had become general from the Somme to the Meuse. Suddenly, we saw the Belgian army, reinforced by the army of General Degoutte (which had left the Tardenois) and by several American divisions, enter into action. With the Second British Army (Plumer) on the right, the Belgians, French, and Americans, under King Albert, compelled the Germans in several days to evacuate the whole coast of Flanders. Ostend, Zeebrugge, and Bruges were liberated.

During all this time only one sector remained in a sort of mysterious calm, the sector of the east. We asked ourselves why the battle had not continued

A DIVISION MOVING UP TO ITS LAST CONCENTRATION POINT BEFORE GOING "OVER THE TOP"

DOUGHBOYS AT WORK IN A BOMBARDED VILLAGE

The infantry following up a barrage from our artillery in order to clean up machine-gun nests and snipers

into the region of Lorraine. This question was all the more reasonable because an offensive here seemed to have been foreshadowed by the magnificent attack of the Americans, which suppressed the salient of St. Mihiel. But after this success there had been a stop. Rumor had it for a long time that the fighting was going to start also in the Vosges.

I believe that at G. H. Q. the continuation of the battle-front to the Vosges had been a part of the general plan, and that they were somewhat disturbed at not being able to start the offensive in this sector as soon as they had hoped. The delay was caused by the difficulties the Americans encountered in the battle of the Meuse, difficulties due to the hilly ground on both banks of the river, and also, it must be said, to the failure of the Americans to get their transport service working quickly and smoothly. No army seems able to learn from the experience of others, and the Americans were no exception to this rule. A too great concentration of material hindered the free movement of their troops. General Pershing's army had become very large. But he did not enjoy the advantage of lines of communication, with which his men were familiar from years of use in the movement of troops and

supplies, as was the case with the French and British. Nor was his staff aware—until the moment arrived—of the many perplexities and complications that had to be confronted, when hundreds of thousands of men have to be moved and fed and kept supplied with ammunition.

Then, too, the resistance of the Germans was much more stubborn on the Meuse than elsewhere. The Germans had foreseen and provided for a retreat on a large scale in Belgium and the north of France, and had started to operate that retreat at the beginning of October. A look at the map will show you why it was essential for them to hold to the bitter end in the regions of the Ardennes and Lorraine. In fighting against the American advance the Germans were defending the threshold of the empire at its weak point. If the defenses on the Meuse were broken through, the retreat of the armies from Belgium and northern France would have been compromised. That is why the Americans encountered a resistance that cost them enormous losses. So long as this resistance was not overcome it was impossible to launch an attack against Briey and Metz, because our left would have been exposed to a flank attack from the Ardennes.

In the first days of November, when the Germans realized that the acceptance of an armistice on our terms was inevitable, the situation of the battle, from left to right, showed that the Germans were on the verge of the greatest military disaster in history.

THE "M. P'S" QUARTERS

There is no luxury here and not security even to boast of. Note the caution of "poisoned water" chalked on the well in the foreground

In Belgium the group of armies under the command of King Albert, assisted by Generals Degoutte and Plumer, were on the banks of the Scheldt which the advance-guards had crossed at several places. From Ghent to Courtrai this group of armies was getting ready for a concerted offensive toward Brussels. Difficulties of communications on roads and railway lines that had been blown up, and a period of rainy weather, had caused the advance to slacken. We knew that the Germans were evacuating Belgium, but their rear-guards were putting up a strong resistance.

The British armies, under the command of Marshal Douglas Haig, had arrived, after heavy fighting, at the Belgian frontier. They were ad-

vancing along the valley of the Sambre, on Mons and Charleroi, and by Maubeuge toward Dinant.

The First and Tenth French armies, under General Fayolle, crossing the region of Laon, were arriving at the edge of the Ardennes from Fourmies to Anor and Hirson. The Fourth and Fifth armies, under General Maistre, having crossed the Aisne, were also reaching the Ardennes and entering Mézières. The First American Army, having succeeded in passing through the German defenses of the elbow of the Meuse, was crossing the famous river in the neighborhood of Sedan and forming a junction with the Fourth French Army. On the other side of the Meuse the Americans, supported by the Second French Army, were moving on Montmédy.

These armies formed a semicircle from Ghent to Sedan and Montmédy, and were threatening to surround the German armies which had delayed their retreat in order to keep unbroken their front in Belgium and northern France. The resistance of the German rear-guard had been stubborn, and had certainly made the victorious advance of the Allied armies slow. But the retreat, although methodical and admirably arranged by Ludendorff, had not been able to free the armies completely and remove the immense material accumulated between the sea and the Ardennes.

The arrival of the French and American armies at Sedan and Montmédy threatened decisively the lines of communication of the Ardennes. Blocked between the portion of Holland which stretches south to Maestricht and the Ardennes, the German armies in retreat were being crowded into the narrow valley of the Meuse between Liége and Givet. There is reason to believe that Marshal Foch was on the point of attacking—later than he had wanted to, but with the greatest violence—in Lorraine with the American armies of the Woêvre and the French armies of Lorraine and the Vosges, under the command of General de Castelnau. Everything was ready, and it is probable that the results would have been disastrous for the German armies.

It would have been a colossal Sedan, between Liége and the Sarre! Hindenburg and Ludendorff knew this, and resigned themselves to sign an armistice which was equivalent to military capitulation.

But the battle was not limited to the western front. We must remember that Marshal Foch had command of all the Allied armies on all the fronts and that, except in the case of Italy, he succeeded in planning an ensemble of operations calculated to strike and demoralize the enemy at every point. What happened in the east, then, during September and October was an integral part of the Battle of Liberation. Whatever resistance the Germans might have been able to make in the west, their military defeat was inevitable after the victories in the Orient over the Bulgarians and Turks.

It was on September 15th that we received the first bulletin from the army of Salonika, which we had grown accustomed to believe had resigned itself to the defensive. During August, in well-informed circles, I heard more than once the opinion advanced that troops would be withdrawn from Macedonia to reinforce General Allenby in Palestine, and, indeed, to maintain the French effectives on the western front! Day after day the news arrived of startling successes against the Bulgarians in Macedonia. At the same time the British, who had advanced their lines very little in Palestine during the nine months that had elapsed since the capture of Jerusalem, attacked in force. In eight days the Bulgarian army was driven back in disorder from the positions it had held for three years, and the Turkish armies of Syria were annihilated. Bulgaria capitulated, and it was seen that the complete collapse of Turkey could no longer be avoided.

This double decisive victory in the east was the great proof that unity of command had been realized. Marshal Foch is a leader who has a comprehensive vision, developed by years of teaching at the École de Guerre and by a life of study and reflection. He did not forget that the war had begun in the east and kept constantly in mind the repercussions of the eastern campaign upon the military situation of Germany in the west and upon the internal moral situation in the German and Austro-Hun-

garian empires. To-day I believe we are in a position to assert that if the expedition of the Dardanelles had succeeded in 1915, and if we had taken Constantinople, Russia would have remained a strong military factor, and the war would have doubtless finished two years ago. Since the armistice, M. Take Jonesco, the illustrious Rumanian, has confirmed this opinion by telling me of the efforts he made to prevail upon Rumania to declare war in 1915, and thus force the Allies to push vigorously their political and military offensive in the Balkans.

Marshal Foch knew what was happening in Bulgaria. General Guillaumat had pointed out to him that a brisk attack had serious chances of succeeding, and, if successful, would bring about the defection of Bulgaria. The moment the tide had turned in the west, and Marshal Foch knew that Germany would be unable to send fresh troops to Bulgaria, he gave the order for the advance from Salonika. The offensive succeeded in a way perhaps more decisive, and certainly more quickly, than was hoped for. The honor of carrying out the plans belongs to General Franchet d'Espérey, who showed once more the spirit of enterprise which had won him fame as commander of the Fifth Army in the battle of the Marne. But we must not forget the long work of preparation of General Guillaumat. Nor must we fail to mention the invaluable aid of the Serbian divisions, reformed during the period of darkness, who, after an irresistible assault on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of September, liberated with unparalleled rapidity their enslaved country. Another factor in the success of the Salonika offensive was the intervention of the Greek army, regenerated by the faith and devotion of M. Venizelos and the group of patriots who had refused to follow the path of dishonor along which their king would have led them.

The rôle in the Battle of Liberation of the Allied armies in the Balkans is little known, and deserves special mention. Success was so rapid that the tendency was to believe that the Bulgarians had given way almost without fighting. This is far from the truth. For eight days a bitter battle was fought. Victory was due as much to the ardor of the Allied soldiers attacking in mountainous country against terrible obstacles as to the bold and tireless leadership of General Franchet d'Espérey. The Eleventh German Army, composed of Bulgarian soldiers and officered by Germans, could not be saved by the armistice. Cut off in the mountain valleys into which it had been thrown back by the French under General Henry, it was surrounded and captured.

In less than a fortnight, also, General Allenby reaped the reward of the perilous and painful advance he had made from the Suez Canal to Jerusalem the year before. The 1917 campaign across the desert of the Isthmus had put to the severest test the traditional qualities of British soldiers. Indomitable will, perseverance, genius in organizing transport service and keeping open lines of communication had brought the British to Jerusalem. The annihilation of the Turkish armies in the battle of September, 1918, was the logical result of the British penetration into Palestine, and cannot be regarded simply as a sudden and brilliant effort or as the result of the utter demoralization of the enemy.

The battle which liberated Serbia and Syria was a decisive element of the war. It broke the links of the chain which bound our enemies. When Bulgaria and Turkey fell the Near East was lost to Germany. Rumania awoke. Austria, maddened by hunger and the threat of invasion, was ready to separate her fortunes from Germany. The end of the drama was at hand.

Who could deny that the two battles on the western and eastern fronts, carried on with harmony and continuity, and coming after years of scattered and indecisive effort, were due to the unity of command, and that thus the unity of command was in the final analysis the decisive factor of the war?

In conclusion, our praise must go to Marshal Foch, who realized the wonderful things of which I have written, and to Marshal Pétain, whose work cannot be separated from that of Foch. They were both my colleagues at the École de Guerre, where Foch was Professor of General Tactics and Pétain Professor of Infantry. I am proud to think that I was

associated with them as Professor of Military Geography.

Foch and Pétain are the purest glories of our military history, for they are free from the stains which have so often tarnished great leaders in war, the lust of conquest and personal ambition. Their task was to liberate France, which had been invaded, and small nations, which had been crushed. They have been the soldiers of justice. They have been exemplars of the genius of France. We see in them the logical reasoning power in preparation, the harmony in effort, the adaptability in execution of the French mind, never confused by surprises, always master of the most serious situations. They are born leaders. Because they are men of faith and reason, they are optimists. They come from different branches of the service: Foch is an artilleryman and Pétain an infantryman. They possess, however, common characteristics, and have been able to work out a common doctrine. Superficial generalizers have tried to differentiate between them in pretending that Foch's mentality is offensive and Pétain's defensive. What an error! Pétain, at Carency, showed more offensive spirit than any other commander of an army corps, and if he had been followed the German lines would have been broken through. Foch, the southerner, more impetuous, more intuitive, has flashes of genius, but he has especially an imperturbable faith which holds sway over all those who surround him. Pétain, the northerner, is more cold, more calm, perhaps more calculating. But there is nothing of the cynic in him. His firmness of soul cannot be better expressed than by the splendid old Latin word *fortitudo*. All the world knows his marvelous ascendancy over his soldiers, strikingly revealed to an anxious and expectant world in the dark and critical days of Verdun.

It must be left to history to tell how Marshal Foch came to be chosen commander-in-chief of the Allied armies. Already, at the first battle of the Marne, he showed his consummate skill in maneuvering. It was he who re-established the situation at La Fère Champenoise when it seemed that all was lost. On the Marne, the generals of the Ninth Army all told him that they could hold no longer against the pressure of the Germans of von Hausen. He answered them: "You say you can hold no longer? Then attack!" And to reassure his staff, he asserted that if the Germans were attacking with such fury against the Ninth Army, it must be because things were going with them badly elsewhere. There, on the field of battle, he had one of those flashes of genius which he showed in other days in his interpretative courses at the École de Guerre. It was Foch who stopped the German offensive on the Yser. Marshal French wanted to retreat. Foch dissuaded him, invoking the honor of England. The battle of the Yser was fought and the cause of the Allies saved.

During the year 1915 Foch was the adviser to whose counsels our British allies listened. He knew how to spare their pride and to impose his will upon them. He was responsible for the battle of the Artois and the battle of the Somme. Probably because the results were not immediate, his influence underwent an eclipse. He reappeared last May as Chief of the General Staff. He was not yet sole master, but one felt immediately his presence at the helm, and it was evident that there was complete harmony between him and General Pétain, the commander-in-chief. At the most critical moments, always calm, always master of himself and of every situation that arose, he did not worry about what "they say." He was planning and carrying out his ideas with that sense of moderation which the Germans fortunately do not possess.

General Pétain, considerably younger than General Foch, was a colonel at the beginning of the war, and commanded a regiment in the first battle of the Marne. His rise was rapid. In 1915, commanding an army corps in the battle of Artois, he succeeded in breaking through the German lines. Then we saw him in command of an army in the Champagne. In the September offensive, he grasped clearly the situation. The French army could go no farther without too great losses. He had the courage to say, "We must stop; we cannot continue the offensive; let us wait!" Put in charge of the defense of

Verdun, where division after division had to pass through hell, General Pétain kept the confidence of the poilus. The Germans did not pass. Verdun, after the Marne and the Yser, was the salvation of France.

When the offensive of April, 1917, failed Pétain was made commander-in-chief. The moment has not yet come when we can discuss in detail that offensive, and we are not justified in imputing blame to the chiefs who believed then that victory was possible. They almost obtained it. Pétain took command of an army which felt that it had suffered a defeat, and which was shaken by losses fruitlessly incurred. During the summer of 1917 he succeeded in restoring the morale. Confidence in final victory was reborn. The criticism has been made that Pétain sponsored the theory of attacks with limited objectives. This is false. Pétain had no theory. He faced conditions, and was forced to limit the efforts of our armies because at that time they could do no more than they did. There was a crisis of numbers, of artillery, of morale. By months of patient waiting—and how hard it was to wait during the summer weather!—he was able to prove, in the October, 1917, attack of Malmaison that the French army was worthy of its chief.

Here, then, are two men who represent French genius in its brilliancy, its moderation, its depth. Must we compare them with the German generals? It is with reason that the Germans exalted Ludendorff and Hindenburg. For they represent the German genius. On this subject it is well to let a German speak. A German critic in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, writing of Ludendorff after his resignation, pointed out how this man, master of Germany, politically as well as militarily, lacked what is almost always lacking in Germans, the sense of moderation in conception and in effort.

But in rendering homage to Marshals Foch and Pétain we must not forget the others who played a vital part in the victory, Haig, Pershing, Diaz, Allenby, and the French generals who have so well represented the traditions of France.

I am not sure that we should have had the victory without the aid of the United States. There were those who thought that aid from across the Atlantic in the form of foodstuffs and war material was all we needed. But would material aid from America have sufficed? There can be no doubt that the military intervention of the Americans shortened the war and put the seal upon the moral condemnation of Germany. America came to fight for justice as much as for France. The Americans shed their blood freely in the Battle of Liberation. And now the United States has seen what France has suffered, and has understood what must be the reparation after the liberation, the punishment of the crime after the defeat of those who aspired to the domination of the world.

Placing ourselves purely on military ground, we may claim that French art has conquered German science. But more is necessary, politically and humanly, and the Battle of Liberation must have results that are lasting in order to be a real victory. Military triumphs are temporary. Only by the union of free nations after the war will German barbarism be doomed to powerlessness.

Voices of the Universe

BY BUCKNER SPEED

FIFTEEN years ago, while coming up the west coast of Central America, our ship stopped in the placid, landlocked harbor of Acapulco. We went ashore a distance of over a mile by lighter, and in the evening sat smoking on the flat roof of the United States consul's residence. It was a hot night, without wind and without any sound of waves, or of life of any kind. Late in the evening, after the Mexican population was asleep, we heard with perfect distinctness the little victrola on our steamer playing "My Own United States." We remarked upon it. The ship on which the victrola was playing was more than a mile away.

The incident had long been forgotten by me. Some years later the feats of wireless telegraphy began to be announced, until tremendous distances—one thousand, two thousand, five thousand miles and more had been mastered. There seemed to be something uncanny, something savoring of telepathy, something which did not obey the recognized rules that have been derived from experience in other fields, in these long-distance communications. Then the memory of the victrola in Acapulco Harbor came back; and it is worth while, at the risk of tediousness, to apply arithmetic to that experience in order to be able to comprehend, and to have an intuitive feeling that even the farthest reaches of wireless communication are not out of harmony with other experiences. The victrola aboard the ship was an ordinary instrument, with the well-known tiny vibrating diaphragm set in motion by the microscopically small, wavy groove of the "record." From the face of this little diaphragm there emanated a disturbance in the surrounding air which, measured in terms of horse-power, was exceedingly small—at the most not over one-millionth of a horse-power; and from so small a source of energy proceeded a sound distinctly audible by our unaided ears at a distance of more than a mile.

Now let us take a wireless communication covering ten thousand miles' distance. It is known even by high-school students that sound, light, and heat radiate energy in every direction, diminishing according to the rule that at twice the distance the effect is one-fourth as great, three times the distance one-ninth as great, etc.; consequently it is ten thousand times ten thousand times as great a feat to communicate ten thousand miles by wireless as it was to hear the victrola a distance of one mile—that is to say, it is a hundred million times as difficult. Now let us see if the mechanism of wireless communication is a hundred million times as powerful as was the victrola mechanism whose sound I heard. The machinery which gives rise to the electrical disturbance produced for the purpose of wireless telegraphy is often of one hundred horse-power. Thus we see at the outset that the magnitude of the electrical disturbance expressed as energy is a hundred million times greater than the noise produced by the victrola. The mystery of the wireless begins to disappear; but, further, when we reflect that the area of the ear and the small size of the ear-drum which received that minutely attenuated sound from the victrola is in itself very small indeed, compared with the enormous spread of the wireless towers and their antennæ, we see a nearer proportionality between the sending and receiving apparatus of the ten-thousand-mile wireless telegraph communication and the experience that I had at a distance of a mile at Acapulco.

Nevertheless, it was a very remarkable

experience—that at Acapulco—hearing the victrola so far. The condition was that of extreme silence. If there had been hundreds of victrolas all about the town of Acapulco and on every one of the fishing-boats of the harbor and on the several German tramp steamers lying there as well, there would have been very little chance for "My Own United States" ever to reach my ears.

This is the condition that now obtains in wireless transmission, and was very much more the case previous to the government's taking over the wireless apparatus and restricting its use, as well as regulating the character of the transmission. The interferences and disturbances produced by a multitude of wireless communications going on simultaneously is, however, within bounds, not such a serious matter. Any one with a trained musical ear can listen to a full orchestra and follow, without effort and almost singly, any one instrument, and can by an effort of concentration hear that instrument almost as if it were played alone. A trained conductor will scowl at any instrumentalist anywhere in the orchestra who makes the slightest slip and will scarcely hear any other instrument during his concentration on that performer.

To a far greater degree we can, by a suitable apparatus, listen to a particular wireless note; for the transmission apparatus is arranged to give an extremely clean-cut, definite, and unique sound which can be instrumentally selected and followed with great precision and exclusiveness. But let the "bang" of a pistol-shot break in on an orchestral concert and the whole beautiful scheme of selective hearing is broken through. An inharmonious pulse has assaulted the trained musical ear and broken through all of the nerve discipline that has been acquired for discriminating audition. Just so in the wireless game. Somewhere between the Eiffel Tower and Arlington comes a tremendous lightning flash, and in its disorderly and raucous crash are present enough of the same elements as are in the orderly and rhythmic pulses selected and used for the wireless transmission, to claim close kinship with them, and to intrude themselves, unmannerly and boisterously, into the message, with the result that clicks and pops interrupt the communication.

But not this alone—the spectacular disturbance which we see as the lightning stroke is not the only enemy of wireless transmission. Electrical exchanges between clouds and earth and clouds and clouds that do not result in outright flashes will produce scratchy, sawing noises, hisses and thumps and all manner of strange manifestations. It has been known since the early days of the common Morse wire telegraph that during auroral displays the telegraph wires were frequently able to work without apparatus and sometimes, with or without batteries, would be quite unworkable. It was noticed many years ago that at times of large and easily visible sun-spots the telegraph wires would work badly and that the sun-spots and auroras were frequently coincident. The wireless communication is even more susceptible to these high and far-off sources of disturbance. Some of the so-called static noises heard in wireless telegraphy may, without too much stretch of the fancy, be fairly called the sound of solar whirlwinds and maelstroms. Indeed, we must admit that the sources of some of these mysterious interferences may be in vibrations, explosions, detonations, and reverberations proceeding from the uttermost reaches of space.

These clicks and pops, hisses and thumps, scratchy and sawing noises—all the curious undertones, overtones and intermittent clatter and whisperings that intrude upon, interrupt, and confuse our systems of electrical communication, constitute what the electricians call "static." One might say that "static" is the sum-total of the vast complex of vibrations from the myriad initiatives and centers of energy, near and inconceivably far—the mighty murmur, sometimes reaching the magnitude of uproar—of the Voices of the Universe.

While we know very little about their sources or their nature, we do know that it is very important to be able, out of the composite vibration of the whole mighty Orchestra, to select for our specific uses the one clear note, so to speak, of a single instrument. The efforts to "over-

come static" are all to this end. Little by little, year by year, progress is made toward minimizing these disturbances and interruptions. Very recently we have had in the public press announcement of a great success in this direction. Time will demonstrate the degree of this accomplishment.

In Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* there is a man who ran with his fingers in his ears, shouting at the top of his voice, that he might not hear. In developing the possibilities of terrestrial communication it is of consummate importance that we shall find a way to put our fingers in our ears and shut out the extraneous noises of the "statics."

It is cheap fancy and unprofitable science to muse about "high and far-off things" before we are ready for them. We go on doing the thing next to us, doing it well, conquering the obstacles that it is profitable to conquer, and we do well in doing so; but little by little in so doing we are unquestionably reaching and feeling our way toward the ability on our own part to be cognizant of voices emanating from spheres other than our own; and if there are beings of like or greater intelligence than ours elsewhere, we shall in time certainly be in communication with them. It may be even now that some of these static disturbances which we try so hard to shut out are far-off brotherly hands knocking at the door that we now hold fast closed.

America's Burdens

BY VIRGINIA WATSON

BURDENS to my shoulders I have lifted singing;
Not for me the silence of the surly slave.
Through primeval forests I my axe went swinging,
Till the gloomy wildwood light and shelter gave.

All the unknown mysteries on my shoulders pressing,
Hunger and the fierce beasts and the savage men,
Yet I laughed, my musket's shining lock caressing—
Soon the dead lay quiet and the wounded sought their den.

Loneliness in deserts, soul and body thirsting,
Harvests long awaited burned by cruel sun;
I have watched the torrents my dams' strong barriers bursting;
I have laughed and lost, and I have laughed and won.

Borne full oft the weight of war and women's weeping,
But I never faltered on my destined way.

. . . . . .

Now the world such burden of *hopes* on me is heaping
Faint my spirit grows and I feel my body sway.

Freedom of the prairies, winds from mountains blowing,
Dreams and clean achievements my heritage have been;
Strength has flowed to me and strength from me is flowing,
World! I'll show you visions that mine eyes have seen.

Willum's Vanilla

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

THE letter came while Mr. Pawket was chopping wood. His ax rested on a stump and piles of white chips breathed fragrance around him as he stood watching the buckboard of the Rural Free Delivery wind down the country road.

The Rural Free Delivery consisted of a white horse, a creaking buckboard, and a young woman of determined manner. A Rough Rider's hat sat with an air of stern purpose on the Rural Free Delivery's dark head, and a pair of surgeon's gauntlet gloves heightened her air of official integrity.

As the buckboard approached the group of tulip-trees opposite Mr. Pawket's residence he shoved back his hat and pulled a blue-spotted handkerchief out of his hip pocket; passing the handkerchief over his face, he greeted the Rural Free Delivery:

"Hot enough fer yer?"

It was really not so very hot, but if Mr. Pawket had not asked this question he would have felt lacking in geniality. He did not, however, go forward to intercept possible mail. There was the little iron box with his name on it nailed to the tulip-tree; there was the red signal to be adjusted. It pleased Mr. Pawket to realize that the government had all this planned out for his special convenience and he was careful not to upset régime. He watched the Rural Free Delivery climb down from the buckboard, go to the little box on the tree, deposit one letter, lock the box, and set up the signal. When the ceremony was concluded Mr. Pawket came out from behind the barn. Walking with the heavy, bent-kneed tread of the lifelong farmer, he leaned upon the bars by the cow-sheds.

"Many gitten 'em to-day?" he inquired.

The Rural Free Delivery climbed back into the buckboard; she pulled on the gauntlets, replying with black-eyed reserve:

"Finn's folks had two—a asthma circler and a letter from that son they thought was drownded. Mis' Sweetser's got a paper—the one her daughter is a manicurer sends her. And there's a box yet for the Grant girl—her graduatin'-dress, I expect—seems she's too high-toned to wear anything but machine-made."

The Rural Free Delivery whipped up the white horse and the stern contours of the Rough Rider hat disappeared down the winding, shadowed road. At last Mr. Pawket, rousing from the reverie induced by news of the resurrection of Finn's boy, took down the bars and crossed the road to the post-box. Dragging from his pocket a cluster of huge barn keys, he sought among them for the infinitesimal key of the box. This small key had the appearance of coquetting with Mr. Pawket—it invariably disappeared behind the larger keys and eluded his efforts to single it out; it seemed to him flirtatious, feminine; and as he stood like an old Druid invoking the spirit of the tulip-tree, he addressed this small key with benevolent irony.

"You'm a shrimp, that's what you are," Mr. Pawket said to the key. "Nothin' but a shrimp. . . . Why in tarnation don't they have a key you can see? . . . I'd hate to lose you on a dark night, I would," eying the key severely.

But the shrimp key at least did its work, and Mr. Pawket with unconcealed feelings of wonder and concern drew forth from the box the letter. It was a large, rich-looking letter. The envelope was thin and crackly, embossed with purple designs of twisted reptiles coiling around a woman's face, and in one corner were small purple letters forming the words "Hotel Medusa." The handwrit-

ing on the envelope was bold and black, and the dark seal bore impress of a small winged form that Mr. Pawket took to be a honey-bee. He regarded the letter suspiciously, studying it from every position as he entered the kitchen door.

"Say, Mother, here's a letter. What 'll I do with it?"

Mrs. Pawket came sighing from the washtub. She wrinkled her forehead as one harried by the incessant demands of the outside world. Wiping her hands on her wet apron, she took the letter, regarding it contemptuously.

"Leave it be on the parlor mantel," advised Mrs. Pawket. "The twins is comin' up the road. I can hear them hollerin' at that echo down by the swamps. Leave it be; they'll attend to it."

Mr. Pawket, having carried out this injunction, stood by the door considering whether it was worth while to go back to his chopping. The sun was in the middle of the sky; he sniffed odors of the kitchen and discerned a rich atmosphere known to his consciousness as "dinner-time."

"Now I'm here I may as well stay," he remarked to his wife. He sat heavily down in a Turkey-red-covered rocking-chair, quoting facetiously:

> "Ef yer never want to be sad and sorry
> Just keep away from hurry and worry."

"The Rural says Finn's folks has heard from that young feller was drownded."

Mrs. Pawket raised a disapproving face from contemplating a small kettle of Irish stew, remarking, severely: "Much the Rural knows about it. She's into everybody's business."

Mr. Pawket demurred. "Well, carr'in' the mail and all, she's liable to sense a good deal. Some says she's always been foreknowledged. 'Twuz the Rural foretold the blizzit last winter; 'twuz the Rural found out Hank Jellaby's nephew was married. Wasn't it her knowed all the time who sot Mullins's barn afire? There's a good many depends on the Rural for keeping up with things."

Soon the sun was a green glare through the tulip-trees; that meant it was half past twelve, and the twins raced in. They were hoarse from intriguing with the echo in the swamp; but as they entered the gate (careful to swing it the wrong way and squeeze through) they discussed a tingling problem in mental arithmetic.

"If Mrs. Fenton gave her son two wapples" (snuffle), "and her nephew one naple" (snuffle), "and two wapples to her son's friend, reservin' one napple for herself and conservin' four rapples for the household, what would be the sum of these given napples multiplied by four?"

Reciting this appalling chorus, the twins faced their grandfather, who, poising his battered sun-hat on his knees, from the depths of his arm-chair looked proudly, if fearfully, upon them.

"Say, Gramp', kin you answer it?" demanded the twins.

Standing before him in the kitchen doorway, they mouthed it, curly-headed, croaking synchronous challenge. They scraped their shoes on a scraper near the door; one peered furtively under a covered dish on the table while the other washed hands and face in a tin basin under the grape-arbor. Together they made strange "snorting" noises of repressed masculinity as, seizing knife and fork from the pile in the center of the table, they took seats, elbows on plates, instruments waving in air.

"Kin you answer it?"

Mr. Pawket hedged. He also drew a chair up to the table and, spearing a slice of bread with his knife, bent bushy brows.

"'Kin I answer it?' Well, that's a nice question. Would yer teacher like me to answer it? No, he wouldn't. It's for your learnin', ain't it? Not for mine. I'm all finished with them conundrums. Of course," went on Mr. Pawket, airily —"of course I never done figurin' like that when I was a boy. Them apples, now. Seems to me it all depends on the season. Ef the lady was a widder, like as not she was took advantage of. I mistrust she wouldn't be no judge of apples; not bein' a farmer, how could she know that there's years when apples is valleyble, and other years when you insult the pigs with 'em? But then —you talk about apples— Well, as for a fine apple, whether it's Northern Spy

or Harvest Moon . . . ." Thus Mr. Pawket skilfully directed the conversation into channels more familiar.

At last the twins, in a fine, concerted action of chewing, balanced large slices of buttered bread on the flats of their hands, eyed their grandparents, and, after swallowing with peculiar heavy efforts of the epiglottis, remarked, simultaneously:

"Willum is comin' home."

Mr. Pawket started. He reached for his spectacles, solemnly polished them, and put them on. Mrs. Pawket, bearing a large leaning tower of griddle-cakes toward the table, halted as one petrified.

The twins bent over their plates, humped their shoulders, observing, "That's what they all say down to the Center."

"Mr. Sykes heard it into the feed-store."

"Mis' Badger says it."

"They was all talkin' about it into the undertaker's."

"He's going to build a new house."

"His wife thinks she's goin' to like it here."

Mr. Pawket took off his spectacles. His wife! Willum with a wife?

The twins, now devouring griddle-cakes, turned on him with unmoved faces.

"It's going to be a show-place. The butcher can tell yer all about it—a grand house like a big railroad station, all gold pipes and runnin' water."

One twin turned the syrup-jug upside down; there ensued a slight scuffle between the two, each ardently attempting to hold his plate under the golden falling globules.

"They 'm goin' to have five ottermobiles, and one for the cook to run herself around in; there's goin' to be one room all canary-birds, and there's goin' to be a g'rage with painted winders and a steeple like a church."

Mrs. Pawket sat down. She fanned herself with her apron.

"Set up to the table and eat, Mawther," feebly advised Mr. Pawket.

The twins, rapidly and scientifically consuming griddle-cakes, jaws working, unemotional eyes watching the effect of their statements, continued:

"They goin' to build on Cedar Plains."

"She's got the ideers."

"He's got the money."

"Just their ice-box alone is goin' to cost 'em two hundred dollars."

Mr. Pawket, with sudden irritation: "Now, now, now, that ain't sensible, that ain't. Willum had ought to have talked it over with me. I'd like to 'a' reasoned with him. I could have showed him catalogues. . . . And them two buildin' on Cedar Plains—it's onreasonable. It 'll come hard on his wife. She won't have no near neighbors; and look at how far they'll have to go for weddin's and fun'rals and all."

Mrs. Pawket, suddenly bethinking her, rose and went into the "front" room, or parlor, where, from a large mantelpiece ranged with sugary-looking vases stuffed with brilliantly dyed grasses she plucked the recently arrived letter. Looking at it upside down and with nonchalance of disapproval, she put the letter before the twins, commanding:

"Do as Grammar tells you and read it."

"That's right," said Mr. Pawkets, spooning up gravy. He retucked a kitchen towel in his neck, approving: "I don't know but what we ought to read it. There may be sumpin' in it somebody wants we should know."

The twins handled the letter casually; they attacked the superscription with glib unconcern.

"Hot-hell Medusa," began one twin, confidently.

He was instantly corrected by the other twin. "Yah—it is not Hot-hell—it's *Ho*tel Medusa, It'ly. Yah!"

"It'ly? It'ly?" mused Mr. Pawket. "Well, I made out the I T, all right. Now I ought to 'a' guessed the rest, It'ly bein' a place I'm familiar with."

The twins were in conference.

"Medusa—you know who she was," remarked the elder twin by four seconds.

"Don't, huh? Snakes for hair—hey? Look at you and you turn into stone—hey?"

"Shut up! She did not!"

"Shut up! She did!"

But the other twin busied himself with the post-mark.

"A. Malfi," he painfully deciphered....

"Say, Gramp', what's a Malfi?"

His brother remained engrossed with the embossed head of Medusa.

"Snakes for hair—turned 'em to stone—cut off her head," he chanted, in blissful retrospect.

Mr. Pawket, reaching across the table, seized this student by the collar. "Now, now, now! Whose head you cuttin' off?"

"Hern," explained this bloodthirsty twin. "She was a bad woman."

"Hey! Hey! Hey!" roared Mr. Pawket, with sudden severity. "None of that talk here! You mind your own business, young man. Don't you give us none of that gab." He turned to Mrs. Pawket: "What did I say about that new young feller that's come to teach school? He ain't here for no good—that's what I said!" Mr. Pawket studied the face on the envelope with a sort of curious horror, concluding, "Ef she's what you say she is, see to it that you don't take no more notice of her capers."

The twins now registered aggrieved expressions; they scratched curly heads with perturbed spoons. "Medusa 's his-t'ry." They roared it in hurt explanation.

After some discussion of the curious anatomical outline of the supposed honey-bee on the seal, Mrs. Pawket finally slit the envelope with a dinner-knife, and the twins, holding the letter between them, gave a dashing, if slightly incorrect, reading.

"Amalfi—It'ly—Hotel Medoosa.

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Pawket,—This letter is from William Folsom, the little orphan boy for whom you did so much. What do you think? This boy who boarded with you summers is coming back to America with his wife, an Italian lady you are both sure to love! On account of unforeseen business necessity, Mrs. Folsom and I are forced to give up our charming . . . vill . . . villain . . . villy . . ."

Here one twin ran down. The other twin looked over his brother's shoulder, breathing thickly.

"Vanilla," he chewingly instructed.

"Vanilla . . . our charming vanilla, and on account of recent dev-dev-devil-elopements we are leaving It'ly at once. You remember the fine old property my father owned, called Cedar Plains? As I remember, it was not far from your farm where I spent

THE TWINS REMARKED, SIMULTANEOUSLY: "WILLUM IS COMIN' HOME"

so many happy summers. It is on Cedar Plains that Mrs. Folsom and I plan to erect our new home, an I . . . talian van . . . vill. . . v . . ."

"Vanilla." This time it was Mr. Pawket who blandly supplied the word.

"I shall count on you as good friends and neighbors and I am anxious to have my wife meet you. We have placed the building of our new home in the hands of an architect friend of mine who is to be on the spot until all is completed. Our beloved household furnishings have already been shipped to America and we are living for the present in this hotel. We shall come home by a somewhat cir-cus-to-us route, not arriving until our new home is ready for us. Won't you two good friends take Mr. Badgely as a boarder, and do give him that stunning old room I used to have?

"With the kindest good wishes to you both,

Your boy,
"William Folsom."

The twins, having completed what had been for them a daring undertaking, now looked about for release from an atmosphere grown suddenly boresome. The elder by four seconds went to the door and, affecting intense maturity, spat out from it. The younger, dipping his head in the water-butt near the leader, took a small comb from his pocket and, using the disturbed water-butt as a mirror, began parting into ideal smoothness his upward-turning locks.

The first twin, seeing his brother's back turned, dug into his pockets and, having brought out with an air of modest pride a fish-line, a morsel of gingerbread, a bit of resin, human tooth, part of a human bone, a kitten's skull, a chewed piece of gum, and an incredibly besmirched Sunday-school card, extracted from these omens a large rusty screw, which he proffered to his grandmother, muttering, "For your Everything Jar." With a sudden shame at having been seen sympathizing with the interests of a woman, this twin then seized his hat and fled whooping down the road to school, followed by his brother, who, holding between his vision and the sun a small bit of crimson glass, exulted in the contemplation of a deep red universe.

Mrs. Pawket, bundling the dinner-dishes into a pan and pouring hot water from the teakettle over them, sighed. Mr. Pawket, having again retired to the Turkey-red-covered chair, watched his wife somewhat dazedly; he was still thinking of the contents of "Willum's" letter.

"Comin' home by a cir-cus-to-us route," he soliloquized . . . "and devil-elopements. I suppose he knows what he's doin', but it all sounds kindy resky to me. Did you get it that A. Malfi was his wife's maiden name? Don't it sound sorter like a actress to you? One of them sassy, tricky furriners, I'll bet. 'N' a vanilla—what call has Willum got to build a vanilla, his age? A mansion, now—I could onderstand how the boy would hanker for a mansion—he always had big feelin's, Willum had—but a vanilla! Say, you ever seen one of them there contraptions?"

Mrs. Pawket, washing the dishes, hung up the soap-shaker and cast her eyes upward as in an effort of memory. She reached for a dish-towel, replying, somewhat evasively, "Where my mother come from they had 'em aplenty; there was one on every street."

Her husband regarded her with deep respect. "Ye don't say?"

Mrs. Pawket squeezed out the dish-mop with a thoughtful air; she cast a hasty, authoritative glance at the range, banging the door shut with a decision that made Mr. Pawket jump as she snapped:

"Just the same, this here ain't no place for a vanilla. A vanilla around these parts would be the same as if you was to wear your Sunday silk hat out a-plowin'. They hain't got good judgment, them two hain't."

The old farmer regarded his wife with serious attention. Lighting his pipe, he lay back in the Turkey-red chair, puffing in silence. At last he laid the pipe down and, laboriously pulling off his boots, hummed an air which had for its sole motif the undynamic suggestion:

"By and by
By and by
By and by. By and by. By and by."

At last the thumping of stocking feet ceased with the drone of the drowsy

voice; a bit of sunlight filtering first through the tulip-trees, then through the little low kitchen window, let it be seen that Mr. Pawket had lapsed into slumber. His wife looked at him with an expressionless face. Wringing her hands out of the dish-water, she carried the pan to the door; with contemptuous words of warning to some chickens near by, she flung the contents on the grass. Going further into the door-yard she dragged up some bleached clothing and stuffed it into a clothes-basket. Choking the range full of coal, wrenching into place a refractory coal-scuttle, she turned the damper in the stove-pipe and set the stove-plates slightly a-tilt. Then she seized the tin wash-basin, and, setting up a small mirror against the window, loosened her hair and dragged her face and head through a severe toilet whose original youthful motive of comeliness has been lost in habitual effort of tidiness. This done, Mrs. Pawket donned a clean white apron and draped around her neck a knitted orange tie which she pinned with a scarlet coral breast-pin.

Having thus dressed for the afternoon and for the feared, desired, but seldom experienced visitation called "company," Mrs. Pawket took from her pocket the screw her grandson had bestowed upon her. Suddenly, with the expression of one who in the interests of art performs dangerous acrobatic feats, she dragged a chair in front of a cupboard. Climbing, with many expressions of insecurity, on this chair, Mrs. Pawket reached a bony hand into the cupboard, groping on the top shelf for an object which her fingers approached tremulously. This object with considerable care Mrs. Pawket brought down to earth and set upon the kitchen table. It was a short, stumpy bowl or jar, upon which curious protuberances of all kinds clustered. The protuberances encircled the jar in something like the way fungus circles a tree bole, in strange and various patterns.

Mrs. Pawket, the light deepening in her eyes, took from her apron pocket the screw; holding it very daintily in one work-worn hand, with the other she dove into further recesses and produced, wrapped in an oily bit of newspaper, a large lump of putty.

Now a solemn ritual began. Breaking off a bit of the putty, Mrs. Pawket welded it on the jar near the other protuberances; while the putty was soft she fixed in it the screw, arranging that implement by a method best calculated to display its screw characteristics. Then Mrs. Pawket's eyes grew darker, a flush came into her wrinkled cheeks; she wrung the moisture from her brow in a sort of agony of creative pleasure. As one who performs an action sacred in its heightened detachment and mechanical efficiency, she rummaged with desperate insistence on another and higher shelf of the cupboard, this time bringing forth a very small vial of gilt varnish and an equally small paint-brush with which to apply it. Mrs. Pawket then observed that her hand was shaking and chid herself severely:

"Look at me! Soon as I see how pritty this here Everything Jar is gettin' to be, I go and get excited. If I'm goosefleshed now, what 'll I be when the Everything is finished?"

But the Everything Jar was a long way from finished and the unsatisfied ache of the creative artist made heavy Mrs. Pawket's breast. She surveyed the ceramic, half-erupt with a medley of buttons, screws, safety-pins, hooks, knobs, all covered with their transforming gilt, and tried to imagine how it would seem to have it completed. Then the ultimate anxiety beset her—when completed, should the Everything be bestowed upon the minister's family or—this a recent and daring inspiration—should it be conferred upon Willum's wife, the mistress of the proposed vanilla? Mrs. Pawket was fairly tortured by uncertainty. She shook the sleeping Mr. Pawket by the shoulder.

"Say, look at the Everything. I just now put on that last screw. Ain't it handsome?"

As he blinked at the fantastic jar gleaming with golden excrescences, a deep sense of beauty thrilled Mr. Pawket.

"Hey, Maw," he chuckled. "That's the best yet. My! ain't it pritty? It beats that lamp-shade ye made out er the tinfoil. Now the question is, who ye goin' to give it to?"

"It's fer the vanilla," returned Mrs. Pawket, calmly.

Mr. Pawket put up his hand and wrung out his ear; he thought he could not have heard aright; such aplomb, such dashing assurance as was his wife's! His gray beard vibrated with curiosity.

"For the vanilla," the artist repeated, firmly. "I take it Willum's wife won't be too proud to accept a notion or two fer her parlor. 'Tain't likely that she, being so long in a furrin country, has had much chance to go through the stores and pick out bric-à-brac. I don't know but what she would be thankful for an ornament or so."

"Ornaments?" Mr. Pawket dwelt reverently upon the word. "Ornaments? I dunno but what you got it right, though I wouldn't never have thought of it myself." He leaned over the table the better to gloat upon the golden jar. "Well," he summed up—"well, wimmen do beat all for mind-readin'. First she sets up housekeepin', it's *ornaments* she's goin' to hanker fer—something fer the center-table most likely; and here you, who she 'ain't never see, stands all ready with an Everything fer her!"

A few days after the excitement produced by Willum's letter the architect arrived. He was a tall, old-young man with the preoccupied air of having reduced all human existence to exact diagrams. He was, however, strangely intoxicated by the quiet and beauty of his country surroundings. On the evening of his arrival he installed himself happily in the spare room of the Pawkets' farm-house, acting, as Mrs. Pawket marveled, as "if he hadn't never lived up in them classy city beehives."

Mr. Badgely, however, seemed to the farmer and his wife unnaturally ecstatic over the ordinary manifestations of the physical universe. He would stand for hours looking off over soft sunrise country; he would hang over the bars by the cow-sheds, staring down the red road or gazing pensively up at the ancient outlines of the Pawkets' homestead. When the old farmer went up to him with knockkneed, rheumatic tread, inquiring, "Well, how goes it?" the architect would reply:

"Oh, heavenly! Such depth! Such substance! Such integrity!"

When Mr. Pawket, fearing such brain lesions as he could not diagnose, saw that these epithets were directed toward his own home in its tulip-tree setting, he would range himself alongside of the architect, eye his residence critically, and expectorate as he avowed:

"It wants roofing. Come vacation I'm goin' ter put the twins to scrapin' them pesky mossback shingles; then I may go with the tide and buy me a fancy tin roof."

Mr. Badgely would sweep him with an unseeing look. He would stretch five very long fingers toward the façade of the farm-house, muttering, "Of course not the dormers; they obtrude, I think, and the note is pseudo-foreign. We should try to evolve something absolutely American, don't you think? But the pilasters, the door paneling, positively Doric in their clean sobriety! The eastern development, now; there may have been reason for the extreme slant toward the east—it orients well, but with a certain shock. . . ."

"Shock? I guess yes," Mr. Pawket would reply. "'Twuz struck by lightnin', tore down considerable." Then Mr. Pawket would remember that Willum had asked him to be all the help he could to the architect, so he would cast his eyes up to the sun as one who dovetails multitudinous engagements, remarking: "What say we go down to Cedar Plains now? Fool around a little. Kindy block the thing all out, as it were."

Once Mr. Pawket had added, "Ef we can't do nothin' else, you can tell me ef you want any of them trees left a-standin'."

The dreaming architect had turned on him like one under sudden electric compulsion; he shook himself into unbelievable alertness.

"The—er—trees? Left standing?"

Mr. Pawket smiled indulgently. He scratched a match on the seat of his overalls and lighted his pipe, answering between puffs: "I guess you'm new to the business, ain't ye? Don't ye know, boy, the fust thing ye do when ye set out to build a house is to lay all the trees low? Some does it with dunnamite; some does it with mules and swearin'—anything to root out the pesky things."

An extraordinary look of terror had swept the architect's face.

"Nervous," noted Mr. Pawket, "ner-

"HOW'S MIS' PAWKET'S EVERYTHING GITTIN' ALONG? SHE'D BETTER HURRY UP AND FINISH IT"

vous! Maw 'll have to feed him up with buttermilk and put drops into his coffee. Them city people is always nagged into nerves." The old man continued in fatherly fashion:

"Now, you wantin' to make all clear for anything as sizable as a vanilla, fust thing we do is to 'scratch off the trees.' I can git you plenty fellers handy with ax and saw, but when it comes to them cussed roots, why, then, you'm goin' to want dunnamite."

The architect bowed his head thoughtfully. As the two took the little bronzed path leading to the natural park-land dark with tapering cedars, he gave a puzzled look at the old farmer. At last he seemed struck by an idea and said, slowly:

"Do you know, Mr. Pawket, we architects are often a little vague; we need so much to—er—confer—and—er—ahem! —consult. Now, really, I should be so interested. Just what are your personal preferences with regard to the construction of an Italian villa?"

Mr. Pawket was for the moment slightly dazed. He surmised that the question placed him somewhat at a disadvantage; yet, somehow, it seemed to him that he knew a good deal about Italian villas. Gathering together certain impressions derived from the conversation of the twins, from a picture seen on a calendar, from the one lurid film of his experience, and from certain opulent descriptions of the building of the Tabernacle, it seemed to him that he knew a little something about occult species of architecture. He not immodestly presented his ideas.

"I take it"—squashing ruminatively through puddles—"I take it that the vanilla idee is kinder intricate, ain't it?—somethin' fancy and grand like a castle? Two or three cupolos, er course, and all run around with stoops and balconies; marble staircases inside." Mr. Pawket added this carelessly as one used to the larger handling of details. "High sideboards set out in silver in the dinin'-room —a reel handsome phonnygraft into the

front room and statoos on the gate-posts."

The architect receiving this preliminary sketch with such silent respect, Mr. Pawket gained courage and resumed:

"Wall-papers I ain't so sure about." The old farmer took out a large clasp-knife and, paring his thumb-nail, continued, somewhat loftily: "I presume that is as the lady of the house commands. Some favors blue, but there's a many as is great hands for red. I see a house once had dead animals, stuffed codfish, and shot ducks all over the wall-paper into the dinin'-room; 'twuz reel tony! As fer the yard—well, I mistrust that Willum, bein' sociable and always interested into the open air, would want circular seats around whatever trees was left standin'. Ye could paint 'em red, white, and blue, ye know. And he'd like a pond, maybe, with a white swan shovin' back and forth."

At last came the day when vans of imported laborers arrived and began quick breaking of ground and laying of foundations on Cedar Plains. Parts of the superb heating system, the installing of which was the architect's special care, numerous white bath-tubs—these things were deposited before the eyes of the excited Mr. Pawket, who, in the absence of the owner of the proposed villa, felt that he must be very vigilant in overseeing. Every day the old man appeared at Cedar Plains, boots spattered, overalls greased and clayey, making his anxious comments to the architect, who received them thoughtfully, with the air of putting all suggestions into immediate execution.

So the building of the "vanilla" proceeded, but it proceeded under the stigma of an outraged countryside. The "show-place" confidently predicted seemed not to evolve; outside of insane expenditures for heating and bathing and the sanitary care of laundry and food, there were few evidences that the villa was to be magnificent. Development after development not only puzzled the neighboring farmers, but incensed them. Men driving by "Willum's vanilla" pointed it out, tongue in cheek, with derisive whip; their women folks, veiled and taciturn, leaned forward in curious wonder to condemn silently. Such complacent agriculturists as owned "ottermobiles" came from miles away to view the thing; they halted their machines by the roadside and went in parties up through the tapering cedars to where stood the slowly rising square white walls, which they stared at with patronizing guffaws. It was the fashion for the youth of Brook Center to spend Sunday afternoons down in Cedar Plains, where among the dark trees they found the rosy trail of arbutus; where strawberries hung in the rank green grass, and where, of autumn days, wandering over the sweet stubble, they confessed to each other those innocent melancholies of beings that have never known sorrow.

On the edge of the plains where the russet path met the highway was an old well. Here the brooding boys and girls were accustomed to bring their loves and quarrels; here they hoisted the bucket from its glittering black depths, poured water on tight bunches of anemone, fern, and Dutchman's breeches, took long, gasping country drinks, and played all the pranks youth plays when relaxed beside its subtle, laughing ally—water. As the Sunday sun went down the boys and girls discussed the strange phenomenon of the new house whose enigmatic walls gleamed through the fields of their once free rovings. They uttered dark hearsay: "Some says them two is crazy; that's why they been chased out er It'ly." The twins, playing stick-knife in the soft turf that edged the road, flatly contradicted this:

"They are not crazy, neither; they'm as common sense as you are."

"Well, ef they ain't crazy, why they goin' to have stone floors? Why they got them big old stone jars that come yesterday? Why ain't they goin' to have no stair carpets? Why ain't they goin' to have no window-curtings?"

"They are, too, crazy, and they gone and built that old vanilla right on where we used to pick checkerberries, and he's goin' to put a outlandish Dago top right on this here well, the kind they have in It'ly where they all wear rags and eat lemon-skins."

"Nobody won't keep me from drink-

in' out of this well when it's got a Dago top."

"Nobody won't never stop me from goin' on Cedar Plains if I've got a mind ter. I got as good a right as they got."

"I'd just as soon heave a rock right now at that there vanilla. I don't care for it. I ain't afraid of no tin-faced I-talian dudes."

At last came a letter announcing the proposed arrival of the villa furniture. The buckboard with the white horse halted again under the tulip-tree and this time Mr. Pawket with unwonted sense of haste intercepted the letter. The Rural, whose Rough Rider hat was now discarded for a black-velvet tam-o'-shanter adorned with a coquettish pink rose, rigidly resigned it to his eager grasp.

Mr. Pawket, for all his preoccupation, was not blind to the pink rose; he quickly got its sense and made the usual deduction.

"When does the weddin' take place?" he asked, facetiously.

The rigidity around the corners of the Rural's mouth did not lessen as she replied with the evasion Brook Center found piquant, "Next day after Never."

Having successfully warded off inquiry as to personal plans, the Rural returned to her rightful prerogatives of newsmonger, demanding:

"How's Mis' Pawket's Everything gittin' along? I got a couple shoe-buttons fer her. She'd better hurry up and finish it; I hear there is four more in town startin' Everything Jars. Seems there's a sort of rivalry of who's goin' to be the first to get a Everything into the vanilla."

A look of calamity shaded Mr. Pawket's face, but he accepted the two shoe-buttons with dignified reserve.

"All she needs now is a harness buckle and a couple peanut-shells," he explained, nonchalantly. "I can get them fer her easy enough; the twins have been helping her some, one with a sinker and the other with a hook and eye. 'Tain't likely any one can git their jar in afore hern. I wouldn't advise nobody to nerve themselves up to it. There's been rumors," added Mr. Pawket, gravely—"there's been rumors as some

MR. PAWKET, AFFECTING A CONNOISSEURSHIP, BENT OVER THE TABLE, EXAMINING IT

one is tryin' to git up a rockery fer the vanilla. Now I wouldn't advise 'em to. The lady will want to tinker with that herself. But if everybody is itchin' to help, why don't they take up a nice collection er white door-knobs to trim up the garden paths?"

The mail maiden smiled a contemptuous smile; her black eyes held like sediment the look of repudiation.

"Ah, door - knobs!" — scornfully. "What's the use of givin' up your curios and souvenirs to folks like that? They don't know how to appreciate it! I got a better use for my door-knobs. They'm peculiar, them two is; they don't know nothin'. You heard that about the bedrooms, I presume?"

Mr. Pawket, a worried look settling on his kind face, peered up at the Rural; he took off his sun-hat and fanned himself with it.

"The bedrooms?" he questioned, falteringly. "D'ye mean that comical cage-like where they goin' to sleep outdoors?"

The Rural smiled scornfully; she adjusted the pink rosebud with a haughty, gauntleted hand.

"I mean the walls," shortly. "Plaster walls. Yes, sir, that's what I mean and I know what I'm talkin' about—rough walls, plaster, like a cellar. I know what I'm talkin' about, for it's my intended has the job; he's 'most crazy about it, my intended is; it's gone all over the Center and every one laughin' and teasin' him about it. . . . She's wrote it herself in a letter with that same honey-bee onto the envelope. 'I want the bedroom walls to be rough plaster,' that's what she's went and wrote, 'of a pale yellow colorin' Mr. Badgely will choose. Please allow him to mix the color' (ain't it awful?) 'and put it on very rough' (she says). 'I want the grain especially coarse and rich' (she says). '*Coarse and rich'!*" The Rural lifted dramatic eyes, inquiring again, "Ain't that *terrible?*"

Mr. Pawket hesitated. An idea of loyalty possessed him; he made a feeble attempt at seeming to support the unknown lady's taste.

"Er course, as I look at vanillas—" he began, weakly.

But the Rural interrupted him with a vicious clip of her lean brown jaws. "Vanillas?" with scornful inflection. "*Vanillas?*" She lashed the white horse into a sprawling stagger as she snapped, "She don't know nothin' about vanillas!" and rattled confidently away, calling back, scornfully: "She don't know nothin'; she 'ain't never had no instruction; she don't reelize that there's such things as wall - papers. 'Coarse and rich,'" sneered the Rural. She peered back over her trim young shoulder, adding: "They say their furniture has come. Everybody is down to the junction, studyin' it. I'm glad it ain't mine."

It was true that the furniture had arrived. Braving the vicissitudes of sea routes; badly shipped by an Italian warehouse, and roughly handled at an American port, still the furniture had arrived. It had been dumped out of its crated cars at the little Brook Center station. To the lover of Flemish and Spanish carving, to the connoisseur of Genoese cabinets and Italian intarsia, to the student of time-fumed designs and forms, the coming of this furniture might well have been an event; for by a freak of destiny, on the little platform of an obscure country junction were assembled the hoardings of centuries of tradition, the adored heirlooms of a long line of ancestry. One huge case, half wrecked, showed the gleam of Florentine brasses; another, crated and roped, revealed faded Genoese brocades; slender broken legs and edges of carved flaps protruded from battered sheathings. To some minds all this might have spelled a certain sort of poetry; to the curious group assembled at the junction it spelled eccentricity and, what was worse, a fixed and immoral shabbiness of existence!

The junction agent pointed out a half-crated table standing by itself; it looked inconceivably old and was of a timber unknown to Brook Center. Its rickety four legs, wrapped separately, tapered off into carvings of opulent nymphs and the wild, laughing faces of dryads and fauns—these legs were observed by the curious groups at the junction to be badly worn and honeycombed with worm-holes.

"For the vanilla," it was whispered from one to another; the junction agent,

hand over mouth, bowed himself backward in mirth. "They say it's all from her home, and this is the dinin'-room table. My! My! My! ain't it awful, all them old, ancient things?"

Mr. Pawket, affecting a connoisseurship unconsciously copied from the architect, bent over the table, examining it; with vague puzzlement he passed his hand over its cut and hacked surface—surface on which hundreds of monks of the time of Clement III had whetted their restless knives.

"I don't onderstand it; I don't onderstand it"—the old farmer feebly shook his head—"unless it 's she ain't used to nothin' better and he's kep' his mouth shut. 'Twould be like Willum to pertend he didn't care; he was always biddable. M' wife could feed him anythin' from pot-cheese to pork; he was always a great hand to keep the peace."

The junction master watched in leering silence the brittle collection of household fittings being lifted into carts. "Well, I guess I'm glad it ain't *me* is goin' to have 'em for neighbors," he observed, feelingly. "They'll fall back on you a good deal, one thing and another; they'm pretty well broken down in pocket—you can see that."

Mr. Pawket in dumb disappointment climbed up into his wagon and stooped to take the reins. For a few moments he chewed violently with his front teeth before he spat desperately into the junction geranium-bed, asserting with dignity:

"Oh, I guess you got no call to worry. 'Tain't as if they didn't have no friends in this country. Willum's sort of son to me, my own boy bein' long dead. Ef the worst comes to the worst I don't know but what I could make a fist to help him out. Whoa, there!" Mr. Pawket, rising in his seat, backed his team truculently. "Ef anythin's needed," he observed, superbly, "I shall see to it myself—'twouldn't take me long to buy him a dining-room table and a few little fixin's so's he could hold up his head in the world."

All the way home Willum's friend pondered the thing. Once when the horses stopped to drink at a wayside trough he slapped his knee fiercely and said: "That's the ticket! Yes, sir, that's the size of it!" At dinner, after the twins had taken their departure, he suggested his plan to his wife; to his immense relief she met the thing in his own spirit.

"A golden-oak dinin'-table, anyway," argued Mr. Pawket. "One or two fancy fixin's so they can hold up their heads in the world."

"And shut people's mouths," agreed his wife. "That hotel-keeper's girl, now, I never see any one more sassy—she with an Everything only half done and sayin' she's goin' to be the first to get one into the vanilla, and yet talkin' something terrible behind them and their furniture's backs."

"How's your Everything?" asked Mr. Pawket, suddenly; a grim determination shot into the eyes under his hairy brows.

For answer his wife rose. Unwrapping some white mosquito-netting, she presented to view a large, bulbous object encircled with protuberances, excrescenced with golden knobbiness—this object, strangely sticky, smelled something like bananas; it was the Everything, completed and unveiled. Mr. and Mrs. Pawket gazed upon it in silent admiration. As they stood lost in contemplation of its conglomerate goldiness, there came the sound of a sprightly whistle and light step, and the architect appeared in the doorway.

Mr. Badgely had by this time become an intimate member of the farm household. The two old people beamed upon him; Mr. Pawket waved him excitedly toward the table, announcing:

"Well, sir, it's finished. Take it or leave it; I don't know as you could find one any handsomer."

Mr. Badgely started theatrically. He was clad in white flannels and a white silk shirt; a golden-brown tie matched the brown of a dreaming fire in his eyes, and there were brown silk socks upon his shapely calf-skinned feet. The Pawkets, even in their absorption, noted that, if not really young, the architect suggested something very like youth. His dapper figure now bent reverently over the kitchen table on whose red-and-white-checkered cloth reposed the gold jar; he drew a long breath.

"The — er — Everything!" he mur-

mured. After a long and careful scrutiny of the golden object, he turned to Mr. Pawket.

"Really—it—it defies description—it is so—er—genuine! I confess I never have seen anything quite like it—anywhere. Mrs. Pawket, I do congratulate you."

"There's a rage for 'em now," explained Mr. Pawket, proudly, "but 'twas she started the first one. She began the hull thing; we was foolish enough to mention ourn to the hotel-keeper's daughter, and now, as fur as I can gather, there's six Everythings started right here in Brook Center."

Mr. Badgely showed deep emotion. "Really, six Everythings? You surprise me. I had no idea the community boasted such—er—creative feeling."

The old farmer looked at the young man, then at his wife. "Tell him what you goin' to do," he commanded. Mrs. Pawket, however, twisted nervously at the end of the white mosquito-netting and said she felt too shy. Mr. Pawket with manly decision relieved her of the burden of explanation.

"Seems she's had it in her mind to finish that there Everything in time to have it on the center-table in the vanilla," he said; "and now she's gone and got me so het up with interest that I got to take a hand, too. Now, fer instance, the furniture—" The old man hitched himself nearer to the architect, saying in sepulchral tones of parental anxiety: "'Tain't fer me to interfere, but I seen the stuff. I been down to the junction and see what they got. Well, say, ain't it pitiful, all that old, ancient furniture?"

Mr. Badgely nodded his head with another sort of concern. "Perfectly rotten carelessness. But I've sent to town for a corking man who handles these things; he's coming out to-morrow with his staff. After all, it's merely a question of understanding period, and American restoration is diabolically clever."

But the old farmer waved the younger man grandly aside. "That 's as may be; that 's as may be," he said, hastily. "Put it in the kitchen or use it in the g'rage—I ain't one to advise waste; but see here, my young man"—he stared impressively into the architect's face—"I knowed Willum's folks. I know what he's used to and what he's got a right to expect. Ef he's lost money, that ain't none of my business, and ef he's married an Eyetalian, that ain't no reflection on *her*. As I take it, they'm all sorter down at heel in It'ly, and it seems they got now so they don't know no better. But I knowed Willum's folks. I know he should hold up his head in his own country."

A faint color stole into Mr. Pawket's gray-bearded face. Mrs. Pawket's eyes were fixed admiringly on her husband. Mr. Badgely bent his head in respectful listening. Mr. Pawket struck an attitude close to the Everything Jar. He was glad that the twins, with their habit of shrewd analysis, were not there as he said:

"I ain't rich—but," with a significant cough, "I ain't no one to stand by and see the hull Center pokin' the finger er shame at Willum and his furniture. The vanilla . . . well, what's done is done, and it can't be helped: seems it's what they set their hearts on and some folks like to be strange-appearin', but the furniture—well, it don't suit, that's all! Willum's the kind should have what's all the go—plush and satin and chenille-like." The old farmer looked at the architect meaningly; he felt himself suddenly a man of the world; he stood almost straight in his wrinkled boots, looking around the little kitchen fiercely and roaring: "Golden oak or bird's-eye maple! I got catalogues. Spare no expense. Get him what he needs. I'll back you!"

It was a moment full of significance. The architect, a man of many subtle perceptions, was quite aware of it. He himself had been worried over the general attitude of the country community toward the villa, which, he could see, had deeply disappointed and mortified anticipation. Rumors had reached him that the neighborhood not only repudiated the new building on the grounds of general distaste, but that a movement of ostracism had begun by which the intents and purposes of the occupants of the villa were to be balked and frustrated. Brook Center, so Mr. Badgely had divined, was keen for patronizing the newly arrived Italian lady

"WELL, SIR, I DON'T KNOW AS YOU COULD FIND ONE ANY HANDSOMER"

with gifts of decorated umbrella-stands, lamp-shades, and door-mats; but, on the other hand, it had severely decided not to be patronized by the expected householders. Supplies of milk and cream could not be promised; fresh eggs, it appeared, were needed for home consumption; pranks were planned by the young people to further humiliate the supposedly downtrodden and financially embarrassed Willum. There had even been talk of filling up the well—now topped by a graceful Italian canopy—with mud and stones; and one enterprising spirit had already chalked upon the bucket, "We don't want no Dagos to Brook Center." In short, it had begun to seem to the architect that the immediate atmosphere was unpropitious for a serene home-coming. Now, as he faced the eager old farmer, something like a solution dawned on him.

"Er — expense" — the architect repeated Mr. Pawket's word—"er—do I understand, sir, that besides that very rare and (ahem!) imposing specimen of Mrs. Pawket's handiwork—this Everything Jar—do I understand you to mean that you are so good as to wish to assist in the—er—interior furnishings?"

The old farmer eyed him with delight.

"That's the ticket," he roared. "You got it right; you're the man for my money." He struck an attitude of almost intoxicated satisfaction, roaring again: "Golden oak, that's what; none too good for such as him. Get him what he's used to. *Him* with that old, ancient furniture!" Mr. Pawket pressed a roll of extremely faded one-dollar bills into the architect's hand, repeating: "A golden-oak set fer the dinin'-room. I know where they have it slick and shinin'. Take yer catalogue and make yer pick. Cost! By the great gander! what do I care fer cost?" A fervor like that of a whirling dervish seized the old farmer. "Golden oak!" he roared. "Red-plush parlor suite." His gaze, falling upon the Everything, became radiant. He hitched his suspenders with broad effects of swagger, repeating once

more, "It's what he's used to and the best ain't too good for how he was brought up."

At last arrived the morning of the day when the owners of the villa were expected, and it found the architect in a curious mixture of dread, amusement, doubt, and eagerness. The villa, its tiled roof melting softly through the filed tapers of dark cedars, was, he knew, what it should be. He walked about the winding drives, his eyes dwelling upon clumps of imported cypress and rare fruit-trees, his approving glance sweeping over vistas landscaped by his own art, which clever art had set stone benches in lovely little dells or by pools where a mossy nymph, sprayed the surrounding ferns.

Everything was as it should be. The walls of the white villa would soon be softened by young vines newly sprouting; the terraces had stretches of arcades and flowers; large terra-cotta pots filled with acacias and oleanders massed well against the white of the steps and the blue of the country sky. The whole scene was almost Italian—sunny, graceful, restful. The architect smiled happily and knew himself justified of his undertaking.

But within—within, where most he had dreamed mellowness—where most he had desired the sense of ripe and harmonious surroundings? Oh, the thing was too horrible, too outrageous! Could they possibly understand? Could William Folsom and this Italian wife of his ever be made to see how unavoidable, inevitable it had all been? Badgely, anxiously gnawing his lower lip, shook his head. "I'm a fool," he muttered; "and yet I vow I know of no other way. Talk about vendettas! they are queer here, really queer—if one were sufficiently to antagonize them! . . ."

The architect directed his steps to the big stucco garage, still a little raw-looking with its green shutters and tiles; there he encountered the head of the workmen who were engaged in restoring the much-suffering villa furniture. The alert, gray-clad man met him at the door and shook his head deprecatingly.

"Don't ask me about those heavenly things!" He waved despairing hands. "They are too lovely. I've been quoting Tasso to that little signorina of a writing-desk. But, dear man, we can't possibly install any of it for at least a month. These things are exquisite, priceless, but so antique they've got to be mothered like babies. The chests are about the only things in condition, and they've lost their hinges and I've got to have the lovely brasses copied."

Stepping into the smartly cushioned car, Mr. Badgely sat himself down. He gave the order dreamily. With a perturbed yet dauntless expression he lay back on the soft cushions, gazing up to the whirling green of the trees as the car flew along the country road.

"It all depends on her—it really all depends upon her. If she's the real thing she'll understand and play the game; if she isn't—" He shook his head, put one long leg over the other, and groaned.

When, however, the train stopped at the Brook Center Junction and William Folsom, laughing, waved his hat, Mr. Badgely drew a long breath of relief, for at Folsom's side stood a tall, graceful cosmopolite, a being dark-eyed, daring, with the keen, lovable face of the aristocrat of the spirit—in short, a perfection of feminine understanding in very assured tailoring.

"She'll do," the architect told himself. His greetings were suave and deliberate, but of necessity, almost before the car sprang away from the junction, he began to explain that which was heavily on his mind. William Folsom leaned back in the car, his shining eyes dwelt upon old landmarks; he chuckled as he listened.

"You see, dear lady, your welcome is to be of the people—the *forestiere*—I wonder if I can make you understand in so short a time as we have? The entire countryside is at the villa now; they all told me they were coming to greet you—so"—he shot a look at Folsom—"I invited them."

The owner of the vanilla gave a mild war-whoop. "Oh, I say, this is enchanting! Badgely, old chap, I can picture your sufferings." Then, with a droll look at his wife: "She understands, bless her! She isn't the idol of her own town for nothing!" Folsom turned and

sketched the architect's perturbation to his wife.

"Have the goodness to mention the—er—Everything," insisted Mr. Badgely, grimly. "Have you ever seen one? No? Well, then, you needn't be so funny." He added, desperately: "They are there now arranging the—er—golden oak and the (ahem!) the red-plush suite." He shuddered, reiterating: "Really, Billy, the thing was *necessary*. I didn't dare refuse. You've no idea how these people are antagonized by an Italian villa. It seems sort of shameful to them. They foam at the mouth. Why, unless I had been tactful you'd have had vendetta and Mafia and everything else wished on you."

Mrs. Folsom tried to comprehend. "The poor Littles!" She had a marvelous voice full of bird-like stirrings. Then she looked thoughtfully at the architect. "But we will say to them 'Forget it,' adding, with a little pride, "I am learning William's slangs."

"Dear old gump, you forget that I was brought up in this very neighborhood." Folsom soothed the despairing architect, but he laughed immoderately. "His precious artistic sensibilities are having perfect duck fits," he shouted. "He's as mad as a wet hen."

But Mrs. Folsom leaned back, taking fresh breaths of air. "This is a green country," she announced, "and you have a little brown brook that winds, and great trees like cathedrals. Do you think that with all this around me I shall be staying to the *salon* remarking continuously upon the Jar of Everythings?"

Both men laughed and the architect kissed her hand.

When the car swept around the white shell drive and halted by the lower terrace, Folsom, with a whoop like a boy, sprang out; he ran joyfully forward, for there stood the old couple whose faces, to his home-coming sense, seemed like those of parents. Mr. Pawket trembled slightly; he stood, high-collared and coattailed, upon the glittering steps. Mrs. Pawket, in black silk, clove to his arm. The twins, in the heated wretchedness of Sunday clothes, stepped forward, and in the interests of sentiment stuck forth two wads of tightly bound pink roses. The Rural, blushing in a costume of very bright blue, wearing elbow mitts, and carrying a pink feather fan, introduced a sweet-smelling young man as "my intended."

Among the small groups of peering and excited neighbors was Mr. Fripp, the junction agent.

"Seems there's a good deal of excitement in the air. We 'ain't all been out like this sence the mad dog was shot down to Galloway's." When this gentleman was presented to Mrs. Folsom he drew himself up, looked at her suspiciously, and said, "Pleased to meet you." He cast the eye of a worldling over her quiet traveling costume and retired to nudge the Rural and remark:

"Well, I see the furniture money 'ain't been spent on *her* back."

The lady of the vanilla looked about her with pure happiness. She met all introductions radiantly, sniffing rapturously at the twins' roses, lifting first one, then the other stodgy bunch.

"But you are all so kind!" The clear voice rippling with novelty and excitement gave a sense of thrill to the occasion. The mistress of the vanilla held Mrs. Pawket's perspiring hand.

"To know this lady—like the mother of Weeliam—and Mr. Pawket, my first American of the famous farmer trrribes!"

The stranger's insecurity of English had its immediate triumph. The countryside had expected that she would chatter Italian like a predatory organ-grinder, but around this picturesque *naïveté* they clustered as they would around a lost child. Jessica Folsom met the architect's eyes triumphantly, but he edged to her side and bent to whiff the roses, muttering, "The worst is yet to come."

However, the slender figure of Mrs. Folsom drifted from one to the other of her welcomers, unembarrassed, friendly, appealing. She put them immediately at their ease as she announced:

"We shall all at once have tea. On the terrace—my little *festa!* I, who find the home of my fathers in your new green country." A lovely color coming into her dark face, she burst into undulating Italian. "The first Dago she's spoke sence she's got here," commented Mr. Fripp, in an undertone. Once more he

"ALL I CAN SAY IS WE'VE GONE AND DID AS WE'D BE DONE BY"

creaked up to the mistress of the villa, saying, loudly:

"Too bad about the furniture!"

The new-comer turned upon the junction agent liquid, long-lashed eyes. "Ah, the *garnitures* of Bella Fortuna, they have been—how do you say it, Weeliam? —dislocated, smashed in traveling the great waves." She appealed anxiously to the junction agent. "I fear they are in great distress of breaking, but"—a light came into the appealing dark eyes—"but in your so practical country shall we not find the new?"

Mrs. Pawket, hearing this, suddenly nudged her husband, and Mr. Pawket realized that his moment had come. He took one or two ponderous steps forward, wiping his brow, clearing his throat. In his buzzing brain he sensed a great occasion, like a wedding or a funeral. He got a glimpse of Mrs. Pawket nodding her head urgently and mouthing his words after him as he roared:

"That's as may be; that's as may be." Again Mr. Pawket cleared his throat. He felt, as he afterward expressed it, "like he was grindin' a corn-hopper with nothing into it." Suddenly his gaze fell upon Willum, his boy, now a glad-looking man with a tender light in his eyes and his arm around his dark-eyed wife. This, Mr. Pawket felt, was as it should be. It gave him sudden eloquence.

"I dunno," he said, and he bent a severe eye upon the Rural, Mr. Fripp, and the hotel-keeper's daughter—"I dunno but what we was gettin' a little sour-hearted, here in Brook Center. There has been some spites and a good many mean doin's and sayin's—namin' no names. What we didn't have was big feelin's. Everybody was nesty and nifty, and we all thought we know'd it all; but it seems that yet for all we didn't know much about vanillas nor that they could turn out so purty as this here vanilla has gone and turned."

William Folsom poked the architect in the ribs. "Hear! Hear!" he murmured, in a subdued voice.

Mr. Pawket mildly waited for these asides to conclude before he resumed: "Howsomever, it seems that one dear to us"—he fixed his eyes on Willum, but in spite of him his gaze wandered off to Willum's lady—"one dear to us has got back from foreign lands and built a vanilla." The old farmer turned to Mrs.

Folsom with a burst of eloquence. "Sence that has happened, by gum! our whole lives is changed and we know more about It'ly than I ever thought we should; and so with regards to this here new vanilla house and a few little presents and one thing and another, why, all I can say is, Mrs. Folsom, we've gone and did as we'd be done by."

There was something very like a cheer at the conclusion of these remarks. Meanwhile, at a sign from the architect, the great carved doors of the villa swung open and the little group pressed in.

They stepped into the cool, dim court with its paved floors and delicately woven stairways. Mrs. Folsom clasped her hands with pleasure over a wide window-seat which gave on a western slope where the gold sun was speared by the tall black trees. But Folsom, to whom the architect gave a nervous cue, hurried to the *sala da mangiare*, and thrust back its sumptuous Genoese curtains.

There under the iron candelabra of the Medicis stood a shining table of varnished splendor; on it, as if hoping to deaden its aggressive luster, was a marvelous strip of Paduan lace, while around its stodgy newness were six smug chairs of a very palpable "golden oak." Folsom threw up his hands in apparent joy and astonishment.

"Great Harry!" The young man's voice was extraordinarily exalted. He bent over and touched the varnished surfaces with a reverent hand. "A perfectly new dining-table—a present—a complete set of absolutely unused chairs! Oh, I say! This won't do—it's preposterous! Somebody has been getting gay." The young man first looked suspiciously at the architect, then turned and with severe eyes surveyed Farmer Pawket's shamefaced elation.

"So it's you, sir," he said. "Now look here!" Folsom strode up and put his firm hand on the old man's chest. "Brace up and tell what you know about this. Look me in the eye and tell me you didn't do it. No, you can't hide behind Mother Pawket." Folsom's grave glance reduced Mrs. Pawket to a helpless flutter. "She's probably put you up to it; she's a designing woman." Folsom went eagerly over to the dark-eyed Italian lady. "Jessica dearest, look at all this. Golden oak. *Store furniture*, by Jove! Mr. Pawket's gift to you and me."

The lady of the vanilla did not betray Mr. Badgely's hope of her. Widening her lovely eyes at the rich solidities before her, she slipped to the old man's side and seized his hands. A strange sense of fog enveloped Mr. Pawket; he stole a scared glance sidewise at the Rural. "It was all for me," the vibrant voice insisted. "This Weeliam he is *favorito*—he thinks the whole world is for his gift; but kind Signor Pawket thinks only of me; he knew"—with exquisite slow arrangement of accents—"how interested and happy I should be to at once understand the practical American ways—and he knew, with such understanding, how I must save and guard the poor destructed—what you call them?—*foornitures*, of my own people."

"Now, now, now!" protested Mr. Pawket, feebly.

Mr. Fripp, however, nodded to the Rural. "Well, it seems she knowed all the while that that there furniture warn't no good."

At last, at the architect's somewhat desperate solicitation, they all turned their steps to the *salon*. Mr. Badgely, making pathetic dumb-show, dragged William Folsom to the rear.

"Nerve yourself," he whispered, "nerve yourself. I'm afraid it's going to be worse than I feared. It seems that there were actually six of them—only one is not quite finished. The competition was very tense—and they all arrived in my absence. Old man, hold me! I'm about all in!"

Mr. Folsom, with appropriate concern, put his arm about his friend. Together they braced to meet any shock. When at last they lifted their eyes it was to stand locked in awe and admiration. Over the shoulders of the group in front of them they could see into the *salon*. It was furnished with a sofa and six chairs upholstered in scarlet plush. There was also a center-table on which was spread a red plush cover. On this table, each with a card tied with a ribbon bow and bearing the name of its maker, stood ranged in solid splendor six golden "Everythings."

An Old Venetian Friend

BY W. D. HOWELLS

WE met first in the office of my predecessor who was holding my place and enjoying my pay, for no fault of his, during the pleasure of the Austrian government while I waited three months for its permission to act as American consul at Venice. I was probably myself to blame for the delay by having reported myself as a journalist to the Austrian police, who then held Venice in a paternal embrace and may have had their misgivings as to what I might be going to write, or might already have written about the political situation in the last years of the Austrian domination in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, when the patriotic feeling of the Italians was at the hottest; but in any case I had to wait.

In those days of the Demonstration, as the Venetians called their passive resistance, you knew men's opinions by the cut of their beards, and I might have inferred from a mustache worn with neither whiskers nor imperial that the gentleman whom the acting consul introduced in English was of a temperamental abeyance in his thinking, no doubt for good reasons. At the same time I perceived that he was not English when he said he was glad of my acquaintance, but I was very content to have him Italian, and we began somehow to be friends at once. We presently began to be companions, to be almost comrades, though he was then about fifty-six and I was still twenty-four years of age. His mustache was quite gray, and his gray hair was thinning toward baldness; his eyes were blue and kind, and his friendly face was of a comely fullness and a ripe bloom; when we stood up to shake hands we were of that equal height which short men like other men to be of. It is now many years since I saw him last and many more since I then saw him first, but if I should be so happy as to meet him in some other life, I should know as far as I could see him that it was Pastorelli.

That was not really his name, but I call him so because I propose to be very frank with some details of our friendship, and I think his memory has a right to the privacy of a pseudonym. The traits which endeared him to me were not his alone, but were the traits of the whole lovable Latin race, which, in spite of literary tradition, I found kind and simple if not always sincere. We began going about together at once, and I did not mind his largely seeking my company because I knew that he wished to practise his English with me. It was already very fair English, for he had lived several years in England, mostly at Liverpool, which he pronounced Liver-*pull*, with a fine trill of the middle *r* and a strong stress of the last syllable. I do not know why he had chosen Liverpool for his English sojourn, but I think he valued it largely because he had got there a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, which, if he did not find one of the finest books in our language, he owned that he liked to read better than any other. In fact, I think myself that it is very good reading, though I should not put it above Shakespeare or the Bible. I read Shakespeare more than the Bible, but it was apparently from an interest in my peculiarities as a Protestant that he said one day, "You read the Bible?" and I was forced to own how little, and he did not follow up the question. Possibly he meant to follow it up with others in satisfaction of a scruple against his intimacy with a heretic, for Pastorelli was not only of a tempered patriotism, but was a better Catholic than some younger friends of mine, though these were good enough Catholics, too, in strenuously denying anything like Protestantism.

He was not a Venetian of Venice, but of the province, and his "country" as he

translated his *patria* and pronounced *cauntree*, was a small city not far from Padua. He had continued there in the profession of an apothecary until he saved enough to retire upon and now he had come to pass his winters in Venice, though he always went back to his town for the summer. Just what degree of civil condition he was of I could not say, but apparently he was as much in good society as he wished; and he was always promising to have me go with him to the Countess N——'s, whose house he mostly frequented. I never actually went, and I have preferred to believe this was because my Italian was never facile enough to justify him in presenting me there, with the hope of my enjoyment. If this was the case, I do not blame him, for at some Italian houses which I was free of I found myself as uncomfortable as I must have made others.

I have often wondered since what the Countess N—— was like, whether young and gay, or austerely illustrious, putting her guests to a proof of their merit in rank or riches by her own quality of *grande dame;* but I am afraid I shall never know. I believe my friend's origin was middle class, but his savings were handsome enough to justify his admission to the house of a countess, though this would not have been so difficult in Venice as we might suppose. If this is largely conjectural, I knew that long before Pastorelli had bought a title from the Pope; for he told me his reception at the Vatican had cost him sixty scudi to the different servants who came to remind him of their services, and he gave me the impression that he thought his title not worth the money it had cost.

What I still like most in his memory is that it is sweet with a modest good sense, and that however quaint he was he was never absurd; if he was canny he never was stingy, as I had duly reason to know. My acquaintance with him advanced rapidly to a friendship, which seemed to pass entirely to me from my predecessor. He was, in fact, merely one of the consul's pupils, for by the terms of his office our generous government allowed the consul to trade, and he justly construed this leave as permission to teach English. He had $750 a year, but I, when I came into his place at last, had $1,500, with office rent, and the consular regulations forbade me to trade; so that if I had wished to keep his pupils I could not have done so. I ought to be ashamed to own that in those proud days of my youth I was ashamed of his teaching one of the waiters at the Caffè Florian: a gentle creature, intelligent and self-respectful, who, though he took my tip for the cup he brought me, accepted the two soldi amounting to one cent with a smile of meek dignity lingering with me yet. Now I hope I should not be ashamed of teaching him myself, though I am not sure; I am still very proud; and even before I got my *exequatur*, or permission to act from the Austrian government, I had decided to remove our national eagle to a worthier perch than the casement of a simple, though decent, lodging in the Frezzeria, and I had the advice and guidance of my Pastorelli in the search for an apartment. His good-will was greater than his taste in the matter, and he led me to many places which I was obliged to reject — some, for instance, because I must have passed through the kitchen or the bedroom to reach the parlor, which I meant for my office, and some because they were otherwise below the consular dignity. Such as these I pronounced too shabby, and Pastorelli caught at the word so that presently, whatever the fact might be, he stared about the rooms and then turned to me with a flare of his inquiring eyes and the suggestion: "Too shobby! Hah, too shobby!"

In the end, when I was really, as well as officially, consul, I did not choose as wisely or as fitly as I could now wish; but before this I had proof that my friend was ready to serve me in a way where he was better fitted than in helping me house my eagle. I had received my *exequatur*, but was one day counting up my resources and wondering whether they would last till I could draw my first quarter's salary, when Pastorelli mastered the situation from his imperfect English and then shouted with a sort of generous indignation, "I will give you all the money you want!"

He meant that he would lend me the

money, but he would not let me explain the difference. "Listen!" he hurried on to say. "Tell me how much, and I will go to the Countess N——'s and get it out of my strong-box," and I cannot say now whether I was more touched by his generosity or charmed by the literary quality of the fact that he was keeping his money at the house of his friend in the fashion dear and sacred to how many tales of Latin life. I liked the fact all the better because there was a tang of miserly suspicion in it, far from him personally, but proper to a race and age when the capitalist would not trust his savings to a bank, even after there were banks to trust them to. I perceived that the usage must still have been commoner than I had imagined, and the fact was the more precious to me because it was more a national than a personal effect with him. I would have liked to ask him all about it, and make him feel my pleasure in it; but of course that was not feasible, and I only tried to disclaim any stress of anxiety in owning that I would like to borrow fifty florins. He said nothing, as if he had not quite understood, but he did not let the day pass without coming to me again. Then, holding and withholding something in his left hand and waving his right forefinger before his face for the Italian emphasis of negation, he said, as before: "Listen! Between friends there is no interest," and he may have studied an English correctness in his phrasing. "Here are twelve Austrian sovereigns, which I have taken out of my strong-box at the Countess N——'s. When you wish to return the money do not bring it in florins, but go to a money-changer's and buy twelve Austrian sovereigns and pay it back to me in them."

Then he opened his left hand and put the coins, very yellow and thin and broad, one after another, into my palm, which they entirely covered. I was richly aware that they were such broad-pieces as abounded in old ballads, and they were almost as thin as leaves, like the coinage of fairy gold. I asked what they were, and he explained that they were an issue of money that had not been in circulation for a hundred years. He preferred to keep his savings in them, and said that I could always get them at a money-changer's; there was no hurry; keep them as long as I liked.

I was able to return them sooner than I expected, but it might well have been later, for in those days American consuls at Venice had difficulties in cashing their drafts, which were not owing to doubt of our national solvency, but to a disability which a former consul (long before my immediate predecessor in the rapid succession of former consuls) had put us under. He had overdrawn his account at his banker's and had left town without making the banker good, and the banker had then obliged all American consuls to wait till the money came from London before cashing their drafts on our government. I submitted helplessly to conditions which I felt an indignity till I happened to mention them one day to a banker of the good Hebrew brotherhood of Blumenthals, who said that I must not stand that; their house would cash my drafts at sight; and after this I went to them, not without some regret at parting with the Brothers Schielin, whom I could not, after all, blame so much.

But this was when I had long repaid the loan, though never the kindness, of my friend in Austrian sovereigns, which it is pleasant to remember I bought of a money-changer on the Rialto bridge. Pastorelli was staying on into the summer at Venice later than his wont was, I believe, and we saw each other well-nigh every day, especially at the cafés which we frequented together. These were not the glittering cafés under the arcades of the Piazza San Marco, but those which every *campo* possessed one of as unfailingly as a church and a pharmacy—a very staid and self-respectful café with a modest spread of chairs and tables in front of it, and an aging Youth (they called the waiter *Youth*, or *Giovinotto*, in Venice) who brought us a basket of cakes after pouring our little cups of black coffee. We always somehow chose the sponge-cake drops which the Venetians call lady-mouths and we lady-fingers, to dip into our coffee, and to this day I always taste that gentle past in their flavor, with the relish of our friendship. I think we did not talk much, but our talk was always in English, though I ought now to have been

qualifying myself as rapidly as possibly for an evening at the Countess N——'s, if indeed it was my want of Italian which disqualified me.

It was well that Pastorelli was staying on in town, for with the summer heat I fell into a low fever of some sort, as he discovered one day when he came to see me at my rooms, perhaps because he missed me at our cafés. I suggested a doctor, but he said, "If a doctor finds out you are a consul he will keep you in bed six months," and from his skill as a pharmacist in the past he prescribed for me himself and brought me the medicine at once from the apothecary in the *campo* where I lived. It must have been a nauseous draught, but when I took it without too much wincing he stooped over and kissed me on the forehead in reward of my courage. I duly recovered and still live to tell the tale, in spite of the mosquitoes which swarmed upon me so at night that I had to wear a hood of netting over my head and gloves on my hands to save myself from them. I could indeed have drugged them by burning the pastilles used in Venice, but then I must have shared their partial suffocation.

It was a peculiarity of my friend's study of English that the only English books which he seemed to have read besides Webster's Unabridged Dictionary were some little tales and sketches which an Italian had written in our language with the daring opportunity peculiar to the Latin races. One of these stories was an Eastern romance where the heroine was always spoken of as "a beautiful she-slave"; but I had not the heart to note the grotesquery to Pastorelli, who for all colloquial uses had such a good vocabulary. Our talk was mostly personal, and we had perhaps pretty well worn out our wonted topics when he went away early in September for the *villeggiatura* at his *cauntree*. By the time he came back to Venice I had been married, and though my American wife welcomed him with the hospitable intelligence inspired by my talk of him in my letters to her, we could not fall into our old familiarity. The strangeness may have been heightened by his finding me no longer in my rooms in the *campo* where we had last met, for I had now taken an apartment on the Grand Canal; but he soon came again, bringing his son, a nice boy, in his last school years, with him, and then he came with the Italian regularity to call upon us. Long after our mutual strangeness passed he wished us to come and visit him in his town where he was going to pass the summer. Our visit seemed to be an ideal which he had formed from his acquaintance with English life, and we imagined how at every point he tried to make it like a visit at an English country-house. He lived in a pretty villa among orchards and gardens on, or as nearly on, the terms of an English country gentleman as he could, and the points of his failure, as we recognized them from our knowledge of English fiction rather than English fact, were sweeter to us than an unbroken success could have been. A maiden sister lived with him as his housekeeper, and was probably charged with the fulfilment of his ideal; but the very first morning after our arrival, when he came to our room, he found that she had not sent up our breakfast. He seized a very sharp-voiced little hand-bell which he had provided for our convenience, and rang it fiercely, and then, still ringing it, he ran to the door and called out, "Anita! Anita!" The kind soul came flying with the boiled eggs he had ordered for us; but whether it was he or she who had imagined bringing them chilled icy cold we never knew. In other points the table was a Venetian version of the English fare which he imperfectly remembered, and we famished on the feast provided for us. We plotted how we might go for a walk and buy a few cakes at a shop, but it was part of Pastorelli's hospitality never to leave us unaccompanied. At our last midday dinner the chief dish was a stew of calves' brains which the Venetians are fond of, but we dissembled our loathing as we best could, building hopefully upon whatever dessert should follow. This came, a deep platter of beautiful strawberries, and we had all but hailed it with applause when our kind host caught up a carafe of the inky wine of Conegliano, which the Venetians drink, or then drank, and drenched the fruit with it. Then indeed we despaired, but when we escaped the same afternoon with our

lives, we ordered such a supper at the Caffè Pedrocchi in Padua as had never been ordered for two persons before.

This seems very ungracious in the telling, but I could not give a just impression of how far Pastorelli's hospitality came short of his English ideal without it. There was nothing wanting to his kind intention and every moment of our stay was graced by some touch of it. Even his afternoon nap was not taken without the just defense which he made of his habit: "If I sleep, I sleep to myself; if I do not sleep, to whom do I not sleep?"

It was evident in several ways that he was one of the chief men of his town. He was, in fact, the *podestà* or mayor of the place, and though he was of a temporizing patriotism it was clear that in spite of a beard cut to a mustache alone he was no *Austriacante* in any unworthy sense. Once in our walks he stopped abruptly and ran shouting violently toward a house with closed shutters, something we did not understand till he explained that if the householder kept his dwelling shut in that way, as if it were unoccupied, he was tacitly inviting the Austrian military to billet upon him as many troops as it would hold. He did not desist from his outcry till a frightened-looking woman came to a window, and after a moment ran about within, opening the whole house to the day. Then he walked off with us on his errand of showing what he called his Possessions, in lordlier terms than he might have used for his property if he had had his Unabridged Dictionary by him. They were several thrifty farms with good cottages on them, and he let me stop and talk with the tenants who seemed on friendly terms with him. Neither he nor they seemed to expect I should find it strange when, on being questioned about their living, one of them should say that he had meat at Christmas, but no other time in the year. In fact, I am not sure that I found it strange myself; it was long yet before I rebelled against the economical terms of this unjust world as cruelly provisional, to call them no worse. My friend was the owner of these broad acres and those broad-pieces in his strong-box at the Countess N——'s because he had started in life with advantages which these peasants had not enjoyed, and I might then have ascribed the difference to their demerit if I had come to think of it.

Pastorelli no longer visited us so often in Venice partly because he was there less and less. He was habituated to seeing us at Casa Falier, and it was after longer intervals that he called at the Palazzo Giustiniani when we crossed the Grand Canal to another apartment. When we crossed the Atlantic there was an interval of many years, well-nigh twenty of them, in which at first we exchanged letters and so kept the forms of our friendship for a while, and then, through my fault rather than his, let them lapse and we heard no more from each other than if we were both dead. Then once again I was in Venice, and when I asked about Pastorelli, no one could tell me of him, and I accepted a tacit theory of my own that he was no longer living. He must have been already in his sixties when we parted, and now he would at least be eighty, if he had, very improbably, still survived to that age. Now I am myself eighty, but then I was fifty-six, and I did not see how Pastorelli could have lived so long. I let the days go, and kept the thought of him down, as I recognize, with a consciousness more and more guilty. "Yes," I decided, "he must be eighty; he must be dead," and I felt very sorry; but, as I asked myself, "What could I do?" I am making this confession, which I find painful, because I would not have the reader think too well of me; I cannot think at all well of myself in the retrospect, and yet I believe there is something to be said for me because, suddenly, I could bear no longer this Tito Melema-like behavior of mine, and wrote to Pastorelli at his *cauntree*. I said that we were to be in Venice only a few days more, passing smoothly over the fact that we had already been there several weeks; I begged him to come to see us that my family might all see him; and I got back an answer in his dear old, familiar angular hand as quickly as the mail could bring it. "I have taken a bad cold," he began in English, and then he went on to say in Italian that he was old, and could not conveniently leave home, but I was young, and a great traveler, and I

could easily come with my family to see him. In my shame and despair I could only write to him again and protest the impossibility of going to him; we were leaving Venice in a few days, and I entreated him to come at least to Padua where we could have half an hour together in the wait which my train would make there. I explained and excused and defended myself for not having written to him sooner, as I have been wishing to do now; but I got no answer to my letter, and at Padua I could only waste the little long half-hour in the vain hope that somehow before the train started the vision of Pastorelli would yet appear to me; and if it had been his phantasm, the ghost I had imagined him, I should have been abjectly grateful, though it had come only to reproach me, and then abandon me to my remorse.

My punishment was not to be more than I could bear. The next morning one of the children was not well enough to let us continue our journey, and with a wild rapture, a sense of the divine mercy which I could not exaggerate, I took the first train back to Padua, and at Padua I took the swiftest *timonella* (which was the likeness of an American buggy) I could find, and drove away through the sweet-smelling hay-fields to the *cauntree* of my dear old friend. Perhaps the reader may think I am overdoing all this, and that after twenty years I might not have felt myself guilty of such an enormity in having tried to ignore the debt of love I owed him, as if it were something like a money debt that might be outlawed. But I do not think so, and I cling to the sense of my meanness with the humiliation that seems a sort of atonement. When the driver, who was also the owner, of my *timonella* found his way to my friend's home and drove rattling over the cobblestones into the court, I looked up, and there in the gallery was the son whom I remembered a comely boy and now saw a handsome young gentleman looking down and "Oh, Signor Howells!" he shouted, and called to his father somewhere indoors that I was there, and came running to help me dismount. By that time Pastorelli himself had come to welcome me and my unheeded explanations. It seemed enough for him that I was there, expectedly or unexpectedly, but he did not embrace me, as if that would not have been in keeping with the ideal of a retired English gentleman which he was otherwise imperfectly realizing in his deep-brimmed straw hat and summer linen suit. He did not look so very much older than when I saw him last, though he was grayer, and he had visibly to work back into the past before he could get on the old terms with me. We walked out into his garden, and paced its parallelogram, while he made me observe his beautiful house, which was not the villa I remembered, but visibly, if not confessedly, the finest house in his town; he must have gone deep into the strong-box which he used to keep at the Countess N——'s to buy it: fifty thousand francs, he said. He asked me all about myself, and said that I must be very rich to be traveling over Europe with my family as I was doing. He asked me if I had breakfasted, and I said, "Yes, at Pedrocchi's in Padua"; but from time to time he recurred to the question, always breaking from his Italian with the entreaty in English of "Hah! Have a beefsteak, have a beefsteak!" He led me up into his library, and there he took down a map, and had me show him just how I had come from America, in the voyage which I had first made through one of our great lakes and down one of our great rivers from Toronto to the Straits of Belle Isle, and so across the sea to Liver*pull*, as he still called it. He preferred to speak Italian, but from time to time, when he forgot that I had breakfasted, he recurred hospitably to "Hah! Have a beefsteak, have a beefsteak!" Again he recurred to the fact that I was now living by authorship, and mainly by writing romances, as he called them, but since I still denied myself the beefsteak, which I do not think he could have given me, he had up bottles of every kind of wine which he made from the grapes on his Possessions, and then, when we had talked out, he called in his son, who came with his gentle young wife, and made them listen to his proud version of my wondrous tale. He showed them how I had sailed from fifteen hundred miles inland before I reached the sea, and told

them that I gained forty thousand francs a year by writing romances. He had me tell them about my family, and then presently, somehow, the young father and mother brought out the photograph of the little child they had lost and showed it with trembling lips and swimming eyes. My dear old friend would not, or could not, look at them; he kept staring straight forward as if they were not there; but when they had gone away he said that the poor little mother was the daughter of one of the most historical houses of Venice; and if he was proud of this I do not blame him. The old apothecary who had made himself the first citizen of his *cauntree* would naturally, such being human nature, feel this his greatest distinction. I could only love him the more for his pride in it, and I wish I could think now of our friendship with as great reason to respect myself as him. I know it was his romantic interest in my language which first drew him to me, but that was an eccentricity which had its appeal to me through my own like affection for all Latin peoples. I liked being a bit of his poetry, a color of the enthusiasm which endeared Webster's Unabridged Dictionary to him, but I hope my pleasure in this has not had an undue effect in my memories of him. I knew very little about him except what I knew of him in our intercourse, though I was aware of a certain reluctance from him in some of my *italianissimi* friends which I think derived from the cut of his beard rather than any unpatriotic quality of what was at worst his discreet opportunism in the political situation. I believe he was a better Catholic than most Venetians, but his charity was a mantle that covered all my sins of heresy; he may have learned in Liver*pull* a greater toleration even than seemed to prevail among all the Venetians I knew and that allowed me to flatter myself that several clergymen of my acquaintance were also my friends. But Pastorelli was my friend above all, except a friend nearer my own age who was still more constantly my companion, and with whom I exchanged our language in a more equal use of English and Italian. Pastorelli wished always to speak English, and this suited my indolent humor, when the obligation to speak Italian with almost every one else was stressful.

If we should somehow meet somewhere in those dateless and placeless eternities which it seems less and less fond to trust in as the little left of time goes by, I shall know him as far as I can see him, and I shall see him in the figure and fashion of the earlier eighteen-sixties, and I shall confidently hail him in the language of our Unabridged Dictionary with the hope that its resources will enable me to excuse, if not justify, my demerits and defects to him. I cannot hope that his purged vision will fail to pierce the mixed motives which had so nearly lost me our last earthly meeting, but I am sure he will forgive them all, and will keep me in the kindness which never ceased on earth to make me feel him unsurpassed among the friends of my over-friended life.

March

BY E. B. DEWING

APRIL the whole world knows for spring,
And the trees bud
And the birds sing.
But a secret shared is a secret lost,
Give me the laden winds
And the ground still oozing frost.

Annapolis and Annapolitans

BY HARRISON RHODES

THE objection to having a past is, with towns as with ladies, that it sometimes involves having no present. In ancient towns which it pleases susceptible writers to describe as fragrant with memories, the quaint inhabitants, sickening of picturesqueness, are generally to be found reviling their fate and longing for the vulgarity and newness of some nearby factory city. Indeed, every sentimental and philosophic tourist must have had moments when he was surfeited with the melancholy of crumbling towns asleep in the sun along the disused highways of old kings, and thought how cheerful it would be to chance on some little capital which had not decayed, but still sat trim and gay upon its ancient site, and gave the visitor a sense of the continuity of its history. For such moods there is Annapolis.

THE STATE HOUSE COMES TO BE YOUR FAVORITE LANDMARK

The Annapolitan Golden Age preceded the Revolution, and doubtless in the early days of the nineteenth century, when Baltimore successfully seized the commercial supremacy of Maryland, decline and even decay threatened Annapolis. But the Naval Academy descended like a god from the governmental machine at Washington and stayed the process. The presence of our great school for sailors has insured a constant streaming to and fro of a pleasant, gay, much-traveled naval society. Annapolis has never become just a seepy, forgotten, country town. What has happened to it is unique. It has had no booms and industrial growth. No suburban vulgarity mars its distinction and no factory chimneys stain its soft sky. It is still just a little city clustering round the little hill on which the State House stands, but it is still a gentle-

THE TOWN WAS PLANNED FROM A DESIGN OF SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN

man's town, a suitable residence for gentlemen and their families. It is true that the Assembly Rooms in Duke of Gloucester Street are no longer used for the Annapolis dances, and that the movies have a vogue perhaps unsuitable in the town which had the first theater in America. If Annapolis had its Ruskin, such things would evoke shrieks of protest. The present chronicler, perhaps a tame soul, can only rejoice that some decent prosperity has clung there, that ladies from the beautiful old red-brick Georgian houses can go to the little market by the waterside and bring home a full basket. Annapolis has changed with the times, but only in a seemly and dignified way.

There is, of course, no modern metropolitan turmoil. Not a year ago one of

the Sisters of Notre Dame repeated what she evidently thought a rather outrageous witticism of one of the Redemptorist Fathers, to the effect that you could hear the grass grow in the Annapolis streets. That Father was probably from New York. At any rate, he went too far, for though a richness of *patine* has come with the years, a softening of outline and a deepening of color, yet the town is swept and dusted, the excellent hotel has that so desirable hot and cold well plumbed into it, and in the sumptuous old mansions they still give occasional dinner-parties—if the hour is now eight instead of three it is humbly submitted that this is only a change for the better. On second thoughts, even the modern picture might almost persuade a Ruskin, provided he was blindfolded when he was taken inside the gates of that architectural monstrosity, the Naval Academy, and only allowed to wander at will about Annapolis itself. The town is indeed a prize for the American tourist touring in his own land, especially if he has learned to love the old American flavor of our old American towns.

The American flavor of Annapolis is a phrase which perhaps calls for immediate explanation. For the flavor of the place is still amazingly English. The street names, Duke of Gloucester, Prince George, Fleet Street, Conduit, King George, Hanover, Cornhill (which is Cornhill Street as it never was in London), and Shipwright Street all smack of London. They are intimately and sometimes pathetically reminiscent of the English queen for whom the town was named. Prince George Street is for her husband, and Duke of Gloucester for her little son, the only one of her seventeen children who survived babyhood, survived only till he was eleven. Now that the Revolution is so far away and England and America are again allies, there is something very pleasant in these old names which Annapolis never changed. Nowhere in America does one get a stronger sense of the English origin of us, of a family connection which somehow survived the quarrel and has now come right again. Some day Annapolis would be the suit-

THE CHASE HOUSE, PERHAPS THE MOST MAGNIFICENT OF ANNAPOLIS MANSIONS

able site for some friendly small celebration of the renewed Anglo-American tie, the more so as near by stands the statue of Baron de Kalb, a German who had lived in France and loved her and came across to America to die here in our first fight for liberty.

Annapolis might almost be an English county town, if it were not for the half-tropical heat of some of its summer days, for the presence of a large soft-spoken, easy-going black population, and for the nearness of the great bay of Chesapeake. It is perhaps in the confusion of Market Space at the edge of the little harbor, some summer Saturday morning, or some hot moonlit August Saturday night, when there is a great deal of chatter and a wealth of color in female attire, and a profusion of soft-shell crabs, that England most fades away. And yet what is left is full of memories of the English colony, planted in a new landscape and by new waters, and in spite of this keeping in America something of old England, her traditions, her merriness and her love of good cheer.

THE STAIRCASE IN THE CHASE HOUSE IS ONE OF THE GORGEOUS BITS OF AMERICAN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE

The town can be seen in an agreeable saunter. And such is the method often pursued by the day's trippers who come on the trolley lines from Washington and Baltimore or on the historic *Emma Giles*, which, since almost legendary days, has three times a week paddled her slow, majestic way from the Patapsco to the Severn and on beyond Annapolis to the West River. Annapolis is still somewhat shy and coquettish in her welcome to strangers. There are, it is true, two railroad offices in the little street near the Naval Academy, presumably put there because they look well, for there are no railroads wandering so far afield and the trolleys and the spacious but unreliable *Emma* are literally the only public conveyances by which Maryland's capital may be approached. Annapolis, however neat and trim it may be, is still agreeably remote and comparatively unknown to the Great American Public.

In the days when they let you climb the State House tower no visitor needed a map; from that eminence the little city lay spread out admirably for his view. But, even so, the map of Annapolis, nicely drawn, makes a pretty possession. The town was planned, so it is

THE HOUSE OF CHARLES CARROLLTON WITH ITS QUAINT MONASTERY GARDEN SLOPING TO THE SPA

said, from a design of Sir Christopher Wren for the rebuilding of London after the Great Fire of 1662; with streets radiating from State House Circle in a fashion which was later adopted on a more magnificent scale for the nation's capital. Indeed, the legend is that Mr. Washington, who, like all Virginian gentlemen of the eighteenth century, knew the pretty, pleasure-loving Maryland town well, himself suggested that the city named for him should be, if one may put it that way, "a greater Annapolis." The part of the town between the State House and the harbor is like a spider's web, with queer cross-cuts between the radiating streets by narrow alleys and flights of steps known only to the adept native Annapolitan, which give the oddest and most picturesque views of the pretty white dome at the center. Even State House Circle, which

THE HAZE OF THE GOLDEN AGE STILL LINGERS OVER ANNAPOLIS

runs right round the Capitol, might be confusing—there is an agreeable local legend of the one tavern situated there, where slightly befuddled strangers sometimes stopped as many as a dozen times to ask their way, and then trotted round the circle and came in for a hot flip or a glass of rum and to ask their way again, gaining in time a certain taste for the procedure.

The State House is a quaint and admirable red-and-white Colonial building, the marble halls of which still echo to the words of General Washington surrendering his commission to the Senate of the United States then in session there. (Later, as you stroll through the town, you may, if you like, visit the site of Caton's barber shop, where an ancient colored man shaved the General that very morning.) There are historical collections in the rooms, but the rooms themselves and the views from their windows are the chief attraction. There,

too, was the thrill you received when you were told that the ascent to the cupola was forbidden, "on account of German spies," whose dark projects could be no further explained.

If you linger in Annapolis you will find it pleasant often to pass the State House, sometimes to go into it, other times only to sit in the sun in front of it and meditate upon what good luck a State House has which is placed upon such a little green hill, down the smooth turf slopes of which it would be so delightful for a child to roll. If you care to be critical, you may say that the dome is too big for the building and you may wonder idly why it has a look more of Holland than of England. But it comes to be your favorite landmark. You turn for glimpses of it from every corner of the town, and from the waters and the green country near by you welcome the pretty sight of it.

Aside from the State House, the old houses are the chief historic attractions of Annapolis. There are perhaps a dozen notable residences, and, all in all, they are perhaps the most beautiful red-brick Georgian houses in the country. Few of them are exactly on what you would call a town-house model. Old Annapolis was so planned that most gentlemen's resi-

IT SEEMS AS IF YOU COULD WALK STRAIGHT INTO THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THE FLAVOR OF THE PLACE IS STILL AMAZINGLY ENGLISH

dences sat in gardens that were terraced down to the water's edge. It was thus possible to build houses with flanking pavilions or wings, with the most felicitous results. The proportions of the Annapolis houses are so good, the red brick, mostly imported from England, so mellow in tone, the carved decorations of doors and windows are of such a delicate, distinguished, and restrained beauty, that you can make no better architectural pilgrimage in America than to the little town which holds them.

The interiors are excellent, too, though it is not always possible to visit them. Some of the descendants of the old Annapolitans have become embittered by would-be visitors, and will even sit in an upper window, smiling sourly and mockingly upon the stranger who in vain rings their front-door bell. But there are other houses where, if the proper credentials and letters of introduction have preceded you, you may be admitted to drink a dish of tea in a drawing-room which has been continuously

THE MARKET SPACE AT THE EDGE OF THE LITTLE HARBOR

in the service of the ladies of the same family since the middle of the eighteenth century. It is for many Americans an almost incredible American experience, and the fragrant, serene loveliness of such an old house is something which no reconstructed interior with antique furniture from the dealers can ever reproduce. Annapolis was rich during that Golden Age before the Revolution, and the best mahogany furniture and the best Lowestoft china and some good paintings—if not quite the best—came over from England for the Annapolis houses. Every one had relatives and friends there—as, for example, Mr. Jennings in Prince George Street, whose father had been a cousin of old Sarah, the great Duchess of Marlborough—and the best that the good taste of London could select was at the disposal of Maryland connoisseurs. In at least one Annapolitan house things stand where they were bought to stand, and they do really seem more intimately in the right place than does the usual loot of Europe which fills our new American palaces. There is a harpsichord in a corner of the parlor, and in the attic still lies the box in which it was shipped from England a century and a half ago. And there seems nothing strange about this. The ladies of that family are good housekeepers and they know such a box will come in handy some time in the next century or two. Such houses are no mere museums. Flowers from the old beds still fill the same china bowls, and the children of this last generation still probably pick out tunes on the old harpsichord and strike the same wrong notes that they did when it was new so long ago. When the door is ajar upon Duke of Gloucester Street it seems as if you could walk straight into the eighteenth century, as if it lay just at the end of the corridor and in the sunlit garden.

These are the most fragrant and lovely Annapolitan moments, these spent in the houses still in the possession of the great-great-great-grandchildren of the original builders. But there are other old residences in the town which have fallen into very pleasant uses—indeed, none of the great Annapolitan houses has sunk to actual decay. The house of Charles Carroll of Carrollton was for a long time a seminary of the Redemptorist Fathers, and is now used, with its quaint monastery garden sloping to the brink of Spa Creek, as a kind of rest-house for missionaries on holiday from savage foreign lands. There is a trim launch moored at the foot of the garden, and it is pleasant to think of the returned Fathers taking an occasional spin up the stately Severn or down to broader reaches of the Chesapeake itself.

Near by, in Shipwright Street, is another old house with a pretty sunny garden now inhabited by the Sisters of the Order of Notre Dame, who are willing

to take you for a decorous turn through the pleasant rooms and into the tiny chapel. It would do the ladies good who earlier inhabited it to see how clean and polished and sweet everything is now under the Sisters' care. This house, so the guide-books guardedly assert, "may be the original of Carvel Hall" of the famous novel. But Mr. Winston Churchill has shown mercy upon a town he presumably likes by refusing to authenticate any of his "originals." It is true that the hotel, which is in what was the Paca house, has been resolutely renamed Carvel Hall, and people do go along its corridors muttering darkly something about its having been "the home of sweet Dorothy Manners"; but, on the whole, Annapolis has by his wisdom been spared, and you are not pestered with the kind of people who think a town a mere appendix to any novel which may be written about it.

The Chase house, standing near the Naval Academy gate, is perhaps the most magnificent and stately of Annapolis mansions. It rises to three superb stories, built, so the legend goes, for a view; for they say that when the Harwood house, just opposite, was being planned, the Chase of the time paid a large sum that Harwood might keep his new house low and not spoil his neighbor's outlook. Only the other day in New York a piquant story was current of how a rich old gentleman, opposite whose house a new building was being planned, offered to take a lease of its four upper stories for the duration of his life on condition that they were *not* built and so did not cut off his sunlight. But twentieth-century New York lavishness is scarcely an advance on the eighteenth century in Annapolis. And few of the New York palaces have been put to so gracious a use as this old red-brick Maryland residence. It has now for more than twenty years been a home for "aged, infirm, and destitute women," for "decayed gentlewomen," to use the phrase which the judge who built it would have employed. And the delightful thing is that these dear ladies live there with most of the fine old furniture, the delicate, lovely, old china—indeed, with most of the splendid sumptuousness which belongs of right to such a proud old mansion. There is nothing starved or niggardly about their old age, and you feel merely that they are just kindly consenting to let the sweetness of their presence and the perfume of their old-time memories pervade the house, as does the scent of lavender and of potpourri other houses which are not lucky enough to shelter aged and destitute gentlewomen. And the Chase house is superb, its staircase one of the really gorgeous bits of American domestic architecture.

There is here no intention of presenting a catalogue of Annapolis sights. It must be enough to hint that, as you saunter through her quiet streets, you will find old houses and picturesque corners, and that you will lounge with pleasure on the greensward of old St. John's College campus. You will like to see the antiquated, rickety fire-engines of the Waterwitch and other volunteer fire companies which are falling to pieces in the sun behind the Town Hall. You will observe with gratification what was once the Assembly Rooms in Duke of Gloucester Street, and remember that near by was the Play House, the first theater in America. You will inevitably walk a little way into the eighteenth century.

The legends of so many sleepy old towns in America hint at amazing Colonial gaiety that you sometimes grow skeptical, but there is really reason to suppose that Annapolis, in at least the decade which preceded the Revolution, was the most cultivated and most pleasure-loving city of America. It was termed at once the Athens and the Paris of America. In the singularly happy phrase of a local historian, Annapolis was the "rendezvous of a learned and dissipated society," a combination so engaging that it seems at once to set a standard for fashionable folk, in the hope of finding which one would even now travel the world over.

The town was full of British officials, rich Maryland tobacco-planters and merchants, Virginia gentlemen and their families holiday-making, lovely actresses on tour, French hair-dressers, race-track touts, leading jurists and savants. For years, even after the Revolution, the Jockey Club of Annapolis was the most

STATELY McDOWELL HALL, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

famous club in America. Mr. George Washington set down in his note-book what he lost at the Annapolis races, and De Tocqueville, in his, called the town the only finished city in America. It had a famous "Tuesday Club" and had (and still has) the oldest fishing club in the country, which disputes with Philadelphia for the honor of having had the famous Fish-house Punch named for it. On one day in its harbor Annapolis saw ships from Barbados, Limington, Demerara, Aux-Cays, Amsterdam, Dublin, St. Croix, Salem, Port au Prince, Charleston, St. Bartholomews, Newport, Norfolk, and New York. Even religion had a certain satiric sprightliness of tone. The only missionary effort which enlisted the sympathy and the money of the Annapolitans was one "to convert the Quakers of Philadelphia," an attempt worthy a "learned and dissipated society."

The New Theater was opened in 1752 by the "company of comedians from Virginia" with "The Beggars' Opera" and a farce entitled "The Lying Valet," to begin precisely at seven o'clock. The boxes were ten shillings, the pit seven shillings sixpence, and "no persons were to be admitted behind the scenes." The comedians stayed on in the usual reper-

tory of the day, "The Busy Body," "The Beaux' Stratagem," "The Recruiting Officer," "The London Merchant," "Cato," and "Richard III." They went afterward on tour to Upper Marlborough, Piscataway, and Chester Town on the Eastern Shore—barnstorming indeed. During this time there was also exhibited a wax-work of the Queen of Hungary sitting on her throne, and of the duke, her son, and of her courtiers.

That was indeed the Golden Age, a happy, careless, pleasure-loving time. Yet this same gay population took fire when the call of Liberty came. Annapolis had its own Tea Party, and you can still see the "Peggy Stewart House" and the window from which the invalid Mrs. Stewart watched her husband burn his tea-laden ship while the defiant Annapolitan population cheered him from the shore. There were three signers of the Declaration of Independence among those who lived in the splendid red-brick Annapolis mansions. And it must not be forgotten that signing was putting one's fortune to the hazards of war. When Charles Carroll of Carrollton put his pen to the document a bystander remarked, "There go a few cool millions." Millions meant more then than they do now—but an Annapolis man was a sportsman as well as a gentleman; he could risk his all for patriotism as gallantly as if he were at the Jockey Club during race week. It may be wondered whether the descendants of the Marquis de la Fayette in France realize that after the Revolution the General Assembly, sitting at Annapolis, made him and his heirs male "forever natural-born citizens of Maryland." Do they know that pretty little Annapolis is legally, if they would have it so, still their home? A privilege a Frenchman to-day might proudly wear in his buttonhole, as if it were the Legion of Honor.

The haze of the Golden Age still lingers over Annapolis, like the glow on a landscape of some old painter. But the Golden Age is gone. And it is perhaps for the ordinary passer-by a work wholly of supererogation to attempt any picture of what Annapolitan life now is. Yet it is a tempting project to one who has learned to like to attempt the survey of any social landscape.

HOME OF GOVERNOR WILLIAM PACA, SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

THE GREENSWARD OF OLD ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE CAMPUS

"Crab Town" is what the modern Annapolitans in easy speech among themselves call their little city, though they do not relish it so much in the mouths of strangers. But the crab, soft or hard shell, and all the varieties of sea food, are justly famous. And, though the supply to-day is greatly depleted, the Chesapeake is still the most lavish of bays, and every port on any of its noble tributary rivers profits by this abundance. The kindly fruits of sea and land always seem excellent and cheap in Maryland, and the capital is somehow faintly aromatic of good living, of hard drinking, too, perhaps, in the days before war-time prohibition came in. And in any case, of Southern hospitality and of a general mellow ease and blandness of life.

Annapolis is a town to which people come back. It is a pleasant backwater to which sometimes those drift who are tired of the storms of the outside world. Good climate, good company, good food, and the opportunity for a contemplative and philosophical old age are the lures. Naval and military people, too, who have through long years seen Annapolis in the golden light of their youth, come back on their retirement and settle in one of the old town houses or one of the old country-seats near by. And parents with girls to be married might do worse by their offspring than to establish the family not too inconveniently remote from the Naval Academy's gates.

The country is never very far away from a little city like Annapolis. Almost every one has some patch of land, big or little, in the Maryland farming regions. The gayest dogs of the Annapolitan Club may be found talking of the tobacco and potato crops and the state of the tomato-market. They combine agreeably the characteristics of the town and the country gentleman.

The Legislature, of course, fills the town when it is in session with a horde not quite Annapolitan in tone. But the legislators and state officials use the trolleys freely, and many of them fix their residence—or their furnished room—among the more metropolitan advantages of Baltimore. The others congregate in special legislative hotels and boarding-houses. They do not very appreciably affect the tone of the dignified and aristocratic capital.

If, in a way, little has been said about the Naval Academy, it is only because its story has been so often told. Because, too, from the point of view of picturesqueness and beauty it is one of our national failures. Yet the bright dome that covers the resting-place of John Paul Jones is, with the State House, one of the twin landmarks which you see across country or water as you come near Annapolis. And midshipmen and naval-reserve lads are the pleasantest things to look at in the town's streets, except the pretty girls who have come, too, to look at the boys. The little street through which the inhabitants of the Naval Academy stream forth is an odd little thoroughfare. It contains, besides the preposterous railway offices already mentioned, mostly smart tailors and jewelers. The tailors' windows are gay with all the diverse colors and insignia which the navy permits to fortunate and beautiful youth, and the jew-

elers, branches of the best Philadelphian shops, are presumably there so that *gages d'amour* may be reciprocally given by young men and maidens.

Indeed, love and war take first place in Annapolis to-day, more than ever. And there, more than almost anywhere else, gaiety seems right and sweet. The famous old masquerades have been given up, but there is always a dance Saturday night at the hotel, which is almost the prettiest and most moving sight in the world. During the summer the boys came in spotless linen, like swarms of gallant white butterflies; no one not in white seemed to think of going upon the dancing-floor. And, as if by some kindly magic, it seemed that every little visiting girl was flawless in form and feature, and had on quite the prettiest summer frock there could be in the world. Somewhere outside, you knew, there was the Severn, and, beyond, the Chesapeake, and still farther, the navy and the dark sea and all the unknown chances of the war. The sense of all this and the tender good-bys that perhaps the morrow would bring hung in the air and beat in the music of the jazz band. It was just because the boys and girls of America were remembering country and duty that they could venture to be gay.

And always in the quiet moonlit evening the State House sat on its green hill and the old red-brick houses watched the night in the quiet, leafy streets. Somewhere, you could imagine, the three "signers" and Mr. Washington might have been sitting around the mahogany-tree to wish America, and especially her sailor lads from Annapolis, God-speed and victory.

Compensation

BY RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

ALL those dark days in spring when we would sew
At the Red Cross, all this racked, crawling year,
She was serene, unclouded: no one near
Or necessary to her had to go.
She could roll bandages and never know
The black imaginings . . . the choking fear. . . .
I envied her her placid face, her cheer,
With a hot envy molten in my woe.

But now, with a red world washed white in peace,
Where life and love flow warmly back to me,
She knows no leaping rapture, no release,
No sanctuary in a holy place,
And I speak softly that she may not see
My surging pity for her placid face!

Goodfellow

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

OODFELLOW? . . . Oh!"

It was not an ordinary name, and yet, on the other hand, not sufficiently extraordinary in itself to explain the inevitable, pink confusion of that ". . . Oh!"

Goodfellow himself (the modern, wartime one, I mean, Lieutenant David) must have gotten a sense of its strangeness rather early in the game overseas. Going from one ship to another on the coasts of Ireland, England, and France, he could not long have escaped the odd flavor of that echo of his name. One could see that the thing had worked on him. He was always a little pale under the roots of the yellow whisker he had brought with him out of the merchant service, when line of duty set him down in a new wardroom, and there was always a look of waiting in his eye. It was rather hard, you understand — that "*Goodfellow?* . . . Oh!"

Of course the misfortune was that that particular surname, besides being a bit odd in itself, should have been linked inextricably with a tradition in the navy, a classic of scandal, a darkly horrible example handed down from generation to generation of open-mouthed midshipmen at the Academy. Even now, in the gray-brown light of that room in the old Gym building, one seems to hear the drone of the imperishable Runciman: "On the night of October the seventeenth, nineteen hundred and blank, with a brisk northeasterly wind and a heavy sea running, the destroyer *Kingdom*, on her maiden cruise, Lieutenant Samuel Goodfellow commanding, was in collision with the naval supply-ship *Colossus*, under circumstances which—"

Well, he had messed matters pretty thoroughly all around, for his ship, for the self-esteem of the corps, and for himself. The man had been drunk, of course. It was a whimsy born of his condition, I fancy; some huge, muddled enterprise of coming alongside the *Colossus*, unexpectedly, you know, out of the bottom of darkness, to pass the time of night with her startled watch-officer—"give him the jolt of his young life," as he put it to his delighted and disordered self. Thoroughly and disgustingly drunk on his bridge!

In the class-room voice of the deathless Runciman: "—culminating in disgrace for Lieutenant Goodfellow, an officer who has since been proven to have been under the influence of liquor at the time. . . ."

Drunk as a lord, you understand! On his bridge, at sea!

Why David Goodfellow should have fallen heir to the mantle of this disgraceful tradition it is hard to say. The mere identity of the last names wouldn't be enough. For the first, somewhat startled suggestion, yes. After that, no. No, I think the truth of it was that Goodfellow laid himself open to it. He had an imagination, you know.

That in itself was queer. After a life spent in merchant-ships, beaten from one strange port to another, risking his neck for his daily bread, one wouldn't have looked for that sort of frailty in his make-up. Your man of imagination, generally speaking, is not the man who throttles the tiger; he is the man who puts out the cat. But Goodfellow had it, an imagination; or perhaps, better, the dramatic instinct; and under circumstances of that sort the man with the dramatic instinct is without a defense.

I shall never forget the morning in the harbor at Brest when he came to the *Kingdom*. I had almost said, came *back* to the *Kingdom*. The same ship, yes. Most dramatic! When you think that, out of all her class, the ship that was wrecked on her maiden cruise alone lived to see the war and the coasts of France—it was dramatic just as it stood.

And then, after the years and minutes had ticked away around the rusting tradition of a Goodfellow, and the hand of Irony had moved its appointed orbit over the face of Fate, to have yet another of the dark name turning up suddenly in the old wardroom—well, you can see for yourself.

I am quite sure the new Executive Officer could see for himself. Standing there in the doorway under the wing of the horrible Mung, his face as yellow as his yellow whisker and his eyes moving over the walls and furnishings of the fabled place, I am quite certain, I say, that the thing made a very definite tableau on the stage of his mind.

Also on the stage of the mind of Mung. Mung, as I have intimated, was a horrible man. The only thing that saved him was that the flotilla was desperately short of petty officers, and that the chief boatswain's mate knew more about the *Kingdom* than the wardroom did. He had been with her since her commission; he, himself, Mung, had had personal acquaintance with *the* Goodfellow, and he presumed upon it.

He had never gone quite so far, though, as he did that morning, with his loud, unctuous, unexpected announcement, "*Lieutenant Goodfellow!*"

It happened to fall into our midst like the thunder above the roof of the haunted house in the play. Over that rare, lazy harbor breakfast, our captain, who was leaving us, had been doing the polite thing by us and by the ship. To hear him talk, you would have thought that his shift to a bright new ship had come upon him as a personal disaster, and that Abe Ferguson, our old Executive, who was taking his place in command of the jest of the whole flotilla, was nothing less than the luckiest of men.

From talk of that sort we had drifted not unnaturally into the past. Joke of the fleet she may have been, but the fact remains that, of all the American destroyers on the French station, only the *Kingdom* had a past. We were proud of it. Sitting there between the azure water and the golden sun, with the crowded cliffs of the city filling the ports, we cast back over the tale of her commanders; this one in a battle-ship now, that one behind a desk in Grosvenor Gardens, that one with gold braid to his elbows and a flag of his own, till we came finally to the last of the line—that is to say, the first.

We left off just there. We didn't say it aloud. But in the lazy hush of that blue-and-gold morning I think all of us were sitting once more in that gray-brown lecture-room, listening to the drone of the amaranthine Runciman: "—a maneuver unprecedented and unjustifiable, culminating in disaster to the ship and in disgrace to—to—"

It was just there, in my mind, that Mung's announcement fell:

"*Lieutenant Goodfellow!*"

Can you imagine? Can you form an idea of how it plumbed the hush of the wardroom, loud, gloating, prophetic? Can you see us, "caught all in irons," as it were, staring at the tall, blue, whiskered being in the doorway, with a pallor creeping up his concave cheeks and the pendicular nose of Mung hanging over his shoulder?

Abe Ferguson was the one chosen of the gods of idiocy.

"Goodfellow?" he echoed. Letting his chair down on its other legs he breathed an inane "Oh!" And only after that did he turn red.

It was just as well, seeing the damage was done, that Mung was there to pay. He gave an excuse for a lot of noise at a moment when nothing short of a lot of noise would have done. He deserved all he got. His action, in doing the honors of the gangway himself in place of calling a commissioned officer, was not only atrocious, it was deliberate. You may be sure he knew what he was about. And when he had succeeded by the one, simple, complete, dramatic gesture, in fastening himself, an unshakable and abominable Old Man of the Sea, upon the shoulders of the new Executive, he could afford to take what he got with a bowed head, a long nose, and a spurious air of meekness.

It cleared the air, though. It saved us for the moment from having to look at Goodfellow. And when the hullabaloo was done and the unchastened Mung gone to reflect on the coming Sunday's "mast," it gave us a chance to start all over again with our welcome of a newly arrived shipmate. We forgot, most

Drawn by D. C. Hutchison

WE WERE STARING AT THE TALL, WHISKERED BEING IN THE DOORWAY

elaborately, that anything had happened. It would have been a mercy if Goodfellow could have done the same.

It must be admitted that he wasn't much of a success as a messmate. If a man doesn't fit in the wardroom of a destroyer, he simply doesn't fit, that's all. Naturally a certain part of it was to be expected. To begin with, he was older than the rest of us, a thing that happened a good deal in the war days, with all the reserves and "temporaries" coming in. And then he seemed to have little in common with us. Being the "snottiest" of "snotty ensigns" at the time, I may have been a bit hypercritical of the shirt-sleeve school of navigation from which he came, bringing his whiskers with him; but I'm sure it wasn't altogether that. He didn't eat with his knife, you know. It was simply that he wasn't one of us; that he sat at table or stood his watch like a man under some awful doom, with a ghost at his elbow.

In time we forgot him—forgot him, that is, to the extent of getting used to his ghosts and his silences and ignoring them. We were very busy that month; a new "drive" was on in southern waters, the Bay of Biscay pretty well alive with the Hun, and troop-convoys coming in faster than we could handle them in comfort. With that sort of thing going on, there wasn't much time at sea to be analyzing the social fabric. As for our days in port, after his first curt, almost angry, "No, thanks," none of us ever asked him to go "on the beach" again. And he never went by himself. So far as I know, he never left the ship.

But if we forgot him ashore, or remembered only at rare moments to wonder idly what he could be doing out there, clinging morbidly to the ship he must have hated, it was not because the drama in which he found himself at once actor and audience was not playing on as vividly as ever all the while.

I stumbled upon the stage of it one night, quite by accident. It was rather late and I had just come aboard from a little party at the club. I don't know why I should have taken it into my head to step up on the forecastle-head before turning in; perhaps I wanted another last breath of air. The night was a fine one, at any rate, clear as a pool. The moon, a hand's-breadth over the Gullet, did queer things with the "dazzle-paint" of the destroyers nosing their buoys all about us in the mooring-lines, making the mangled creatures less absurd and more phantasmal, like wraiths of ships that have died in their cups. A French man-of-war's boat was passing somewhere or other; one knew it by the dip of oars and the subdued measure of a chant, and a bell was tolling in the church beyond the fortress.

It was in this sort of a stage-setting, then, half weird, half peaceful, that I turned and saw the face of David Goodfellow staring up at me from the region of the deck. He was squatting there, not far from the gun, actually squatting on his haunches like a huge-kneed boy, with his hand resting, outspread, on the rusty iron of the hull. That was all he seemed to be doing, touching the cool carcass of the ship with his right hand and staring up at me, the intruder, with a pair of eyes as dark as wells in the moon-colored spot of his face. It was like a ritual. I tell you it was like some obscure, infernal act of communion between the brooding palm and the spirit that abode in the ship.

His mouth opened and words tumbled out. "Tell me about it."

You can imagine how bald and daft it sounded.

"About what?"

"You know. That night."

He waved his left hand toward the bridge behind me with a gesture as unbridled as it was grotesque.

"He would be just there," he went on with a touch of the same wild solicitude. "Standing on the starboard side just there—or—or would it be the port? Would it be the port side?"

The drunken ships grew dim; the moon was going down beyond the Gullet. The squatting man kept on staring at me as if awaiting an answer to his astounding question. I felt queer.

"Who are you talking about?" I ventured, in a small voice.

"Sam."

"Sam—Goodfellow?"

He seemed not to hear. His sunken eyes abandoned me, his gaze, clambering up the striped parapet of sand-bags,

rested on the black cavern of the bridge.

"Would it be the port?" he cast back in a vacant way. I saw him shake his shoulders.

"It doesn't matter. It would be hard to remember—so dark, you know—and he had had too much. You couldn't expect him to remember just what he saw or what he said—everything going kind of twistyways in front of his eyes—and dark, you know—and a devil of a wind blowing—and everything such a—a—a damn good joke. He'd be laughing, I suppose—laughing fit to die. Things going up and down under his feet and all twistyways before his eyes. Wind blowing, sea running, black as the devil, funny as hell. . . . Funny! Ha-ha-ha-ha! . . . Poor fellow! And he was going to be the big one of the family—Sam. Poor, damn, drunken fool! . . . And then, like that, I suppose, all of a sudden, there's the *Colossus* looming up like a mountain in the dark, and the wind howling, sea running, men bawling, everything going twistyways. . . . It would be hard to remember. . . ."

A man of imagination. You may understand now what I meant by that. As he crouched there in the fantastic illumination, oblivious to me, reconstructing the dead act not so much by the fragments of utterance dropping from his lips as by the whole, simple, vivid gesture with which he gave himself up to the violence of creation, I had a wild sense of standing witness in the flesh; without any volition of my own I turned a little and my eyes followed his up the sand-bags. I will confess I made an odd sound in my throat. A face hung over the weather-cloth above us; I saw it dim gray against the black interior of the bridge. I make no bones about it—for the wink of an eye I didn't know what to think.

And then I got mad—good and mad.

"Mung!" I cried. "Why—damn your hide—"

It came to me then that I was playing pretty fast myself, "cussing out" a subordinate in the presence of my superior officer. If Mung was to be ordered off the bridge, where he had no business to be loafing at that time of night, Goodfellow was the one to do it. I looked around.

Goodfellow was going without so much as a syllable—sneaking off, I give you my word. I started after him, and under the oily gaze of the unmoved Mung my cheeks were hot to the ears. I caught him at the ladder—caught him by the arm.

"Does *he* know?" I demanded. "Is that what—why you—?"

His head nodded. It kept on nodding for a moment, sheepishly.

"So *that's* it!" It explained many things. "Mung knows, does he?"

"Knows what?" he demanded, with a sudden, specious roughness.

"That 'Goodfellow'—the name—isn't exactly a coincidence, after all. That it's—well—all in the family, so to speak."

"*Bah!*"

A change had come over him; even in the gloom I saw on his face the pallor of the mortal effort with which he pulled himself together. It was he that had hold of my arm now.

"*B-a-h!*" he repeated. But I had had enough of it.

"A man," I stammered, bitterly—"a man doesn't speak of an utter stranger as 'Sam.' He doesn't. No, sir. I tell you."

He began to sniff deliberately in front of my face, and then he proposed to me the most outrageous and abominable charge.

"You're drunk, that's what!"

I was speechless.

"You're drunk!" he repeated. "Drunk, man! Drunk! Drunk!"

His voice was not loud; indeed, it was lifted scarcely above a whisper. But there was something about the ecstatic iteration, a measure, a cadence, a queer, obscure, lip-sucking infatuation like drunkenness itself. It came to me of a sudden that something else was "all in the family," too—that this was the ghost that walked beside him, the ravening specter of the thirst that had done for the other one, "Sam." And I remembered that Goodfellow had not set his foot on shore for a month.

"Drunk! Drunk! Drunk!"

"I'm not!" I cried in his face. It served to fetch him up once more. He glared at me with a white malevolence.

"Go below!" was all he said.

He came down the ladder behind me, but when I had turned into the passage I heard his soft, heavy footfalls moving away aft along the invisible iron causeway of the deck.

They had coffee and sandwiches in the wardroom, and the comforting illumination of the place almost blinded me. I must have looked queer, staring around me at the familiar faces.

"What's up?" some one demanded out of the glow.

I put my hands in my pockets and wondered out loud: "So *that's* it. *That's* it, is it?"

"That's what?"

I opened my mouth, and closed it again. An odd sensation of constraint, a kind of leaden embarrassment, came down on me, and I picked my way over their legs and into the cabin alley without another word to offer.

I said something a while ago about the hand of Irony and the face of Fate. But as it turned out, the appointed orbit was not yet run, in its last diabolical perfection. Before it "struck twelve" it had to knock Ferguson over and send him off for a fortnight's stay aboard the hospital-ship with a combination of "heart" and "flu"—leaving a Goodfellow once again in command of the *Kingdom*.

He took it in a strange way, not at all as your average young "two-striper" grasps at the chance of running a ship on his own.

The Navigator was right. He and I were standing by the gangway as the *Mason's* boat disappeared around the stern of the empty troop-ship next us, carrying Ferguson off on a bunk-tick, and it was he, glancing over his shoulder, who hit it off with the perfect word.

"Scared as a girl on the wedding morn. Have a look, Kenn."

I had one. Goodfellow was standing all alone up there on the port side of the bridge, his hands wrapped around the brass hood of the peloris and his eyes fastened on the water under the troop-ship's stern with the look of one praying for a miraculous reprieve, for the sun to stand still just a moment, for the film of life to be reversed and the *Mason's* boat come sliding back, stern foremost, out of the beyond—just for a moment, you know. Scared, yes, precisely, like the Navigator's hypothetical "girl on the wedding morn."

We left our buoys at ten that morning. Our orders had come the night before—a fourteen-knot convoy, probably troops, to be met on Tuesday morning in such and such north and such west—and Codman, on the *Bushing*, being senior, we formed up on him and steamed out of the Gullet, four destroyers in all and a brace of British sloops for measure.

It was one of those days you will find on the coast of France, the world a cut gem for the sun to shine through. Everything glistened or sparkled or shimmered, the raw headlands, the high patrolling blimps and planes, the dingy Frenchmen, the colored smacks rolling home from the banks. A lilting, soft, aspiring wind blew over us from abeam; God was in his heaven and all right with the world. That's how it seemed. We had work before us, of course, but it was workaday sort of work, straight courses, lots of time, and (by the glass) clean weather for the contact. Moreover, we weren't running the show. Codman was.

I don't know what was going on inside of Goodfellow that day. At lunchtime he made no move to come below, and the mess-boy who took it upon himself to carry up a tray returned with the dishes untouched and a look of injury on his broad, black face.

When I went up to relieve the Navigator I found Goodfellow still sitting in the same spot on the flag-locker, his hands hanging down stiffly between his knees, his eyes fixed on the sky-line beyond the bows. And there he remained till four. In the midst of the living wind he seemed curiously dead. Nothing touched him. I began to have an extraordinary feeling that nothing *could* touch him, that through this strange integument of coma no manifestation of outward and mundane affairs could penetrate, not even an explosion.

Of course I was wrong. When the watch was relieved at four and a clumsy seaman, going aloft to the crow's-nest, managed to get his foot mixed up with the whistle-cord, the blast of the shrill, unexpected "*toot*" seemed to blow

through the still figure on the locker, flesh and bone. I never saw a man go so utterly to pieces. His activity was as astonishing as his passivity had been. He danced, actually danced, his long arms going like flails, oaths in a stream tumbling out of his mouth. It was as well that the culprit had kept on climbing; had he been on deck, I believe, really, that Goodfellow would have killed him in his frenzy. . . . It was disgraceful.

I can see now, naturally, what Goodfellow had been doing that day. Sitting there within the awful walls of himself, utterly and breathlessly quiet, he had been waiting, waiting with a grotesque fatalism for something to go wrong with his ship. And of course the longer he waited the worse it got. It didn't matter much what it was when it came; I believe a cracked oil-cup reported from the engine-room or an unseaman-like answer from a lookout would have served as well to set off the potential mine he had come to be by four that afternoon.

Of course that "*toot*" was the crowning and exquisite touch. It was so flagrant, so completely public. All the while he was ramping up and down the bridge he was poignantly conscious of Codman's blinker flickering questions across the blue water, wanting to know "what in the devil the *Kingdom* was up to, anyway." It wasn't precisely that, but that was the intent. Every dot was a stab, every dash a slash, on the sick flesh of his soul. And he had to stand there and answer—dictate to the quartermaster at the blinker over his head the confession and the *apologia* of his ship.

As I turned to go down the ladder a radio-messenger put a slip of paper in my hand. I glanced down at it carelessly at first; intercepted messages were coming in all the while—we had the scandal of three seas in our ears from one day's end to another. I read it more carefully the second time.

"Beg pardon, sir?"

Looking at the messenger, I perceived that I must have spoken.

"Nothing," I told him. "That is, I just said, 'Good Lord!'"

It was an "S. O. S." superscribed the U. S. S. *Colossus*, calling all Allied ships of war:

U. S. S. *Colossus* torpedoed and sinking in four nine six one one three naught seven.
THREE FIVE NINE B. S. T.

I turned an eye on Goodfellow where he stood in the middle of the deck, his face lifted, his mouth half open, and his Adam's apple going up and down beneath the pale shelf of his beard. Seeing his attitude, I realized for the first time that Codman was blinking once more and that the quartermaster overhead was bawling the words down as they came:

"—and—you—are—detached—from escort—and—will—proceed—with—all speed—to—that—position—and—stand by—to—render—any—possible—assistance—to—*Colossus*—signed—Codman—"

"*What ship?*" It was Goodfellow's voice, but I shouldn't have known it.

"*Colossus*, sir," repeated the invisible quartermaster.

Goodfellow, all this while, had not moved a muscle; even his Adam's apple was motionless, hung up, as it were, in mid-air.

"*What ship?* WHAT SHIP?"

"COLOSSUS!" The quartermaster got down on his knees and poked his head over the edge of the awning. "COLOSSUS, sir!"

I got down the ladder. As I passed out of range I had one last look at Goodfellow's face. It was the color of seaweed in the moonlight.

I had another sight of it a few minutes later when, coming below himself, he passed me in the wardroom. I was standing almost in his path as it led from the door to the forward alley, but I'm sure he didn't see me at all. His face was still stamped with the same pale, half-luminous green, his shaking hands were evidently beyond his control, his feet shuffled.

The whole aspect of the man was so shocking that I just kept standing where I was, wondering. In a detached way I was aware of what was going on—the roll of the deck as the ship came off on a new course, the rising wail of the blowers, muffled gongs in the fire-rooms, a bell buzzing in the pantry, a figure in blue passing me on his way into the alley.

"Now who was that?" I remember wondering.

On his way out again I recognized him as Kelly, the hospital apprentice. I held him up.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Mr. Goodfellow called me, sir."

"What did he want?"

The fellow looked at me rather queerly as well he might; ensigns don't inquire into the affairs of commanders. It isn't done.

"He wanted something out of the medicine-locker," he said, omitting this time, whether through negligence or intent, the "sir."

I went to my room with the determination to turn in, seeing there was a night ahead of us. But it wouldn't do. As soon as the door had closed behind my back the place was too small to hold me. I lay down firmly, but the moment I closed my eyes my uneasy imagination was out again in the rocking corridor, creeping from door to door till it came to his. What was he doing there behind those thin white panels? What was he thinking of? What was he hiding from, with that pale-green face and those shaking hands of his?

I thought of the lives we were in that frail shell; I thought of the lives, hundreds of them, crowded between the wounded sides of that other ship settling to its grave ahead of us. And what kind of a man was this, to be holding all these lives in his two shivering, uncontrollable hands? It was rather awful, when you think of it.

I was weak, spineless. Before five minutes had passed I was poking my head out where my mind had gone, like a thief in a swaying, incandescent night. And there, teetering aft toward the wardroom, I became abruptly aware of a dingy presence, doubled over in front of Goodfellow's keyhole, and so rapt with his spying that I was fairly on him before he straightened up. It was Mung.

I ought to have kicked him. I shall always be ashamed of myself for not breaking regulations at that moment.

"Well, good *God!*" I began. I opened my mouth to give him the tenth part of an idea of what I felt, as an officer and a human being. And then somehow the curse would not come.

It was the look on his face. I must say I had a good chance to study it, for when he saw me faltering he brought it to within three inches of my own, where, with its abominable flesh, it blotted out the visible and immaculate ship.

"Booze!" he screeched, in a whisper. "D'you know what he's got in there with him? Booze! I seen it through the keyhole, sitting on the wash-stand right there, and I seen his hand on it—a whole big bottle of booze out of the medicine-locker. I seen it! I seen it, man. God-a-mighty! Booze!"

His eyes were little, like a pig's, and his breath was foul in my face.

"And *that* same ship! And *this* same ship! Same two damn ships! And night coming on, and him in there with a bottle of booze! God-a-mighty!"

I tried to push him off. He had hold of my shoulder, actually.

"But you don't *know*, man! You never been *through* it, man!"

I can't begin to give you an idea of it, the gleaming white alley, rising, toppling, tumbling away to the long wash of the seas, the huge undertone of the blowers running through everything, air and flesh and bone and steel—haste, haste, haste—the vast, somehow indecent perturbation of the animal fussing and fumbling over me: "Same damn ships!—God-a-mighty, man!—And him in there with a bottle of booze—"

His little eyes were beyond me; his voice trailed off. Turning, I saw Goodfellow himself standing in the open door.

"What's wrong, Mr. Kennard?"

He spoke slowly, his lips moving with a halting precision, his eyes holding me, as it were, with an enormous effort.

"What's wrong?" he repeated.

But it was Mung that rushed in. He waved wild fists. "*I* seen it! *I* seen it! *I* know!"

Goodfellow's eyes had not moved from me. "*Mr.* Kennard!"

It was meant to be cutting; it succeeded in sounding laboriously weak. And Mung was not to be turned.

"No booze, d'y' hear? Not while I'm aboard this damn ship with you! By God! I'll tell everything I know, first! I'll *tell!*"

"Tell—and be damned to you!"

Goodfellow was still looking at me. "A lot of good it will do you!"

"What do you mean?" Mung yelled.

"I mean that Mr. Kennard knows already."

"The hell he does! . . . The hell you do!"

It was the cry of the robbed and outraged. Under other circumstances it would have been funny, this caving in of Mung's little world of blackmail. I saw Goodfellow shrug his shoulders; I never knew till afterward the effort it must have cost him. He watched me till I nodded my head in mute confirmation. He kept on watching me, a dry, mechanical, waiting stare which seemed to have no purpose but to make me uncomfortable.

"Come on," I muttered to Mung. "Get out of here!"

Goodfellow's eyes still watched me. "Mung will stay here a moment. Thank you, Mr. Kennard."

With what grace I had (and it wasn't any) I made my exit. I escaped from that place as one escapes from the toils of a nightmare. I felt actually and physically soiled. Things like that simply do not happen in the navy. Already, coming out on the open deck, the thing became incredible—yes, a nightmare.

The Navigator met me at the head of the ladder with a half-querulous, half-furtive, "Where's Mr. Goodfellow?"

"Below," I told him, and could get no further.

"Below! Of course he's below. I know that. And the devil's to pay. He ought to be on the top side now, this minute, and I know it and you know it and he knows it. It's a crime—with *this* coming on . . ."

I followed the gesture of his hand and found the weather turning.

Sixty-eight miles to go, and a big ship sinking in a night of wind. The gale had come on with the dusk, out of the northwest, luckily, for at least it left us eyes to see. It came over us abeam, a huge, clean body of air, through which the stars came by and by to show us the blue-gray backs of seas.

We were not comfortable on the bridge that evening, either in body or in soul. Running in the trough, the ship rolled rails under, so that at times we had to wrap our arms around the bridge-gear to save ourselves. And it was wet. But that wasn't the bad part.

I don't believe I ever felt more hopelessly alone in my life than I did through those hours. We made a crowd in the cramped place, like watchers in a balcony hung in the wind, seamen, quartermasters, officers, all alike in hooded wind-shirts and all as black as shades against the star-streak between weather-cloth and top. Overhead there were others, underfoot still others, the fan-tail was alive with men.

Nor were we, in a sense, alone on the sea. The escort was gone, of course; the long, thin scouting-line had swept over the sky-line an hour ago to keep its tryst with the troop-ships. Saving the *Kingdom*, the blown black water was as empty as the blown heavens above. And yet all the while the world of ships was never still; a web of whispers wove the electric sky; messengers were up the ladder continually, bringing scrawls from the radio-room. Codman was still at our elbow; "C-in-C" plucked at our sleeve; the doomed ship ahead of us kept sending, sending, the man in her radio-room sitting before his key to the last, dotting out the epic of her death and burial.

"*Colossus to Kingdom. Colossus to Kingdom.*" It seemed strange, after all these years, to hear it. It seemed strange to speculate, with each of those recurrent calls, whether it might not be the last—the last one in the history of the world—and to wonder how it might have sounded in the droning voice of the deathless Runciman.

But as I say, in all that hurrying, desperate, crowded night I was as lonely as a man in a desert. I think all of us felt it in a way—all but the men, who didn't know. And that was part of it, the fact that the men did *not* know, must not know, by lies and slurs and silences must be somehow kept from knowing that they sailed on a desperate errand under a commander who would not command. And if the other officers felt so, what of me? For, after all, they didn't know, either. It was only I, clinging in the dark near the voice-tubes, wet and cold and more than a little sick—it was only

Drawn by D. C. Hutchison Engraved by S. G. Putnam

"EDGARMAIN, AHOY! COME ON ABOARD, OLD MAN"

I who had glimpsed a brown bottle sitting on the commander's wash-stand, a brown jewel with a fire burning in its heart. It was only I who had seen the fear on the face of Mung.

I ought to have told them. I knew I ought. Time and again I tried to break through the awful bonds of the secret-sharer, but somehow I couldn't. And in the end there was no need.

The Navigator was near me; I knew him by the sound of his voice.

"Is that you, Kenn?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see that last from the *Colossus?*"

"I didn't, sir."

"The devil to pay—the very devil."

He was talking to himself more than to me. It was no job for him, and he knew it. Only two years before me out of the Academy, he had nothing of the instinctive executive about him. Tall, blond, meditative, one thought of him as having the same sort of a mind—tall, blond, and meditative. . . . He must have lifted the cover of a voice-tube; I heard a rattle coming up:

"Engine-room, sir?"

"MacLaren," he called. "You're giving us all she's got, MacLaren?"

"Yes, sir, I think so. They're a bit afraid of the tubes in the fire-room, sir."

"Hang the tubes! Tell them that, MacLaren—hang the tubes!"

I heard the cover fall back again. He juggled another with a distracted finger.

"What's the use?" It was like a groan. "He'd only tell me to carry on —'carry on'—'carry on'—'carry on'!"

Nevertheless, I saw his head go down. After a moment it came up again and I felt his fingers working into the shoulder of my shirt.

"Kenn!" he whispered in my face. "Why—why, damn his soul! What do you think of— Why—what is this we're on? A ship? A *navy* ship? At *sea?* In *war-time?* Why—why—"

In answer to his tugging fingers I bent over and laid my ear to the tube leading down through the cabins. For a moment I heard nothing but a rumbling murmur made up of all the huge, faint sounds of the ship. And then as I waited another sound crept through the maze, a rumor of singing, blurred, maudlin, monstrously out of key and time. . . .

". . . how dry I a-a-am,
Nobody kn-o-ows how dry I am!"

I can't tell you what it did to the ship. I closed the tube, letting the cover down with an immense care, as if the shock of its slamming would have been the last straw to send her off. Blind, disordered, her gaunt sides wallowing in thunder, she ran like the mad thing she was, lifting in long, shivering flights out of the seas that drowned her, rolling under again, gray with foam. Behind our backs the haggard wail of the blowers rose and became one with the voice of the wind.

"Well," I said, by and by, "now you know."

He didn't catch the confession in it; I doubt even if he heard. He stood there clinging to the rail, staring out through the streaming glass at the dark beyond the bows, where somewhere a ship was fighting to keep her life till we came, putting all the weight of her trust on a broken reed.

The Navigator moved. He leaned over to hold his watch under the tiny glow of the binnacle.

"We ought to be pretty well up with her by now. But, good God! Kenn! Good God!" He shifted toward the ladder. "Ivanowski! Ivanowski, stand by!"

A hooded head came over the ladder-top, followed by a long, dark, clambering figure.

"Ivanowski, send two men aloft with orders to keep a sharp eye ahead for lights—blue Very lights on the bow, or if anything to the port. Straight away —tumble 'em up. . . . What's wrong with you?"

A sea, curling from the flare of the bows, sent a cloud of spray across us. Mopping my eyes, I stared harder at the unmoving man.

"Blue lights," he mused. "Good! Damn good!"

He came toward us, one hand gripping the uncertain rail, the other fumbling over the house. And we saw it was Goodfellow.

"Good idea! Damn good! Ah—you might have Ivanowski send a couple of

men aloft" . . . He seemed to clap us all roundly on the back. "Damn good!" He seemed, figuratively speaking, to take us all to his bosom with a lavish and princely gesture.

"And now," he announced, "I'll relieve you. I'll take her now."

Do you know the heavy, shamed, waiting moment when one of the family has made an ass of himself in public, the hopeless hope that others may not notice, the agony of keeping up appearances?

The Navigator actually saluted. I saw the dim gesture and heard his choked, "Very well, sir!" And standing up there with his two heels together, his ears pink for all those listening ears behind him, outraged protest in his heart, and the heart itself in his throat for the lot of us, he delivered himself of his charge.

"We should be within five or six miles of his position, by my reckoning, sir. He is sinking by the head, and by his last call listing heavily to port. He had tried to clear away the boats, but on account of the sea and his position he failed, losing two boats and their crews. That was about an hour ago, sir, when I requested him to burn blue Very lights. We've had nothing from him since, but a call from C-in-C orders us to use our own judgment as to whether or not it would be feasible to run alongside the *Colossus*—"

He paused. I thought he had finished. In the booming interval I seemed to hear old Runciman's drone weaving the voices of the wind and water: "—maneuver unprecedented and unjustified, culminating in disaster—in disaster—disaster—"

"I took the liberty, sir," the Navigator went on, with a kind of rush, "of advising the C-in-C that it would *not*."

He began to laugh; we heard it over the gale, filled with a wild, nerve-twanging mockery. The father of all seventh waves caught us broadside on, heeling us down to the port side, down and down, sixty degrees I'll take my word. But while we slid and clung and washed about, through it all Goodfellow kept his isolated balance, like a somnambulist, mysteriously maintained.

"That it would NOT?" we heard him carrying on. "Would NOT?"

The crow's-nest tube was spouting words; the lookout next me had it, too:

"Blue light showing to port, sir—dead abeam—well away!"

I saw it myself, a momentary, cool gleam on the face of the sea. Goodfellow was shouting; it sounded like a whisper:

"Hard left your wheel! Hard left there, damn your soul! . . . It's like a dream! . . . Bailey, sound quarters, see depth-charges secured. Quartermaster, tumble up to send; tumble up, I say! . . . Like a dream! A dream! . . . Ivanowski, stand by, break out lines and heaving-lines. Steady as you are. . . . Like a dream! . . ."

And so he went on, rolling to the roll of the swerving ship, mingling oaths, commands, soliloquies that had no meaning, rocked from head to feet by a kind of dark delirium of joy.

I can't tell exactly what happened, any more than I could set down in words the ordered procession of a midnight hurricane. But of a thing like that one brings only fragments of vision, as one would cut transparencies at random out of a moving-picture film. Vivid, yes!

I remember the *Colossus*, for one instant, quite close at hand beyond our bows, a long, jet-black dike crowned by a forest of naked tree-trunks bending all the same way in a gale, and a tower (that was her stack) toppling after them and blotting out acres of stars. I remember the contour of a wave breaking the length of her, motionless, it seemed, gray, flat, clean, like a contour in a Japanese painting. I remember a rocket, bright blue, hanging in the air for what seemed a long time, just forward of the steep slant of her bridge-work. I remember the whole thing for that instant as in repose, transfixed, as if it listened to the thudding in my brain: "—disaster—disaster—disaster—"

Or as if it listened spellbound to Goodfellow. He used no speaking-trumpet, and yet above the huge tumult of the elements his voice seemed to be at each man's shoulder all through the ship, an oath, a song, a prayer.

How he could have done what he did it is not for me to say. One can imagine, perhaps, a man out of his mind with ghosts or love or liquor performing a prodigy—all by himself. But it must be

remembered that we were a hundred men, that the adventure hung in the hands of every one of us, to the last—to the last oiler swaying in the deep, bright engine-room, the last machinist's mate watching the dials or the white-hot sprays, the last blue-fingered quartermaster clinging to the search-light grips over our heads, the last seaman digging his heels in the cocoa-mats as he fought home the big lines across a river of milk boiling between its iron banks, a river that must not widen and that must not, imperatively, for so much as an instant, grow narrower. It was a trick I tell you, and I tell you it lay in all those hands, bleeding or sweating or blue with cold.

And what did it was the voice of Goodfellow hovering at each man's shoulder through the ship, sounding in the clang of a gong, the cough of a tube, the staccato of a blinker, running through the wind and welter: "Right your wheel!—Starboard engine three-quarters astern!—*Full* astern!—Bow line!—Ease your bow line, I say—" Creeping up the wind to where, in the round eye of the *Kingdom's* search-light, the captain of the *Colossus* clung to the slope of his bridge till the last of his men had come wriggling down the lines: "Edgarmain, ahoy! Edgarmain! Come on aboard, old man—aboard the *Kingdom!*" . . . It ran up the wind to the gray-faced captain who had once stood an ensign's anchor-watch on that ship that was sinking—the voice of the Goodfellow.

We knew it. Of course we knew it that night.

When we opened his door afterward, receiving no answer, the first thing to meet our eyes was a figure lying, toes up, on the deck between the bunk and transom, snoring like a stuck sow. Over the wash and gurgle of the long seas that chased us sternwise "back to base" we heard the snores, and the vitreous bumble of an empty bottle rolling to the roll of the ship.

But we were not looking for Mung, and it was Mung there, drunk on the floor.

"Are you there, sir?" I called in at a venture. But the man I ushered, Captain Edgarmain, pushed by me.

"Good Lord!" I heard him muttering. "What's this?"

Worn and gray as it was, I saw the blood struggling into his face. He stooped to capture the wayward bottle and held it to his nose. (Heaven knows why, for the room was rotten with it.) His face grew purple.

"And this is the *Kingdom*—again! What a ship! What a ship!"

"The ship's all right, Edgarmain."

Both of us looked up at sound of that powerless voice. A heap of something or other loomed in the shadow at the after end of the bunk, and out of the heap Goodfellow's face was presented to us, white as skimmed milk around the two dark puddles of his eyes—and beardless. I don't know how he could have managed it in the little time since he had slipped down from the bridge to get out of Edgarmain's way, weak with revulsion as he was, too. But he had. We saw his shaving-things all adrift in the ghastly litter.

The captain's mouth hung open.

"Sam!" he breathed. "Why, damn my eyes. When I knew it was the *Kingdom* coming," he went on, after a wondering moment, "I nearly had a fit. If I'd known it was *you*, Sam—"

"If I'd known it was *you*," Goodfellow came in with that worn breath of a voice. "As it was—just knowing it was the old *Colossus* — Edgarmain — I —I hadn't a whole nerve left—in my body. . . . No, no!" he protested in a whisper, seeing the other's glance shifting unconsciously to the empty bottle in his hand. "No, no, no, Edgarmain—not this time —no! The devil tempted me—I'll say that. When I was all broken in pieces the devil came and tempted me. And then the Lord showed me a—a goat—in the bush. The goat was—Mung. You remember Mung, Edgarmain. Mung knew too much. Kennard there knew something, or thought he knew something—but Mung knew—*me*. And he was going to talk. But he likes liquor—Mung. And he didn't talk, Edgarmain. He sang songs instead. . . . No, no, Edgarmain—I was drunk on something —worse—than liquor—this time. I was drunk on a—a—dream. I'd been dreaming it all these years—just to have another chance. And I felt like hollering—

or—swallowing the moon. I could have made—miracles, Edgarmain."

"If it wasn't a miracle, Sam, I don't know!"

"It was like a dream."

His voice was like a dream, too. I can't tell you how done up the man was. You should have seen his face—it looked somehow indecently new-born and naked and full of wonder. . . . A kind of embarrassment came over us. I saw Edgarmain shaking his shoulders roughly, puffing out his cheeks. "Damn it all!" he exploded. "See here, old man, this is a fine way to receive survivors aboard! Can't you give us your hand?"

He moved nearer the bunk, stepping over Mung's legs and thrusting out a big, gold-striped arm to shake.

"What's wrong, man? Where's your paw? No? . . . Good God! man, is it because I had to stand up and testify that time? Is that it?"

"No, no, no—" You could see by Goodfellow's face, by the eager, struggling, wistful light in his eyes, that it wasn't so.

"Well, confound it then, give us a hand!"

"Yes, Ed, yes. Only just now—just for the moment—I don't seem able to—to *lift* the damn thing."

The Call

BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

THE little hut in the evening
  Curled under the forest wall,
And blue dusk mantled the starlight
  Stirred by a far-off call.

In through the dust-barred doorway
  The moon crept, strange and chill,
As a slender flower in the springtide
  Alone on an April hill.

In through the listening shadows
  The moon crept up to his chair,
And a whisper stole through the forest
  As a wind stole over his hair,

While the little hut in the evening
  Grew lonely, and very cold,
As the face of the shepherd whitened,
  Changeless, and very old.

On the Beliefs and Convictions of Guinea-Pigs

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

Author of "The Disappointments and Vicissitudes of Mice"

THERE is, so far as I know, but one question which haunts the mind of man eternally—"Am I right or wrong?"—and I am inclined to think that our knowledge and our wisdom, and charity as well, may all be measured largely by the heed that we give to it. For a man's ethics, morals, science, and social customs are all but parts of a fundamental uncertainty, and flow back into it as rivers and rills back into the sea where they originate.

One of the rivers, so to speak, beside which I have passed some of my most speculative hours is that one which has its rise in a somewhat fantastic country—namely, that borderland where our own lives blend, as it were, imperceptibly, with those of what we call the "lower orders." What are our duties to animals and theirs to us? What are their opinions of us, and ours of them? How just are these? There is, to take a most common instance, a wide-spread belief that guinea-pigs are, of all animals, the most stupid. Yet for the most part it may be mere gossip and hearsay. Where is the man who has cared to investigate the matter seriously and report whether the popular belief is truth or, as in many another instance, only vulgar error? I have looked for him in vain. Indeed, it is because of this that I have constituted and delegated myself envoy to report upon the matter.

In my early childhood I loved animals as all children do, yet was denied any of my very own. This was due to the fact that we were a large family. Each of us would, of course, have liked to own individually several pets, but this was not to be thought of. It was deemed sufficiently liberal that we were permitted to own between us one dog, one cat, two canaries (not to mention barn-yard animals), a succession of mocking-birds, white mice, varying numbers and dynasties of pet chickens, and a poll parrot.

It cannot be said the collective ownership was satisfactory. The pets were dreadfully spoiled. Not a one of them knew a whit about obedience. At the hands of all of us, that extremely mixed broth which might have been called their education was certainly spoiled. The varying moods and collective characters of the owners, their cross-purpose pettings and scoldings, commands and counter-commands, were sufficient to demolish all discipline, corrupt all morals, and permanently unseat the logic of even the most promising pets. The dog, bewildered at first, took it all, finally, as a huge joke, laughed a great deal of the time, and became an irresponsible wag. The cat, in keeping with her temperament, exhibited haughty indifference most of the while, or played us off one against the other. It is true she would sometimes lick your fingers with every show of a gentle and selective affection, but there was no counting on her. I have known her, when your own had misunderstood you, and your heart was fair bursting in your breast, when, if she had given you the slightest inducement, you would have hid your tears in her fur—I have known her to stretch and yawn and walk away to another part of the hearth-rug, and, after a moment's indifferent observation of the fire, arch her neck and begin the laundering of her own shirt-bosom, as though that were—and it probably was—the only thing in the world that interested her.

The parrot might almost have satis-

fied me, for she was a bird of much character. Her cage hung low, and she was very willing to swing herself by her beak and queer, awkward claws to the near corner of it to argue impartially with you, but early in my career with her I made the fatal mistake of once giving her tail a sharp pull when she was profoundly engaged in a nap.

The result was all I could have hoped, and made my blood run cold with delight, but she never forgave me. They say they live to a great age, and have wonderful memories; and I have sometimes thought that when all my follies and presumptions are ended and *nil nisi bonum* is spoken of me even by my enemies, that old green bird will probably still remember and cherish against me the fact that I once took that unwarrantable liberty with her tail, and will be ready to dispute with a squawk of fine disdain the gentle and perhaps even flattering opinion of the others.

Matters were then at this standstill for quite a long time and there seemed no hope of improvement. I should perhaps never have become an original investigator of animals and an authority upon guinea-pigs but for the fact that an admirer of my eldest sister gave her in full devotion a pair of ring-doves. Who could have foreseen or prophesied anything so delightful? There they were! While I ate my mush and milk in innocency, and went to bed as usual and slept unsuspecting, and looked forward to no particular future beyond the horizon of the next day, the stars in their courses prepared this event of such real significance. For this gift, given only with the hope of affecting the destiny of the donor, and certainly with no thought of me, yet, in conjunction with some planetary affairs in my own horoscope, was destined to mark a new epoch for me.

The doves were indeed the most lovely creatures imaginable. Their pretty pink feet were the culmination and epitome of all daintiness. The gentle sheen of their breasts and wings; the incredible neatness and order of their plumage—the way they were able to ruffle it and make tailed balls of themselves at will, and the next moment have their feathers as smooth and themselves as shapely as ever; their bright-rimmed, round eyes and the meditative or disdainful film that sometimes drooped over them; the way, too, it snapped up and disappeared if, following on their disdain, they were frightened or heard some unaccustomed noise; the marvel and delicacy of the bending of their necks that literally flowed with color; the way they were able to attend carefully or intently, not by means of gross organs of hearing, which they appeared not to have at all, but by a mere magical listening poise of the head; their way of pausing and going on again; their gentle voices; the way they had of raising a foot and with what daintiness setting it neatly again on the floor of their cage as though to the delicate measure of some unheard melody!

And when they spoke! Ah, there was indeed then music in that part of the veranda! What plaintive sounds that called the heart out of you. But that which I loved best, oh, very best! was the distinction that lay in those delicate rings about their necks. Where but in Saturn, and even there not to the naked eye, shall you find a match for them? How came they there? What meaning had they? Indeed, these seemed to me a kind of enchanted fowl. I fell asleep in the moonlight remembering them, deliciously aware that below-stairs in the dusk of the deep veranda, with the odor of moonflowers all about them, they slept like two doves in a magician's story; and, many a time, half expecting, half dreading to find them gone, I trotted down in the broadlit morning to look at them, amazed to find that creatures so marvelous were yet there.

It was not long before my sister, gentle herself and dovelike, had their confidence so entirely that they would come out of the cage onto her finger; and it could not have been more than a month I think, if that, before they were so well pleased to belong to her that they would fly to her, perching one on either shoulder, and would crane forward their pretty iridescent necks that they might take a bit of bread which she held for them between her lips.

But the matter of real moment in the advent of these lovely creatures lay in

the fact that the old law prohibiting private ownership had been at last broken. In the establishment of this delightful precedent I saw the possibility of a pair of doves for myself—to be all mine as entirely as these were hers. I carried the matter ecstatically to my mother. She received it with somewhat less ecstasy. She considered it, however, as she considered all my suggestions, but it ended by her saying, though with great gentleness, that she thought one pair of ring-doves was enough.

Perhaps she saw that this disappointment was almost more than I could bear, for the next day she herself offered me an alternative. How would I like to have something else?

"Oh, but, Mother, *what* else!"

For me, there was nothing else.

"Well," said my mother, gently, "how would you like a pair of guinea-pigs?"

It is certain I should never have thought of them myself—they were at the extreme nadir of my desires. Yet the very surprise was something. Indeed, I am inclined to think it was this that was the sealing of my fate. There seems to me now something a little pathetic in all this. I had had in my mind's dear desire a pair of doves—ring-doves at that—of my very own, and fate was in this manner doing away with them from the cradle of my fancy and placing there instead two changeling guinea-pigs.

Within a week's time there they were in a little habitat, half cage, half hut, on the veranda. Well, I was ecstatic enough, after all. It is true they insisted upon crowding together and putting their noses tight in the corner, as though to get away as far as possible; nevertheless, the unspoiled fact remained, they were my own.

The members of my family came presently to see, and stood about my province. There were, besides, my cousin Portor and my cousin Hays Hamilton, who were guests with us at the time. Observations and suggestions were made, some of them facetious, especially from my cousin Hays, who was kindly but loved a joke. He suggested that the guinea-pigs should have really fine names, and offered "Anthony and Cleopatra" as suitable, or, if not, then "Hero and Leander." I preferred the former suggestion and took it under consideration. Meantime, I heard my cousin Portor say. "They are cunning, but aren't they stupid-looking little things!"

That evening I went to my cousin Hays, put my hand in his, and said, shyly.

"Cousin Hays, *please* don't let Cousin Portor say they are stupid."

"But maybe they are," he said, with the little whimsicality that had always endeared him to me.

Perhaps my look begged him not to go too far.

"Well, I love them, anyway!" I said, stoutly.

And I remember his saying, with ruminating gentleness.

"Ah, well, that is a different matter."

I loved them, indeed. The heart of a child is adaptable, and the mind, when it is young, a marvelously adjustable instrument. Doves I should have preferred, but it was not so to be. By the dispensation and disposal of fate, I was to possess guinea-pigs. Well, so be it. I loved them, I adored them with childish ecstasy. Oh, the dears! Oh, the darlings! Here was occasion for spending my stored affections. They should know and behold how I loved them.

I set myself the delightful task of getting acquainted with them. I devoted myself to them, and let no one else bring them their food. I spoke with affection and enthusiasm; yet they persistently hid themselves in the dark part of the hutch and would stay there literally for hours. Nothing I could say altered their determination. They could not be coaxed nor persuaded. I took all this very personally. They would have nothing to do with me—with me, mind you, whose very own they were!

After a day of most devoted effort on my part, spent chiefly on my knees, and of persistent rebuff on theirs, spent altogether with their noses hid in a dark corner, I sought out my cousin Hays and stated the case, necessarily in my own favor.

He listened with whimsical sympathy and suggested that perhaps, without realizing it, I might have been a little

noisy in their vicinity. Perhaps their ears were of a peculiarly delicate construction; it might be I had not spoken to them in a soft enough voice.

Perhaps, perhaps! I grasped at that. I was as willing, as eager, as Bottom to adapt myself to my rôle. If I had been noisy, then quiet I could and would be. Had my tones perhaps been a trifle loud? (Ah, the delightful, delicate construction of their ears!) Well, then, like Bottom I would speak in "a monstrous little voice"; I, too, would roar "as 'twere any nightingale." Let but the next day come and witness.

But despite my tiptoeings and diminutive voice and delicate offerings, the second day saw no improvement. They would have nothing, nothing to do with me. They said not a syllable; they merely kept their noses in a dark corner, as though this were better comment than any words. They merely repudiated me.

Meantime, in delicate and dreadful contrast, the ring-doves came daintily out of their cage for their afternoon recreation and cooed gently with intimate pleasure on my sister's hand and shoulder. With a kind of desperation I got down on my knees and peered into the hutch for some hopeful sign. Not a symptom of change. In a spirit of resignation and forgiveness I put a carrot in the cage and got behind a porch pillar to watch the result. But, no, they should not touch it while I was there. I went away at last. By and by when I came back, the carrot was gone. I would have thought it had been spirited away, but for a shred they had overlooked; but they themselves were as before, in the same unwilling mood, in the inner dark part of the hutch, noses to the wall, there they remained.

With a heart a good deal shaken, I went again to my cousin Hays. He was usually fully as resourceful as Puss-in-Boots. But he had, evidently, nothing to suggest.

"Oh, I wouldn't worry," he said. "They'll get more friendly, maybe, by and by." And then it seems he was unable to resist propounding gravely that guinea-pig proposition in Euclid of ancient and unknown origin. "I'd be very careful, if I were you," he said, with great gravity, "not to pick them up by the tail, for if you do their eyes will fall out."

I was horrified at the mere thought. Then, too, there was something fatally reminiscent in this of former shortcomings concerning the parrot.

"Oh, I wouldn't for the *world!*" I said, with a fervency that gratified him and made him unaccountably merry.

The story of the next week's effort is too long to tell in full. I spared no pains, I left no course untried, no device or inducement unessayed—I cannot think Jacob at Peniel was more resolved than I. They remained stubborn. They held me strange; they would not be won.

I even rebuked myself for impatience. I made invalid excuses for them as one does for those one loves. They had treated me shabbily, but I still loved them. I left them carrot valentines and lettuce tributes while they slept; I spoke to them in a voice which must have been acceptable to a fairy; I gave them more inducement to speak than I had ever given even to my dolls. It cannot be said I lacked faith either in them or myself. No; if anything, I had too much, not too little, faith.

I exhausted kindness to wait upon them. I talked philosophy to them of my own kind. I carried my troubles to them; I sang them songs—"Little drops of water, little grains of sand"; also my dolls' lullaby, transposed from my own lullaby days, "Hush, my child, lie still and slumber"; "Go Tell Aunt Rhody," too, with its tragic announcement concerning the death of the "old gray goose" and its practical ending about plucking all the feathers "to make a feather-bed." Poetry, religion, philosophy, economics—what would they? But, "for this, for everything," they were out of tune."—"It moved them not." Once I pointed out to them the slender young moon. "There's the new moon up there," I said, softly.

I tell all this merely so that it will be seen I neglected nothing. One night I put a moonflower in their cage while they were sleeping, thinking they might come out and look at it, relent, and be converted. Once, just before I went to bed, I slipped softly out on the veranda. It was a marvelous white spring night

and the pear-trees were in bloom, and I knew with a dim, wonderful knowledge that in the grass yonder beneath them hundreds of purple violets deepened the delicate shadows. Meantime, the moonlight had made its way softly between the leaves and spaces of the grape-arbor, and stood there silent, along the outer half of the veranda, glorious in pale motley, as might Harlequin have stood—with white Pierrot at a little distance—gazing into the deep dusk at Columbine asleep. Oh! the night, and the beauty and the wonder to stir any heart in the world! I tiptoed to the guinea-pigs' hutch and bent down in the perfect stillness. "Oh, you darlings!" I said in a whisper. "I *do* love you!"

Silence! not the tiniest sound. My heart overflowed with affection. Well, Heaven bless them! Perhaps they slept.

I do not recall how long my unrequited devotion persisted, but I am not one to give up easily, and I am inclined to think it stretched over a really long season. What I do recall is the turn that affairs took one day.

From somewhere I had acquired by chance or merit, or it may have been mere bounty, a delightful book; a little one, with a paper cover, charming colored illustrations, and a general air of distinction. I rejoiced in it a few moments by myself, turning the delectable pages slowly like a connoisseur; then I flew down to the veranda to share it with Anthony and Cleopatra. I opened it at the loveliest of the pictures and showed this to them. They ran to the other side of the cage. I went to the other side of the cage myself, and proffered it to them anew. They declined, and hopped back to where they had been. I went back myself, with some firmness, and tried once more. They absolutely refused, and put their noses tight in the corner. It was as though here we took our stand. This was to be Waterloo and the sunken road. They were resolved to leave me in no doubt.

I sat back a moment, contemplating, realizing. Then a strange thing happened. I had a sudden entire revulsion of feeling. My anciently professed affection, my long-suffering patien dropped from me. These were a stiff-necked people. They were no longer worthy to be loved. I would withdraw my favor from them. Let them receive their deserts. I would smite them in my sore displeasure. I waved the book fiercely at them and rattled it against the bars.

As suddenly, their prim indifferent ways fell from them as a cloak. They leaped up and flew about the cage, their hind feet hopping madly after their fore-feet in such a way as I would not have thought possible. I followed up my advantage. I gave the book a bang on the top of the cage! Skies above! They crouched! Another! Good heavens! Another! Stars and moons! They tore hither and yon, thither, whither! back and forth! Everywhere! Nowhere! They stopped in midflight, whirled and went in the other direction. Still another! Bang! *Merciful Providence!* They fled into a corner, one might say fell upon their knees! Their hind legs quivered! They hid their faces, as it were, against this retributive and awful Jehovah in pinafores and strapped slippers. I dragged the book once across the bars with a terrible retreating rumble of angry and withdrawing thunder. They burrowed their noses deeper, deeper. No one with an imagination but would have known they begged to be delivered! But I was in no relenting humor. Let them pray! Zipp! Bang! Once more! If they had been indifferent, here was cause for attention; if afraid, well, there was at least some warrant. I believed this to be a more just and orderly world than the other.

It is a truism that children and young people are cruel, having had no experience of suffering. Nothing could induce me to do such a thing now. I have been terrified myself by superior powers and have crouched under some retributive thunders prevalent in my own very personal skies. I have grown soft-hearted and, to an extent at least, merciful. Yet I still think that, however mistaken and cruel these rough tactics of mine may seem to older years and the philosophic mind, yet from the standpoint of a perfectly good-natured, chubby, friendly little girl, bent on loving and being loved whose affection had been rejected,

they were in a large measure excusable, perhaps even justifiable.

Later I repented to a certain extent. But I never really loved them again. It could not be but my cousin Portor was right. They *were* stupid little things! Oh, they were, they were! Let no one henceforth talk to me of guinea-pigs, nor bring hearsay or rumor to enlighten me!

Yet it may be objected that all this is too personal an experience to serve for general testimony. Might I not have misjudged, undervalued, misunderstood these two?—approached them from a wrong angle? But I cannot think that the behavior of guinea-pigs which, in the persons of Anthony and Cleopatra, was directed so pointedly toward me, really varies much in its other manifestations. I have known other and indeed the most adorable children rejected as persistently by other guinea-pigs nameless or of different cognomen. A true prince of the blood the other day, a beautiful little boy of five, and fit to have the sun rise for him only, confided to me—whispering it to me in fatuous consideration of their feelings—that his guinea-pigs did nothing but eat and sleep all day and would *not* be taught, despite all his efforts, to answer to their names.

I knew an astute nurse whose small charge was master of another pair. Whenever he was sullen, indifferent, or in her eyes stupid, her rebuke always took one form. "Come, Master Charles, don't be a guinea-pig!"

I recall also a pair of guinea-pigs on whom much affection had been lavished, who were witness one night to the burning of their master's home. Some one had remembered to set them away in a place of safety. There they sat illuminated, and by the light of the very glare that should have lent them sympathetic horror, they, in comfort and indifference, demolished three carrots, and then retired and went to sleep as though nothing in the world of any moment to them were happening.

Another two were let out of their hutch into the garden. It was thought it would please them; and, after all, two such tiny creatures could not do much harm to the cabbages or lettuce. Each hid immediately under a melon-leaf, and their owners courteously retired to give them more perfect freedom. I do not believe they touched a mouthful. What they did do was to make off to Heaven knows what friends and confederates. They never returned. Not a cabbage but was searched, beet-tops, salsify spears, feathery carrot greens, the banners of the young corn, skirts of the kale, strawberry-vines—all were brushed this way or that way, rudely or anxiously, by all the children of the house, bent, but with diminishing hope, on finding their lost pets. But, no; not hide nor hair of the ingrates was to be found. They had preferred to take their chances with weasels and foxes of the near-by woods to staying longer with human kind.

Yet, after all, here enters uncertainty! Does all this more prove my point or theirs? Can it be a behavior so habitual, so general and well agreed on, is without particular meaning? Can it be supposed all this happens by mere coincidence? Does it not rather point to some definite belief or persuasion—perhaps to some strong conviction on their part? It looks to me like a formulated faith or dogma. Here is every air of something covertly sworn to. Let humans behave as they choose, these will stick to their reserve and their carrots. It appears to me that their persistent refusal to be won bodes something, as silence too long maintained becomes ominous. What have they seen? What deductions have they drawn? Of what are they so tenaciously persuaded?

I think it not unlikely they have come to some rather sharp conclusions in their secret conferences. I think it presumable they have there discussed our wars and secret diplomacies, our bull-fights, teas, and social charities; the cruelty of our children and young people, the weary indifference and selfishness of our old ones; the mock humanity of our jeweled ladies and overfed gentlemen delivering themselves of pity concerning starving peoples. Might there not be in all this some accounting for their taciturnity and fixed rejection of us? Is there not reason enough here why a sculpin has a more animated eye?

Then, too, can it be doubted that our dealings with their fellow-creatures have left their opinions uninfluenced?

"Have you marked," says one of them, looking gravely over his spectacles at the others, "how, if an animal shows anything in ways or manner that reminds these people of themselves, they believe him to be of a superior order? How they congratulate him, and try to press their culture further upon him, and are at pains to teach him anything that shall increase the resemblance?

The rest nod solemnly. Yes, they have observed.

"Have you noticed" — raising his head, and looking very tellingly, under his spectacles this time—"how they read their sentimentality into the behavior of animals, and how they insist on sympathizing with them at tactless moments?"

Good heavens! I realize suddenly that here is something personal to me, and in the portfolio under his front paw I can hardly doubt he has it on record how I myself began this practice early. It was a turtle I rescued when I was about six years old. It had been tied by the leg by its enthusiastic discoverer and then forgotten and left in that truly terrible plight for twenty-four hours. Oh, the tragedy I made of this! How I congratulated myself and was congratulated by my family for having delivered him from this pit! Did I ask what his real sentiments were in the matter? Not at all. I judged only by what I should have felt under a like calamity, tied by the leg to a post all day and night, unable to go to my distracted loved ones. Yet in such a judgment it must be admitted there was neither logic nor testimony to uphold me. If my premise had been correct, would he, do you think, have made no sign, shown no emotion? Is it thinkable he would not have fallen on my neck or at least have pressed my hand? Whereas, rather, he withdrew, front and hind legs, hauling and pulling his house away, as though he wished to have nothing to do with me, or sensed perhaps that this was but another mood of the original who had tied him. As to his terrible anxiety when, in the night watches, he thought of how they missed him at home—who knows? Perhaps he had quarreled with his wife, or she may have been a slattern; and a good excuse, and no responsibility on his part, to stay under the clean stars may have been a godsend and may have given him fresh courage to take up life's burden once more.

"Have you noted," says one of the delegates, turning the pages of his notebook for his references—"have you observed what these human mortals call the 'education of animals'?"

Another member rises to his feet, for this touches him nearly. He puts his hands on the table, leans forward on them, and looks all around.

"Yes," he says, tellingly. "*E-ducated!*—Led out of what!"

Ah, that is enough! You begin to see, you begin to understand and recall! Have you never in your childhood had your tippet fastened about your neck and your hat set upon your head, that you might go to see trained and well "educated" horses, noble creatures to begin with, bow and wheel and trot and rear and kneel and dance and pray at the crack of the whip of the ring-master in riding-boots and top-hat? Have you not seen them petted for their amenability, as they eat docilely out of the hand of authority? Yes, and there were some adults in the audience, too!

And will you tell me you have never gone in holiday humor, to see captive "wild" beasts tamed to perform incredible human feats (the posters that brought you show honestly enough bears on bicycles and roller-skates, and other wonders)—have you never gone to see these and to watch elephants make fools of themselves, and waited after the performance to give them peanuts in token of your delighted approval?

Meantime the guinea-pig to the right of the chairman is speaking.

"Perhaps some of the other members of this assembly will have noted the pride with which human beings are wont to look upon what they call their domestication of animals. They have subdued and triumphed over them, yes. But what can be said of their peace terms? Have you examined into the case of the dog? They point out how under their teaching he has become faithful." Telling oratorical pause. The speaker thrusts his fingers between the buttons of his vest and waits. "Faithful!" he repeats the word, raising his eyebrows. He looks all round. Then, pointedly, "Aye, but *to whom!*"

This, you see gives one pause. It sets one thinking of other cases, too, fully as striking. After all, when I have seen —as no man has lacked seeing—the horse goaded and galled, and lashed beneath a load he can scarce stagger under, I am not entirely persuaded the chilly stall and hostler's jargon and the scant bag of oats really pay for these honors. When I see a cat on the stone steps of a city mansion left to starve, while the family of its adoption goes away for the summer, I am not so sure the aforetime pettings and dishes of milk offset the pangs of immediate hunger and present humiliation.

You see I have thought of these things even before the guinea-pig with his hand in his vest rose to speak. I have thought more than once, too, of the fate of our domestic fowls. Are they bred to such safety, after all? The agreement reads generously enough. They are to live like the most luxurious invalids. The women are to be relieved altogether of the croodling anxieties, the nervous and fluffed worriments of motherhood; entire societies, educated for the purpose, will look after and educate their children for them; nurseries and brooder schools are maintained at no apparent cost to the beneficiaries; the individual is relieved of all care. It is worthy of Lycurgus, and sounds like a perfectly good, even if a somewhat cold, bargain. But I doubt if the original delegates could have read the last clause carefully. Did they fully understand it when they signed the agreement, or were some trickery and flimflam resorted to?

We have lured the wild turkeys, a great deal against their will, and have forced the benefits of our civilization upon them so that they may take part in the feasting of Christian families who sit about snowy, decorated tables at certain seasons, in the spirit of reunion, attentively awaiting the carving.

Well, to be brought in, far and away and by all odds the most ceremonial dish of the occasion—there is a certain splendor in it, if you like; I will admit that. But before I grant you any real benefit on the part of my client, I would like to get the testimony of the old wild turkey yet in all his feathers, and with a head still on his neck to put under his wing, still balancing himself with his unplucked tail in the wind under the winter stars, as I have seen him, in the topmost fox-proof branches. I should like to ask him if he would exchange Orion, Boötes, and Berenices for the somewhat less brilliant remarks of the company, or his freedom and the morrow for chestnut stuffing and giblet gravy.

Nor is this all, of course. The mind of any man could suggest new examples. What of the case of the cow? Have you looked into it? Have you recalled how generally it is agreed that six weeks' old veal is delicious? And bees? What of our raiding of their hives and confiscation of their secrets under warrant of God knows what convenient espionage act? Have we not taken over their accounts? Edited and audited their books as we deem fit? Look how we confuse and thwart them with a monstrous beating of tin pans when they annually make a new stand for freedom and we lead them away again into new captivity. Matters are better, it is true, than they used to be. There was a time when conscientious church-going people were wont to kill the better part of the swarm each winter, so as not to be at the expense of sparing them so much honey! That atrocity is at an end. It has been discovered that it is cheaper to keep them, after all, allowing them a certain small per cent. of their own products, just enough to live on, while all the larger share is given over to their enemies, the monopolists, sold at exorbitant prices, and the proceeds put in the bank, but not one penny to their credit. It is we, I fear, who are to account for the proverb. It cannot be said they were always so busy. I have seen them staggering home tired and drunk at eight o'clock of a midsummer evening, with the last sackful to enrich their employers. There was, no doubt, a time of old that tradition could tell about, before all this sweat-shop business was afoot, when a bee might have some individuality and some kind of family life for himself, some sort of pleasure of his own; when he could stretch his sticky legs comfortably of an evening and in a pair of loose pantouffles, unfold his newspaper leisurely, and read under his carefully adjusted spectacles, the latest do-

ings in the bee and blossom world; when a young fellow, with a delicate taste for pleasure, might pause in a wayside trumpet-flower, or drink in a foxglove tavern without shame or hurry.

But gone, gone are all those times and fine prerogatives. Perhaps the guinea-pigs pondered on this in their meditative hours. Perhaps they were thinking of it that spring night when the moon shone so marvelous and the pear blossoms and violets bloomed lavish in the perfect stillness, and those two in the dark hutch would have nothing to do with me.

But blasting as all this evidence is, may not one member of the conclave who is a trifle backslidden from the stern retributive justice of the rest, rise to make some slightly mitigating suggestions? However unkindly we may have behaved toward our "inferiors," yet may it not be we have dealt with more consideration toward our own? Let us be given our dues! Several of them thereupon are sent forth to collect data. They come back staggering under huge note-books and compendiums of strange human crafts—envies, jealousies, cruelties, sweat-shop labor, politics, and prison atrocities. Do you think these have found among humankind no parallel of the bee? Have these not seen "human mortals" performing under the whip, also, of well-dressed convention, and taking their rewards meekly from the hand of authority in top-hat, wig, or miter?

In the light of all this, my own relations with them change from opaque experience to revelation and instruction. Is it possible, in those first days when they declined my devotion, they saw all my human failures to come like a scroll unrolled? Did they foresee that future day when I should fail my friend, or pass by one beaten and wounded on the way to Jericho? Can it be they had these things in mind when they sat with their noses to the wall? And the moon flower, too, did it seem to them in the presence of all this a piece of sickening sentimentality? And my effort at last to reduce them by means of fear and threats and visitations from hell—was all this no real surprise, but, rather, a fulfillment and a corroboration?

You see, if a man be but fair-minded, how his entire world of self-satisfaction may begin to totter. And the thing is likely to go from bad to worse, God knows, if we are resolved to be entirely honest; for the truthful man must admit that at times he is forced to uphold these guinea-pig doubts and subscribe to these guinea-pig suspicions. Has not he, too, noted the insincerities and the mockeries and withdrawn himself and kept a comparable silence? Has not he also basked in the sun of affection and later seen it unaccountably withdrawn? Has not his scorn also been justified? Has not he also been tricked, duped? So, there comes a time when, like the guinea-pigs, he will have no more of these ancient falsities; a time when he doubts men's motives are as generous as they proclaim themselves; a time when he would withdraw from such mixed company. I wager there is no man of intelligence who has lived long and intimately with his fellows but has had his guinea-pig hours. As to myself, there are times when I can respect guinea-pigs for having nothing to do with us—when I have seen a man betray his trust and cloak the matter in virtue, or build up his own success out of the suffering of those he professed dear. Nor let me vaunt myself, neither; rather let me be frank and humble. Have I myself never been deserving of their scorn?

So, their silence, their persistent determination to have nothing to do with us, take on validity and meaning. It would seem that the farther we go, the better are we likely to understand their attitude. These are a people who do not indulge in back-biting, nor betray one another, nor perpetrate and countenance organized wrong. Their code is different. I begin to see how they could not forgive us our crudities, and would wish to have nothing to do with us.

Well, it is true, we are, we are a failful people. It cannot be denied. Not a one of us righteous, no not one. Isaiah and the prophets are right! Not a one who has not failed his brother. Not a one of us of mature judgment but knows that the larger part of friendship must still be forgiveness.

Yet, true though all this is, may not some word be said, after all, on our side

of the matter? and even, perhaps, on this very point? Is there perhaps something *too* just in their estimate, and too little leeway for mercy? Their opinions —have they not some suggestion of that ancient Mosaic bargaining once fallaciously called justice? If we behaved ourselves more seemly, they would return us their favor. Yes; no doubt. But it sounds too much like an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. It sounds as though they knew too little of the gentle dew that falls from Heaven.

Well, these are their beliefs and convictions; we can take them or leave them. Yes, precisely. I have known men, too, who would lay down a fixed code and stand against all affection on a principle. I am not sure but those of us with more faults find a better fate in a larger leniency. There are some of us who have learned to forgive as we would wish to be forgiven; some of us who have hid our faces in our hands, and that not through fear and a fixed resolve, but through love and a sudden overwhelming humility. There are faulty gentlenesses, I would have these little people witness and note. I could wish them to know they might be mistaken, and admit some behaviors in ourselves at least as good as their carrots. There are times I could pity them for not wanting to know something of our struggles, our failures, our follies, our pitiful falsities; when I could feel sorry for them, most of all, for having in their dealing with one another no occasion to feel sorry. Think of a people who, never having failed, could not forgive? Think of a whole race, and not a man among them whose friend had ever played him false! An entire species with no one to flatter and then betray them! Think of a polite and mutually courteous people, who never heard of, much less experienced, the unkindness of benefits forgot; who had no knowledge of the bitter taste of ingratitude, and who remained to the end indifferent to those triumphs of the spirit which are but dark-rooted failure brought to flower and fruit.

Granted that consistency is a jewel—are there not better things than jewels, especially if it be a man hungers and thirsts? Had they not better—and for the enlarging of their hearts—be mistaken? Yet, I have never heard that one of them ever said, "Am I right, am I wrong?" They persist stubbornly in their opinions. Their silence reiterates that we are not worthy, else they would have loved us!

Oh, away these petty measurements and shabby reasonings! Give me, instead, the splendor and accoutrements of a more illogical affection! Because love is withdrawn from me, shall I therefore withdraw mine in token of my wrong, and to balance the books, like an expert and chartered accountant? I have heard, rather, a wronged man declare "love is not love which alters where it alteration finds." Have I not cherished too long those greatest of all sonnets, made up entire of the splendor of failure and falseness and forgiveness, to accept any shoddy infallibility at a bargain price?

That day we believe that we have, stowed away in our little minds, the solution of the problem of existence, that day we refuse to forgive those who have wronged us, it were well for us to stop all argument and return to our hutches, to live content in the dark. What does any man know of the ample world who, like a guinea-pig, is content with life on so small a scale? What do they know of the vesture and trappings of poverty and danger and the worn out yet still splendid raiment of chance, who go so neatly clothed and content in certainty? The attitude of guinea-pigs, like that of too many men, smacks of the punitive. They would punish us, forsooth! Here would seem to be proof that they have no humor, and I doubt if they have ever heard, much less joined in the "inextinguishable laughter of the gods."

I would swear their literature, if you came to examine it, is a drear performance, and their drama one of stilted ethics and villains foredoomed. I think it must be they know nothing of the really great scenes. What would they make of Hamlet? Can it be thought they would tolerate Falstaff? Their Lear is writ, I would wager, to show what an absurd old man it was who made such a disposal of his property; and to point out how he got no more than his deserts; and how Cordelia was but fairly hanged by her better balanced sisters. And

"ripeness is all"—is it likely they would ever have thought out or uttered that best piece of philosophy? Also, it is moderately certain there would be no fool in the piece whatever.

You see how the argument, with no intent of mine, turns like a hazel twig in the hand, to indicate these hidden waters. For I started out honestly and with sincerity to justify the stubborn silence of these little people and to show how it might be they were not so far wrong. I had the brilliant idea it was perhaps we, not they, who were stupid!

All things change. The entire universe is in flux. As for the man who can maintain the boast of a fixed belief, I can make nothing of him. Let him live in his barred safety, sleep in a hutch and feed upon his chosen carrots. We are sworn from our birth to the unbound, the unaccountable; and he who tries to stand fixed in a swirling universe, and who binds himself stubbornly to any fixed conviction, condemnation, creed, or behavior, has foregone his destiny; has set himself out of harmony with his stars, sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, and allied himself with guinea-pigs.

There is no unchanging point in the universe, nor, if you could get off at a sufficient distance, any fixed stars, either. That man is not of most service to his fellows who is the most agreeable and consistent with their humor; rather, it is he of a more contradictory ability; it is he who is daring—blundering if it must be—but he also who is the large, the unaccountable, the lovable.

We want to fix our affections on one thing, when life is already calling us to something better and increasing. While you declare your love of the blossom, the fruit is already setting, with far-off intent and purpose. All things mellow in the suns and winds of the days. The kernel hardens and the fruit swells and grows ripe. Our bigotry, too firmly held, becomes the starting-point of the next man's free thinking. A conviction that refuses to alter, in the end condemns and convicts itself.

And so we come back, step by step, to the larger matter of forgiveness; for to forgive is to progress, to understand, and in a sense to change and ripen one's opinion. All fruit drops from the tree green, unmatured, at last, that has the worm of self-love or hatred of others at the heart. It cannot be but Shakespeare's Edgar spoke true, for "Ripeness *is* all."

It is in the light of this that I would swerve once more, and venture to believe that guinea-pigs perhaps *are* stupid little things, after all, as the world has accredited them with being; and that when I beat upon their cage, in my turn rejecting them and their narrow-mindedness, I was profoundly right, however apparently wrong.

Yet, after all, I cannot be sure. Am I right or wrong? I do not know. It is a truism that we are all inclined to be prejudiced in our own favor, and affectionate and forgiving to ourselves, however severe we may believe it necessary to be upon others.

Have I been a little dogmatic myself, perhaps? Have I assumed I could search the heart of an entire people? I have denied them benevolence; yet they may have it—who knows?—under some other name. I have called them stupid and have thus denied them implicitly many qualities that may be secure enough, though well hid, in their possession. Let me yield at the most difficult point. I have said they lacked humor. It is one of my favorite tenets that the wise are forever, also, the gay, the debonair. It has been farthest from me, in all my observations of guinea-pigs, to suppose that they possess a single atom of gaiety. But, after all, now, who can tell? God knows! Perhaps! Peradventure—Perhaps it is not so unlikely or improbable that guinea-pigs have some gaiety of their own kind, after all; that at certain times agreed upon they meet in surreptitious conclave and scuttle through a Sir Roger, throw themselves hilariously into a horn-pipe, dance with positive élan "a Tucker-swing-the-ladies" or rattle through a Virginia reel in mere mad joy and celebration— Of what? Go to! I do not know am I right or wrong! Perhaps in celebration of the fact that they are guinea-pigs, and of the kindly fate that denied them tails to be picked up by.

The Blue Star

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

WHEN Janet Conway said good-by to Dick Parmelee, she did it in the modern manner. Her mother was not present; nor Amos Conway, her father; nor Alison Conway, her twin. Janet and Dick lunched alone together at the St. Justin, the St. Justin being Janet's one concession to Mrs. Conway's prejudices, as Mrs. Conway's acquiescence was a concession to these extraordinary times in which we have recently been living. Like most well-conditioned American women, Mrs. Conway worked hard at Red Cross headquarters; she wore old clothes for the sake of buying more Liberty Bonds; but Alison was firmly discouraged from becoming a farmerette, and Janet would have been, had the question arisen, even more firmly discouraged from marrying Dick Parmelee before he "went." Luckily for her, her daughters were too young to insist on going to France; there the government took all responsibility off Mrs. Conway's shoulders. Yet, as I have said, Mrs. Conway was not untouched by the strangeness of the times.

So it was that Janet Conway bade her lover farewell in one of the public rooms of the St. Justin. Some girls would have preferred to have the last word under the parental roof, with the family discreetly scurrying into other rooms; but not the modern Janet. The alien crush of the hotel interfered with her sense of privacy less than a family huddled behind the closed door of the library. What Dick Parmelee would have preferred she did not ask, so imperative was her sense that to be unchaperoned was even more intimate than to be alone with him. If there were to be tears, she decided, it was easier to hide them from the street crowds than from her too sympathetic kin.

Luncheon was a pitiful affair at best. As the St. Justin was neither crowded nor fashionable, Dick's uniform drew attention—she was glad she had no wedding-ring with a new glitter to focus that attention more directly still. She took her pitiful poor comfort in the faint feeling of wifehood that came from letting him order, letting him pay, making herself socially subservient to him as she could never do at her father's table. At the St. Justin he was not guest, he was host; she herself was not a guest, but a dependent; her man was feeding her. Janet made the most of that savor.

There were things to be said between them on this occasion, and Janet Conway was not the girl to shirk. She had limited family discussion of their affairs, for Dick's sake, as much as she could. But there were some things, with a clan or social bearing, still to be mentioned.

"I want you to know," she said, firmly, "that I wanted to marry you before you went."

Dick Parmelee flushed under his O. T. C. complexion. "You never said so."

"No. How could I?"

"Do you mean that you think I ought to have asked you?"

"No, I don't think you ought. But if you had, I should."

"I think you know well enough why I didn't." Dick frowned. Being in love is of any age, but matrimony is the affair of a grown man. Dick was not quite a grown man—yet. It awed him still to think of himself as a husband. The proper twist of a bayonet was his business—now; and the twist of a bayonet was certainly a grave matter. But as an idea sudden death was more "his size" than having a wife, though a wife was what Janet in good time, and the sooner the better, was to be.

"I think it's a raw deal. Suppose I got mine over there—went west—*you* know. . . . Wouldn't it be easier for you if we hadn't been married?"

"No."

"You honestly mean that?"

"Would I say it if I didn't?"

"Then why do you say it now, dear?"

"Does it bother you?"

"Nothing you say could ever bother me. But I couldn't go away having you think I didn't want to marry you more than anything."

A waiter intervened, hovering, and both Janet and Dick plunged into masses of chocolate ice-cream (double portions). Chocolate ice-cream may bear a comic suggestion; but, in sober fact, to be bound over, at the chocolate ice-cream age, to deal with Hymen and Aphrodite and Mars all together is a pathetic situation.

"I know," answered Janet, after a moment. "I want you to want it. And I want you to know I wanted it. Doing it's another matter. We were right, I suppose, not to do it."

Dick Parmelee's face cleared. "I expect so. I'd have felt a selfish beast. So rotten to you."

"I don't quite see why rotten to me."

"Why, because if I got shot to pieces and lived, you'd have had to stick out a long life tied to me. And"—Dick flushed a little—"there might have been a child, even. You never can tell. I think these war weddings are all sentimental rot. Of course it's nice for a minute, but, good Lord! has a man got a right to marry until he thinks he sees a way clear?"

Janet looked him full in the eyes for a moment. "It would have been very nice for a minute, there's no denying that. And I fancy a man hasn't got a right . . . Quite correct, Dicky. It's a question how far a girl's right goes. I certainly didn't think mine went as far as putting it up to you. . . . So everything's all right, and we agree the way we ought to. I suppose you may be hanging round the harbor for days and I can't even wave a hand to you. Oh, I think war is *stupid*. I'd never have fallen in love with a soldier if there had been anything else 'round to fall in love with."

"I wasn't a soldier when we got engaged."

"No, but you were going to be, right off. Every one was, or was going to be. There isn't anything else left."

"Do you wish I had a bad heart?"

"Wouldn't look at you if there were anything the matter with you," she retorted, smartly—and then, too late, wished it unsaid.

"A pretty good argument on my side," he remarked, quietly, as he bent over the little salver of change.

"I didn't mean that. I meant I was glad nothing stopped your going."

Dick took the explanation easily, for it was prompt and plausible. He hardly realized that Janet's desire to marry him immediately—first expressed just now—was partly desire that any physical shrinking which might, by disaster, of shell or shrapnel, come, should be illegal—immoral—impossible to yield to. She wanted, for the sake of that dread, thinkable future, the compulsion of a wife upon her. But this was one of the things even Janet could not say. She watched the faint smoke of his cigarette, wondering if in some nasty rest billet—or in hospital—he would guess. Somehow, the cigarette smoke reassured her. She thought not. Men were so different, after all.

Twenty minutes later she clutched the hand-rail of a 'bus, clinging to it desperately because she saw it double.

It is not my intention to follow Dick Parmelee on his transport, to "a French port," to a training-camp "somewhere in France," to the crowded roads that led at last to the front. He sailed in the late winter, and by early summer he was facing the boche. Men were badly needed in the second quarter of 1918; the training-camp period did not last so long as he had feared. He gulped his intensive instruction as he had never gulped anything in college; there were times when brain and body ached together, so hard that he did not know which would give out first. But the toughened body stood a strain that once might have been fatal, and the brain at least never had to bear the cruel burdens of introspection. Janet was the reward looked forward to, but more and more the reward was obliterated by the task in hand. The fields of central France, undevastated, free to respond to spring, rested his eyes but recalled nothing, linked themselves to nothing but this strange immediate dream, this inter-

lude, this episode in life. Routine tied him down to it so that he did not have to wallow in his sense of unreality. Then they were blooded on a "quiet sector"; and later—a little suddenly at the last—they entrained for a region that meant the *n*th power of artificial hell. Though it was farther east than he had been before, it seemed to Dick incalculably nearer Janet. His progress was all toward her—a succession of necessary stages before the reward could come. Perhaps, if he "got his," that would be nearest of all. This was the extent of his reasoning about her; and it will be seen that she was a healthy influence. Janet was pigeonholed, often thought of, written to when possible; her supremacy was never questioned. But she was not allowed to interfere. Dick was a good soldier; nothing remarkable, but perfectly adequate to the unpleasant, necessary job. He even had the sense to see that the frills and trappings meant something if you went far enough back into the causes of things. Like most Americans, he had no taste for them; but he knew them to be an integral part of what was at present the biggest job on earth. Meanwhile his eyes, his ears, his legs, his stomach, were busy adapting themselves to incredible facts and conditions. And there we will leave Dick Parmelee.

For the story is, properly speaking, Janet Conway's. Janet, that is, had the leisure to be a consecutive character. She walked in accustomed ways; she was not wrenched from her natural moorings in the tide of things. True, Fifth Avenue was thick with banners; Blue Devils and Anzacs trimmed the scene; Pershing's Crusaders spoke from booths to all and sundry; girls in pigtails and boys in round collars knew all about deportations and crucifixions—accepting them as facts of contemporary life and sleeping none the worse for it; and Janet herself accepted laparotomy pads and pneumonia jackets and Dick "over there." Out of it all was forged a noble will to sacrifice, but even more surely a lasting hatred of the Hun. Sometimes, in a shop, buying hairpins or needles, Janet wondered if, when "the tumult and the shouting died," and people had assimilated the private griefs that came to them, and peace was signed, there would be anything to show save that achieved loathing. She still felt war was stupid, though it seemed a little less stupid when Dick Parmelee's regiment was cited. But only her personal love and her private anxiety infected life and made it bitter. The rest was frankly temporary, and Janet had the wit to see that even her Dick's fate was not a national matter; that if he were killed, it would be all the same to America, and that no one but herself, or some one in like case, would mark any difference in the sky. Except that "German" would be, for a whole generation, synonymous with all that is most beastly, what would be really changed? Janet Conway, it will be seen, was neither politically educated nor politically minded. She took their—after all—endurable deprivations in a sporting spirit; she worked hard; she thought of Dick. She prayed for victory and loathed the Hun. But she was uninterested in labor or socialism or picketing or paternalism or Czecho-Slovaks. She was a very normal young person, in love with a soldier, whom she sometimes wished she had married before he went, and sometimes was glad she had not married. Mrs. Conway had succeeded better than many modern mothers in bringing up one daughter as she would like.

Then came a day, in the cool 1918 July, when for Janet, returning from her chapter headquarters, things were changed. The Conways were spending the summer in town — perhaps the strangest turn the war had taken for them. Janet was tired, and to her conscious weariness she put down the curious sense of disaster with which she mounted the gray stone steps of her home. "Something has happened," she said to herself; "but they promised to telephone if—" In spite of that reassuring promise, her fingers fumbled stupidly with the latch-key. She was no habitual dupe of presentiments, yet she knew that something had changed the color of the familiar things. Everything looked yellow, haunted, different. She stood an instant in the empty hall, then followed the trail of voices, blazed by faint echoes, to the library. They hadn't telephoned—wanted to spare her a little

longer, she thought, with curling lip. On the threshold she braced herself to hear of Dick's death.

Mrs. Conway's quiet sobbing was the most prominent sound, and she turned instinctively to her mother. "Well?" she asked, harshly.

Mrs. Conway put out her hand and clutched Janet's, but said nothing. Her father sat opposite her mother, grim and silent. He had just ceased speaking. Nowhere, on table, chair, or floor, could Janet's eyes discover telegram or letter.

"Have you heard something about Dick?"

"No, nothing. Dick's all right, as far as we know." Thus her father, hastily. Too hastily, Janet thought, yet she was sure he would not lie to her.

"What is it, then?"

"It's Alison."

"Alison? What about her?"

Mrs. Conway took up the tale. "She is married." She stopped crying, but her chest still shook and there was a queer little gasp between syllables.

Janet sat down and stared about the familiar room. "Alison married!" A fact so new as that seemed to estrange her from all her surroundings. It was like being in an antipodal town, beset by ghosts of home. She wanted, for an instant, to brush away those ghosts and, clear-eyed, take the measure of the antipodes. But, instead, she compromised.

"Whom has she married?"

"That dreadful little Teddy Wales."

"Teddy Wales!"

Janet saw that she was to have no antipodal peace. The name wrenched her back to the atmosphere of home. To the walls of the library the detested syllables were a familiar vibration. Teddy Wales—a sandy little rat of a man, a mésalliance of the finest.

"How did she get hold of him?"

Mrs. Conway's voice had become sharp enough for sarcasm. "Going down to Upton with Nina."

"But Nina loathes Teddy Wales."

Amos Conway spoke slowly. "I don't know that Nina's feeling about him has anything to do with it. She provided the pretexts for going and the vehicle to take them. Alison has been running round with Nina a lot more than she has been sticking to her own job. She wanted to join Nina's corps herself, you remember."

Mrs. Conway reverted to an old grievance. "I wouldn't permit that uniform or that work. If Nina's mother saw her way to it, I didn't. If the War Department and the Red Cross can't find men, or older women, to drive cars round to the hospitals and the service clubs and the camps, we've come to a pretty pass. Of course Alison went with Nina—and I dare say Nina made plenty of excuses to get down to Yaphank. And that miserable Hostess House finished it."

Janet protested. "I don't think we can take it out on the Hostess House. The Hostess House is all right. If Alison is such a fool as to run off and marry Teddy Wales, I suppose we ought to be grateful to the Y. W. C. A. for chaperoning her meanwhile."

"*My* daughter to be chaperoned by the Y. W. C. A.!" The pre-war Mrs. Conway was coming out vividly under provocation.

"Well"—and Janet's tone was very dry—"personally, I am grateful to the Y. W. C. A. Otherwise she would have been sitting in a cheap café with him, probably, and Heaven knows what would have happened—with that little bounder. I think"—she paused a moment before taking the leap—"Alison is the worse bounder of the two. Teddy Wales had no bringing-up, but Alison knew better. You can blame Uncle Jack for bringing Teddy Wales into the house. Alison never brought him in; she jolly well knew you wouldn't let her."

"I won't have your uncle blamed," Mr. Conway objected. "All he did was to give a clever boy a chance—a good, fighting, American chance—at a decent education and decent associates. I don't share your mother's prejudices. She objects to Teddy Wales on principle. I object to him because I don't believe in him as an individual. He is very able, and he has justified your uncle's belief in his ability. But I don't like him personally, and if he had been Nina Carmody's born brother I'd have felt the same way about him."

"If he had been Nina Carmody's born

brother, he wouldn't have been like that," retorted Mrs. Conway.

"He might have been," Mr. Conway insisted. "There are plenty of young fellows the girls used to dance with that I shouldn't like any better. What I mind," he went on, heavily, "is the trick Alison has played us. She might at least have asked us."

"She knew we wouldn't have let her."

"But she might have given us the chance. And a man who would let her do it this way—go over to Jersey and marry him and then telephone us about it—is a bad lot. You think, my dear, that because Wales was once an unknown office-boy out of the West he never ought to have been looked at. I say that if he had made good I'd have looked at him and been glad to. But he never had time to make good all round, and now I know that he never could have—taking my daughter like this without her parents' consent."

Janet looked up. "Is he going over?"

"Of course, that is the excuse," her mother answered, bitterly. "He has this little furlough before sailing—and he uses it to marry Alison in. He ought to have gone to his family. Any boy goes to his family, as a matter of course."

It moved Janet to laughter. "You forget he's an orphan, mother. That's one of his few advantages. You don't have to acquire his family, for he hasn't any."

But Mrs. Conway was more unreasonable than ever in pre-war days. "He should have had one."

"Not everybody does, mother. Even Dick's an orphan."

Mr. Conway showed signs of impatience. "Don't get off the track, Isabel. Alison has played us a rotten trick. This fellow Wales either persuaded her to it or consented to it—I don't much care which. He has shown himself up—and the best thing he can do is to go over and get himself killed."

"Or get the Croix de Guerre," murmured Janet, vindictively. But her parents did not hear.

"I don't want any one killed—except Germans, of course," Mrs. Conway hastened to affirm. "But it might be the best thing for poor foolish wicked Alison. Only the trouble is—" She stopped and clutched her wet ball of a handkerchief. She looked helplessly and significantly at her husband, her eyes wide with hypotheses that could not be mentioned before Janet. Janet, however, was not going back to the *status quo ante bellum*.

"Exactly," she cut in. "If she had Teddy Wales's baby to bring up, she might as well have Teddy Wales to help her do it."

Mrs. Conway closed her eyes. Janet was almost worse than Alison. Mr. Conway said nothing.

"Did she give you an address?" Janet asked her father, as she rose.

"No. She has done the thing up quite brown. But she said we'd hear from her after he had sailed."

"I should think so!" Alison's mother snapped it out. "Even Alison has sense enough to know that she can't live on her allotment, probably."

"There's no use in fussing," Janet remarked, stolidly, from the threshold. "She's done it, and you'll have to be decent to her when you do see her. I'm going up-stairs to have a bath before dinner."

She left them to discuss either Alison's turpitude or her own vulgarity, as they preferred.

Janet Conway's reaction to her sister's conduct was complicated and painful. A part of her brain rejected Alison's behavior as vehemently as did Mrs. Conway. Part of her exulted vicariously in Alison's courage; part of her was shamelessly, silently jealous for that her sister had done the thing she herself had not done. At one moment she congratulated herself and the United States of America that Dick Parmelee was not the bounder Teddy Wales had shown himself; at another, she wondered, curiously, if Teddy's desire had outmatched Dick's, as well as his unscrupulousness. She was revolted by the cheapness of the episode—"movie stuff," she snorted to her hot pillow at midnight. Yet in the cool dawn she queried whether this might not be another value that war had changed. Didn't people have to live faster in these days, telescope their moods and gestures, with the world keeping on at such a pace? She could not decide; but she began to live with the

image of Dick Parmelee more constantly and intimately than she had done at all. Suppose she had put it up to him earlier —had insisted? Oh, hang Alison!

Two days later Alison Wales telephoned her sister at the Red Cross headquarters. Janet did not hesitate. She rushed to the appointment Alison made with her. Curiosity was stronger in her than anything else. She loved her twin, and was honestly concerned for her happiness; but Janet Conway was young, and her chief interest as yet in Alison's adventure was the light it might throw on herself and Dick and their callow decisions. It was rather tremendous that Alison should be married; it made her, Janet, feel rather a fool. At the same time, she hoped to come away from the interview feeling superior. It was all very dignified to be married, but it didn't amount to much if you were married only to Teddy Wales. None the less, she trembled a little as she entered the tea-room.

Their time together was very short, for Alison had to meet her husband at a train. They were staying in Lakewood, it appeared, and there were not so many hours left. . . . She couldn't have come this afternoon but for business he had to attend to for an hour. As she left the tea-room, Janet found herself trembling far more than when she had entered. Alison's insolence had, in a word, been convincing. . . . Mrs. Wales was not worried about her parents; she could deal with them after Teddy had gone. Of course she intended to go home and make it up, but she couldn't waste one of Ted's precious hours on a reconciliation stunt. Mother would drag it out just for the sake of a scene. After Teddy had gone there'd be all the time in the world. If they were very nice to her, perhaps she'd go home and stay for a while. If not, she wouldn't bother with them. There were plenty of jobs for a soldier's wife. She wasn't sure she shouldn't like to try gas-masks. They needed people they could trust, for that. Janet was not to worry about her. She'd done the most important thing in her life—she was in the thick of her great adventure; and if people chose to be idiots, she couldn't help it. They'd come round in the end. Of course she wouldn't have done it that way if there had been more margin; but they simply couldn't spare the time for discussing and quarreling, and being forbidden, and teasing, and perhaps not getting anywhere. They had just Teddy's "last leave" before sailing to do it in. As for a woman's letting her man go without marrying him— But she pulled herself up. After all, a fortnight ago she and Janet had been living under the same roof, and Janet's had been the dignity of a man of her own "over there."

"Hear from Dick?" Alison asked, politely, her eye on her wrist-watch.

"Not since you married, I believe."

Alison's gaze roved in search of the waitress. Even the cataclysm did not alter their habit of Dutch treat.

"You let him go without marrying him, didn't you?" Alison Wales spoke as from far spaces and great heights. And a fortnight since, Janet had felt her a young thing with whom, even in an expansive moment, one couldn't discuss the realities of life.

"Dick, I happen to know, didn't think it a fair deal for the woman."

Alison smiled as she drew on her glove. "We aren't living in those days any more. You take what you can get, as you can get it, I should say. It's up to the individual, in any case; but I couldn't have let my man go without proving to him that I cared."

"Oh, Dick knew I cared," said Janet. She wondered, herself, that she could speak so gently under such provocation.

"Look here, Janet, I'm going. We mustn't quarrel. We must be good pals, you and I. I've seen more of these boys than you have." (Janet remembered the maternal strictures on Nina Carmody.) "Things are plain different, now, with this beast of a war. They know what they're going into—just bodily horror after bodily horror. Don't they learn to creep through gas waves, and kick a dead man off a bayonet, and a hundred other things, before they ever *smell* France? They need something besides a lock of hair and a keepsake to remember a woman by. They're willing to get torn in two, and lose their eyesight, and have their faces smoothed out as if they'd been flat-ironed, and all that—and yet their sweethearts aren't

willing to be their wives a little earlier than they expected to. It's all very nice, the lock of hair business, but it is behind the times. You'll have to get on the band-wagon before you understand the world you're living in, old girl. I think it's ducky of you to be so old-fashioned, but it was hard on Dick you didn't take things in a little sooner."

Her ineffable assumption that Janet could have learned from her to take things in in time was maddening. Janet forgot the etiquette of great occasions.

"You see"—and though she kept her voice quiet, it trembled—"Dick is a gentleman. Gentlemen don't change overnight. It takes a long time to make one, and when he's made he's a good deal like the gentlemen who lived before him."

There was nothing more to be said after that. Both girls had risen, and they faced each other over the empty cups. Janet, shaking, saw Alison pull herself together, saw the crimson die out, as if by deliberate act of the will, in her sister's face. Alison's voice was always a pitch or two higher than Janet's, but it was clear and steady when it came.

"I'll forgive you that, too, kid," she said. "You'll want to take it back sometime. There are a lot of things coming to you that you don't know about yet. Good-by."

Oh, Alison was intolerable! To speak to her, Dick Parmelee's betrothed, as if Teddy Wales were a divine revelation! Or even as if marriage itself made all that difference. It was Alison who was old-fashioned, who clung to superstitions. Yet Janet felt bested by her twin. It was not envy—who could envy Teddy Wales's wife? But this assumption of wisdom, of collusion with the time-spirit, this gospel according to Alison Wales! Silly! Disgusting! Janet did not go back to the Red Cross, and when she reached home she let herself in very stealthily and went up-stairs. She would bide her time before describing her interview to their parents.

In late July Teddy Wales went overseas, and August saw Alison's reconciliation with her family. Her management of it was a marvel to Janet. Alison did it chiefly by pretending that now, as a married woman, she was of their generation. A new aunt might have come into the family. She assumed equality with her parents; they could not treat her as an erring daughter, so sisterly was her manner. She hypnotized Mrs. Conway completely. In three days mother and daughter stopped talking and looked conscious when Janet came into the room. It was clever of Alison, and probably the only way in which she could have pulled the thing off. Janet saw the pose as abysmal silliness; but it was not precisely silly, since it worked. Janet took on extra hours at the Red Cross. She could not talk to Alison just then.

August dragged to its close. September lagged along its way. The days had never been so long, Janet Conway thought. She spent a fortnight with an aunt by the seashore, but the whole Atlantic, become now a mere highway to France, made her restless, made her sad. She found herself near hating Alison, for Alison had contrived to make Janet feel a fool. Every casualty-list seemed to repeat to her Alison's taunting words. Yet she was convinced her sister was wrong, and prided herself secretly—never again openly—on her own man who could refuse what he held to be "a rotten deal." Janet came near developing an "Idylls-of-the-King" psychology. Yet it was slangy, bold-faced, modern Alison who hit it off best with Mrs. Conway. Guileful Alison, setting herself up as a wife among wives! "Visiting" her parents for the "duration," and spending her allotment on fal-lals! And it all "went," because she took her own situation so serenely. Mrs. Conway consulted Alison nowadays, not Janet, about war menus. It was Alison, too, who contrived to drag her mother to war "movies." Worst of all, Alison, with her own hands, set a blue star in the Conways' window, for Teddy Wales, and none rebuked her. Janet was fast fading into a Tennysonian silhouette.

Then came Janet's hour, fateful as Alison's had been. Odd how you shrank from the sight of a messenger-boy, yet felt all the time that his message could never be for you! Then you learned that things could happen to *you*. Though for the world the war was temporary, it could be final for thousands—and it was not all in Belgium and France.

Mrs. Conway had the justice not to send Alison up with the telegram. Heavily she mounted the stairs herself to face her daughter who had grown so strange to her since Alison's marriage. She even snubbed Alison, who looked out of her own room to inquire as her mother passed. Stupidly, sadly, like a child, she felt that her husband, by being absent, had failed her. As Janet opened the envelope Mrs. Conway sank on the bed in a huddle of tears. But it was Alison who broke it to her father later that Dick Parmelee had been badly wounded. It was Alison who spun out to the family the fairy-tales of science, marvelous and dramatic stories of wounded men made whole, until her elders gazed at her, hypnotized. Only Janet looked at her coldly, saying.

"You've never even had a first-aid course. While you were running round with Nina Carmody, dressed like a jockey, I've been making the dreadful things they need. And so that we'll make them just right, they tell us why they need them that way. Don't talk to *me*."

Alison went over to her and kissed her gently. "Remember, please, that my telegram may come any minute," she answered. "Only it won't come as quickly as yours did, because Ted's only a non-com."

She did not mention that she was spending all the money she possessed on cablegrams to every human being she could think of in France who might get details of Dick Parmelee's condition. That was one of the things that might come out between them in their old age —or might not.

Tragedy which has come to those unequipped for tragedy makes a blurred, inchoate record. No one shall tell, ever, the sufferings of children in the war; these fall into no vocabulary, and do not observe the three unities. To some extent it has been the same with the sufferings of the young men and maidens. The body is more precocious than the mind, and Janet Conway, woman at every point, was none the less unready. Marriage or middle age should have preceded her Calvary. She could not formulate the thing that racked her; she could not link it to anything else. She had no scheme of things, grave or cheerful, whereby or wherein to place it. She could neither curse God nor praise Him. Life was a panting horror, and it went as slowly as the racked breath of asthma.

Since Alison told no one of her cablegrams—she fired as wild, into France, as a rookie at the range—they did not interrogate the tilt of eyebrows or lips when she came back from strange excursions. Her reticence was not easy, for some answers trickled through at last—to Nina Carmody's care, not to the Conways'—and they were very bad. Alison Wales puckered her face, wondering what Janet's cablegrams would say when they came. Janet's, despatched through the regular channels, found a slower response. Alison—who had sunk reverence and manners in her desperate endeavor, who had fired her missives at complete strangers in high places, stopping short only of Pershing and crowned heads—Alison knew, and grew sick over the prospect of what knowledge would do to Janet. This was sheer misfortune, for Janet felt the pity and knew not whence it came. Inevitably she referred it to Teddy Wales, and she disliked her twin the more because as yet Teddy seemed to be unscathed—most of all because she herself had not married Dick. Alison had jumped up to her pedestal with the graceless leap of a gutter-snipe, but pale Janet was conscious of the pedestal. Why hadn't she married Dick? Little fool!

Perhaps the person most to be pitied at this time was Mrs. Conway. All through October she saw her daughters turning strange faces to each other, masks distorted by emotions they never mentioned and which one could only guess at. It was Alison who came to her first.

"I'm going to pull out. As far as I can see, Janey loathes the sight of me because my husband hasn't been killed yet. She'll just get worse and worse if I stick round any longer. I'll go and stay with Nina for a few days, and make some plans. This state of things is too hard on you."

Mrs. Conway confessed that it was. Her quivering lip intimated that she would have preferred Janet to be the

one to go, but her refusal to say so emphasized the fact that she was loyal to the greater need.

Within the hour, thus Janet to her mother:

"I'm going to Aunt May again, I think. You'll telephone me if anything comes. I sha'n't stir from the house. I don't want to leave you, but I'm fed up with Alison. Because I behaved like a reasonable creature and didn't elope with Dick she seems to think that I'm subnormal. And I've got about all I can stand, as it is, without Ted Wales's wife thinking she's the law and the gospels."

"How can you, Janey?" But the mother's speech could go no farther, for she could not tell Janet the very little she suspected of Alison's activities in her sister's behalf.

It was Alison who went; and Janet, in spite of her real relief, did not fail to add another grudge to the score. Alison had escaped from a home which had become hateful because it had witnessed so much suffering. For sheer dread of mounting the front steps to discover a new pain waiting, Janet stayed indoors. Her own room became the stage for her latest drama—the place where she clenched her fists and smote herself because she had not married Dick. Even if he came back now, it would never be the same thing. They, too, should have had their few extravagant, unravaged days. But it was Alison and Teddy Wales who had achieved a honeymoon—and wasn't it like Alison's everlasting luck that there was no prospect of a child? Janet Conway, studying her brief cablegram, reading the smooth, noncommittal letters of the nurses, felt only one limit to what a German shell could do: though it could ruin your future, it couldn't ruin your past—if only you had had the mother-wit to snatch your past. And Janet, in her exile and seclusion, let herself go farther on the passionate road to her lover than ever in the old days of their engagement. Deliberately she let herself long for him more explicitly than she had ever done before. She wanted his hands upon her, his lips on hers, the stifling imminence of his bodily presence. And she might have had it. Her blue and white room became at times miasmic with frustrated visions. And for it all there were no words.

But this stage of Janet's tragedy did not last long. By November she knew that Dick had been pretty badly shot up. They still did not give details, but there were hitches in the cablegrams that even the censor and economy could not account for. Only Alison Wales knew the whole of it. To do her justice, it was her fierce fury over Janet's ill luck that lent her her terrible look on the shouting day of the "fake" armistice. Janet saw only Alison, a mænad on the running-board of Nina's car, blowing a horn; and Janet was shocked. She herself was living in torture; but Alison was hideous—all passion and slang; indecent passion, vulgar slang.

We were well used to peace, though it was still unofficial, by the time Dick Parmelee came home. Teddy Wales, in the Army of Occupation, kicked his heels beside the Coblenz bridgehead, while the slow hospital-ship bore Dick and his kind across a safe ocean. Safe—for this, and by reason of this, only. Even here Alison and Janet were at odds.

"You're lucky, Janey," said Teddy Wales's wife, in the brief encounter—and meant it, though she knew what she knew.

"Lucky?" It was but another insult, thought young Janet.

"Yes; you're getting your man back. I shouldn't wonder, after that last cablegram you got, if he were on the way. Of course he'll be in a military hospital for a good long while, but—" She stopped.

"I don't know just what they've done to him, but I know it's pretty bad," Janet said, quietly.

"I'd be glad to have my man back alive, no matter what they'd done to him."

"Yes, but you had first chance at him. It was the Germans had first chance at mine."

The fact stood there nakedly between them, as it always would, and each saw the futility of going farther. Alison thrust her hands in the pockets of her coat and turned to leave the room. But at the door she faced about and came back. Hesitatingly she placed her hands on Janet's shoulders.

"Take me instead of mother when you see him first," she pleaded.

"Why?"

"Because I'll stick it better than she would."

"How do you know what there'll be to stick?"

"I know that mother can't bear one wounded soldier walking down Fifth Avenue. She gets sloppy over any old thing in an overseas cap, if it has a bandage to it. If she once got into a hospital she'd simply be something to mop up off the floor with a towel. And it's all on Dick's account, too. It certainly never was on Teddy's."

Janet mused a moment. "I think you're right about mother," she said, finally. "The boys do break her up awfully. I'll go alone."

"You can't."

"Why not?"

The reason could not well be told, and Alison took her leave, defeated. "Oh, you never know—two people are always better, the first time. Besides, you're only his fiancée. The hospital people would like it better."

"I suppose you learned that at the Hostess House," sneered Janet. Then she relented. "I don't mean to be a beast, Alison—but I'm going to marry him as soon as he gets here, and . . . It's pretty bad, anyhow, and I'd rather not have you standing by. If I'm alone, I sha'n't go to pieces. If you're there to lean on—well, I might lean," she finished, grimly.

"All right." Alison was sorry, but she whistled softly to herself as she walked down the street, clutching her unmarred husband's latest letter in her pocket. After all, hers was the luck, in spite of this confounded policing business. She'd have him by next Christmas, anyhow.

Once more, however, Alison felt the need of putting her hand on the wheel. When Dick's arrival at a hospital on this side was an established fact, she called up her father on the telephone. "If I break it to her, it 'll be the end of all relations between us," she said. "But before she sees Dick Parmelee, she's got to know how badly he's been shot to pieces. Don't you dare let her go down there without realizing. And don't you dare tell her it came from me. Pretend you had a pull with General Ireland, or President Wilson, or somebody, and it came by special messenger. Pretend *anything*, but don't let her know I knew it. Janet has had all the official communications, of course, and I don't want her wondering how I got mixed up in it. I've known it for a long time—no matter how; but she'll never forgive me if she knows I knew first. On your honor, Dad."

So the worst moment at this juncture turned out to be Amos Conway's.

Janet did not go into hysterics, as her fainter prototypes might have done, nor did she make any brief comment in the grand style. She showed her overtenseness by insisting that they should go to the hospital accompanied by a clergyman; but her father was able to make her see that it would not do. He descended to pathological argument, and Janet's idea gave way to reason. The main issue of whether she should marry Dick at all her father wisely left untouched. Alison had done well not to pick her mother for the task.

"But I am going to marry him." Janet's tone indicated that she was determined to be stubborn about something even if there was nothing to be stubborn about.

"All that can come later. You are certainly not going to drive his temperature up to one hundred and five the first time you see him by talking about anything important—and certainly not by trying to spring a marriage on him."

"I am going to marry him," Janet reiterated.

Amos Conway was silent where Mrs. Conway would have discussed the future, and even Alison might have made the mistake of suggesting that Dick had some say in the matter. He had won his main point, though he could not win the minor point of leaving Janet at home when he first went to see Dick. If she could not be a bride, she intended at least to behave like one. Janet and her father, therefore, mounted the steps of the hospital together.

At the entrance Janet turned to Mr. Conway, and he had the reward of his silences.

"I think," she said, "that it will be

easier for Dick if you go in and see him first, for just a minute. I don't believe I ought to be the very first. It will let him down easier. Then you come back to me, and I'll go in."

No man ever blessed the promise of torture more sincerely than Amos Conway blessed Janet's decision.

After five minutes he came out and sat down heavily beside her. "He's a handsome fellow, Janey," said Janey's father. "Of course he's very white—white as your mother was after you and Alison were born—but it brings out all the modeling. He's a young Greek. You've got good taste. And he's A-1 besides. He's a gentleman, Janey." He patted her hand. "They say to wait a minute or two before you go in, and the nurse says you're not to kiss him. You might—humph!—you might tuck a flower against his face, to-day. He's crazy to see you, and you must remember, Kiddie, that he must be humored like any hospital case. It doesn't make a confounded bit of difference what you want to say to him. That 'll keep. What you want to put your mind on is making everything easy for a sick man. Follow his lead. And remember, too," he added, as they both rose—"that, no matter what comes of all this business, you're a luckier woman than Alison ever will be. You flew higher."

It was the first balm that Janet Conway's heart had known for many a month. She stood like a six-year-old before her father, her eyes dimmed by something besides self-pity. "Do you think I might tell him how I love him?"

Her father put his hands on her shoulders and looked into her wet eyes. "Not *how* you love him, Janey, no. That's too much for to-day. But that you *do* love him. I think you might imply that, in some very inoffensive way."

With Janet's humorous smile, Amos Conway's worst moment was over. Janet would play up, now; she would go slow. He himself was old enough to know that time, given its chance, can unravel any knot. Better than cutting it, even though the cord is forever kinked. . . . Not so violent—he had learned to hate violence.

The nurse led Janet Conway back to her father after the prescribed time had elapsed. Mr. Conway looked at the nurse, not at his daughter, and found reassurance. Janey must have continued to play up. He never knew what his own wise words had averted, and that poor, spent Janet's strength had in reality been all his own. "You flew higher" was the whole secret of her sudden sanity.

With those three words she had, without realizing it as yet, accepted her fate. It would be many months before all things could be said—before Dick Parmelee could be allowed, or have strength, to draw up his own brief for Janet's perusal. Until he was in possession of all the health he would ever have, she could not impose her point of view on him or fight for her own heroics. Meanwhile the craving for them, even, would sanely perish. Never, perhaps, would she have given up (as she was destined to do) her determination to marry him. Never, but for them, would she have seen herself as incapable, for the highest reasons, of deflowering Dick's moral beauty. Since her father had undertaken Alison's commission to "break it to her," she had known, without admitting it to herself, that Dick would never let her marry him—not unless she could force him to it in the first weakness. Unsuspected by her, the three words worked like a leaven through her whole being. There was something bigger for her to do than to insist on her own heroic gesture—namely, to set the stage for Dick's. Dick wasn't the kind of man who could be happy in such a marriage, no matter how happy she contrived to be. Janet remembered the St. Justin, where maturity had striven with immaturity. She must let him be a hero to the end. There would be bad moments—all her life (for she knew nothing about time) there would be bad moments. Damn Alison! . . . and Lakewood! . . . The clear curse stabbed into her misty resolutions. But she would find a way of holding Dick's hand through the years—that hand which was no longer there to hold.

Janet herself, during the long silent drive home through busy streets, did not know what was working in her, or that God had given Amos Conway power with three words to save his child whole. Never, never what Alison had had; but

something Alison never could have had. Jealousy, too, was molten up, losing its sharp edge. Alison didn't matter—good old Alison. Some of the sting of youth itself passed in that hour. "Higher"—that didn't matter, either—just that it should be very high. Five minutes before they reached home she leaned over and took her father's hand.

"Dad," she said, "of course we can't plan now, I know. But when Dick can, he'll probably go out to his brother in California. Don't you think we could all go out there next winter for a few months? I've got to be very close to Dick, always. I want to be his best friend, forever. You must all understand that Dick comes first. Oh, Dad"—she crumpled into his arms—"it's going to be horrid bad, but if you'll see me through, I'll find a way—for Dick and me to grow old together all the same."

Amos Conway held his burden lovingly. "Dick shall come first, Janey, always."

Mounting the steps, Janey saw Alison's blue star in the window with eyes miraculously dry. Her mind full of Dick Parmelee, she even forgot for the moment that it stood for another man. "Thank God it isn't gold!" she murmured. "That is—if I can ever make Dick glad."

Joyous Gard

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

FOR thee my castle of the Spring prepares—
On the four winds are sped my couriers;
For thee the towered trees are hung with green;
Once more, for thee, O queen,
The banquet hall with ancient tapestry
Of woven vines grows fair and still more fair;
And ah! how in the minstrel gallery
Again there is the sudden string and stir
Of music touching the old instruments;
While on the ancient floor,
The rushes as of yore
Nymphs of the house of Spring plait for your feet,
Ancestral ornaments.
And everywhere a hurrying to and fro,
And whispers saying, "She is so sweet—so sweet";
O violets, be ye not too late to blow,
O daffodils, be fleet!
For, when she comes, all must be in its place,
All ready for her entrance at the door,
All gladness and all glory for her face,
All flowers for her flower-feet a floor;
And for her sleep at night, in that great bed
Where her great locks are spread,
O be ye ready, ye young woodland streams,
To bring her back her dreams.

Each After its Kind

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

HOW sharply most forms of life are differentiated! The die that stamps each of them is deeply and clearly cut. As I sit here in my bush camp under the apple-trees, I see a chipmunk spinning up the stone wall a few yards away. His alert eye spies me, and he pauses, sits up a few moments, washes his face with that hurried movement of his paws over it, then hesitates, turns, and goes spinning back down the stone fence. He seems to sniff danger in me. He is living his life, he has a distinct sphere of activity; in this broad, rolling landscape he is a little jet of vital energy that has a character and a purpose of its own; it is unlike any other. How unlike the woodchuck in the next field, creeping about the meadow, storing up his winter fuel as fat in his own flabby body; or the woodpecker on the apple-tree; or the noisy crow flying by overhead! Each is a manifestation of the psychic principle in organic nature, but each is an individual expression of it. The chemistry and the physics of their lives are the same, but how different the impressions they severally make upon us! Life is infinitely various in its forms and activities, though living things all be made of one stuff.

Soon after the chipmunk there appears a red squirrel going down the wall —half-brother to the chipmunk but keyed to a much higher degree of intensity. He moves in spasms and sallies and is frisky and impish, where the chipmunk is sedate and timid. His arboreal life requires different qualities and powers; he rushes through the tree-tops like a rocket; he travels on bridges of air; he is nearly as much at home amid the branches as are the birds, much more so than is the flying squirrel, which has but one trick, while the red squirrel has a dozen. That facile tail, now a cockade, now a shield, now an air buoy; that mocking dance, those derisive snickers and explosions; those electric spurts and dashes—what a character he is—the very Puck of the woods!

Yesterday a gray squirrel came down the wall from the mountain—a long, softly undulating line of silver-gray; unhurried, alert, but not nervous, pausing now and then, but striking no attitudes; silent as a shadow and graceful as a wave—the very spirit of the tall, lichen-covered birches and beeches of the mountainside. When food is scarce in the woods he comes to the orchards and fields for insects and wild fruit, and any chance bit of food he can pick up. What a contrast he makes to the pampered town squirrel, gross in form and heavy in movement!—the town squirrel is the real rustic, while the denizen of the woods has true grace and refinement. Domestication, or semi-domestication, coarsens and vulgarizes the wild creatures; only in the freedom of their native haunts do they keep the beauty and delicacy of form and color that belong to them.

A nuthatch comes upon the apple-tree in front of me uttering now and then his soft nasal call, and runs up and down and around the trunk and branches, his boat-shaped body navigating the rough surfaces and barely touching them. Every moment or two he stops and turns his head straight out from the tree as if he had an extra joint in his neck. Is he on the lookout for danger? He pecks a little now and then, but most of the food he is in quest of seems on the surface and is very minute. A downy woodpecker comes upon the same tree. His movements are not so free as those of the nuthatch. He does not go head-foremost down the tree; his head is always pointed upward. He braces and steadies himself with his tail, which has stiff spines at the ends of the quills. By a curious gymnastic feat he

drops down the trunk inch by inch, loosing his hold for a moment and instantly recovering it. He cannot point his beak out at right angles to the tree as can the nuthatch. In fact, he is not a tree-creeper, but a woodpecker, and can penetrate fairly hard wood with his beak. His voice has a harsh, metallic ring compared with that of the soft, childlike call of the nuthatch. His only contribution to the music of the spring is his dry-limb drum with which he seeks to attract his mate when the love passion is upon him.

Oh, these wild creatures! how clear-cut, how individual, how definite they are! While every individual of a species seems stamped with the same die, the species themselves, even in closely allied groups, are as distinct and various in their lineaments and characteristics as we can well conceive of. Behold the family of rodents, including the squirrels, the hares, the rabbits, the woodchucks, the prairie-dogs, the rats and mice, the porcupines, the beavers—what diversity amid the unity, what unlikeness amid the sameness! It makes one marvel anew at the ingenuity and inventiveness of Nature—some living above ground, some below, some depending upon fleetness of foot and keenness of eye for safety, some upon dens and burrows always near at hand; the porcupine and hedgehog upon an armor of barbed quills, the beaver upon his dam and his sharpness of sense. If they all descended from the same original type-form, how that form has branched like a tree in the fields—dividing and dividing and dividing again! But the likeness to the tree fails when we consider that no two branches are alike; in fact, that they are as unlike as pears and peaches and apples and berries and cherries would be on the same tree—all of the same family, but diverging widely in the species.

The ground-dwellers, such as woodchucks and prairie-dogs and gophers, have many similar habits, as have the tree-dwellers and the hares and rabbits. That any of these rodent groups will branch again and develop a new species is in harmony with the doctrine of evolution. But these evolutionary processes are so slow that probably the whole span of human history would be inadequate to measure one of them.

Nearly all the animal forms that we know are specialized forms, like our tools and implements—shaped for some particular line of activity. Man is the most generalized of animals; his organization opens to him many fields of activity. The woodpecker must peck for its food, the kingfisher must dive, the fly-catcher must swoop, the hawk must strike, the squirrel must gnaw, the cat must spring, the woodcock must probe, the barn-yard fowls must scratch, and so on, but man is not thus limited. His hands are tools that can be turned to a thousand uses. They are for love or war, to caress or to smite, to climb or to swim, to hurl or to seize, to delve or to build.

The organization of most animals has special reference to their mode of getting a living. That is the dominant need, and stamps itself upon every organism.

Man is a miscellaneous feeder and a world-wide traveler, hence all climes and conditions are his. He is at home in the Arctics or the Tropics, on the sea, on the land, and in the air—a fruit-eater, a grain-eater, a flesh-eater, a nut-eater, an herb-eater—his generalized anatomy and his diversified mentality make the whole earth his dwelling-place, and all its thousands of treasure-houses are made available for his needs.

What diversity in unity among the hawks! Contrast these two familiar species which are nearly of a size—the marsh-hawk, and the hen- or red-tailed hawk. The former has the longer tail, and its back is of a darker brown. We see it in summer beating up and down, low over the fields and meadows, its attention fixed upon the ground beneath it. At the same time we may see the hen-hawk soaring aloft, sweeping leisurely around in great circles, or climbing higher in easy spirals, apparently abandoning itself to the joy of its aerial freedom. The hen-hawk is a bird of leisure in contrast with its brother of the marshes. We rarely see it hunting; it is either describing its great circles against the sky, apparently in the same mood that the skater is in who cuts his circles and figures upon the ice; or else it sits perched like a statue high up on some dead branch in the edge of the forest, or

on some tree by the roadside, and sees the summer hours go by. Solitude, contemplation, a sense of freedom, seem to be its chief delight, while we rarely see the marsh-hawk except when it is intent upon its game. It haunts the fields and meadows over a wide area like a spirit, up and down and around and across it goes, only a few feet above the ground, eying sharply every yard of surface beneath it, now and then dropping down into the grass, never swooping or striking savagely, but halting and alighting rather deliberately, evidently not in pursuit of a bird, but probably attracted by field-mice. The eye follows its course with pleasure; such industry, such ease of movement, such deliberation, such a tireless quest over the summer fields—all contribute to make a picture which we look upon with interest. It is usually the female which we see on such occasions; she is larger and darker in color than the male, and apparently upon her falls the main support of the family. Said family is usually composed of three or four young in a nest upon the ground in a marsh, where it is not easy for the pedestrian to reach. The hunting habits of the hen-hawk are quite different. It subsists largely, not upon hens or poultry, as its name would seem to indicate, but upon field-mice and other small rodents, which it swoops down upon from a point in the air above them, where it hovers a moment on beating wing, or from the top of some old stub or dry branch in the meadow. Its nest is usually placed fifty or more feet from the ground in some large forest tree, and is made of dry twigs and branches. I have found but one marsh-hawk's nest, and not more than once in twenty years do I find the nest of a hen-hawk.

Two species of our smaller hawks present about as sharp a contrast as do the two I have just described—the sparrow-hawk and the pigeon-hawk. It is very doubtful if the sparrow-hawk ever kills sparrows, its food being largely insects, though the pigeon-hawk is not above killing pigeons—or at least pursuing them with murderous intent. It is the terror of the smaller birds, capturing robins, high-holes, bluebirds, thrushes, and almost any other it can get its claws upon. If you see a small bird hotly pursued by a brown hawk, the chances are that it is the song or field sparrow making desperate efforts to reach the cover of some bush or tree. On such occasions I have seen the pursued bird take refuge in a thorn-bush the branches of which had been cropped by the cattle till they were so thick and thorny that you could hardly insert your hand among them. In such cases the hawk is, of course, defeated, but it will beat about the bush spitefully in its vain attempts to dislodge its game.

The sparrow-hawk is the prettiest of our hawks, and probably the most innocent. One midsummer when I was a boy on the old farm we had a sudden visitation of sparrow-hawks; there must have been at least fifty about the old meadow at one time, alighting upon the fence-stakes or hovering on the wing above the grass and swooping down upon the big, fat grasshoppers. It was a pretty sight and unusual, as I have witnessed it only once in my life. Both of these hawks, I believe, nest in cavities in limbs of old trees.

Our birds often differ in their habits much more than in their forms and colors. We have two fly-catchers singularly alike in general appearance—namely, the phœbe-bird and the wood-pewee—which differ widely in their habits of life. The phœbe is the better known because it haunts our porches and sheds and bridges, and not infrequently makes itself a nuisance from the vermin with which its nest, especially its midsummer nest, often swarms. It is an early spring bird, and its late March or early April call, repeating over and over the name by which it is known, is a sound that every country boy delights in. The wood-pewee is a little less in size, but in form and color and manners is almost the duplicate of the phœbe. It is a much later arrival, and need not be looked for till the trees begin to turn over their new leaves. Then you may hear its tender, plaintive cry amid the forest branches—also a repetition of its own name, but with a sylvan cadence and tenderness peculiarly its own. It differs from the phœbe's note just as the leafy solitudes of the woods differ from the strong, open light,

and the fence-stakes and ridge-boards where the phœbe loves to perch. It is the voice or cry of a lonely, yearning spirit, attuned to great sweetness and tenderness. The phœbe has not arrested the attention of any of our poets, but the pewee has inspired at least one fine woodsy poem. I refer to Trowbridge's "Pewee."

The nesting habits of the two birds differ as widely as do their songs. The phœbe is an architect who works with mud and moss, using the latter in a truly artistic way, except when it is tempted, as it so often is, to desert the shelving rocks by the waterfalls or along the brows of the wooded slopes, for the painted porches of our houses or the sawed timbers of our outbuildings, where its moss is incongruous and gives away the secret it so carefully seeks to guard. It cannot by any sleight-of-hand, or of beak, use moss on a mud nest so as to blend it with a porch or timber background. But in the niches of the mossy and lichen-covered overhanging rocks of the gorges and mountainsides, where its forebears practised the art of nest-building and where it still often sets up its "procreant cradle," what in the shape of a nest can be more pleasing and exquisite than its moss-covered structure? It is entirely fit. It is Nature's own handiwork, and thoroughly in the spirit of the shelving rocks.

The pewee uses no mud and no moss. It uses lichens and other wild, woodsy things, and its nest is one of the most trim and artistic of wild-bird structures; it is as finished and symmetrical as an acorn-cup. It is cup-shaped, and sits upon a horizontal branch of beech or maple as if it were a grown part of the tree—not one loose end or superfluous stroke about it.

Two other species of our fly-catchers, the king-bird and the great-crested fly-catcher, differ in form and coloration as much as they do in life habits—the king-bird being rather showily clad in black, gray, and white, with a peculiar, affected, tip-wing flight, haunts the groves and orchards, while the great-crested fly-catcher is rufous or copper-colored, with a tinge of saffron-yellow, and haunts the woods, building its nest in a cavity in a tree.

Nature repeats herself with variations in two of our sparrows—the song-sparrow and the vesper-sparrow, or grass-finch. The latter is a trifle the larger and of a lighter mottled gray-and-brown color, and has certain field habits, such as skulking or running in the grass and running along the highway in front of your team. It does not wear the little dark-brown breastpin that the song-sparrow does, and it has two lateral white quills in its tail which are conspicuous when it flies. Its general color, and these white quills, suggest the sky-lark, and it was doubtless these features that led a male lark which once came to me from overseas, and which I liberated in a wide field near home, to pay court to the vesper and to press his suit day after day, to the obvious embarrassment of the sparrow.

The song-sparrow is better known than the vesper to all country people, because it lives nearer our dwellings. It is an asset of every country garden and lawn and near-by roadside, and it occasionally spends the winter in the Hudson River Valley when you have carelessly or thoughtfully left a harvest of weed seeds for it to subsist upon. It comes before the vesper in the spring, and its simple song on a bright March or April morning is one of the most welcome of all vernal sounds. In its manners it is more fussy and suspicious than the vesper, and it worries a great deal about its nest if one comes anywhere in its vicinity. It is one of the familiar, half-domesticated birds that suggest home to us wherever we see it.

The song-sparrow is remarkable above any other bird I know for its repertoire of songs. Few of our birds have more than one song, except in those cases when a flight song is added during the mating season, as with the oven-bird, the purple finch, the goldfinch, the meadow-lark, and a few others. But every song-sparrow has at least five distinct songs that differ from one another as much as any five lyrics by the same poet differ. The bird from its perch on the bush or tree will repeat one song over and over, usually five or six times a minute, for two or three minutes, then it will change to another strain quite different in time and measure, and re-

peat it for a dozen or more times; then it drops into still another and yet another and another, each song standing out distinctly as a new combination and sequence of sparrow notes. And a still greater wonder is that no two song-sparrows have the same repertoire. Each bird has its own individual songs, an endless and bewildering variety inside a general resemblance. The song-sparrow you hear in Maine or Canada differs widely from the one you hear in the Hudson River Valley or on the Potomac. Even in the same neighborhood I have never yet heard two sparrows whose songs were exactly alike, whereas two robins or meadow-larks or bluebirds or wood-thrushes or vesper-sparrows or goldfinches or indigo-birds differ from one another in their songs as little as they do in their forms and manners, and from one end of the country to the other there is little or no variation.

During ten days by the sea one July I was greatly entertained by a song-sparrow which had a favorite perch on the top of a small red cedar that stood in front of the cottage where I was staying. Four-fifths of the day at least it was perched upon this little cedar platform, going through its repertoire of song, over and over. Getting its living seemed entirely a secondary matter; the primary matter was the song. I estimated that it sang over two thousand times each day that I heard it. It had probably been singing at the same rate since May or earlier, and would probably keep it up till August or later. The latter part of July and the whole of August of the same season I spent at Woodchuck Lodge in the Catskills, and across the road in front of the porch there, on the top of an old plum-tree, a song-sparrow sang throughout the greater part of each summer day, as did the one by the sea, going through its repertoire of five or six songs in happy iteration. It, too, sang about three hundred times an hour, and nearly always from the same perch, and, as most assuredly was the case with the seaside bird, singing within earshot of its brooding mate. But its songs bore only the most remote general resemblance to those of its seaside brother. When, early in August, the mowing-machine laid low the grass in the meadow on the edge of which the old plum-tree stood, the singer behaved as if some calamity had befallen it, as no doubt there had. It disappeared from its favorite perch, and I heard it no more except at long intervals below the hill in another field.

The vesper-sparrow has a wilder and more pleasing song than the song-sparrow, but has no variety; so far as my ear can judge, it has only the one sweet, plaintive strain in which it indulges while perched upon a stone or boulder or bare knoll in a hill pasture or by a remote roadside. The charm of its song is greatly enhanced by the soft summer twilight in which it is so often uttered; it sounds the vespers of the fields. The vesper-sparrow is invariably a ground-builder, placing its nest of dry grass in the open with rarely a weed or tuft of grass to mark its site. Hence its eggs or young often fall victims to the sharp-eyed, all-devouring crows, as they lead their clamorous broods about the summer pastures. The song-sparrow more frequently selects its nesting-place in a grassy or mossy bank by the roadside, or in the orchard, though it often leaves the ground to take to a low bush or tangle of vines on the lawn.

We have two other sparrows that are close akin—indeed, almost like fruit on the same tree, yet with clear-cut differences. I refer to the "chippie," or social sparrow, and the field, or, as I prefer to call it, the bush sparrow—two birds that come so near being duplicates of each other that in my boyhood I recognized only the one species—the chipping-sparrow, so much at home in the orchard and around the door-yard. Few country persons, I fancy, discriminate the two species. They are practically of the same size and same manners, but differ in color. The bush-sparrow is more russet, has a russet beak and feet and legs, and its general appearance harmonizes more with country surroundings. The two species differ in about the same way that the town-dweller differs from his rustic brother. But in the matter of song there is no comparison—the strain of the bush-sparrow being one of the most tender and musical of all our sparrow songs,

while that of the "chippie," or the hair-bird, as it is often called, is a shuffling repetition of a single unmusical note. The wild scenes and field solitudes are reflected in the bush-sparrow's song, while that of the "chippie's" is more suggestive of the sights and sounds near the haunts of men. The pure, plaintive, childlike strain of the bush-sparrow—a silver scroll of tender song—heard in the prophetic solitude of the remote fields on a soft April or May morning is to me one of the most touching and pleasing bits of bird music in the whole round year.

The swarms of small sparrows that one sees in August and September in the vineyards and along the bushy highways are made up mostly of bush-sparrows. There is little doubt but that these birds at times peck and haggle the grapes, which "Chippie" never does. The bush-sparrow builds the more compact and substantial nest, using more dry grass and weedy growths, and less horse-hair. It is the abundant use of hair that has given "Chippie" the name of the hair-bird.

The hair-bird appears the more strikingly dressed of the two. Its black beak and legs, the darker lines on its plumage, the well-defined, brick-red patch on its head easily separate it to the careful observer from the other species. When you have learned quickly to discriminate these two kinds of sparrows, you have made a good beginning in conquering the bird kingdom.

The Garland of Memories

BY HESPER LE GALLIENNE

WOULD that I sat within some pleasant glade
Where I could hear the throstle tune his song,
Or watch the sunlight play in shadows long
Over the meadows, back into the shade.
Could learn to know that beauty cannot fade,
That once a song is sung the air still clings
About the spirit of the one who sings—
That nothing ever dies that once was made.

Then should I feel that life was not in vain,
Tho' sadly dark and seared its flowers had lain
In the deep dust about my weary feet;
And I should gather up each withered stem
To weave a garland—oddly bitter-sweet—
Then wear it—a symbolic diadem.

The Magnificent Suarez

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

THERE are two portraits of Alison Suarez y Cordoba. Both of them are masterpieces, though only one of them is famous: one of a pale baby, holding to the hand of a tall, turbaned, black woman. In its blacks and its colorful whites it is reminiscent of Manet. There are two spots of color, the child's scarlet mouth and a big scarlet book that she lugs along under one arm. The first picture hangs in a famous museum and its name is "The Child with the Book."

The other picture of Alison hangs in Gregory Blake's library and is unknown except to a few of Blake's friends. That he keeps it where it is marks the steadfastness of his courage, since it points out to him daily the limitations of his temperament and places a sharp boundary to the confines of his power. Maybe he has gone as far as he has through the realization of his failure, which he measured in the absurd title of the picture. It is called "The Sleeping Princess." Zuloaga painted it. It is of a young girl in a white frock, with a face as pale as the moon. Behind her unrolls one of Zuloaga's strange landscapes in which there is a glint of a cruel sea behind a walled town and a high heaven curling above her head, whose furthest distant horizons have in them the menace of a storm. And with this background sits the girl in the white dress, in her lap the same red book bound in crushed morocco, tooled with a coat of arms. There is a hint of the weariness of disappointed youth in her pose, a vague and questioning disillusion in her steady eyes. The picture of a gallant, proud woman and not one who belonged to either this time or this country, with her smooth, wide forehead and her deep eyes placed far apart under the arch of her dark brows.

There is in her relaxed pose the look of some one who has waited a long time and rather hopelessly, a touch of forlornness in her aspect and of a vague surprise as of one who has awakened and looked out, saying, "What am I doing here in this strange land?"

When Alison looked at the picture when it was finished, she turned to Zuloaga and said:

"That is not how I look."

"You mean it is not what you are," said Zuloaga. "How could I tell what you are, since you yourself do not know?"

"That girl is quieter than I," said Alison, and then Mrs. Sturgess, Alison's grandmother, came for her and the negro woman, Alison's nurse, who had been waiting for her, picked up the red book of the portrait.

That red book was Alison's explanation. In it an eighteenth-century chronicler had recorded the annals of the great and powerful house of de Suarez y Cordoba. At that moment that picturesque and illustrious family had dwindled to two lads. José, son of Matilda and Jesus Emanuel de Suarez y Cordoba, had run away as a lad of eighteen. He was supposed to have taken ship for the Western Islands, and to have perished during the voyage.

It remained for Luis to carry on the splendid traditions of the house of Suarez. This book was no mere chronicle of a family; it was the chronicle of the glories of Portugal, a story of empire and perilous adventure across seas, a story, too, of drama and passion, as well as of power and dominion. Twice, at least, the Suarez had mixed their blood with that of the Moors; once with the daughter of the Shereed Abrahim Ben Ali; once when Francisco Suarez y Cordoba, then governor of the city of Arzila on the west coast of Morocco, returned home with Fadma, daughter of the great chieftain, Abdullah Edriss El Barasin—a romance in itself, this story,

where love had blossomed in the heart of a battle and this was in character with this proud and ambitious race, for it was their habit to love as suddenly as a flash of lightning. These Suarez were men who never married beneath them spiritually; they loved proud and courageous women, still and beautiful, with hearts of flame.

Fadma, the daughter of Sheik Abdullah Edriss, had been of this breed. Her loveliness had left its imprint forever in their blood, for always and always the daughters of the house of Suarez reincarnated themselves in her beauty.

In our own day there landed at New Orleans Francisco de Cordoba, an impoverished cadet of the house of Suarez. He had come to this country by the devious path of the West Indies and at New Orleans he had met Lois Sturgess, and in her dark, quiet beauty he had seen a woman of his own house.

It seemed to Lois Sturgess's family that they had hardly met each other when she gave them the choice of an elopement or of allowing an immediate marriage. Then her brother Charles challenged Francisco to a duel. Francisco was wounded in the right arm. He had not fired as the word was given. He then elaborately shot off the stalk of a red rose twenty feet behind his adversary and fainted.

There was nothing for it then but to allow the marriage to proceed. It was considered a mésalliance both by the de Cordobas and the Nevers, but Francisco and Lois lived happily ever afterward. Whether they would have remained so for a long lifetime no one could tell, for when they had been married three years and Alison was two, they both died in an epidemic of yellow fever.

One day there landed in New York an imperious baby with a face as pale as ivory in the moonlight and a mouth like a scarlet pomegranate blossom, carried by a tall negress in a turban—a strange and exotic flower to be cast up on the shores of Manhattan.

It was in the home of her grandmother, old Mrs. Sturgess, that the great painter saw Alison and painted the picture of "The Child with the Book." She grew up reading it, speaking in Portuguese with the negress from the Western Isles who had come to New Orleans by who knows what chance?

It was no easy thing for an old lady of Knickerbocker descent to inherit a Moorish princess for a grandchild, about whom the only familiar thing was her name. There was something absurd even in this cool, satin-smooth, Northern name, a blond name if ever there was one, given to her by her mother in compliment to her own Northern blood. And it was the only hint of the North there ever was about Alison.

They were an odd pair by the time that Alison began to go around with her grandmother in various polite drawing-rooms—the little pink-and-white Dutchwoman, and Alison, a tall, silent girl of sixteen, with deep eyes and her head held, as her grandmother was wont to say with some impatience, as though she were the Empress of India.

"Before you know it," one of her friends warned her, "you're going to have a beauty on your hands. If I were in your place, I'd take her to Europe and marry her off there."

Her beauty demanded space about it, a decoration of beauty. She would have been as out of place in a small suburban house, her grandmother's friends pointed out to Mrs. Sturgess, as a palanquin in a Harlem flat. There was something embarrassing in Alison's young and serious magnificence. There was no answer for her except a marriage as magnificent as herself. But Alison refused to be interested in a marriage, magnificent or otherwise. Suitors she treated with an impassable friendliness. In the face of a sudden outbreak of passion she seemed frozen, as if in surprise. And yet, as her grandmother knew, Alison went out in love to all those about her.

Her aloofness made her the more desirable. She was one of the few girls of whom it could be said with truth that she had only to choose. In the end life handed her everything but love, for when Gregory Blake fell in love with her, fate gave her a man whose power was as far reaching as that of a great ruler.

Why couldn't she love him? He was a man to touch the imagination. He touched Alison's; his humility won her

friendship, for he was a proud man and one used to having his way with the world. Still she hesitated. To her grandmother's, "What are you going to do?" Alison said:

"I don't know."

"He's a man for any one to be proud of," said Mrs. Sturgess.

Alison let drift out in the tone of some one who argues aloud with herself:

"I shall never fall in love."

"Do you like him?" asked Mrs. Sturgess.

"I like him very much," said Alison.

She raised her eyes to her grandmother's as if submissive to some inscrutable fate. For a moment a sudden compassion stabbed the older woman as with a knife. It was as though Alison asked, "Why should no one stir my heart with love?" It was as if a singer was stricken down, a painter blinded. Alison's eyes held such regret that her grandmother wished to take her in her arms and cry over her.

It had been a brief courtship and Gregory pled for a short engagement. This was how matters stood when Alison went to a fishing village with her grandmother, for Alison had a thirst for the sea. Here, with the wide horizons about her, she grew strong, and the feeling she had had at first as of some irreparable loss, of what she knew not, slid from her, and when, two weeks before her marriage, Gregory Blake came to see them, at first she was gladder to see him than ever before.

After a few days her sense of having been robbed of something precious returned to her. She waked up early and the sea called to her. She stole out of the house into the early stillness and walked down the path that led from the cliff to the beach. For a moment she gazed into the pallor of the morning. The sea moved slowly, like some supple living thing beneath the covering of a texture incredibly smooth. It moved and swayed, but not a ripple broke its surface. White clouds piled themselves into the far vault of heaven and were reflected again in the pale mirror of the sea.

Alison stepped slowly into the water and swam out and out into the shining day. Life ebbed back; she felt at peace again, her identity lost and merged in the intense pallor of the sea. It bore her up, washed over her, its obliterating waters comforted her. She swam without feeling any fatigue.

Far out in the bay a small sloop lay at anchor, and she climbed upon it and stood there, a vague feeling of pleasant lassitude enveloping her. Far off there was a splash of oars, and a bright dory made out across the water and came toward her. She watched it with eyes that held no speculation, as if for a moment life had stopped and was in suspension between the arch of sky and sea.

In all the bay this little boat was the only moving thing. The man in it was in a bathing-suit, and he rowed along as if lost in the beauty of the morning, as if he, too, were under the same spell of the pale beauty of the day. As she watched him, Alison found herself thinking that here was some one who had power. There was a splendid, unconscious magnificence in his poise, a severity in his face, as of one who very young has had the command of others.

He rowed past her, making toward a black boat moored farther out, Alison following him with her eyes. Then he checked himself in the midst of a stroke and turned about as though her glance had been her hand upon his shoulder. For a moment their eyes held each other as though deep within them there leaped up some glad recognition. Then he turned his head away and sat there, reflecting deeply, as though making a momentous decision. Alison watched him, her heart beating as though something of importance to her was at stake. In a moment he had decided. He straightened himself, flicked the pale water with his oar, and swung the boat around. Boat and man were silhouetted against the surface of the water, violent and dark. He rowed back toward Alison, his eyes on her. He came slowly, creeping across the water, as though he were drawn there by some force outside himself. There was a startled look on his face, as though he were vaguely shocked at what he was doing, as though he could not understand it, as though he would have been glad of some means of escape. His eyes on her, he seemed mutely asking her why he returned, thrown out of

Drawn by Howard Giles Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

THERE WAS SOMETHING EMBARRASSING IN ALISON'S YOUNG MAGNIFICENCE

the even balance of his day. And she sat there, frightened also, gladness like a warm tide flooding her, a sense of weakness invading her. He held his oars at rest and looked at her speculatively, and when he spoke it was with an effort, as if what he had to say had some important message lying beneath the words.

"Did you swim out here so far?" he asked. The low cadence of his voice was blurred with some foreign accent, unfamiliar to her.

"Yes," she answered.

"You swim far. Do you wan' I tak' you back?"

"I thought I'd swim first," said Alison.

He waited at this as though giving her time to look at him. He waited with the stillness that one might have shown in the presence of some wild creature one did not wish to frighten. Then he said, humbly:

"Will you let me swim with you?"

She looked at him gravely while he waited as though for a verdict, his lips lightly parted.

"Yes," she answered.

He threw the painter to her and she caught it; he came aboard and made fast to a cleat.

"You can dive?" he asked Alison. She shook her head. "Then come down like this—see!" He let himself over the side and steadied her gently. He still had an air of vague surprise, as though suddenly the morning had blossomed into some wonder. He swam beside her and then forged ahead, turning from side to side as he swam, his arms dark against the water. Now he smiled back at her reassuringly as though to say, "You see, you were right to come with me." Presently she turned back and again he helped her into the boat.

Alison sat opposite him and they looked at each other, smiling slightly, content enveloping them in the intimacy of the small boat, surrounded by the wide impersonality of the sea.

"You Portugee girl?" he asked.

"Yes," said Alison.

"I think you Portugee girl. You 'ain' been here long? I 'ain' seen you before."

"I come from away," said Alison, vaguely.

"My name is Manuel," he told her.

"Mine is Alison."

"Al'son," he repeated, "Al'son." Her name on his lips was a caress. "You come to-morrow?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered.

She ran back to the house dazzled as if by too much light, and fled to her room. She had a feeling as though she had been new born, as though the sea had washed from her all her life that had gone before.

When she met him the next day and they flew toward each other as though on the wings of the morning suddenly he lost the consciousness of himself in what he saw in her face. The open rose, the sky at dawn, kept as little back and were as little conscious of what they gave.

"You wan' to row out with me?" he asked her.

Without speaking, she stepped into the dory and he rowed out into the bay with his long, even strokes. The temper of the day was different; the sea was a deeper blue, a fresh breeze ruffled its surface with an occasional plume of white; three vessels swept out of the harbor. Very far off was a fleet of winged fishing-boats that seemed no bigger than gulls, and on the far horizon was a smudge of smoke from some passing tramp. The highways of the sea to-day were crowded.

He seemed to her to be gifted with the power of second sight, for what to her were white flecks to him were boats whose names he knew. They slid past a long, sleek vessel built like a yacht.

"Mine," he said. "I'm the youngest captain of them all," he added. There was pride in his voice and the shyness of a man who confesses to riches and position. Then for a moment he talked about this boat of which he was the master and the slave, understanding it and obeying it; his assets in the game of life his skill and knowledge, his daring and judgment; his adversary the uncertain might of the sea.

He threw his talk between them like a screen to hide them from a too swift knowledge of themselves, to blur the unbearable sweetness of the moment with talk of visible things, but his speech was to her as a window through which she looked in on another world where she saw him, strong and wise. He asked

her no questions. As he set her upon the beach, "To-morrow I shall come," he told her. He left it for her; he did not assume she would be there; *he* would.

For three days she went out of the house each morning as surely as the tide might ebb or the moon rise. She made no excuses to herself, made no accounting.

In the daytime she continued the preparations for her approaching marriage. She talked to Gregory Blake. It was impossible not to see the change in her; it seemed as if life flowed swiftly through her for the first time.

The fourth morning she was late returning. Manuel said good-by to her with his accustomed gravity and stood there watching her as she went up the beach and climbed the steep path of the cliff. She dressed quickly and found Gregory and her grandmother waiting for her.

"Who was that you were rowing with?" her grandmother asked, lightly. The color ebbed from Alison's cheeks and then flooded them.

"I don't know," she said, in a tone of wonder.

"You don't know?" her grandmother repeated. "You don't *know?*"

"He is a Portuguese," said Alison, with the air of explaining some riddle.

She sat down; the room grew dark around her. She did not know his name; she knew nothing except that he had said "To-morrow." Blake turned away and looked from the window out at sea. There was a silence and then Alison colored again hotly. For these days the realities of life had been obliterated and now knowledge of herself had come to her, suddenly and burning like a tropical dawn.

She felt violated and despoiled, as though her heart had been wrenched from her body, as if a secret of which she herself was unconscious had been cried aloud. She looked at Gregory and her grandmother with a defiant hostility. Then she reflected that they had said nothing. They had seen her from a window being rowed ashore and asked her who her companion was. It was she with her telltale blushes that had shouted in their ears the knowledge of this unbelievable business. Now her grandmother said, with an attempt at lightness:

"A Portuguese boatman?"

To which Alison answered, seriously:

"They don't have boatmen here—he's the captain of a vessel."

They ate breakfast, their voices saying one thing, their eyes another. It seemed to Alison that there was nothing in the world to do. It was intolerable to sit at breakfast this way, to listen with unbelieving ears to commonplaces which dropped from one's own lips. The clash of desire with reality appalled her.

One thing stood out. There could be no to-morrow for her! With her self-knowledge, to-morrow was wiped out, and, in her grandmother's presence, the whole preposterous business stood out before her. Yet because there was no to-morrow life was robbed of meaning. So strong had been the new and flooding emotion that swept over her that she had not measured it or given it a name. And now a film of fact obscured its purity, the fact of her marriage, not two weeks away. Impossible she should marry Gregory; impossible, too, that this stranger should mean to her more than all the fabric from which her life had been woven. This new thing was terrible and sweet and insupportable. She wished passionately that she could return to that quiet before the silence of her heart had been shattered into a thousand dissonances.

Outside, the fog had swept in upon them. It had muffled the sea and blanketed the windows. The willow-trees but a few feet away were now spectral presences, from whose almost invisible branches great tears fell. The fog called to her consolingly. She had to go away from the necessity of speech; she had to go away where she could put some order into life. With an effort she arose.

"I think I shall go to walk," she said.

She did not meet her grandmother's eyes. Gregory looked down at his plate. He did not offer to accompany her. No one spoke for a moment. They had sat as though under some appalling shadow, a catastrophe to which they feared to give a name, something too unbelievable for them to give it credence, the sort of thing to which one must say,

"This can't be true; this is my own imagining."

Alison went down the road, turned up a lane and struck into a little trail that led out to the sand-dunes. The damp of the fog closed gratefully about her.

She felt as though she had betrayed life itself, since her life was to be with Gregory, and if she could not love him then the treasure of her love should have been kept inviolate for his children. And now her heart had gone out of her and left her an empty shell. And yet she knew that she must see Manuel again; somehow she must see him—at least, life and Gregory could spare her a good-by. She did not blind herself with the thought "Perhaps Manuel does not care." She knew he cared. It was as if their lives, in the wordless splendor of those mornings, had been fused together. How tear herself from him? There was no answer.

The path had grown narrower, ferns and low bushes veiled it; it was as though she were floating in a sea of green, which melted into the thick blanket of the fog. She could see only a few feet ahead of her. She heard the step of some one approaching and stood still, for few people came to the inviolate solitude of the woods which crouched down low and secret and untamable. She stood still and waited. Then she saw a tall form outline itself with a penumbra of fog about it, and then Manuel stood before her, splendid and smiling.

"How should I find you here?" he said. "I have looked for you in all the streets. Whenever I go to the town I look for you and I never fin' you. I ask questions—no one knows. No one can tell me w'ere you live. You live out on the sand mebbe?"

She could have cried out to him not to smile at her like that. She could not bear that he should show her that he cared.

"I think you know you must come," he told her.

He held out his arms and would have taken her to his heart. She put up a warning hand and he, struck by the tragic gravity of her gesture, dropped his arms by his side and stood watching her.

"What is it, Al'son?" In his anxiety he spoke hardly above a whisper.

"You could not find out where I live," she said, "because I live in the big house above the cliff where we swim. No one knew in the village whom you asked for because I am Alison de Cordoba—and because next week I'm going to be married."

They stared at each other, white-lipped. This morning she had laughed with him and he knew that she was rosy with love. This morning they had said to each other those small meaningless things that all had one meaning and whose meaning is "I love you." Then into the silence Alison's voice drifted.

"Why did you turn around?" she said. "Why did you turn around and come back?" Her words gave speech to him. He muttered as if to himself:

"In a week—in a week! I know you now! I hear of you everyw'ere. Every one speaks of you in town—they call you 'Sleeping Princess.' The man you marry, I know him, too. I see him go past. Who does not know that man you marry? They say he is more rich than a king! What mak' you come, Al'son? What mak' you come?" He cried this out, not in accusation but as if in torment. "What mak' you come to me?" he cried again. "Before I see you I don' look at girls! My heart has never speak to me. W'en I look around and see you on that boat I know the reason for it. Too late—too late!" He lifted his hands and dropped them in a great gesture of abnegation as if measuring what he had to give against the power of the earth. His face was blanched, his mouth compressed, lines were around it as one who undergoes torture in silence, and Alison stood before him without the power to help him.

"I suffer, too," she said at last.

They were shut in as though into a small room. The enveloping green hid them to their knees; the dropping of mist from invisible trees, slow, lugubrious, like the slow dropping of tears, was the only sound. Then Manuel drew himself up in a sudden resolve; he shook himself as though throwing down some paralyzing burden.

"Good-by," he said. "Good-by, Al'son."

He made off; the fog swallowed him. She ran after him, but he had left the path. She could not hear him. She imagined him standing still, as invisible as if he had stepped into another dimension. She stood quiet and listened. Nowhere was there a sound except the sad dropping of water from the trees and far off the noise of the fog-bell and distant vessels warning one another of danger.

The intolerable day dragged its long hours to a close. Wherever she looked there were anxious eyes. Lassio walked around as if she knew she was witnessing the funeral of love and hope in Alison's heart, as though in her dark face she mirrored forth Alison's inner despair. Alison felt she could have borne it better if her marriage had been distant; if she could only have given the love which had been born so out of season time for decent burial and could have mourned it.

The end of the next day found her with her need of solitude as imperious as thirst. Toward evening she went out of the house and got into her dory and rowed out toward the west. The fog had lifted, but sullen banks of it encircled the horizon and now the setting sun turned it into an incandescent glory. Small scarlet clouds, like tatters of flame, swept the sky and, on the other side of heaven, dark clouds piled themselves up in sinister menace—clouds which reflected the glory of the dying day in the heart of their somber masses and mirrored themselves again in the ominous smoothness of the bay.

Alison rowed out past the small boats inshore and out to the big fishing-vessels. She rowed under the bow of Manuel's vessel. Dark-faced men were clustering on the deck; they were preparing to take in the pale, lofty sails which had been shaken out to dry. She rowed on until the sand spit of the Point suddenly swallowed the harbor. She was alone with the menace of the dying day and the sinister calm of the banked clouds. Alison knew only one thing and that was that she was alone, away from the gloomy eyes of Lassio.

Alison's dory was the only thing that stirred in the expectant quiet. She rowed as though driven. She could escape from their compassionate, questioning eyes, but what she could not escape from was the total unreason of it all, that life should have given love to her when it would be the last betrayal to accept it. She could not escape this, nor her sense of desperate loss as if life had been drained of worth and beauty.

Sudden darkness obscured the world. It was as if darkness had been turned on as one might turn on a light. Alison was far out on the sea—the sand-dunes of the Point crouched low to her right and the water was like a polished floor of black marble. No breath stirred anywhere. She looked up into the menace of the sudden darkness; she knew she looked at danger. For the first time she saw the empty sea. She looked around her, surprised. The menace seemed to move toward her from the darkness, a living thing, for this darkness held the relentless fury of a sudden storm. She watched it come with tranquillity, almost impersonally, almost with a feeling of relief. Now there was nothing to do but wait, nothing she *could* do. A weight was lifted from her spirit. "I wonder if I shall be afraid?" she thought. Then suddenly came the knowledge that she would not. She had been torn in conflict and now she had the rest of conviction. She would not be afraid to die. There was no fear in her anywhere. That was what she had come out here to find. She had sought the immense solitude of the outer sea to learn this. Well, if she was not afraid of death, neither was she afraid of life! Now she saw with a luminous clarity that the answer to all of life was to face it with courage.

Far off she heard the lament of the coming wind, full of moaning, a thin sound, as menacing as a whicker of flame. She sat there awaiting its coming, her life as still as the oily flow of the sea. It was as if for a moment she had stepped on to the outside of life. She sat there relaxed, at rest, obedient to fate, ready to live or die.

Then she became aware of the noise of a panting dory that came and went, its lights now turning in this direction, now in that, searching, like a creature in pain. Then came a blinding flash of lightning and for a moment the motor dory and Alison's little boat were sil-

Drawn by Howard Giles Engraved by S. G. Putnam

HE SPOKE VERY LOW IN HIS OWN LANGUAGE. IT WAS HIS RENUNCIATION

houetted black and violent against the sea. Now the dory came toward her and from the hollow of night came Manuel's voice:

"Al'son, quick! Quick, Al'son!"

He helped her aboard and then the wind hit them, incredible in its fury. The painter was wrenched from Manuel as though by invisible hands and Alison saw her dory go scudding into the night, a panic-stricken phantom.

He snatched her into the little pilot-house and set his hand to the wheel. The full fury of the storm swept over them, flattening the face of the water while they fled before it, the vessel leaping like a frightened, living thing. The wind screamed and tore at them, the seas combed over the boat, the rudder spun in midair. They labored on, fighting with death, she reading their danger in his face.

Then their eyes met and they laughed together. They laughed at the night and the wind and at death. For a moment in the embrace of their comprehension they could defy life's irony. They were glad in the face of danger; they were together and they laughed at death, savoring its oblivion, defying its power and the fury of the sea. There, in the immense solitude of night and storm, they measured mutely their courage and their pride. Her life was forfeit to him. He alone had seen her go. He had left his own vessel and followed her out into the screaming blackness. Now they faced each other, their eyes pleading, their lips mute. But those who have courage to face death must have courage also to face life.

They gained the sudden peace of the harbor and he swung inshore, lifting her over the wet sand of the beach in his arms. For a moment her life had been his and it was as if in a gesture he laid it at her feet.

"My vessel goes out to-morrow," he said. "I shall see you before then. I shall come to say good-by."

She went back into her house as though returning from a far journey over years. Gregory had been out to look for her and had just come back. They had not known of her danger; they had not known she had been on the sea. She told them briefly what had happened and left them staring blankly at the specter of disaster.

He came the next morning and Lassio ushered him in. She stood silent and waiting, her somber eyes on him. He went up to Mrs. Sturgess and greeted her.

"I am Manuel Suarez," he said. He looked at them level-eyed, and then he turned to Alison. "I have come to bring you these," he said. "These rose-trees came from the Western Islands. I have come to wish you happiness and say good-by, and I am glad to meet the man you marry."

Lassio stood back among the curtains; Mrs. Sturgess sat with her eyes upon him. Manuel Suarez stood before Alison —her own kinsman. He bowed gravely to Gregory Blake.

"You are fortunate," he said, "that you have so much to give."

They stood opposite each other, two great lords of two opposing civilizations, adventurers both of them, both of them masters of men, both of them instinct with power, Manuel Suarez splendid with the magnificent arrogance of strength, accustomed to the open spaces of the sea; Blake, the son of to-day, master of men and machines, proving himself by the quick use of the inhuman imaginings of the men of science. For a moment they met on equal terms, as do the great men of earth, and yet in every turn of Manuel's head and the quality of his gestures it was as if he had come to show them all that this woman belonged to him more than she could belong to any of them, as if he had come to show how alien she was to them, as though by his mere presence he made them understand their meagerness. For if he belonged to another civilization, Alison also belonged to the old world of her adventurous fathers and the open sea. Gregory and all the power he had was vanquished by the call of something which is as deep as love — the immemorial spirit of a people. For Alison belonged irrevocably to her own proud race since her heart could quicken only for her own people.

So they stood for a moment and Alison between them. It was as if they waited for her; it was as if they said, "Here you have love and your heart's desire and here is power and the keys of the

world." So the three of them played out their drama before a negress and the little old lady, Manuel silent and splendid, while they thanked him, like a prince who, since he has not the kingdom of the earth to give, will not offer the kingdom of the spirit. "What can I offer," he seemed to say, "against your tangible gifts?"

A bleak smile played around Alison's mouth, color ebbed from her face, and there was about her the sternness of youth. She made her own choice, and it was neither the choice of power nor love. She chose to keep faith. She could not shame Gregory at this eleventh hour; she could not give herself and take herself back. She went over to him and laid her hand lightly on his arm. Then in the silence Manuel spoke.

"Good-by, Al'son," he said, "good-by." He took her hands in both his as if they had been alone. He looked at her, understanding in his eyes. "In my country when we go on a long journey," he said, "and p'raps not see each other again, we give a blessing."

He put his hand lightly on her head and spoke very low in his own language. It was his renunciation. Then he bowed to them gravely, one after another.

But it was for Gregory to have the deciding gesture, and in this moment he knew that he was nearer his heart's desire than before, for Alison had come to him in good faith and in friendship. He had always taken what he wanted and paid his price and made others pay, but this time he opened his hand. He turned to Mrs. Sturgess and to Lassio.

"You see," he told them, "they found each other. It was the thousandth chance." He smiled at them—and of a sudden he seemed old and worn. "Come," he said, "they found each other—we'll leave them!"

A Robin in Wall Street

BY EDWIN CURRAN

WHAT whistle that among these mountains tall,
This song that slid from heaven unaware
Into the cañon of this lightless hall
A flying music to the thoroughfare?
What broke that bell against the craggy wall?
What chirp of gold is that on morning's wing?
What voice of God out from the dawn to call
The music and the beauty of the spring?

And why should spring come into Wall Street's valley?
No roses and no daffodils show gold;
The smothered skies slide by the peaks and towers,
But in the gloom a whistle in that alley
Makes bells across the frosty April cold,
And music sings on as among the flowers.

The Chemists of the Future

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

IN the *Garden of Epicurus* Anatole France expresses the opinion that we might have done better had we been created as insects. "If I had created men and women," he says, "I should have framed them on a type widely different from that which has actually prevailed—that of the higher mammifers. I should have made men and women, not to resemble the great apes as they do, but on the models of insects which, after a life as caterpillars, change into butterflies, and for the brief final term of their existence have no thought but to love and be lovely. I should have set youth at the end of the human span."

I sometimes wonder whether our efforts at education are not designed, after all, to give us a modicum of the glory of the insect; to avoid the toothless and bent decrepitude to which we are the normal heirs in age. If we cannot, as the years come upon us, unfurl our glittering wings and spread them in joyous flight through a world of sunshine and flowers and honey and love, we can dream constructive dreams, and thus achieve the golden vision even while the clutch of age turns our faces into comedy masks. Time was when flesh was devoured in its natural warmth and love was of the forests. The thought offends us and we are striving after something else, after a different order of living. We try to fit a boy at school for an enduring usefulness, a prolonged activity. Our ideas are built upon a reign of peace, and the wish for long life and cumulative happiness underlies the system of education to which all are agreed.

We miss a point, I think, when we urge boys to study in order that they may grow to achieve the power to command other men. This defect in ideals, however—if such it be—is less the fault of the teacher than it is of the *mores*, of the folkways; of the fathers and mothers even more than of the boys themselves. It is not a fault of the teaching of science, for in the nature of its ideals, this differs from the teaching supposed to be preparatory to less specialized walks of life. We do not care to develop in the chemist, the physicist, or the biologist, the power to command. It is the last thing we think of in connection with his education. Being curious, and seeking the joy of the work, which are the states of mind most needed in the study of science, differ vastly from the desire to command.

Here is a thesis in philosophy which we can touch upon only in passing, but it is important. Bossing a job is not an achievement in happiness unless one has the gift to do it. As a life task it assures worry and care and it inhibits all independence. The man who rules cannot have his own way unless he is an absolute monarch, and even then his people are not always obedient. The greatest triumphs are not to be found in bidding somebody else to do things, but rather in the doing of things ourselves. The lawyer, the physician, the surgeon, the chemist, the man of research, each conquers by his own thought and work. There would seem to be a more appealing satisfaction in their achievements than there is in being superintendent of a boiler-factory, although they make less noise, we must admit. These things we know, but it often seems that our knowledge of them is passive, especially when we urge boys to study to the end that they may command.

Old standards are changing and traditions are taking wing, but we must hold on to an ordered system in spite of everything. The destructive reformer and the angry reactionary are alike the enemies of peace and progress. Neither needs to think; he has but to whip himself into a passion and call up the fires of

wrath against whatever is not to his liking. The blind protagonists of single causes, whether they be for sabotage in industry, or for Latin and Greek at the expense of everything else, or science at the expense of everything else in education, are all alike Prussian in their practice of the philosophy of conquest or destruction.

It is in regard to education that we meet immediately an issue of which most of us have grown aweary; simply because there has been so much talk and so little light shed upon it. The question whether a boy should address his studies to science or to the humanities has been asked with all the insistence and inconsequence of a parrot, that repeats, day in and day out, a single question to which it would not know the answer if it were given.

It has been a favorite subject for juvenile debating societies. The grown-ups have held mock trials over it in which the arguments were presented, not as in learned discussion, to seek the truth, but rather as briefs of lawyers at court designed to win the case and save the positions of the least useful teachers. As a result we see our secondary schools giving up their most valuable classical asset, the study of the Greek language, and more particularly its literature, and the maintenance of the study of Latin by way of compromise; taught strictly by volume, at so many lines per day, with no thought that the pupil shall even learn the language or that the study of it shall be more to him than an intellectual treadmill.

And yet for a number of years past there has been a voice calling in the wilderness, the voice in Ghent of a young professor, ripe in scientific and humanistic scholarship, who declared that the history of science is not written, and yet that the history of civilization is the history of science. That was Dr. George Sarton, of the University of Ghent, who issued and bore the expense of a periodical called *Isis*, printed in several languages, to prove his contention. While engaged in this propaganda there came the German hordes, and they murdered and destroyed, but, fortunately, he and his family escaped. Now he is engaged as research associate of the Carnegie Institution and his light begins to shine again. He proposes the New Humanism, which is based upon the History of Science, and along with his work he labors unceasingly for an institution for the study of this very thing.

Let us give our imagination play for a few minutes while we follow him. I shall draw random sentences translated from an essay called "*Le Nouvel Humanisme*," published in the *Scientia* of Bologna. . . .

No real scientific education exists as yet [says he]. . . . The intellectual *élite* is divided into two groups which for want of better terms I shall call "literary" and "scientific." . . . Because of an unuttered tradition, all questions of education have remained the exclusive concern of the literary group, while the scientific body distributes information of technical knowledge. . . . The literary savants are the real educators. . . . Therefore our system of education is still of a medieval type. There has been added to it by successive steps a scientific tuition increasingly complex, but such tuition has somehow remained outside the system: the heart of education has scarcely been influenced by it. . . .

History is the memory of our race; . . . it is the experience of humanity. . . . It is our duty as men to know the past. But is it not our duty also to know the present? And the future . . . may it not inspire us? The past is unchangeable; we have no power to modify it, but the future is in our hands. Therein lies all the hope, all the dignity and all the greatness, of our life. Now the knowledge of the present and the exploration of the future both imply a scientific education. . . . It is not so much the scientific knowledge that counts as the scientific spirit. It is disinterested. The real men of science are inspired by the same idealism as are the best among the literary men. They have the same desire to attain the truth, the same *nostalgie de la beauté*—but they have more respect for the truth and a profounder need for precision in facts. . . .

A history of human progress should be focused on the narration of the activities that are really progressive. . . . Where, then, do we find the certain marks of progress? . . . Is our progress in moral or religious realms? Are we purer than the Christians of the Evangelistic period or than the first Buddhists? Are our sculptors greater than the Greek or Assyrian sculptors or than those of Nara? Are our painters greater than those of the T'ang period or the Italian primitives?

. . . Progress is a vague notion and it is open to discussion in nearly every field except that of science. . . . But with an outlook upon progress all humanity appears as one immortal man who remains almost the same throughout the ages except that his experience—his science—grows ceaselessly. He has periods of wonderful renascence of youth and of inspiration, but even outside of these his experience continues to grow. The story of his life is the story of this accumulation of knowledge. . . . Human progress is a function of the development of science, and a general history of which the fundamental theme is not the history of science can be neither complete nor exact. . . .

It is not sufficient to add the history of science to history as it stands. . . . It is necessary to construct a new historic synthesis. A history of progress must first of all point out the continuity of progress. The history of civilization as it is presented to our day and generation leaves out that which is most essential and thus it is not only incomplete, but false.

These sentences are but glimpses into his argument. Of course he refers to the study of science in the scholastic sense, and not to it as merely incidental to the successful prosecution of business or to that quality of specialized study that provides a trade rather than a learned profession.

The conclusion is reached that, if this larger view of the New Humanism were to prevail and we were to begin again, reconstructing history on the basis of science—that is, of man's development through the conquest of nature—there would be opened up a past which offers to historians the most engaging field. The whole argument invites them to enter those delectable meadows, ripe for the harvest. As for discouraging philology, it would encourage it as nothing else would. Latin and Greek are but partial demands; among others, Pali is needed, and so is Chinese and Hebrew and Sanskrit and Arabic, to mention but a few of its calls upon scholarship.

We are trying [he says] to consider the history of mankind as we would write the history of a great man; instead of addressing ourselves solely to his seasons of sickness, his quarrels, and his plays, or the accidents of his life, we should address ourselves more particularly to the development of his genius; to the observation of his growth. We have no such history of mankind as yet.

Here is another idea. We have science enough now to provide a beautiful, happy, and good world. What shall we do with it? We are at the parting of the ways. We can follow the German system and cultivate it as a thing apart, as a tool to be used for good or for evil, and let human vanity continue to rule and continue to inflict upon us all the debaucheries of human passions, uncontrolled or miscontrolled. Or we can grow in wisdom and in righteousness out of the great sufferings of these days, and weave into humanity the study and practice of science with a new and big resolution, and gird up our loins and go to it! Why should we not put an end to the petty quibblings and jealousies of scholarship as offenses against the human welfare? We are all ignorant, grossly ignorant, either of one subject or of another. There is no one who even knows the history of the development of our own kind. We need this study to help us correlate facts unto the truth, which is also an art in which we are sorely lacking. With this step taken in advance, we should cease to follow the case-winning methods of lawyers at court; we should order our minds in discussion to seek the truth. Our trouble has been a narrowness of vision and we are suffering from it to-day. The picture of a class-room of bright, energetic, ambitious boys working over so many lines of Virgil, and then so many lines of Virgil, and then so many lines of Virgil, day in and day out, term in and term out, with not a thought of anything to be done or accomplished or made better in the world—as though the place were an undertaker's shop and the effort were to embalm something dead into the minds of the pupils—is disheartening. But the treadmill quality would disappear entirely if the purpose of the study were to dig into the archives and add to the wealth of history the records of man's achievement rather than the record of his wars, his dilections, his foibles, and his vanities. Why not look upward for our high lights? Imagine the joy of being Latin teacher in a school of which the graduating class annually contributed a record of man's advancement in medieval times! There would be no room in it for boys who couldn't

study the language or who did not care for it. It would hardly include all the boys in the form, but think what a class it would be! And the material for this work is ours for the seeking.

It is always pleasant to think how we may lift up all mankind by our own great merit, and how, when we have done this thing, everybody will be sorry when we die. As boys, most of us dreamed of splendid conquests without reference to betterment, by our own power and might, just as though we had been so many little Hohenzollerns; but when we grew older and discovered that the power and might were not ours to command, we thought how we might win esteem and authority by subtlety or wisdom or goodness, according to our respective natures. Most of us, even though we be gray-haired and rheumatic and short-winded, are still prepared to bear the responsibility of greatness, if it should come to us. We never cease to be children. Sometimes, however, it is more profitable, even though it is not encouraging, to look inwardly and take an inventory of what we find. It is better to do this than to try to run away from ourselves or to engage in vain and unprofitable boasting. As men of science and, more particularly, as chemists, let us take such an inventory now. We hear some of our defects frequently enumerated according to the lights of the classical Old Guard, and while they are intense and severe and sometimes a bit monotonous, they are neither complete nor, to my thinking, are they correct.

For instance, in nearly every plea for the humanities that I read in current periodicals the burden of complaint against science and the teaching of it is set forth in allegations as to what Dr. Abraham Flexner thinks. Of course it is not given to us to know what any one really thinks, although one of the purposes of education is to enable us to construe from the spoken and written words of others a reasonable intent of their statements. But if Doctor Flexner, who is himself a ripe scholar in the humanities, really thought the thoughts attributed to him, he would be entitled to the grand prize for idiocy among all the men engaged in education to-day. I have read many of his writings with great care, and have discussed problems of education with him at length, but I fail to discover in him the thoughts his opponents declare him to have. Indeed, he frankly denies both the thoughts and the motives; nevertheless, the trained minds of a considerable number of fighting classical scholars insist that he is, in effect, the enemy of all art.

Instead of engaging in polemics, let us humble ourselves and consider more intimately some of our real shortcomings. We speak an insufferably ugly language. It lacks both grace and form. Many of our words in constant use surely have no place in gracious speech. Who cares if they are in the dictionaries? Even so, we have no right to disturb the air with offensive noises.

Another fault of which many of us who think and write of chemistry are constantly guilty is a certain Latinized awkwardness for which we have no other excuse than esthetic inertia. Let us indicate a sentence that might well pass without adverse comment if it were addressed to chemists—so shiftless we have grown to be: "*After crystallization and filtration the utilization of the filtrate is recommended for lixiviation until saturation is reached.*" Such a sentence has no place in good society, grammar or no grammar! We know very well that words with these endings should be avoided when it is possible to do so; but we go right on using them, almost, it would seem, as often as we can, and coining as many as suit our convenience, just as though we were so many Germans! I respectfully propose the study of chemical rhetoric as needed by all of us.

For years we have been familiar with catalysis, the most social of all phenomena of matter. This is an idea teeming with poetry and humor—for human catalysts abound everywhere—but we have not used the expression except to explain the occasional reactions of platinum sponge, precipitated nickel, and a few other bodies of whilom catalytic disposition. We must, indeed, be dull people if we have a concept of this sort and do not use it every day. The process is known to every school-boy

who has studied elementry chemistry. It has to do with certain bodies which, by their mere presence, cause reactions to take place which would not do so other wise. Let us imagine two bodies in a solution, which should combine, but, somehow, do not. We shake the solution and heat it, and nothing happens. Then we add a minute quantity of the catalyst and, presto! the whole solution froths up and some of it spills over the side, so violent is the reaction! The very thing that we planned to happen does happen. And the little quantity of the body which we call the catalyst is found all unconcerned and unchanged at the bottom of the vessel. When chemists were at work on the technical synthesis of indigo it seemed reasonable to start with naphthalene as the raw material. Naphthalene was cheap and large quantities of it were available. But it was impossible to induce the desired reaction to take place. The research chemist watched his temperatures carefully, when, suddenly, his thermometer broke and a drop of mercury fell into the beaker. He began to sputter with annoyance, when the very thing he had been wishing for took place right before his eyes. Mercury was the catalyst, and his problem was solved.

Now think of the human catalyst! Suppose we sit around a table on a rainy day. Everybody and everything is dismal. The world, in the eyes of every one present, is dreary. Then somebody comes in, wants to know if he may sit down, tells a story, and in five minutes' time he has the entire mental atmosphere changed. The cloud of gloom is dispelled and we, who were despondent before, are now become cheerful and full of hope. The man who came in last was a catalyst. And there are catalysts unto gloom as well as those who instigate reactions of joy. Every one of us knows more human catalysts than are recorded of matter in all the books of chemistry.

We do well to honor the old Scotchman, Doctor Brown, but why, oh, why, have we no better name than Brownian Movement for the remarkable phenomenon which he first observed—this perpetual dance of the colloidal particles which the ultra-microscope shows us? Here is the kinetic theory of matter made manifest! Here is the unending whirling swirl of the universe in evidence, as distinct, as inevitable, as the rising sun. Think of the poetry, the romance, which all humanity has developed in connection with the morning and evening twilight! Where is the poetry of the Brownian Movement?

Osmosis is another social process. It is a curious kind of an inherent drive within things, and the measure of this drive is called osmotic pressure:

> Osmosis is the gentle art
> Whereby, as you should know,
> A substance sidesteps to the place
> Where it would like to go.

Please take it for granted that sugar such as we eat is what is called crystalloid, whereas starch is colloid in its nature. We need not discuss these differences at this time. Let us dissolve a little of either sugar or starch in some water in a beaker or cup. Now let us insert a tube into the solution, the lower end of which we have closed tight by means of what is called a semi-permeable membrane bound upon it. In a little while the water will enter the tube through the semi-permeable membrane and even rise, within the tube, above the level of the solution in the cup. Only the solvent, the water, goes through. The solute, whether it be sugar or starch, remains behind. Neither crystalloid nor colloid can get through this wall which lets in the water until it is driven above the surface of the solution surrounding it. The force which drives the water up until the weight of the column of water within the tube brings it into equilibrium, is known as osmotic pressure.

Now let us use a permeable instead of a semi-permeable membrane, and perform another experiment. That is, considered as a filter, it must be coarser than the other. We divide an open dish into two parts by means of a permeable membrane. This must be nicely done so that there is no passage from one side to the other except through the wall. Then we fill one side with a solution of sugar and starch in water and we pour pure water into the empty side to the same height as the other. Right away the crystalloid—the sugar—will proceed to diffuse through the wall and

keep the process up until there is the same amount of sugar in solution on either side of it. But the starch, being of a colloidal nature, cannot get through at all. It is held back. Again, let us observe these more or less permeable walls of society, permeable to some of us, but forbidding to others. The world is full of them—and every one of us has felt them. Vain old ladies are adepts at fashioning them—to keep certain persons out while letting others in. Observe the osmotic pressure of some persons to get through almost anything permeable! And yet we have no better word for this dividing wall through which crystalloid substances pass freely, but which bars the way for colloids, than permeable membrane. Have we no imagination? No humor? No wit? Here is a great series of phenomena, familiar to all of us, with laws that apply to complex human organisms as definitely as they do to the minute particles which we imagine and compute, but, somehow, we have not grasped their significance; or, if we do grasp it, we remain speechless before the unfamiliar task to expound.

So we who follow science should be modest and acknowledge our shortcomings. We have neglected the humanistic side of science and it will be wholesome to admit it. We have let ourselves be led by the Germans in this respect, whose ruling *Mephistogeist* has denied that there is such a thing. We must shake these German fetters from us and address ourselves diligently and thoughtfully to the great task of bringing chemistry into the humanities. Thus far we chemists have been too narrow in our outlook, and we might as well know it, whether we acknowledge it or not. We are bound to be workers in the hive of progress; we cannot afford to sit back and rest in luxury, because there is far too much for us to do. But if we persevere in our efforts toward the light, maybe we can even influence our friends of classic scholarship to take a more cheerful view of the world, to wander out and get the morning air, to infuse life into their studies, because none needs the benign influence of the humanities more than do the students of science. Then, if teachers of science do their work earnestly and well, teachers of the classics may take fresh heart and do likewise. They may be less willing to give up Greek than they are now, and this is important because students of science need above all other things that very type of culture which is found in Greek literature.

Our present business, however, is to consider the chemists of the future, and we must address ourselves to a consideration of the means and instruments which we have immediately before us. The history of civilization based upon science is not yet written, and our young men are here. Many of them are about to become chemists, and the question what they shall study is important. If, as all too often occurs, they study only chemistry with just enough mathematics and physics to get through examinations, *and nothing more*, they cannot be regarded as educated in chemistry. They are merely trained in reactions, and all that we can say of them is that they have learned the laboratory trade. They are not chemists in the scholarly sense.

I venture the statement, therefore, that our young men who would study chemistry need at least a comprehensive grasp of Greek literature. The language still lives and it has the sound of rolling waters. There are whole realms of philosophy, of poetry, of drama, for us. There is a golden age made manifest and brought to life before us. Our young men need it unless they are so crippled by native awkwardness of mind that they are halted at the very concept of beauty. All of us who hold the graces of life in esteem need what the ancient Greeks have to tell us. Therefore, I suggest that if men and women of science set a diligent example—which is all that we can do—maybe those who teach Greek will also grow diligent and breathe fresh life into their work and bring to our boys and girls so lovely a vision of the golden age that it will enter their souls and enlighten them. They may make the subject so beautiful and engaging that imaginative young persons will not let the opportunity pass them by. The world of wrath in which we live to-day must be made endurable for later generations, and for this, above all other

qualities than sympathy, we need the clear illuminating thoughts of better days.

There is, indeed, a very practical side to the teaching of chemistry, because of its close affiliation with industry. And it is in industry that the scholarly man is needed, as we shall presently see. Every month we hear of new enterprises starting on a large scale in one place or another throughout the country. Aside from chemical factories, we find chemical work forming a part of nearly all branches of manufacture and commerce. The dry-goods merchant who lacks a working connection with a good textile laboratory can no longer keep up with the procession. He cannot tell his customers the fiber content, the tensile strength, the fastness of the color to light or washing, or the wearing qualities of the goods he sells. He can guarantee his wares if he is so minded, but if he would avoid loss by the return of goods sold, he must buy only from the mills of whose products he is certain. He cannot buy in the open market, for the reason that appearances are often deceptive. He must pay the premium that goods which bear a well-known trade-mark command, and even then his guaranty is an indorsement of the statement of some one else; it is an indorsement based upon faith and not upon knowledge. Sometimes, too, trademarks are the only stable features of merchandise.

To-day the making of machinery is not completely done unless the maker knows the steel he is using, and if a machine is to stand wear and tear every member of it should be made of that very material which is best suited to the requirements which it is to meet.

Municipal wastes must be conserved. They *must* be conserved. Our only salvation from a plague of disease is to provide against the pollution with which we now surround ourselves. There are places along the East River in New York where the water is not changed by the tide, and its condition is already septic. Other cities are in like predicament, and we know well that this condition invites disease. We also know that where disease is bidden it is likely to enter. Conditions *must* be changed, and it is chemists alone who can change them.

So with chemical industries cropping out all over the land, with chemical control coming into vogue for nearly all the industries, with a change in the ways of trade under both statutes and custom so that *caveat emptor* is becoming obsolete and the rule is developing that the seller must beware that his goods are exactly as they are represented to be—the day of the chemist is at hand. He will be needed everywhere; in making things, in keeping them, in buying and selling them, and in the disposal of that which is not used.

What manner of man shall the future chemist be? He will soon be part of a group that is spoken of in general terms. He works mostly by himself. Suppose we take a Philistine view of him and train him accordingly, knowing that in great measure, whatever we think of him, that will he be. Because he is likely to work by himself let us say that he does not need social polish such as is required by physicians or lawyers—or by floor-walkers in dry-goods stores. Let us declare that no other collateral education is necessary except enough mathematics and physics to see him through. Let us begin early and turn out chemical journeymen whose business it is to obey orders and get stipulated results. We can provide just such workers in chemistry. They will not be able to express themselves; they cannot possibly rank as professional men; they will be ill-paid; their imagination will be crippled from the start and they will be dangerous withal. This is the Philistine plan for educating chemists, which is warmly advocated, and it is at once cheap and very appealing to the type of mind that looks upon the art of selling goods as the proper and legitimate focus of control and authority. Let us beware of it! And, as I said before, a man so educated is not a real chemist; he is a man who has learned the laboratory trade and no more.

Here we meet the great hazard of science, the danger that every branch of it may be regarded as a tool, but not as a great profession with obligations toward the general welfare. The real problem is, shall we take a broad view and regard the study and application of science as a part of life, recognizing its power for

good and evil, and recognizing that, no matter what we practise, we cannot disintegrate ourselves from the body politic? Or shall we take a narrow one, such as we have called the Philistine view, and recognize no greater obligations than the man with the hoe, who plies his instrument for a certain time at a given wage, and there his part of the contract stops. There is no real progress to be made unless we insist upon it that degrees in science shall be awarded only to those who are familiar with the relations of science to human affairs as well as with the relations of various bodies to one another. We can't keep the teachers of science out of high-schools, and we do not want to. We want to teach science as widely as we can in connection with human welfare. We must establish new conventions of righteousness, and the substance of these will have to do with the relation of every act to the general welfare. Therefore the substance of my argument is that science be taught as a part of human life, as the key to man's relation with nature, and that it shall not be considered as a mere tool for the convenient accomplishment of good or evil save under the complete responsibility of the man or woman who wields it. Unless we rise to this level we shall be the victims of German ideals, which would be worse for us than a defeat at arms.

There is no such thing as a short and easy road to the mastery of science. Like art, science is long, while life is short. Understanding of it is not proved by university degrees, for the most learned are sometimes without them. The world of science is too great for snobbery, and that which is applied does not cease to be pure. We can all understand some of it, and no one can master it all. Therefore it behooves us to make it as simple as possible, so that as many as possible may understand as much as possible, and let us never lower our eyes from the high ideals of broad and catholic scholarship in science.

Nothing should prevent us from teaching chemistry to journeymen in machine-shops or in mills, to iron- and steel-workers, to factory hands, to everybody within reason who wants to learn it; but if boys and girls are planning to devote themselves to chemistry, let us see to it that their minds are adequately ripened by cultural study to prepare them to enter the portals of this very learned and distinguished profession.

There is, nevertheless, a journeyman side to chemistry, and I think we should prepare for it. Laboratory workers in routine analysis are needed, and they can be trained for this in schools. Such a career provides a fair living, and it is no more monotonous than keeping accounts. If these journeymen have ambition and a real desire to become chemists, that is their privilege in their leisure. Those who have the energy and character to study by themselves usually have the good taste to study more than one subject, and we need not worry about their education. They are bound to succeed. Most of us, on the other hand, have noses only for the donkey-path, and we are disposed to follow along the road in which we have been trained to go. If we have been trained as laboratory helpers, without the theory and the vision of chemistry, then that is what we shall remain. If we have been trained as full-fledged chemists, then that is what we shall acknowledge ourselves to be, and we are likely to order our lives according to the standards which we have in mind. This brings us right back to the question that we asked a few minutes ago—What manner of men will our chemists be? What standards of culture, of art, of character, and of bearing will the next generation have in mind as indicating the chemist?

This is a matter of such great importance that it will have a considerable influence upon whatever civilization is to come, provided the world remains free. If we turn out mainly chemical journeymen, they will address themselves to good, tight pipe-fittings, and they may occasionally develop improvements in factory practice, but unless their imagination is stimulated in youth and brought into function in science, we cannot expect the graces of life to enter industry.

I think when we find, for instance, a better name for a permeable membrane, that it would be well to introduce the practice of osmosis into the class-room, and to divide the students who have

imagination from those who have not. The unimaginative ones should be encouraged to take the laboratory workers' short course. Let them become chemists by themselves if they can. But the imaginative ones, the boys and girls who are gifted with the glory of fancy, who have not sloughed off their curiosity during the years at school, as so many of them do, these should be entitled to the privilege of becoming chemists. They must have a sense of history, of people, and of things, because nowhere is nature inanimate; and if we do not understand the ways of people we cannot understand the ways of stuff. They must have good diction and facility of expression, because whoever lacks in this respect is an offender against his profession. He degrades it by his own shortcomings. And without facility of expression his most useful faculty, his imagination, is crippled.

Of course, men will call themselves whatever they please. We cannot legislate titles. But it seems to me of vital importance that only those students of to-day should become chemists who are properly equipped to meet the great responsibilities which are there to encounter. It is the coming profession. It must determine for us in the future what we shall eat and drink and wherewithal we shall be clothed. Whether we grow as an industrial nation or sink into decrepitude is in large measure dependent upon our chemists. If we grow, it will be because they are men of vision, of childlike curiosity and unspoiled fancy; men of taste, of discrimination, who are familiar with human reactions and with the graces of life. They will be men whose long-range view is glorified by imagination. They will carry the subtle art of the teacher into the works and lead the men and women engaged there into the paths of understanding and delight. Then work in the factory will cease to be drudgery, and good housing conditions and fair wages will cease to be the maximum of merit demanded of employers—when this enlightenment prevails.

There is one great quality that was enjoyed in medieval days that is lost to us. It was that which made their cathedrals so beautiful, their fabrics so rich, and their every product so enduring and strong. Men sang at their work, because they found joy in it. Now we have different customs, different conditions, different problems, but in the very measure that our men and women who constitute parts of great industrial organizations do not find pleasure in their day's work, we have degenerated. If we would be great in industry we must make our industries great by making our workers intelligent and ambitious and fine in understanding. We must make it possible for them not only to produce things, but to see that they are producing. Therefore, if our chemists and engineers, who are to direct our industries, are wise men and so illuminated that they can show a light ahead to those who work under them, we may look for the dawn of a new era of peace and good will. That will be the day—and may God speed its coming!—when ideals of service will rule in our hearts.

The Débutante

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

BEHIND the door of Winter
The Spring, on tiptoe, stands,
With daffodils and crocuses
And tulips in her hands.

She trembles on the threshold;
Then bravely lifts her chin,
As if to say, "I'm not afraid!"
And, laughing, rushes in.

W. D. HOWELLS

"WELL," the younger octogenarian said, with an air of sprighty challenge, as he halted before the elder where he sat basking in the deceitful sun of the very earliest spring, on a bench in the Park, convenient to the blended honking of the motors and the clatter of the roller-skates, "what have you been reading now?"

The elder put together the voice, face, and figure before him for the purposes of identification, and ultimately knew his friend. "Well, not a popular magazine, exactly." He poked out, with the help of his stick, a gray pamphlet which had fallen to the ground between his feet, and let his junior pick it up for him. "Oh, thanks. But it's very good reading, all the same, if you haven't seen it."

"Oh, I've seen it, and it *is* good reading, though there's not much 'love interest' in it. I don't know that one could reasonably expect that in the report of a Secretary of the Interior."

"Why, it's as hopeful for the future of the race as the 'love interest,' I suppose. Here's an author who deals as attractively with a human interest, of sorts—as 'grippingly,' so to speak—as if it were the affair of two young people who had just discovered heaven in each other. But what are we coming to, if a public official of this secretary's standing speaks as justly, clearly, sanely of an imminent public duty as if it were the personal affair of every citizen?"

"You mean the duty of making the world safe for the democracy which has been helping free it from autocracy, by suggesting a means of livelihood for each of the citizens our government took from their civil employment and made into soldiers? I don't know that I should expect everything from making them farmers at the national care and cost. We hear a good deal about the fellows not wanting to go back into the shops and offices after their camp life; but perhaps some of them do, and small blame to them. We're not all born to live in the open, or to long for it."

"Of course not, and the Secretary doesn't imply that. At the worst he doesn't do anything worse than recognize the fact that the men would hate to turn the women out; and no doubt he'd let the women take up farms, if they preferred to give back their places in the shops and offices."

"And no doubt some of them would, if they could take up the farmers, too." The junior appeared to enjoy his joke, and the senior let him have his laugh at it before he took the word. "I suppose the worst we could say of him is that he speaks humanely of a most pressing human affair, and the best is that he speaks earnestly and urgently. Our public land is all gone—went sixty years ago—to locate the land warrants of our Civil War veterans; but in our oldest states there are waste acres enough to give every veteran of our World War for Democracy land enough to live on in comfort. The Secretary wants the government to give this land to the soldiers who want it—black and white—home-born and every kind of alien-born. He wants them all taught to read and write English which they will need as much in civil as in military life. I like his specific suggestions, but what I like still better is the tone of his report. Now that the war is apparently over, he allows us to feel again that peace is not altogether a guilty thing, or the love of it treason, as it was before the signing of the armistice. He lets us imagine that it is the greatest thing in the world, and that the best thing in the universal bedevilment of the race driven to battle was that the horror *had to be.* This is what that Unspeakable Wretch taught his people and what his people proved to the other nations. But his instruction has been sufficiently bettered; and we

have a chance now to learn that there is something in industry and decency and mercy that he did not suppose."

"I wonder," the younger sage dreamily returned, "what they will do with him?" This question was still palpitant at the moment of the sage's conversation. "Some want him hanged; and life imprisonment at Cayenne has been suggested. St. Helena must have occurred to many, but it must have been felt that the memory of Napoleon had some rights, and the inadequacy of the gallows would suggest itself to any one who remembered that throughout the eighteenth century people used to be hanged for stealing the value of a shilling."

"Oh, if you come to vengeance, the 'job' staggers humanity, as poor old President Kruger said of the South African War." Suddenly the elder began to snicker. "The Germans said they wanted a place in the sun. Why not give the Kaiser one of the sun-spots to end his days in?"

The younger smiled sparingly, or "half-smiled," as the novelists say when a thing is not worth a whole smile. "People used to leave miscreants to God when they were hopelessly vile. That might be done with the Kaiser."

"It would disappoint a great many Englishmen. The French and Belgians seem to have given the question up. But why do we speak of the Unspeakable Wretch when we began to praise this human public document and the spirit which enlightens it? The survey of our conditions and possibilities which the Secretary of the Interior takes is something to encourage us with the hope that peace has as radiant promise as war if we look at it in the right way. What we realize from it is that the nation which called millions of men from their hopes and duties to the supreme hope and duty of saving the country and the world from destruction, and saving our souls from barbarism, has not come to the end of the story yet. It must somehow get them back to the duties in which alone their hopes can survive. Let it help them to a livelihood as strenuously as it devoted them to deathlihood."

"Do you think," the junior wandered again, "that the poetry produced by the war is all that we hoped from it?"

"That depends," the elder answered, "on how much you hoped from it. If you mean the poetry which has been written, you could easily be disappointed in the quality, if not the quantity. If you mean the poetry that has been lived and died, it is more than all the epics and lyrics that were ever said or sung. I think the good literature of the war is mostly to be found in ten or twenty prose books, not novels, but records of experience, and not so much adventure as the psychology of suffering on the field and in the hospital. The magazines have done brave work in this sort. I suppose we may have to change our notions of literature, of poetry; the history we have been making is more wonderful than any we have ever read. Human nature is not greater than it ever was, but the scale is vaster. Washington has not been beaten yet, or Lincoln outnumbered; if the scale is vaster, the contemporaneous facts make you feel that as many other Washingtons and Lincolns can arise as are necessary."

"Aren't you rather sardonic?" the junior sage suggested. "Do you mean that other Washingtons and Lincolns haven't been needed yet?"

"I don't say that. But the old ones would do if we had them. The very fact that we get along without them proves that."

"I don't see how, exactly."

"Well, I'm not ready to offer the proof. But why do we keep talking about the war? The Secretary here has given us a text of peace. I wish all the pulpits would preach from it. I wish that every Sunday they would all join in imagining the farm villages which the Secretary believes would relieve farm life of its worst horror, the solitude. Why, I wonder, did our first pioneers and first settlers scatter about at wide distances from each other when they had such dire need to keep together? Perhaps it was the earth-hunger, the mania for owning land, when we can't severally own enough to be buried in at last, but must hold our graveyards in common. The Secretary suggests reversion to the farm villages which were the homes of our farmers in the old countries they came from."

"Yes," the junior sage cheerfully as-

sented, "and the universal motor-car of sorts would make nothing of the half-dozen miles that the farm villagers had to walk to their work. Or, they might fly to it a little later. The farm village must be the first word of the blessing which the nation should invoke upon its preservers. After the cheerful companionship of camp life, the loneliness of farm life would be intolerable. But what do you think of the newspaper suggestion—it comes from Washington by newspaper—that if any soldier wishes to remain a soldier, we should let him?"

"Wouldn't that result in a standing army? Something we used to dread? You might say we used to dread a great many things which we haven't found dreadful. Woman suffrage hasn't brought universal ruin, though it hasn't proved an unmitigated blessing yet. And there seems to be a saving grace even in prohibition, if not universal salvation perhaps. For my own part—"

"Yes? For your own part?" the younger sage tempted him. "Go on!"

"Well, I won't say that now, and then I think—I'm an old man—of the cup that cheers but does not altogether inebriate. If it sends my neighbor to a drunkard's grave, why, of course— But last year I was driving past some large vineyards in the country and felt sorry for the farmers who couldn't make a drop of wine from them without crime. And those poor Californians who have so valiantly voted prohibition, when half their state is purpled with grapes—Oh, I suppose no great public good can be done without great private harm."

"Why can't they market the grapes, or make grape-juice instead of wine? Is there hope for them only in the fermented juice? I don't insist."

"Oh, neither do I," the elder said, withdrawing from what both felt an extreme position. "But didn't we once believe that pure light wines would save us from hard drinking and give us the temperance of France and Italy?"

"Yes, and once we expected the temperance of Germany from lager beer. I don't know but we got it, but we kept our own intemperance along with it. Pure light wines and lager beer were not quite the agents of reform we hoped."

The younger octogenarian laughed with the light-heartedness of youth; but a sadness possessed the elder. "I don't know," he said, "that the Secretary of the Interior had anything specific to suggest as to our peculiar duty to the lame, halt, and blind whom the demobilization will leave in thousands, in tens of thousands, on the nations' hands and hearts. I remember seeing two young, strong, beautiful men who had come down from Canada to help in one of our Liberty Loan drives, and how their awful cheerfulness wrung my soul when they came swinging into my hotel dining-room on crutches, with each a leg gone. It was an instance of the multitudinous mutilation which the coming peace was waiting to bring us. After the poor little South African War, a blood-drop to the bucket of the vast bloodshed of this war, it seemed to me that every other man in England was getting about on the old-fashioned wooden peg which somehow has got into comedy. Of course constructive surgery will be made to work its wonders, but when these are all wrought—"

"Oh, come, come!" the younger stopped him. "You mustn't give way. Something will be done. The devil's damage can't be wholly repaired, but something can be done. This has been the age of hurt; the next must be the age of help. The whole air is full of good-will, and the good way will be found."

"Do you think so?" the elder asked.

"I know so," the younger answered.

"But I must be going," and he began to push on, as if eager to get away from the pestilential atmosphere of the other's despair. "You've dropped the Secretary's report again," and he stooped and gave it to him. "It's a manual of good will, of reasonable hope of a way out." He hurried off and the elder brightened as he began to read again.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

EXTRACT FROM FLORIST'S CATALOGUE—"*In the spring you will find our plants to be first out of the ground*"

A Wise Salesman

MR. BABCOCK was driving through the country, trying to buy a mule. He was directed to a colored man who had one for sale.

"Do you want to sell a mule?" asked Babcock.

"Yaas, sah," replied the owner. "May I ask whar yo' live, sah?"

"What has that got to do with it?" queried Babcock.

"Well," explained the negro, "I ain't gwine ter transfer dat mule to nobody dat lives less dan two hundred miles away from here. When I sells dat mule I wants to git rid not only of de mule, but of all conversation appertainin' to him."

Saved

AUNT JANE had become engaged and there was a betrothal party which little Alice was permitted to attend.

When the child went to bed that night she condensed her usual form of prayers by dropping the beloved Aunt Jane's name from her lengthy petition. This omission naturally shocked Alice's mother.

"And why," she demanded, "did you not pray for your Aunt Jane to-night?"

"I didn't think it was necessary any longer," explained Alice, "now that she's engaged."

The Husband's Offense

A DIVORCE case was in session and a former maid of the family had been called as witness.

"You admit you overheard a great many quarrels between the defendant and his wife?" asked the judge.

"Yis, sor, I do."

"Tell the court, if you can," said the judge, "what he seemed to be doing during these quarrels."

"Shure, sor," said the maid; "he seemed to be doin' th' listening."

Remembering All

A SOUTHERN man tells of an earnest young preacher in a remote country village who concluded a long and comprehensive supplication by saying:

"And now, dear friends, let us pray for those who are dwelling in the uninhabited portions of the earth."

Waited to Find Out

"WHAT!" exclaimed the city friend. "You've walked eight miles to the farm every day for over ten years! Why didn't you move nearer your job?"

"Well," was the reply, "you see, I wasn't really sure whether it was a permanent job or not."

Handicapped

ADMIRING FRIEND: "*I bet if she owned two skates, she could make a fortune at de Hippydrome!*"

Why not a Distinguished Service Medal for the cook who stays with us more than a week?

With Running Water

A MEMBER of one of the theatrical clubs tells of a stranded, but still haughty, leading man who was obliged to put up at a dilapidated country hotel. He glanced frowningly about the office, reluctantly signed the register, and took the brass key from the proprietor.

"Is there water in my room?" he demanded.

"There was," replied the proprietor, "but I had the roof fixed."

The Song of the Bells

THE church needed bells. To defray expenses the priest announced from the pulpit that he had selected five members of the parish to pay for them, and invited Mr. Dingley, Mr. Donley, Mr. Dooley, Mr. Daley, and Mr. Hennessey to meet him in his study.

"Think, my friends," said he to them, "think what this honor means. Why, every time those bells swing they will be ringing out your names to the community."

Shortly after the bells had been hung Mr. Hennessey was sick and was taken to a hospital near his home. At first he got along splendidly, then he became restless. One day the priest stopped in to see him.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "You should be feeling fine, hearing those bells ringing every day, and knowing that you helped to buy them."

"That's just it, Father," replied Hennessey. "Every morning, noon, and night I have to lie here and hear those bells ring, 'Dingley, Donley, Dooley, Daley! Dingley, Donley, Dooley, Daley!' but not once did I hear them say 'Hennessey.'"

Orders is Orders

AN Irishman who holds the job of doorkeeper at a museum turnstile, before taking over the position, took care to memorize the book of rules. Just after his assumption of his new duties, he stopped one visitor with this announcement:

"Sir, you must leave your umbrella at the door."

"But I have no umbrella," pleaded the visitor.

"Then, in that case, you will have to go back and get one," said the door-man. "No one is allowed to pass in here unless he leaves his umbrella at the door."

A Toss Up

"What are you hanging around here for?"
"Oh, nothing! I'm just trying to decide whether to eat or buy a car"

The Splash

AN old farmer and his wife drove to market one very wet day when large pools of water had formed in the roadway between the farm and the town. On the return journey he met an old friend.

"And how are you to-day?" was the friendly greeting.

"Very well, thank you," answered the farmer.

"How is the missus?" continued the friend.

"Fine," answered the farmer. "She's behind there"—jerking his thumb toward the back of the wagon.

"She's not there!" exclaimed the astonished friend.

The old farmer turned and looked over his shoulder. Then he coolly replied:

"Humph! That accounts for the splash."

Too Much of a Success

"WHAT'S the matter, old man?" asked Driver, as he met a friend. "Are you feeling seedy?"

"No, not exactly that," replied the friend, "but I'll admit I've been worried of late. You remember I hired a man to trace my pedigree?"

"Yes," replied Driver. "What's the trouble? Hasn't he been successful?"

"Successful! I should say he had!" said the friend. "I'm having to pay him hush-money."

At the Wrong End

THE wife of a Philadelphia man returned home one afternoon from an extended stay in another city. Naturally enough, upon her arrival she put a number of questions to her maid, one of which was:

"Have you observed that my husband missed me very much when I was away, Mabel?"

"Well, ma'am," said Mabel, "I didn't notice it so much at first, but yesterday he seemed to be in despair."

A Useful Vegetable

A SHOPPER in a department-store, while waiting for change, overheard one cash-girl remark to a companion:

"Yes, his mother feeds him garlic so she can find him in the dark!"

About Now

A LITTLE song I seem to hear—
A most exquisite thing;
It laughs about the budding year,
And hints a madcap spring!

Its lilt is sweet as honey dew—
There's not enough to quote;
I think it's just a line or two
That Herrick left unwrote.

CAROLYN WELLS.

Painting by Walter J. Biggs Illustration for "The Choice"

SHE FELT HERSELF TO BE IN THE PRESENCE OF A STRANGER

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THE FINAL STAGE IN BUILDING A SNOW-HOUSE—BEGINNING THE ROW THAT IS TO BE THE VAULTED ROOF

Solving the Problem of the Arctic

WAYS AND MEANS OF LIFE ON THE ICE

BY VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

PART II

THE 10th of April, 1914, found Storker Storkersen, Ole Andreasen, and myself with one sledge, six dogs, provisions for a month, and the faith that the sea and ice would furnish us food when needed, embarked upon an exploration of the unknown frozen ocean north of Alaska.

That the main portion of the unexplored Arctic lies north of Alaska and north of Siberia, rather than north of Norway or Greenland, results partly from accident and partly from well-known, although seldom realized, geographical conditions. It is in a sense accidental that the civilization of our time has flourished mainly on the two shores of the Atlantic. The Atlantic has been the great highway of our ancestors and our contemporaries, and the Pacific is only beginning to come into its own.

But the Pole would not as yet have

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been reached, or at least it would not have been reached so easily, had the Atlantic in certain definite, natural aspects been similar to the Pacific. Both oceans have their warm currents and their cold ones, affecting powerfully the climates of various lands. The warm currents of the Pacific have no access to the Arctic, for the gateway through Bering Straits is too narrow and too shallow, and even the more southerly chain of the Aleutian Islands turns them effectively aside. But the Atlantic is open to the north, and that greatest of all rivers, the Gulf Stream, sweeps up through the wide and deep gap between Norway and Greenland, carrying unmeasurable quantities of water warmed in the tropics north into what otherwise would be an ocean perpetually covered with ice. Iceland is arctic in name, subarctic in latitude, but temperate in climate because of the warm waters from the Gulf of Mexico that reach its shores. Few, even of those who know that Iceland is not as cold as its name, realize how far it falls short of the rigorous climate it is supposed to have.

It is obvious that if you can sail six hundred miles nearer the geographic Pole on the Atlantic side than on the Pacific, then the geographic Pole is not the most difficult point to reach by sled, for the point most difficult to reach is necessarily the one most remote from the farthest port attainable by ship. This spot will then be about three hundred miles away from the North Pole in the direction of the Pacific. We may call it the "Pole of Inaccessibility," and it is roughly, as would be expected, the center of the million square miles of unexplored area that lay white on all properly constructed maps at the beginning of our expedition.

It was now our task to make as deep inroads as we could into this region of mystery, and we had undertaken to do it not by employing an elaborate transportation system to keep us supplied with food and fuel brought from more southerly latitudes, as had been the custom of previous explorers, but by living by forage in a region described in most polar books and characterized in most men's minds by "desolate," "lifeless," "barren," "cold," and other forbidding adjectives.

We had, in other words, undertaken to do on the surface of the moving polar ice the same things that the whole world is trying to do in the latitudes of cities and farms, of cereals and orchards; that is, to make a living. And this, being analyzed, meant four things—that we had to find on the ice or in the water

WHEN STOPPED BY AN OPEN LEAD WOODEN PIECES ARE LASHED ACROSS THE SLED TO SERVE AS A BOAT

THE NEXT STEP IN CONVERTING THIS SLED IS TO DRAW OVER IT THE WATER-TIGHT TARPAULIN

enough of some wholesome kind of food and enough of some suitable sort of fuel, and that we had to be so dressed as to be comfortable by day and so housed as to be warm at night. The more you have read of polar literature the more convinced you will be that not one of these four desiderata is easy of attainment. We shall proceed to a summarized exposition of how we attained each of the four.

In the main our food was seal. It may appear surprising at first that we should find seals abundant, in view of their having been so seldom seen by polar explorers and their absence having been so frequently asserted. Other explorers started from home with the universally held assumption that the Arctic was a desolate region, and they, therefore, provided themselves with food for the entire journey, and, having the food in their sleds, their whole concern was to make the journey before that food was eaten. But we had started with a different assumption, and we consequently had eyes for things they had not seen. Instead of assuming the barrenness of the Arctic Sea, we accepted that conclusion of oceanography which says that in a given cubic unit of ocean water there is least plankton, or floating life, at the equator, and that it increases northward and southward toward the Poles. In other words, there are more tons of animal life in a cubic mile of water in the West Indies than there are at the equator, and more in the latitude of New York than in the West Indies, and more again at the Arctic Circle. Seeing that this plankton life is the food of the seals, we expected to find the seals everywhere, believing they would "follow the feed," and we concluded that the reason they had not been observed by the explorers of the past was the same which prevents the tourists from noting the rich life of the oceans they cross.

It may occur to some that even if seals were everywhere in the Polar Sea, they could not be secured, because they would be under the ice. Even were they under the ice they could have been secured, by methods which I have described in a book published some years ago, but we found no occasion for the use of this particular hunting method on the present voyage, and I need not repeat the description here. That method is used on the immovable ice near shore or between islands, but we were traveling over an ocean more than a mile deep with the ice on top broken everywhere by the stresses of winds and currents. It is not an unjust comparison to say that the pieces of ice in the Arctic are represented with moderate correctness by pieces of boards, with

interspersed small chips, floating close together on the surface of a pond. In traveling by sled we sometimes have to cross an ice-cake twenty-five or more miles in diameter, but more frequently the cakes are a few miles or a mile or a few hundred yards or even a few dozen yards in extent, and we make progress by crossing from corner to corner where the cakes touch. We generally aimed to make camp in the vicinity of some patch of water, and while the other men built the snow-house I would sit on a cake of ice beside the open water and watch for a seal.

It would take about an hour to make camp, and if before that time a seal came up he was shot—shot through the head, for a body wound might let water enough into his lungs to sink him. The animal, once dead, would in nine cases out of ten float horizontally on the surface like a short log of wood. To get him "ashore" on the firm ice we had a retrieving arrangement consisting of a knob of wood about the size of a grapefruit, from three sides of which were sticking out recurved hooks resembling cod-hooks. To one end of the knob is attached a long, slender cod-line which is held coiled in one hand, while the knob of wood at the end of about a fathom of line is swung at high speed over one's head and can then be thrown three or four times as far as a cowboy can throw a lariat. Your aim is to throw beyond the seal and then, when you pull the line in, hand over hand, the knob will eventually slide over his back, when one of the sharp hooks will pierce his skin, and he is easily hauled in. If the seal is too far away to be reached with this retrieving device, we sometimes let him lie in the water overnight, hoping that in the morning young ice will have formed strong enough so that a man can crawl out and get him. Or if the meat is needed for immediate consumption, we launch what we call a "sled raft," which is our sled converted into a boat by spreading a tarpaulin on the ice, setting the sled in the middle of it, and lashing it up on the sides. This tarpaulin was of No. 2 cotton canvas, water-proofed with lard, and weighed about forty pounds. It enabled us to convert a fourteen-foot sled into a boat that would easily carry a thousand pounds.

While the weather is cold we get all our seals in the water by the method just described. But when summer approaches the seals love to bask in the sun, and are then found more commonly on top of the ice, sleeping on a slippery incline by the edge of a lead, or by one

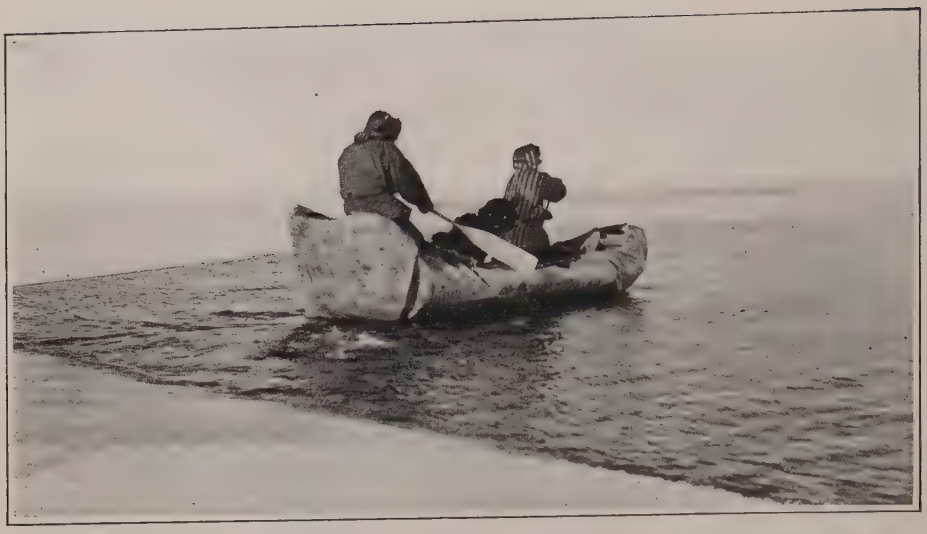
A SLED FULLY CONVERTED INTO A BOAT WHICH WILL CARRY ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

of their breathing-holes in which they have lived all winter and which in spring has been enlarged by the thaw water or by the animal's own teeth, so as to enable him to haul himself out. The seal's sun-naps are continually disturbed by his dreams of his enemy, the polar bear, or at least that seems a reasonable way of interpreting his behavior, for after sleeping for thirty seconds or perhaps a minute, he will wake up, raise his head as high as he conveniently can, which is fourteen or sixteen inches, and make a complete survey of the horizon. If nothing suspicious is seen, this survey takes about ten seconds, after which he drops his head on the ice again and sleeps a minute more. Sometimes the ice is a little rough in his vicinity and you can crawl up and shoot him from behind cover, but more frequently he has chosen a level expanse where no concealment is possible, and you must, therefore, approach him realizing that he is going to see you before you are near enough to shoot.

NUMEROUS GULLS IN THE OPEN LEADS WERE ENCOUNTERED BEFORE BANKS ISLAND WAS REACHED

No mammal known to me has eyesight which at all compares with that of a man. A wolf can see you under favorable conditions a little more than half a mile away; a caribou at a little more than a quarter of a mile; and a seal commonly at about three hundred yards if you are standing up, or one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards if you are lying down. You can walk unconcernedly toward a seal until less than four hundred yards away, after which you begin a careful approach. You crawl ahead on all-fours while he sleeps, and you lie flat and motionless while he is awake. It might seem that something could be gained by wearing white clothing to match the snow, but this is the reverse of wisdom, for the seal's one enemy that he fears is the polar bear, and the polar bear is white. If a seal sees anything that is suspicious and white, he takes discretion to be the better part of valor and dives promptly into his hole. If the suspicious object is black, he assumes that it is probably another seal that has come out of another hole to bask in the sun. It is therefore the task of the hunter to simulate a seal.

When the seal first sees you his actions are unmistakable. He turns so as to face you directly; he raises his head a trifle higher than before, and instead of bending his neck to survey the complete horizon, he looks at you steadily and intently. You must be careful that his first view of you shall be a broadside view, for a man lying flat resembles a seal most in that position. It is best to lie still with one's head on the ice for about half a minute; but the seal knows the habits of his own kind as well as the careful hunter knows them, and if you were to lie motionless for more than a minute at a time he would strongly suspect that you are not a seal, and in two minutes he would probably be convinced and would go into the water. It is necessary, therefore, after about half a minute of quiescence, to raise your head seal-fashion twelve or fifteen inches above the ice, keep it there about eight or ten seconds, and drop it on the ice again. By the time this has been repeated three or four times the seal is commonly convinced that you are one of his kind and will begin again to take his interrupted naps. If he is more suspicious than ordinary, it may be advisable to move your feet a little as



STARTING ACROSS THE OPEN LEAD. BEFORE THIS METHOD WAS IN VOGUE, ARCTIC JOURNEYS WERE SERIOUSLY HAMPERED BY THE OPEN LEADS

well. Like many other animals, a seal is commonly lousy, and scratches frequently with his hind flippers. If a man lying flat flexes his legs from the knee, the motion is similar to that of a seal scratching with his hind flippers. These tactics nearly always convince the most skeptical seal, and when once his regular naps are resumed you move ahead snake-wise while he sleeps, and play seal whenever he is awake, watching you.

Approaching a seal in this fashion is tedious at best, for it takes an hour and a half or two hours to get within fifty to seventy-five yards. A man with uncommon eyesight might score a brain shot at one hundred yards or over, but I have found by long experience that in ordinary conditions of light I have to be within seventy-five yards to be certain of a brain shot. No other kind of shot will do than through the brain or spinal cord, for the animal is lying on an incline of wet ice so slippery that, if he gives the least quiver after death, his body will slide into the hole. Its buoyancy is enough eventually to float it, but the momentum of its downward glide will take it diagonally into the sea ten or fifteen feet and the body will rise underneath the ice at an unknown point and cannot be recovered. In the summer-time the creeping approach is disagreeable as well as tedious, for then the surface of the ice is covered with ponds of water, from a few inches to as much as a foot and a half in depth, and you have to advance through these without splashing and without any unseal-like movements, which means that your mode of locomotion through the water as well as over the ice has to be that of a snake. But if you are careful and make no splashes, and if the wind is strong enough to prevent the seal's hearing you distinctly and not strong enough to flap your clothing, you can crawl near enough to a seal to take hold of one of his flippers with your left hand while you stab him with a knife with your right. Eskimos occasionally do this, but only for a stunt or when they have happened to lose their harpoons.

In so far as the polar bear is an item in our diet, the affair is far simpler than with the seal. You do not have to hunt the bear, for he generally saves you the trouble by hunting you. This is not the case on or very near land, for there the bears are timid because they fear their two enemies—man and the wolf. It does not seem likely that wolves ever kill bears, but still it is certain that the bear is in great fear of the wolf and the dog. At sea the bear knows no fear. Besides his own kind, he is familiar on the

ice-pack with only three living things—the seals, on which he lives, the foxes which he unintentionally provides with most of their food, but which never come near enough to him to give him a chance to catch them, and the gulls which cry loudly and flutter about him while he is at his meals. It is known to zoölogists, but not commonly realized by the laity, that the white fox is almost as much of a sea animal as the polar bear, for it is likely that 90 per cent. of them spend their winters on the ice. They are not able at sea to provide their own living, so several of them will usually be found following each bear wherever he goes.

There is no doubt that the bear is able to tell the difference between a living seal and the meat of a dead one when he sniffs them in the air. There is always seal meat in our baggage and the smell is always about our camps, so that when a bear passes to leeward the only odor which interests him of the many that come to his nostrils is that of the seal meat. Knowing no fear, he comes straight into camp, walking leisurely because he does not expect the dead seals which he smells to escape him; neither has he in mind any hostility or disposition to attack, for, through long experience with foxes and gulls, he expects any living thing he meets to make way for him. But if, on coming within one hundred or two hundred yards of camp he happens to see a sleeping dog, and especially if the dog were to move slightly, as is common enough, the bear apparently thinks, "Well, that is a live seal, after all!" He then instantly makes himself unbelievably flat on the ice and, with his neck and snout touching the snow, he advances almost tobogganfashion toward the dogs, stopping dead if one of them moves, and advancing again when they become quiet. If there is any unevenness in the ice, as there nearly always is in the vicinity of our camps—for we choose such camping-places—he will take cover behind a hummock and advance in the shelter of it.

PRESSURE ICE PILED UP BY COLLISION BETWEEN FIELDS OF ICE

Our dogs are always tied, for in the dead of night a good dog may be killed or incapacitated in a fight with his companions in less time than it takes a sleeping man to wake up and run out of the house to interfere. But we knew the danger from approaching polar bears and endeavored to scatter the dogs in such a way that, while the bear was approaching one dog in an exposed situation, another dog would get the wind of the bear. Usually, too, we tie the dogs to windward of the camp, so that the bear shall have to pass us first. When one dog sees or smells the bear, he commences barking, and in a second or two every other dog is barking. Upon the first rapid movement and the first slight noise made by the dogs, the bear

loses all interest in them. He apparently thinks, "After all, this is not a seal, but a fox or a gull." His mind reverts to the seal meat he has been smelling, he gets quickly up from his flat position and resumes his leisurely walk toward the camp. By that time, even though we may have been asleep, one of us will be out with a rifle, and the bullet near the heart ends the story.

It is a clear conclusion from our experience, and from that of a hundred thousand Eskimos and Indians, that all that is necessary for a satisfying and wholesome diet is meat and fat. There are, of course, many other combinations that make a satisfactory diet, but I have for years failed to see why any of them should be used by explorers in the far north, for all others have to be brought from a distance and have the disadvantage of costliness and difficult transportation, and no advantage other than of whatever prejudice we may have in their favor, because of the accident that those are the foods to which we have been accustomed from childhood.

The same animals that solve our food problem dispose of our fuel problem also. In the early stages of our journeys, for six weeks or two months after leaving our base camps, we commonly use kerosene, burning it in blue-flame stoves. We carry the oil in ten-gallon, galvanized-iron tanks, which are clinched and not soldered, so that we can later on convert them into stoves that shall stand any amount of heat. When the kerosene is gone from it the top is cut out of one of these tanks and a little slit is made near the bottom for a draught-hole. Blubber will not burn without a wick any more than tallow will, so to start our fire we take a piece of any sort of cloth, an inch or so square, soak it with seal-oil, and place it on the bottom of the stove. Over this bit of greased rag we make a heap of seal or bear bones saved from yesterday's dinner, and on top of the pile we lay a few slices of blubber. When the greased rag is lighted the flame plays up between the bones and strikes the blubber, which immediately begins trying out, the oil trickling down over the bones and forming a film on them which catches fire and flares up, burning thereafter with a fierce heat indefinitely so long as occasional strips of blubber are added. This makes a fire as hot as any that can be built in a spruce forest, and is satisfactory for cooking in every way except that the smoke is very thick and sticky. The soot of it is, in fact, the best quality lampblack, which colors anything that happens to be to leeward.

At a later time I hope to discuss fully the interesting technique of the building of a snow-house, but here, in emphasizing that we live comfortably whether at sea or on land in winter, I simply say that a snow-house, which can be built in about fifty minutes, is, when properly furnished, practically as comfortable as a room in a hotel or club. The floor is covered with two thicknesses of reindeer-skins, so that we are insulated from the cold of the snow underneath. The house is built on a deep snowdrift. For entrance there is an excavated passageway coming in through a hole in the floor. In the top of the snow dome there is a ventilating-hole of required size, commonly two to three inches in diameter. When you heat the house, whether by a blue-flame kerosene-stove or the Eskimo type of seal-oil lamp, a certain portion of the warm air escapes through the ventilator. The doors of our houses are never closed, but it is obvious that the cold air they admit cannot rise from them into the house any faster than the warm air escapes at the top, for the well-known reasons that cold air is heavier than warm and that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time.

We maintain in the snow-houses a temperature that has an inverse relation to the temperature outdoors. If the weather is warm outside—and by warm we mean anything above zero, Fahrenheit—it is not possible to heat the interior of the house much above the freezing-point of water without melting holes in the roof. But the colder the weather is outside the higher the temperature that can be maintained within, for the roof is only from two to five inches thick, according to circumstances, and although snow is one of the poorest conductors of heat, still enough cold penetrates from the outside to neutralize the heat inside and prevent thawing.

A COMPLETED CAMP READY FOR ALL WEATHERS

A snow-house is the most adaptable of dwellings. If it gets too warm either for the comfort of the inhabitants or because the roof begins to thaw, you can lower the temperature by enlarging the ventilating-hole with your knife. If it gets too cold, you make the hole smaller by stuffing a mitten into it. If the roof begins to thaw because it is made of blocks that are too thick, you send a man out with a long knife or *machete*, and he thins them down until the frost without neutralizes the heat from within and the thawing stops. But if you have made your roof too thin, and hoar-frost begins to form from your breath and from the steam that rises from the cooking, then a man goes out with a shovel instead of a knife and throws a little soft snow on the roof to blanket it from the excessive cold.

We use no ration of fuel. We have confidence that when the kerosene we carry is done we shall find plenty of blubber, which will be just as good, so we do not have a stove specially constructed to concentrate all the heat on the cooking-pot, but are glad to have much of it escape into the room to warm it up. If, when the cooking is done, the room is not yet warm enough, we let the stove burn until the temperature is what we desire, which will be about sixty degrees, Fahrenheit, if the temperature outside is perhaps fifty below zero. Commonly we allow the temperature to rise even higher than this, until the snow walls and roof begin to thaw. We keep feeling the blocks in the walls and roof, and when the thawing commences the water does not drip down, but is soaked up into the snow, blotter fashion, until the inward half-inch of the blocks becomes damp and soft. Then we put out the fire and temporarily enlarge the ventilating-hole, allowing the temperature to drop low enough so that the half-thawed inside layer of the house is converted into ice. There are several reasons for doing this. One is that while the blocks are cold and dry they are crumbly and if you rub against them the snow will stick to your clothing and fall down on your bedding, whereas after the inside layer is changed to ice this no longer happens. Another reason is that the newly built house is comparatively fragile, but when the inner layer has been congealed it becomes so strong that as many men as there is room for can stand on top of it without breaking it down, and polar bears can and sometimes do walk over the roof without breaking through.

This strength, however, is of the nature of the strength of an egg-shell, and while a bear would not break a house if he merely ran over it, taking it to be a snow hummock, he could easily break through with a blow of his great paw. This has never happened to us, but we have known of it happening to Eskimos, when the bear was in search of the seal meat that he could smell from within.

It is not easy to make clear just what comfortable arctic clothing means.

In dealing with the problem of dress we realized that the condensation of hoar-frost could not be avoided, but that it would obviously be relied upon to take place in one of the outer layers of clothing. Our system of dress varied, according to the materials available, but this principle was adhered to—that the underwear or innermost layer should be composed of furs, preferably reindeer-skins, with the hair next the body; outside of this layer we had two or three others, in one of which the hoar-frost would condense.

It did not freeze in our snow-houses at night, so that there was no chance for hoar-frost to accumulate in our sleeping-bags. On rare occasions, when we were camped on thin ice which might break up during the night, we kept our clothing on, but when we were in no special danger or emergency we would take off every stitch of clothing before going to bed. If there was anything in the house, such as some cooked food, which we we wanted to keep from freezing, we would drive a peg in the snow wall and hang it up, for, although it occasionally freezes on the floor at night, it hardly ever does so at two feet above the floor. We found that in the snow-houses the temperature varies twelve or fifteen degrees, Fahrenheit, to the foot, so that if it is at freezing on the floor it will be forty-five degrees a foot or eighteen inches above the floor, while the warmest point is about a foot below the ceiling.

The cooking of breakfast always made the house especially warm, so that when we ate we commonly sat up and let our sleeping-bags fall down, sitting stripped to the waist until it was time to put on our clothing. The clothes that were dry in the evening we first put on, then we went down in the alleyway or out into the porch, and with a small stick beat all the hoar-frost out of the garments that we had left outside.

Our comfortable houses have the one disadvantage that when the weather is bad one is greatly tempted to lie indoors all day, rather than go out and face the weather, be it a gale or merely extremely low temperature. Descriptions are common and popular of explorers writing short entries in their diaries with fingers that are numb in spite of mittens. We sat in our shirt-sleeves and wrote our diaries with fountain-pens.

We were about fifty miles from the coast of Alaska when we entered the unexplored region, for the whaling-ships in this portion of the north have always been forced by ice conditions to hug closely the north shore of the mainland in their journeys from Bering Straits to the whaling waters north of the mouth of the Mackenzie. The day our support party left us, we started off cheerfully, but after half a mile came, not to open water, but to mush ice that was too thick for crossing in an improvised boat and not strong enough to bear up a man or sled. Although the temperature was only about zero, Fahrenheit, on account of the extraordinary spell of warm weather we were having, this mush hardened during the night sufficiently to enable us the next morning to travel about ten miles. About noon that day a gentle breeze sprang up from the west, with a light fall of snow, but it gradually increased so that by the middle of the afternoon we knew we were in for a gale. Fortunately we had the good sense to take care in the picking of our camp site. At first we thought we would camp in the lee of a pressure ridge where the blocks of broken ice were heaped about thirty feet high. It was not cold enough for a snow-house, and when we were pitching our tent we happened to notice a crack caused by the next previous gale just where we were about to make camp. I think it was Andreasen who noticed this, and as it turned out the following night we probably owed our lives to him. After a little careful prospecting, we selected a camp site one hundred yards away from the nearest weak spot that we could

detect, on ice about seven feet thick. By seven in the evening it was blowing one of the hardest gales we ever saw, probably over eighty miles an hour. We decided to stand watch turn about, and the first turn fell to Storkersen. He went outside, but came back again in less than half an hour. He said that for a considerable portion of that time he had been shouting to us at the top of his voice, but we had not heard him for the flapping of the tent. The snow was blowing so thick, he said, that he could not keep his eyes open nor see the length of the room, and the wind whistling in his ears prevented him from hearing the rumble of the breaking ice, just as it and the flapping of the tent prevented us inside from hearing. Now and then we could feel underneath us the shivering of the ice when it was in special stress, and occasionally we could feel rather than hear the thumps when big ice-cakes that had been rising on edge somewhere near by, flopped over upon the flat ice with a crash which was easy to imagine. We have often under more favorable conditions watched the formation of a pressure ridge; and occasionally a cake, whether it be three feet thick or double, will rise slowly on edge until it resembles the solitary gable of a ruined church, and when it tilts a little beyond the vertical will break near its base and topple over flat. If any such cake had happened to topple over on our tent it would have flattened us out like mice in a trap. We knew the danger, but there was nothing to do, for remaining still was the safest chance. There is no sense in trying to flee from dangers you cannot locate, for you may walk into greater ones. The greatest danger in moving about in a gale is that of stepping into open water. For when the ice is buckling it will, before it breaks, bend down in some places as well as up in others, or, speaking geologically, it forms synclines as well as anticlines, and in these low places you may have ten or fifteen feet of water. A little later, when the limit of bending has been passed and a break occurs, and when the ice progressively crumples, forming the miniature mountains which we call pressure ridges, there form between certain of the cakes holes and cracks of all sizes and shapes through which he who stumbles may fall into unfathomable depths below.

SINCE THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN, STORKER STORKERSEN SPENT SEVEN MONTHS ON AN ICE-FLOE DRIFTING THROUGH THE ARCTIC SEA

During the early part of the evening we were under high nervous tension—a euphemism for fear. But you can't stay scared for many hours consecutively—you get tired of it after a while—and before midnight we were all asleep and slept until morning.

Blizzards in the north frequently last several days, but this one began to calm down about four o'clock, and a little later we heard dogs howling. At the height of the gale this could not have been heard, but it was fortunate that we did hear, for when Storkersen went out he found that a crack was gradually opening about three feet from the tent and that one of our dogs was tied in such a way that a minute or two later he would have been dragged into the water. It proved further that the place about

one hundred yards off, where we came near camping the evening before, was now an indescribable chaos of huge blocks of ice, tilted at all angles, with pools of water here and there between them. A pressure ridge about twenty feet high had also formed, with its near edge less than ten feet away from our tent.

The evening before we had noticed a bear track about a mile away from camp. To get some idea of the extent to which the ice had been telescoped by the pressure, I walked back in the direction from which we had come in the evening, looking for this bear track. Clambering over ridges, I found here and there, sometimes in level spots and sometimes on the side of a tilted cake, the trail our dogs and our sled had made. I eventually found the bear track about three hundred yards from camp, so we can calculate roughly that the ice in our vicinity had been crumbled into one-fifth its former area, and must, therefore, have been on the average five layers thick. This telescoping, by the way, is the method by which six- or seven-foot-thick ice, formed by the ordinary winter freezing, is transformed into the huge blocks sometimes two hundred feet thick that are found aground in the shallow waters near shore.

The gale had one bad effect, but two good effects that far outweighed the bad. It was unfortunate that the previously comparatively level ice in this vicinity had now been converted into a series of jagged ridges. But the soft snow in which the dogs had floundered the day before had been packed by the fierce gale into drifts hard enough to bear up men, dogs, and sleds, and, better yet, the air seemed to have been cleared, the wind had changed from the warm southeasterly to a chill northwesterly breeze, and for two or three weeks the temperature fell to at least twenty below zero every night and sometimes much lower. This tended to make travel not only easier, but safer. During the warm weather we had many narrow escapes from losing our loaded sled by sinking, and the men fell into the water now and then, for small patches of thin ice had been blanketed by deep layers of soft snow, which made treacherous going. In addition to making these smaller danger spots safe, the cold weather quickly converted the wide leads that had formed during the gale into level patches of ice winding like smoothly frozen rivers sometimes for many miles on end through the Bad Lands of the pressure ice.

A little before the time of the gale just described, we passed that belt of keen interest to geographers known as the Continental Shelf. Going north from Alaska, the ocean had been deepening at the rate of about a fathom to the mile. Then came a comparatively steep downward slope, so that in the course of half a dozen miles our soundings increased to forty-five hundred feet and no bottom. One of the many misfortunes connected with the loss of the *Karluk* was that with her went most of our good sounding-wire. We had now about two miles of piano wire, but only about three thousand feet of the braided, nine-strand copper wire with a tensile strength of over forty pounds, the only sort of wire we have tried that is suited to the rough usage of repeated soundings through ice. As soon as we got great depths we let out all our wire, but it was not strong enough to stand its own weight and the tug of the strong current, so it broke at forty-five hundred feet, and although thereafter on our journey it never broke again, we had to be content with carrying forty-five-hundred-foot no-bottom soundings across the Beaufort Sea.

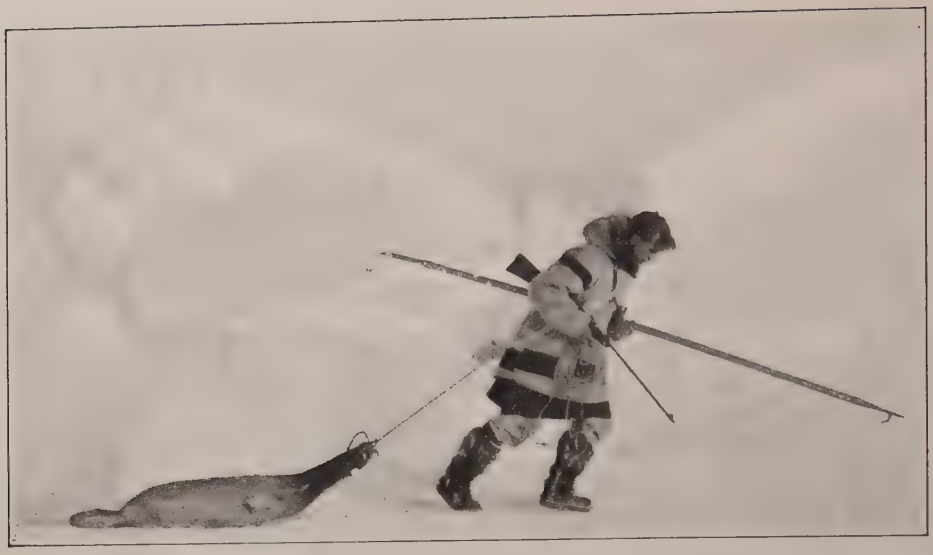
When the water had deepened to a mile we had reached to the point where our views of the presence of animal life conflicted with those of the whalers and most arctic authorities. It seems that sailors have for generations believed, for reasons similar to those which support so many untrue theories, that seals were not found when the water got too deep for them to reach bottom, which, in the common whaler-view, is about at one hundred fathoms. We had had so much trouble with warm weather that now, when it got cold and travel for a while was good, we did not like to stop to hunt seals for the testing of our theory, and we passed many good holes of open water, sometimes an acre, sometimes a square mile, sometimes of unknown extent, without, as it happened,

actually seeing any seals. We did not, however, seriously fear that owing to reliance in our theory we should be left in the lurch, for, although we did not see the seals themselves, we now and then saw their signs.

For three weeks we hurried along, sometimes making only five or ten miles a day because of the numerous pressure ridges through which we had to make roads with pickaxes, and again making as much as twenty-eight miles in a day when we happened upon almost level going. Bear tracks, which had been so numerous near land that we crossed one fresh trail at least each mile of travel, became less and less frequent as we got farther and farther from land. This we correctly diagnosed as meaning, not that seals were necessarily more scarce, but that here the ice was so seldom broken because gales were fewer to seaward and the danger of the ice breaking up was less. The bears, therefore, had fewer opportunities to catch the seals, for the seal is safe as long as the ice is unbroken above him and as long as he gets his fresh air through the little breathing-hole (no larger than the top of a water-tumbler) which is kept open all winter by his constant gnawing. But when the ice in the vicinity of a seal breaks so that he sees the chance of coming up and sporting in the open water, he always does so, and this gives the bears their chance, for they crouch on the edge of the thick ice, and when through the transparent water they see the seal rising toward the surface to breathe, they dive like a flash to meet him, and before the seal can arrest his momentum and turn off his course the bear has him, either in his mouth or between his paws.

It did not worry us seriously, therefore, to find the bear tracks so scarce, although we should have welcomed a visit from a bear, for no method of securing food at sea is easier than that of having a bear obligingly bring into camp a thousand pounds of fresh meat. There are several entries in my diary of that time, noting our desire that a bear would turn up. The reason for this was that the summer was almost upon us; the cold weather could not last much longer, and we were unwilling to lose a day by stopping beside one of the water-holes to wait for seals. We, therefore, went on half-rations for three or four days, and so did our dogs. Our fuel had given out, and for two days we fed the dogs on half a grizzly-bear skin each day, while we cooked our food with the hair. We had never heard of such a thing being done, but we found that

"LANDING" ON THE ICE FIELD AFTER CROSSING A LEAD



STEFANSSON DRAGGING TO CAMP A SEAL WHICH HE HAD SHOT

hair, or at least the hair of a grizzly, makes surprisingly good fuel, although the smoke from it can hardly be considered fragrant.

Before the weather turned excessively warm the wind changed from a northwesterly to an easterly direction and we began to have more open water. Although we could easily cross a lead that is less than two miles wide by converting our sled into a boat, we did not care to do so as yet, for there was too much young ice on the leads, and, while it might not have been very difficult to break a road through it for the boat, the young ice chafes the canvas so rapidly that even the strongest canvas would not stand more than a dozen crossings or so before being worn through. One of these wide leads delayed us for half a day until the motion of the ice closed it up. During this time we saw two or three seals, but they were too far away to be shot. A day or two later we felt we had sailed as close to the wind as we dared, for the dogs were beginning to lose their strength through insufficient food, so we stopped and made up our minds that we would not move again until we had caught a seal.

The three of us took our positions in different places along the lead, and for several hours we waited without seeing anything. When the ice is badly broken up, as it was in this vicinity, seals seem to travel around in schools, and one day they may be as numerous as ducks in a pond, their heads bobbing up everywhere, and then for several days after you may rarely see them, and sometimes for a whole day not at all. In this case a seal did come up without our waiting long and was killed, but he sank promptly. And the same thing happened with the second. But the third, which came up about two hundred yards from me, floated. It was only a curious chance which made the first two sink, but it gave us a few hours of serious anxiety. I am still of the opinion—an opinion based on wide experience—as I was then, that not more than one seal in ten ought to sink at this season of the year, so that the sinking of the first two killed was a rather remarkable chance.

The killing of the first seal had no ill effects, for we ate of it in moderation, fed the dogs reasonably, and went on. But a day or two afterward, when we killed the next seal, we felt like celebrating, so we fed the dogs liberally and ate more than was good for us, especially of the delicious fat.

It has always been a mystery to me why the word "blubber" should carry such a disagreeable connotation to mill-

ions of people, though not one in a million has ever tasted it. I am often asked what seal meat tastes like, and am commonly driven to saying that it tastes like seal meat, for it does not resemble any commonly known type of meat. But neither does mutton resemble any meat known to me, and still mutton is good eating, and so is seal. But the fat is much easier to describe. When the blubber is eaten raw, as we commonly eat it by preference, it has a flavor very similar to that of fresh cow's cream, but when boiled it closely resembles the fat of mutton. For that reason Mr. Wilkins, who came from the sheep district of Australia, was that member of our whole expedition who most readily fell into the eating of the seal fat. In general, most men refrain from tasting blubber because it is named blubber, until they become so fat hungry that they are eventually driven to trying it, and when they try it, to their surprise they invariably find it so delicious that, if not restrained, they overeat and, as is well known, overeating any form of fat causes nausea and other distressing symptoms. After one or two experiences of this sort, I am now careful never to allow a man to eat all the blubber he wants the first time he tries it, for if he gets sick he is almost certain to blame the seal and not his own gluttony.

By the 26th of April the weather had become so warm that we saw there was no hope of traveling much farther north unless we were willing to spend the entire summer on the ice. This we did not care to do, both because we were not then as confident in our minds as we now are that doing so would be perfectly safe, and also because I had instructed the *North Star* to meet us at the northwest corner of Banks Island. We therefore turned east and on the 25th of May we were probably about fifty miles from Banks Island, when we came to a lead about half a mile wide. We stopped beside it, and, had we acted promptly, we could doubtless have crossed, for it takes us only about three hours to unload a sled, convert it into a boat, and ferry our load across in two instalments. But we thought this lead might possibly close up, and before we realized it it had become a mile wide. A few hours after that it was more than five miles wide, for we could not see the ice on the other side; the ocean to the eastward looked as open as the Atlantic, and white-caps began to run. The wind from the east had freshened, and we suspected, what our sextants later proved to us, that it wasn't the ice to the east that was moving away, but we that were drifting seaward. We did not think of taking a sounding the first day, because of our disappointment in not getting across the lead, but the next day when we sounded we got bottom at about twenty-five hundred feet, the first bottom - sounding since leaving Alaska. For the next two days we sounded once a day and got a deeper sounding each time, and on the third day we were in water too deep for our forty-five-hundred-foot wire.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Monkey with the Green Pea-Jacket

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

HE was back in the Jungle. Back again! Dear! dear! that adventurous spirit! that leaping star that had long vanished in the blue! and, lo and behold! the star had an orbit, and was returned to their gaze! There was a great bobbing of noses, blinking of eyes, a tightening of hands on vine and branch!

They appeared to be hypnotized, fairly, while he told them of Tonio and Philippa and the hurdy-gurdy; of the wharves and the shipping; of the narrow streets with the tall houses in the downtown quarters, where Philippa and Tonio lived. Then at last he told how he had managed, one summer night when Tonio and Philippa were asleep on the wharf, to stow away in the hold of the right ship, the one that had brought the cocoanuts and the other things from home and was about to leave (this he knew by the cursing of the sailors) on her return journey.

Ah, how they listened!

Every so often the very old brown chimpanzee, who was known throughout the Jungle as the "Lonely One" (because of his knowledge, no doubt), would venture to interrupt and ask what this or that might mean. "Automobiles," for instance; "wharves"; "hurdy-gurdys"? The Hunting Party had no such things as these. For the "Lonely One" dated everything from the Hunting Party, which had come within some miles of the Jungle, and which the "Lonely One" had gone cautiously to inspect, at a certain distance, as spy and ambassador of the rest.

Then, too, there was the "Bold-faced One" who interrupted from time to time, he also to ask questions. He it was who was lord of the Jungle. He had great streaks of peacock blue and green on his nose, which none of the others had; and his hands were more like a man's, and his forearms short and powerful; and the soles of his feet were blue, also, and he had a way sometimes of lifting his head until the back of it rested between his shoulder-blades and then looking out from between the slits of his almost closed heavy-lidded eyes. This gave him a wise look, beyond all words to describe—wise and at the same time wicked. If he was displeased with any one, or if he wished to disperse a company, he had only to put his head back in that way and presently up and along the branches, down and through covert openings, the Jungle folk would go, or creep, or crawl, or slink, until in a few moments not a soul but himself remained. Then he would gather up the stone he always carried with him and make off through the trees, climbing with the aid of his powerful blue-soled feet and one strong hand, the other holding the stone secure.

These two, then, the "Lonely One" and the "Bold-faced One," put the questions; the rest continued to listen with an almost painful tension. So, Alessandro (that was the name Tonio and Philippa had given him) got through the story at last—the story of his return, sketched in with high-lights of the marvel that his life had been over there.

It was growing late. The quick-moving night, soft-footed as a beast of the Jungle, was almost upon them. They retired up vine and branch, talking things over among themselves. The "Lonely One" before he left offered the hero a half a cocoanut. The "Bold-faced One" retreated slowly up the dim trunk of a rubber-tree. As he mounted one could see the blue soles of his feet as they alternately grasped and released the trunk as though they might have been the strange animated footmarks of his shadowy, lurid progress. His right hand doubled against his side was still holding the stone. One had the impression he was carrying away not only that,

but other things as well, and all Alessandro's information, to think about.

But in all that Jungle company there was one who, though she listened intently to questions and answers, would never have cared to ask a question herself. It was not with Alessandro's knowledge, but with himself, she was concerned. He was a hero. He had been in strange places. Out and across the great expanse of water and back again! A traveler, an adventurous spirit! Some one, mind you, before whom the Jungle fell quiet and to whom the "Lonely One" and the "Bold-faced One" gave attentive interest. While all the rest listened, giving her no thought, she had closed one little fist around a vine and gazed her fill at him. And once, glancing indifferently over the company (ah, that lordly, masterful indifference of his!) Alessandro's eye had caught hers; and her heart knocked suddenly like something suspended that an inadvertent hand has struck. Then his gaze passed on with large indifference, leaving her humbled and exalted and changed.

Most of the others, tired from the excitement of the day, were asleep; but not Alessandro. He was too glad to be back in the Jungle moonlight to forego any of it.

He looked up and around with pleasure at the colossal vegetation, the giant trunks, the up-climbing massive monkey-ladders, the arching fronds of fern, and the grand groups of heavy-scented orchids; the great, long fingers of the air roots, too, reaching down, down, seventy feet or more, bent, it seemed, like a giant miser's fingers, on touching and grasping the rich soil. He remembered in contrast the absurdly diminutive vegetation in the Park in New York, with the tops of the trees as close over your head, almost, as the umbrellas which foolish people in cities carry over their head-dresses on rainy days.

Yes; he was glad to be back. His nostrils quivered in delighted recognition of the scents of the Jungle, too, for in the Jungle, ah, what odors! Voices of a kind, with which beast and flower and tree proclaimed themselves and saluted one another. There the jackal had passed, and there the jungle-bug, or there the giant armadillo; here the leaping paca, and there the red deer; and across and among these concords of speaking silences, or suspended above them and shedding varied sweetness like censers, marvelous blossoms here or there or high up in the roof of the Jungle, radiated or dropped perfume and proclaimed themselves penetratingly.

In the two dark, low rooms where Tonio and Philippa had lived there was a certain blend of odors of cheese and macaroni and olive-oil and stale chianti and garlic, but how slender they were and unimportant, without especial incident or meaning, with nothing changing or dramatic in them. You found them there, always in the same place; you came back to them day after day, with only now and then the odor of a banana added for variety. But here! Ah, he drew in a long breath. Here!

Nevertheless, he dwelt rather sentimentally on the thought of how Tonio and Philippa must be missing him, Tonio with the greater excitement. For when Alessandro had sometimes found life almost unendurable because of homesickness, it was Tonio who would lift the little drooped head with one finger and say, with pity or alarm: "Ecco! Philippa! He pines! He pines for the Jungle!" and Philippa would give an extra jerk to the frying-pan and, without even turning her head, would say, "Well, then, he is a little fool!"

Ah, that once that they thought they had lost him—when he had gone to sleep in the clothes-closet! Heavens! what a screaming and blaming of each other! Then, when Philippa found him at last, she had given him such a shaking! Him, mind you! yes! and dragged him along by the hand the way you have seen angry mothers drag their children. And as he went with her unwillingly he had blinked up at her to see if she really meant to offer him such indignity as that, and then, seeing no relenting in her tight-shut lips, he had looked back hopefully over his shoulder at Tonio. But Tonio's dark face gave no sign. Tonio, when he chose, had a voice like a bull; but even Tonio was not the man to cross Philippa at the moment she had her lips shut like that. So she continued to drag him along, his little, delicate hand in

her great paw, and at such a rate that there were seconds when his hind legs actually did not altogether touch the floor. When at last she got him to his little, old, greasy wicker basket, Philippa clapped him down in it with perfectly unnecessary violence, gave him one hard slap (Good heavens!) jerked the cover over him, head and all, and left him to blink and boil and meditate and simmer and surmise on what would happen to him next.

As he was thinking of all this, he was roused by a touch upon his arm, tentative, delicate. He turned his head and saw beside him the kindly, anxious face of the one who, among all the rest, had gazed at him so devotedly and absorbedly that afternoon. Her eyes looked out at him now, incredibly ancient, though she was still so young.

"Now will you tell me more?" she begged. "The rest are all asleep."

"What would you have me tell you?" He affected a wide indifference, pretending not to understand.

"Everything! All about your glories! All about the wonderful things you did!"

"Oh, that!"

He waited as though to consider and select out of the entire magnificent mass something — not too overwhelming— something suited to her intellect.

"Well," he began, at last, "they took great pains to educate me to appear in public. New York is very different, of course, from the Jungle. There one must be educated."

The terms he used were altogether strange to her, yet she understood amazingly well, mainly, of course, with an understanding of the heart.

"Like a city upon a hill, at night," he told her, "lighted so high, so high! A million million stars! not spread out skimpily like that" (he lifted his chin, an indifferent jerk, to indicate the mere heavens). "Not at all like that, not way off, scattered and dim; but all gathered together in tiers and rows and brilliant groups and masses close together, I mean, as though you were to sweep your hand" (he swept his own, with a large gesture) "and gather all those stars up yonder into one corner of the heavens, and heap them up, in patterns or anyway you liked. One sees it that way coming over the ferry at night, with the black waters underneath. We used sometimes to go over to Jersey."

He paused, remembering, and she stayed so still you might have thought her a part of the Jungle. What were Jerseys and ferries? It mattered not. What if she did not understand? Was it not enough to be there in that vast place, with him, with the world asleep and a white moon over them? Was it not enough and to spare? With him who could gather the stars in the heavens and set them in rows and patterns!

The rapt attention she gave him was gratifying to him. He must not, however, allow her too easy a friendship—he who, mind you, that very afternoon had had a half a cocoanut given him by the "Lonely One," who in turn had seen the Hunting Party. Yet Alessandro meant very gladly to give her all the information she wanted, for he was not averse from having rumor and report of himself circulated.

He began by telling her of his and Tonio's and Philippa's journeys with the hurdy-gurdy, from the grand lower part of the city where every house had hundreds of people in it to the poor rich quarter where quite the contrary was true.

"We went there," he said, in a lordly manner, "to bring some pleasure to the children of that sad, oppressed community—Tonio and Philippa to grind the hurdy-gurdy, I to dance on its top."

She blinked at thought of all this— ah, the kingliness and bounty of him!— She hung upon his words.

"They had need enough of us!" he continued. "For there, mind you, you shall find no children free and yelling and dodging among the carts and trucks, and dragging delightful tin cans along to make a noise. On the contrary, the children there go about singly or in twos or threes, sedate and sad, under the charge of sometimes terrible-looking caretakers and keepers known as nurses and governesses, who tell them what they may or may not do, and sometimes (I have seen it myself) slap the hands of the littlest ones and speak to them in a language that is not their own. In that quarter the women do not throw their heads back, like my queenly Philippa,

and laugh louder than the macaw; nor scream, when they choose, like the parrot, telling their next-door neighbor what they think of them. They are very subdued and sad, the poor women of the rich quarter. I have seen a great many of them, but I never yet saw one of them put her hands on her hips and fall into a dance to the music of the hurdy-gurdy; nor have I seen a single one of them beat the tambourine, quicker and quicker, madder and madder, her fists, her wrists, and the tips of her fingers. Spin! spin! whirl and jangle! then *bang* on her elbows, and whirl again on her fingers! No, never one of them; but you should see how Philippa can do it!

"Well, that is natural. They are weaklings, of course, for the most part; they have to be dragged everywhere in automobiles like bundles, whereas Tonio and Philippa, now, went about anywhere, everywhere, from one end of the city to the other, on their own legs and dragging the hurdy-gurdy at that! Then, too, if you could see what the poor rich women are obliged to bear on their heads—burdens of brims and feathers and plumes and maybe even a parasol over all this—whereas Philippa wore nothing on her head and dared let the sun shine on her direct. Then, too, if you could see the poor, downtrodden things guarded by men and women in uniforms who lord it over them like jailers, who announce when they may come to dinner, and who put their food before them, often more than the poor things can eat, and keep bringing in more and more and carrying it away; who leave them no privacy; who stand about in the halls and passageways and shut them up in their automobiles or let them out when they choose. But Tonio and Philippa—ah, if you had ever seen Philippa you would know she was never summoned. She fried things in the frying-pan her very self. She put exactly what she liked on the table, herself—bread and cheese and a bottle of wine; and never a person to stand behind *her* chair and dole out food to her! Bread and cheese and a flagon of wine! And if Tonio was greedy, and took too much of anything, Philippa grabbed it like a queen!"

His companion listened enraptured. All that he recited was astonishing, but not surprising to her. Was he not a hundred times worthy of all this?

Meantime he was speaking again:

"One Sunday they went to see Philippa's terrible old sick aunt; a wicked old woman she was, who did as she pleased and defied the devil. She had a drooping eyelid that she had to hold propped up with one finger. Well, they left me with a young boy who lived near them. He took me inside his overcoat and on a train that flies through the air right past the second stories of the houses, and then he went over to the poor rich quarter and strolled about. At last he went into one of the churches and he allowed me to peek out a little.

"Ah, the sadness and the dreariness! There was music, but not like Tonio's, not like Tonio's! Nothing rollicking and good-natured like that, all rippling runs and clickety-clack, nor was there a particle of dancing in the aisle, only the groans of the poor rich people, begging for mercy and asking to be saved, while another of the jailers, high up in a box where he could keep an eye on every one of them, shook his fist at them. Whereas Tonio and Philippa! Ah, well, when they walked into a church it was like honored visitors on a holiday, and if they knelt it was quite happily and before an image that had little lights about it, very gay and attractive.

She closed her eyes, picturing it all—the glory and power of his associates, the splendor of his life. She could see the children with tin cans and freedom gathering around while Tonio ground out the music and Philippa beat upon the tambourine and he, ah, he danced up on the top of the marvelous instrument.

Meantime, like an artist, he was not using all the color upon his palette, only selecting here and there, and mixing and combining, according to his purpose. He would, of course, leave untold, for instance, that about the butcher's boy with the basket who had given him the wicked pinch one day. He would say nothing, either, of how his heart used to beat with dread of the strange faces as he danced, and with fear of Tonio's rough, urging voice. He would not tell her of the dreadful day when, trembling with fear, he had dropped the tin cup

and spilled the pennies, nor of the cruel jerk of the chain, nor how he had fled in a panic back to Tonio's shoulder. Better Tonio cross, and a beating, than the wicked, deriding boys, making fun of his misfortune. No; these had no real part in the picture he was painting. Instead, he spoke of that which was in a sense its central point, toward which every other line and interest converged.

"And then there was the green pea-jacket."

She asked him about it, exactly as he knew she would, and he explained how he had come by it.

He did not tell her that he had had a jacket before this one, a poor old dingy red one which he had inherited from his predecessor, a former monkey of Tonio's who had died suddenly of cramps one night and the responsibility for whose death remained a rich and unfailing source of quarrel between Tonio and Philippa. He did not tell her how the red jacket had become, with long wear, so greasy and grimy that he hated it. All these things he eliminated. What he did tell her was that a "beautiful creature with gold hair and white hands"—so he designated her—had told Tonio that a monkey who danced so nobly should have a green pea-jacket, trimmed with gold, and that she herself would make it. It would be ready the next time they were pleased to come to that quarter. And they did go, of course. And the queenly creature, having made the jacket for him now helped him into it and buttoned it at the neck for him with her milk-white hands, and then clasped those hands in very joy and admiration.

(Ah, how she listened!)

"Some day," he said, grandly, "I will dance for you in it. I shall dance for you in the green pea-jacket."

There was a hardly audible sound overhead. Alessandro's heart stopped as it used to when Tonio jerked the chain. The night was almost gone. Soon the vast dawn would come striding above the rim of the horizon, the great red sun in her hand, smiting it like a tocsin, calling the world to wake once more; and the light would quiver and thrill and stream from it like sound, and would change, as it quivered, into the passionate pulsations of bird-songs and the multitudinous reverberations of the morning. But that moment had not come, nor was the stirring overhead a thing of the dawn. They both glanced up. It was the "Bold-faced One" moving stealthily like a large shadow, and just making off through the trees.

She waited for nothing, but fled. Her heart was full of terror. As she went, a hundred questions hurried with her and a pack of fears ran step for step, soft-footed, beside her. What was the worst the "Bold-faced One" could do? She knew his jealous power, and the jealous guarding of that power! Lord of the Jungle he was. How long had he been there, watching them? A moment before and she had been a creature wrapt away from everything, alone with one who could gather the stars into one corner of the heavens with his hand and set them in rows and patterns, and now she was a little female monkey hastening through the Jungle, full of fear. Yet certainty went with her, too. Ah, he would dance for them! In the green pea-jacket!

They sat about the clearing, waiting. She thought now in a bewildered way how foolish had been all her fears. The "Bold-faced One" was lord of the Jungle, to be sure, but that would only redound now to her love's fame when this mighty one also paid him homage.

She sat in the crotch of a pale-trunked rubber-tree, clasping to steady herself, the ropes of the liana, and watched the rest gather.

They began coming at dawn, with whirring wing or nimble feet, or deliberate, stealthy, padded paw. There were soon a deafening chatter and screaming in the upper air, the shrill parakeets making themselves heard highest of all and well above the chatter of the monkeys. From the animals below there were mutterings and an occasional growl. By and by the "Lonely One" came slowly, carrying a cocoanut. Every one paid him the homage of silence as he passed by them. No one knew, or guessed, even, what he might know, he who had seen the Hunting Party.

Her glance ran from one group to another in feverish excitement. Pres-

ently the "Bold-faced One" appeared, letting himself down solemnly from limb to limb, the lurid blue shoes of his hind feet showing now one, now the other, as he descended. He seated himself at last on the ground, the blue soles turned in, facing each other. The stone that he carried he placed carefully beside him. He raised his muzzle, with the peacock-blue and green stripes on it, and looked about, up and down, but not directly at any one—indifferent and waiting.

At last, after what seemed hours of delay, the one she waited for was there! Lo and behold him!

He ran into the clearing on all-fours. He looked up and around at the whole vast audience about and above him.

Her heart stopped with pride. She wondered whether in all that mass of faces he had noted hers. Her heart was going hard again now, thimp-thump. She took her eyes from her hero only to take a quick glance at the rest, to see in what manner they observed him.

She need not have been anxious. Not one of them but observed him absorbedly. Even the "Bold-faced One," whom, as a rule, everybody watched, had his eyes now on Alessandro.

The chattering had ceased. There was not a sound. Silence in the Jungle is an impressive thing.

Alessandro turned about again on all-fours and glanced again at those on the branches above him. The old association of fear was strong in him and his heart shook. Yet what had he to fear? Here was no butcher's boy, here no Tonio with dark face, here no chain. He was his own master. They believed in his greatness. They had asked him to dance. Well and good. This was as it should be. Alessandro, with the world waiting for him, would dance, with even the lord of the Jungle looking on.

She who watched him with so much understanding was at the first amazed that he did not wear the green pea-jacket, nor could she have imagined that fear deterred him.

Yet it was fear which had led him into the clearing without it. Let discretion be the better part of his dancing, at first. For now that the actual test was come, he had a dim realization that the pea-jacket stood as a symbol of something borrowed, assumed, affected; something out of the order of life and nature; something that set aside the underlying law of the Jungle; something which affronted truth and flaunted probability. For had not he and his kind from time immemorial, whereof the memory of the Jungle ran not to the contrary, worn dull-colored coats? Were not the blue soles and the blue and green streaks of the "Bold-faced One" mighty things of right and title fixed and inherited for ages, come by through no quick assumptions, rather by age-old prerogatives and lawful successions? Who had colored the great blue parrot's plumage, or lent its scarlet to the giant tree-toad? Who had vouchsafed its rich red color to the huge red squirrel, or his ill-fitting, long-tailed coat to the giant armadillo? The pale-green light to the phosphorescent beetle, or the red lantern to the Jungle night-fly? Who had bestowed upon the great kalawoe his wide night wings for flight, feathered with softness like velvet, and his cry that trembled and wailed and died like something falling, falling into a bottomless abyss? Who had from generation to generation bestowed upon the musk its pungent and powerful odor, and upon the orchid with the flesh-colored heart, high up, high up, the unfailing brilliancy of its cup and the unchanging falling incense of its perfume? Who shall remove or alter or change so much as a jot or a tittle any of all these things? Shall the paca, feasting on nuts, lift its head and say, "I am lord of these matters"? or the tree-shrew its muzzle from the bark and its ant-eating and declare, "I have power to change the ancient law"? Shall the night-hawk put on the daylight feathers of the peacock, or the monkey the plumage of the macaw? Where all is law and order, shall an assumption of miracle appear? Where knowledge and right have come by toil and travail, shall one rise and say, "Away from all this, and hear me for a prophet"?

He knew in a dim, adumbrated fashion that in a world of law there is shame in an assumption of miracle; he knew that a lie is something for which creation will not stand; he knew dimly that to trespass on truth is to pull heaven and earth about one's ears. All this he knew

surely, but dimly, dimly. So he would not risk the pea-jacket. Instead he would dance—the steps that Tonio had taught him. They were real things that he had learned and knew.

He raised himself on his hind legs, man fashion, balanced himself, and took the first step. A little shiver of excitement ran through her as she watched him far up. The rest watched, watched.

Slowly, measuredly, he turned round and round.

She was conscious of some lack—the lack of music. Then her fancy supplied it. As he turned, every branch and rich-hung flower of the Jungle had for her a voice and sang for him to dance. She realized vaguely that to all the rest, the entire mass of spectators, there was no sound of music. They should have known of the hurdy-gurdy over yonder in that far province of his splendor of which he had told her. Ah, if they but knew, as she did, his power to command music and the stars of the heavens!

To Alessandro, as he turned in time and measure, imagination also supplied what was lacking. At each step the rain-like rippling clatter of the hurdy-gurdy was in his ears. To him and her it was not without this added glory that he danced. To the rest, he was one of their own, fashioned brown and small like a thousand others, turning about in a senseless sort of way. Fascinated they had been, hypnotized by expectancy. Surely this was not enough! What had they come out to see? What had they come far to witness? When would the real performance begin?

He turned about again and again. Once he had to resort to all-fours because he was so dizzy; then, as Tonio had taught him, he raised himself on his hind legs, reversed, and turned from left to right, round and round, with the world looking on.

He was getting dizzy again. He came down once more on all-fours, paused, and looked about him.

The Jungle waited. What would he do next? Well, he really had done all there was to do—his utmost. Turns to the left; turns to the right; there was nothing more.

The crowd waited. The "Lonely One" beat his cocoanut three times on the ground, then held it to his ear and listened, as though to find in it a strange answer to a mysterious question.

The "Bold-faced One" was not looking at any one now, neither at the crowd of intent, blinking faces, nor at Alessandro; he was merely looking about him, an indifferent look.

She watched these two great ones with panic in her heart; then looked to Alessandro. What would come next?

Alessandro, too, felt it to be a crucial moment. He had failed to rouse their approval. They remained unstirred by his performance. His opportunity was at flood-tide. There was, he knew, not a moment to be lost. Soon the waters would be rushing black and fearful, sweeping him back toward failure and the common level and the derisive laughter of the crowd.

He signaled the "Bold-faced One." He ran over and conveyed some intelligence to him. The eyes of all were on these two. All the rest would take their cue from the lord of the Jungle. The lord of the Jungle, blinking slowly, signified he would wait. Then Alessandro hurried away they knew not where.

She knew what it was he had gone for. The green pea-jacket! Fear and pride and a conflict of emotions were in her. She could already see his power and his glory confounding these all about her. When he came back and danced for them in the green pea-jacket! Her excited imagination did not find it hard to believe the flowers and trees of the Jungle actually would find voice; and to the sound of them and to the confoundment and amazement of his audience he would dance, dance, dance until the soft-footed Jungle night came suddenly and looked over the heads of them all, to behold him. Then, then, she could see him gather the stars out of the heavens and heap them up in one corner in rows and patterns. It was not until she had thus given him every glory, that she thought of herself, and saw herself famous, too, distinguished forever by the attention he had paid her, and by the hours spent with him in the moonlight, that circumstance which the "Bold-faced One"—she was glad now—had witnessed.

A start of interest ran through the

audience. He was there, there among them again.

His lower limbs were bare, but the upper part of his body was clothed in the bright green pea-jacket. It was braided with gilt cord, and down its sides hung round gilt buttons. The thing was electrifying!

The entire crowd came as by a powerful magnetism a few inches closer. She herself dropped down, a vine or two lower and nearer. Even the "Bold-faced One" did not pretend indifference now. He had half risen. His eyes were fixed on Alessandro and his lips twitched and the peacock-colored streaks on his nose were in wrinkles. The great green-and-blue parrot, catching sight of the rival green of the pea-jacket, leaned so far forward, with his ruffed neck stretched so far out and his wings quivering, you would have sworn he was flying except that his talons still held tight to the branch. A huge red squirrel, with every hair standing suddenly on end and his two forefeet braced back and his claws stuck tensely in the trunk of a rubber-tree, thrust his quivering nose forward with terrible curiosity.

Keyed up by their electric surprise, Alessandro rose and turned. It might have been he was dancing, it might have been he was simply showing them the jacket. Round and round slowly, slowly, so as to allow them to see and observe every side, every button, every bit of it! He turned, he turned, he turned!

She watched the "Bold-faced One." His neck stooped slowly, now, rather fearfully. She came nearer. His lips twitched. She drew a few feet closer. His lips quivered and drew back somewhat, showing his teeth. She paused in terror. He dropped to all-fours, softly. She let herself down, down, arm by arm, dropping here and there toward the floor of the Jungle like the fruit of a tree which drops and strikes here and there, but without sound, as it goes.

The "Bold-faced One" took a slow, cautious step forward, muzzle near the ground, like the sultry step of the storm, which, though it seems not to move, yet lowers and approaches. Then, high up, a single parakeet gave a sudden, terrible, shrill scream. At the sound of it, and as though they had been waiting only for that, the great green-and-blue parrot and the huge red squirrel let go their boughs. The "Bold-faced One" showed many teeth and snarled. Sooner than it takes to tell it, like sudden rush of wind and swift increasing downpour of rain among resonant palms and brittle bamboo, the noise and chatter and excitement swept and rose into screams and uproar. Through it all there was the quick dropping of dark forms like twigs loosened and thrown down by the storm's fury. That he had cared so much to please them might have flattered them and counted in his favor had they thought of it, but there was not time nor desire for philosophy. Feeling and emotion were everything and had swept beyond control. Was it the too vivid green of the jacket? Was it the glitter and assumption of the gilt buttons? Was it, rather, the arrogance of the little turning figure, in which it was not given to those who watched to see any pathos? Or was it the ancient law rising with the old lash in its hand? Whatever it was, suddenly, like a cat-o'-nine-tails flung wide, the fierceness, the envy, the jealousy, the ridicule, the hate, the resentment, the passion, the rage, the fury, of the Jungle were let loose.

The open space that had been the arena of his glory was now a fighting, excited mass. They were all trying to get at him; but, mad with excitement, they tumbled over one another and fought one another, instead, as they went. She was among them herself, threading, pushing her way. When she reached him he was defending himself madly. She caught at the loose jacket, pulled at it. He turned sharply, thinking to strike at her, too; and as he turned the garment came loose and remained in her hand.

After that all was confusion again, black confusion and terror.

Never mind how she had managed to get him painfully to that particular opening in the Jungle, away and alone. He was sleeping now in the stillness of the night. She sat beside him, a patient little brown figure.

The rumor of another Hunting Party had mercifully taken the rest away. The "Lonely One" had knocked his cocoa-

nut three times on the ground and had listened to it, and then, with a peculiar cry, had made off through the Jungle toward the direction in which the Hunting Party had once passed. And the rest had followed, followed, up limb and stem and along vine, stopping only to gather a few tamarinds or plums as they ran.

There was a waning moon, sunk now almost to the horizon; but all around was the steady light lent by the phosphorescent glimmer of fox-fire. The green-blue lucent glow of it gleamed and shone from giant stem and stalk like the lighting of one mystery by another. In its blended color it was like a silent brother to the great green parrot, but here was no quivering, uncertain jealousy, only a kindly steadiness, without trembling and fault of fickleness. From time to time the booming of the tree-frogs, like the bark of a lion, broke the silence, or the great kalawoe flung its wailing cry into the profound stillness, so that one could hear the trembling notes drop away and down, down, down, until the sound of it was lost in the soundless night.

She had her own thoughts to herself now. She had been timid all her life, but now, having once seen the world at its worst, fears occupied her no more. It is true, in every strange and chance sound now to which she lent her attention she seemed to hear the growing murmur of jealous chatter, as one who has been shipwrecked hears still terribly in every chance shell to which he lends his ear the roar and rush of engulfing waters; but she had no thought of this now. Her little dim mind was occupied by questions that came and went. What, oh, what had stayed his mighty hand? Why had he not used his power? Was he not one to make kings and queens obey him? Was it not from his own lips that she had heard of his might? Does one question the word of such a one?

These uncertainties floated past like wrack of cloud in the moonlit skies; then one heavier than the rest loomed and darkened her understanding; it concerned the pea-jacket.

For some reason she had not been jealous of Philippa, the queen, nor of Tonio, the kingly. But the "beautiful creature" with gold hair and white hands who had fashioned the pea-jacket for him! Ah, how humble and bare her own life seemed, in comparison!

He stirred very slightly and waked. The moon was low now on the horizon. Flowing back into his consciousness, like a full tide, was all his knowledge, all his experience over yonder beyond the great, separating sea; his pitiful experience which he had interpreted to her as triumph. Yes; and now that it was past his reach, how he loved it! New York, the mighty, with her many streets and her terrifying noise; her squalor and her splendor and her follies; her terrible tenements and her towering hostelries; her sunsets at the end of every cross-street, or in the morning a glorious dawn at the other end of every one of them, mind you! And the thronged ferries at night, carrying their great crowds with so strange a motion over dark, uncertain waters to a city of heaped-up stars; and the strings of lights, double strings of them, flung across high up, spanning the heavens, joining city to city, you cannot guess how; and the wet nights, oh, the marvelous wet nights that went about clad in fringes and beads of rain or floating mist, and decked with great red and blue and green rainflowers, and which carried in their dripping fingers shimmering ribbons of light, long and streaming and wavering and beautiful!

Dim and far that world he had despised and renounced and lost; yes, but real, all of it, and his own! He recalled it minutely—the faces of the children he had so much feared; the painful weight of his chain; Tonio's hateful, scolding voice, at sound of which he had so often fled; Philippa's dark brows and shining black hair; the overturned chianti-bottles; the reeking cheese; the blended odors of oil and macaroni; the remains of the midday meal left on the table, and Tonio snoring on the bed; the dishes unwashed; and the flies that would circle about maddeningly, and would light on his nose over and over again on exactly the same spot, all he could do! A homesickness, an intolerable homesickness for all this splendor possessed him. Oh, to get back to it!

He opened his eyes and met hers intent on him. There was something indescribably comforting in this little

brown face bent over him, all love and pity and adoring pride.

There were some soft murmurings on his part as his brain grew dizzy with pain and pleasure, and some fond repetitions.

"Some day," he said, faintly, "perhaps we could return there together. Tonio would be glad to see us."

She answered him nothing.

"And you could perhaps have a green pea-jacket, too. No doubt the beautiful creature would be willing to make you one. Where is it?"

She spread it over him with careful fingers. He closed his eyes, contented. Again dim and dizzy in his mind there floated the lights of a great city, and a wavering span of starlight glory, gathered together and flung across space.

So, while he drifted drowsily on a darkening sea of consciousness, her thoughts went wistfully to a dimly guessed land which was the home of a "beautiful creature"; nor could she know that this "beautiful creature" who had the power to fashion a pea-jacket was a little child of whom it was impossible she could have anything to fear, and who, at that moment, could she have known it, was, in that far land, learning painfully and under duress a little waltz of Schumann at the hands of a not too patient governess. So, while she continued to think of the white hands and the gold hair he drew the pea-jacket close under his chin, and, longing for what he had once despised, turned his head weakly, his fluttering breath dying out softly, and was gone from her.

This did not dawn on her at once. When it did, she still thought nothing of herself, only of him. The "Bold-faced One," with his cruel ways, was indeed lord of the Jungle, and would return; but he would find this fine spirit had eluded him. She took a pride in it, as though it were a new glory. Nothing could touch him now. She did not know where he had gone, but there, she conceived, his might was returned to him. There music, like the Jungle singing, or like the rain of heaven speaking, was forever at his command, and stars as many as are in the firmament were heaped up to give him pleasure. There, too—he had said it himself—might she not one day find herself with him, with Tonio and Philippa, glad and ready to wait upon them.

So she began to take even a kind of sad pleasure in the new circumstance, and gave herself to wondering when she would be able to follow him.

She heard a slight noise overhead, at no great distance, and started. Her hand went out defensively, guardingly, to the green pea-jacket still covering him, that had been his glory. The "Bold-faced One" was coming toward her, like a dark shadow, the hand with the stone in it raised.

At the very same moment, far across the vast, separating sea, Philippa, turning on her bed in the stifling heat and noise of that squalid quarter of which Alessandro had so much boasted, replied to Tonio's mournful reminder:

"Yes; but he was always a little fool —yet all the same I wish he were back."

Until the wet season came and the rain rotted it, the pea-jacket drooped, suspended like a strange leaf, on the yanga-banga tree. The "Bold-faced One" himself had hung it there. It was guarded by turns by the great green parrot and the tree-shrew; and when the tree-shrew was one day killed by the jackal, and a new shrew was appointed, and, being a stranger and unfamiliar with these parts, wanted to know what in the name of breadfruit and cocoanuts this pea-jacket really was, of what was it made, how and for what purpose constructed—no one could give him any information further than that it had formerly been worn by a little brown monkey who had attempted to do some quite unheard-of things. Therein lay his fame. Then by and by it fell to pieces and the great green parrot picked the gilt buttons off it and stowed them away in his crop—not to honor him who once wore them, but rather because he had a liking for bright, shining things, and, once safely stowed away like that, nobody could get them away from him.

Labor and the New Nationalism

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THE seal of the American Federation of Labor bears the legend, *Labor Omnia Vincit.* Before the war, any one reading that quaint inscription would probably have remembered the thrifty homiletics of Poor Richard, or at most Carlyle's ardent gospel of salvation through work. To-day the old Latin words glow as with fire whose lambent lights and shadows awaken eager hopes or vague apprehension. Instead of the meek-spirited blacksmith or journeyman carpenter of our youth, we think of the Bolsheviki, of the Social Revolutionists of Germany hard pressed by the more revolutionary Spartacides, of the syndicalist C. G. T. in France, of the militant Triple Alliance in England. With us the voice of labor is not so coherent as it is in Europe, the revolutionary temper is not so manifest, but the spirit of restless discontent is pervasive and its sporadic mutterings are ominous. In Seattle the organized workers, defying their national leaders and a governmental decree, resort to the general strike as a demonstration of power; in New York they tie up the harbor and bring building operations to a standstill by mass action; in Chicago they forbid a great steel company to curtail production. The company, faced by a drop in demand, ordered the fires drawn from the furnaces in two of its mills. Immediately the workers threatened retaliation. The company rescinded its orders "because of ominous signs in labor quarters." These strikes are not the old hunger strikes against low wages and sweat-shop conditions. They are strikes by the highest paid and best circumstanced of our skilled workmen, whose leaders speak not as the servants, but as the masters of industry, who see labor, class-conscious and militant, moving toward the control of industry and the state. That is how the Poor Richards of to-day interpret the legend, *Labor Omnia Vincit.*

That labor is destined to a larger share in the control of the nation's affairs is an opinion very widely held, even by men who do not work with their hands. It is generally accepted as inevitable that the democratic principle should spread from the field of politics to industry, transportation, and finance. The prospect should not give apprehensions to those whose faith in democracy exceeds lip-service. There is little likelihood that in America the expansion of the democratic principle inherent in our institutions will be attended by violence; certainly there is no valid reason why, with our long experience in free constitutional practice, we should not be able to accommodate ourselves to the new spirit of the times without revolution. Because our forefathers were forced to revolt against the unyielding arrogance of a Hanoverian king, and were later driven to civil war to destroy chattel slavery, is no proper reason why we should not avert civil strife by the exercise of conciliatory wisdom. But if we are to succeed we shall have to keep our body politic free from arteriosclerosis; we shall have to keep our instruments of government flexible; we shall have to dislodge archaic incrustations from the spirit of our laws and our public policy toward labor.

For it is when one looks to the tradition of our courts and of our public policy, and especially when one contrasts that tradition with the actual practice of our government during the war, that one discovers the most baneful point of irritation. The roots of our tradition with respect to labor strike back into the ancient English common-law doctrine of criminal conspiracy, which was first applied in this country in 1806 against the shoemakers of Philadelphia, whom a jury convicted of "conspiracy to raise their wages." According

to Commons, who analyzes the issues in his *History of Labor in the United States*, the verdict was received by a divided public opinion. The Jeffersonian newspapers throughout the country made the cause of the workers their own and bitterly arraigned the court and the law under which the shoemakers were convicted. But the workers were then in the main unfranchised, and, though the courts shifted the emphasis in their adverse interpretation of the law, their attitude toward organized attempts to increase wages or better working conditions remained generally hostile. The right to organize and bargain collectively is possibly the most coveted right to which wage-workers have aspired for more than a century. To secure the full recognition of that right and its implied privileges, they have made their greatest sacrifices. It is frequently assumed that this right to organize is no longer in dispute in America; that collective bargaining is no longer a question of law, but rests exclusively with the discretion of the employers and the organized strength of the workers. This assumption is far from true. The attitude of the courts toward collective action remains hostile, as appears most clearly perhaps in two comparatively recent decisions of the United States Supreme Court.

On January 25, 1915, this court held unconstitutional a law of the state of Kansas which forbade any employer to require from employees or prospective employees an agreement, either written or verbal, not to join or to continue as members of trade-unions. Violations were classed as misdemeanors, punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both. On July 1, 1911, T. B. Coppage, a superintendent employed by the St. Louis & San Francisco Railway Company at Fort Scott, Kansas, instructed a switchman named Hedges to sign an agreement to withdraw from his union. Hedges refused and was discharged. The trial court found Coppage guilty of a misdemeanor. Coppage, contending that the statute under which he had been convicted was unconstitutional, took an appeal. The highest appellate tribunal of Kansas upheld the law and affirmed Coppage's conviction. But the United States Supreme Court later reversed the state court by a divided vote, Justices Day, Holmes, and Hughes dissenting. Subsequently, in December, 1917, in the case of Hitchman Coal & Coke Co. *vs.* Mitchell *et al.*, the Supreme Court reinforced the position taken in the Coppage case by declaring it unlawful for agents of a labor union to attempt to recruit members among workmen who, as a condition of their employment, had signed such individual agreements as the legislature of Kansas had sought to outlaw.

That these decisions were in rigid consonance with the long-established tradition of our courts no layman would venture to doubt; neither is their juridical wisdom here in question. Their immediate interest in the present unsettled state of the working-class mind arises from the attitude taken toward them by the executive branch of the government itself during the war emergency. On the heels of the Hitchman decision, the National War Labor Conference Board, the immediate precursor of the War Labor, or Taft-Walsh, Board, recommended, and the President approved and promulgated as principles binding upon employers for the duration of the war, that the right of the workers to organize into trade-unions must not be denied, abridged, or interfered with in any manner whatsoever, and that "employers should not discharge workers for membership in trade-unions." These principles were enforced not only by the War Labor Board, but by the lower industrial tribunals set up by the various special war administrative bodies. Thus the Federal Fuel Administration created a labor adjustment board, headed jointly by Mr. John P. White, president of the United Mine Workers, who resigned his presidency to accept the position, and Mr. Rembrant Peale, a coal operator, to enforce among other things the workers' right to organize without interference or intimidation. The defendants in the Hitchman case were the United Mine Workers of America. The decisions of the Supreme Court in the Coppage and Hitchman cases were thus effectively, if temporarily, nullified.

These are but two, though probably the most important, of a series of analo-

gous instances. When the Supreme Court declared the Federal child labor law unconstitutional, the War Labor Policies Board immediately proceeded to reincorporate the essential provisions of the law into all government contracts. Wherever the opinions of the court seemed to the executive branch to contravene wise war-time policy by placing undue restraints upon organized labor, those opinions were placed in abeyance. But now that the war has ended, the legal status of labor reverts to the *status quo ante*. Many large employers are not unnaturally exercising their legally established right to bar the unions from their plants. They are refusing to recognize the jurisdiction of the War Labor Board or the authority of its body of principles. The inevitable effect of this sharp reversal of policy upon the working-class mind may be inferred from its effect upon so judicial a temperament as that of ex-President Taft. A certain corporation, which normally employs tens of thousands of men, advised Mr. Taft through its counsel that it would no longer honor the decrees of the war labor tribunal of which Mr. Taft was chairman. "This is a very painful situation to me," said the ex-President. "We wish to secure what these workers are entitled to under our previous award. The present attitude of the company in refusing to accept after what has been done colors the whole situation with a sense of injustice which makes one yearn for judicial power to compel compliance. But this Board has not that power."

For the workers, the sharp disparity between the legal attitude of the government toward them when the nation had critical need of their labor and the attitude of the Supreme Court whose opinions finally determine their legal status in times of peace colors their entire struggle for the unrestricted right to organize with a sense of injustice. But while they share Mr. Taft's resentment, they do not share his feeling of helplessness. Like the workers of England and the Continent, American labor "has become increasingly alive to its sovereign power . . . and will be denied none of its rights and privileges." Their latter-day militant interpretation of the legend on the seal of their national federation is in part a reflection of the proletarian revolutions in Russia and Germany, but in the main it is the direct fruition of their war-time experience. Before the war, the government had not been accustomed to enter into agreements with trade-unionists as such. The opinions of the Supreme Court were controlling in governmental policy. Workers, whatever their union affiliations, were individual citizens, or, if not citizens, simply individuals. At the outbreak of war there was wide-spread apprehension, even in official circles, that industrial disorders might seriously hamper the effectiveness of our military activities. The administration promptly decided to utilize the patriotism of trade-union officials to mobilize the war industries and to steady the industrial army.

Among the first of our great military undertakings was the construction of the cantonments. On June 19, 1917, the Secretary of War called in Mr. Gompers as president of the American Federation of Labor, and with him signed an agreement which provided that "for the adjustment and control of wages, hours, and conditions of labor in the construction of the cantonments there shall be created an adjustment commission of three persons, appointed by the Secretary of War; one to represent the army, one the public, and one labor, the last to be nominated by Samuel Gompers, member of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense, and president of the American Federation of Labor." This is said to be the first instance in which the government directly negotiated an agreement with organized labor; up to this time the production divisions, even of the War Department, had refused to recognize the existence of trade-unions. The Cantonment Agreement established another precedent. For the first time it recognized as binding upon the government the union scales of wages, hours, and conditions. Organized labor was made an equal party with the government itself in the control of the nation's industries.

The precedents established in the Cantonment Agreement were applied in quick succession to the whole range of our national industrial establishments. For the government of the ship-yards, an

agreement was entered into between the Navy and the Emergency Fleet Corporation, on the one hand, and the presidents of the labor organizations whose members were employed in the shipbuilding industry, on the other, creating the Shipbuilding Labor Adjustment Board of three members, one representing the public and appointed by the President of the United States, one representing the Emergency Fleet Corporation, or the Navy, depending on which of these two had jurisdiction over a particular shipyard, and one appointed by the president of the American Federation of Labor. Similar agreements were made with the dock and transport workers, with the railwaymen and coal-miners, with the Seamen's Union to whose officers the government appealed for co-operation to keep men on the ships, to induce sailors who had abandoned their calling to return to the sea, and to attract fresh hands into the seafaring service. Even the War Industries Board had its official representative of the American Federation of Labor, through whom the unions directly participated in the drafting and allocation of contracts and the distribution of raw materials. And finally every factory and mill in the country was brought under the potential jurisdiction of organized labor by the creation of the War Labor Board, the supreme court of industry for the period of the war, upon which the trade-unions and the organized employers were equally represented.

Out of this experience the workers developed a new sense of nationalism. They sloughed off the traditional "master and servant" conception of industrial relations. The wealth of the nation and its natural resources were theirs equally with the titular owners to hold, to govern, and to enjoy. The policy adopted by the nation toward them when the nation's life was in peril wrought a subtle but lasting change in their mental attitude toward themselves, revolutionized their sense of status, gave them a new sense of power. For the first time, the great rank and file began to grasp the full implication of the legend, *Labor Omnia Vincit.*

So that when the war ended, and government contracts were canceled, and business felt the need for retrenchment, group after group of workers went on strike against the threatened reduction of war-time wages and a lengthening of hours beyond the government's eight-hour standard. Furthermore, those organizations that had been financially and numerically strengthened by the government's war-time labor policy, demanded wage increases and a further reduction of hours to the forty-four and forty hour week. When employers point to the economic impossibility of producing beyond the market demand, especially when prices have fallen below the actual cost of production, the leaders of the more powerful unions point out that "the war has belied all the prophecies of the political economists." In protest against the declaration of the president of one of the great manufacturers' associations that in its own best interest labor should acquiesce in a reduction of wages, Mr. Gompers serves notice "here and now . . . with the understanding of the responsibility that goes with my words . . . that the American working-people will not be forced back by Mr. Barr, his association, or all the Bourbons of the United States. The Barrs, whether it be this individual or others of his type, must understand that their day of absolutism in industry is gone, the same as absolutism in government has been destroyed."

More than forty state and local federations of labor have adopted resolutions calling for the organization of an independent labor party to protect "the unqualified right of the workers to organize," and to establish "the democratic control of industry and commerce for the general good by those who work with hand and brain, and the elimination of autocratic domination either by selfish private interests or by bureaucratic government." The railroad brotherhoods, strategically the most powerful of all American labor organizations, breaking with their traditional hostility to government ownership, now declare for government ownership—with the novel proviso that the railroads when publicly owned shall be managed as well as operated by the railway workmen. Here and there—as in Phœnix, Arizona; Portland, Oregon; Butte, Montana; and even in New York City—some of the more radical spirits have

set up Soldiers', Sailors', and Workers' Councils after the Russian model. If the present owners of the economic and industrial resources of the nation, so runs labor's new argument, cannot so manage the machinery of production and distribution as to eliminate unemployment and pay a wage that will assure the workers not only physical comfort, but leisure for the enjoyment of the spiritual values of life, the workers themselves will take their turn at the wheel. Labor has become increasingly alive to its sovereign power. *Labor Omnia Vincit.*

The forces that are so strangely swaying the mass mind to-day are in great part intangible forces. They elude the metaphysical canons of the established economic authorities. They spring from those elemental instincts and desires which are older than statistics or logic. To understand them, in so far as they can be understood, one needs to search one's own heart. Perplexed by what seemed to him the unreasoning and insatiable demands of his workmen, a manufacturer recently called the operatives of an entire department into his office. He tried to explain to them the financial intricacies of the business, the scientific impossibility of combining successful competition with a further increase in production costs. Finding that his argument was making little impression upon the machine-set minds of his servants, he resorted despairingly to a simple inclusive question. "What is it you want?" he asked. And the workmen were not at all perplexed for an answer. "What we want is just what you want for yourself and your children." There at his office door was an automobile of the newest design, handsomely upholstered, its nickel trim glistening in the sun. His home stood in the midst of a garden, his summer cottage within sound of the sea. His boys were in college, his daughters at a finishing-school. He smiled sardonically at the preposterous answer. Was it not evident even to these simple minds that there were not enough of the luxuries of life to go 'round? That if the wealth of the world were equally divided to-day, it would be back in the hands of exceptional ability to-morrow? If the general standard of living was to be raised even to a modest comfort level, must not production be immensely increased, and were not the unions the enemies of efficient production? He had read the university economists, as they manifestly had not. He sent the men back to their machines, promising to take their immediate demands under advisement. The men went home instead.

For, while the manufacturer had been following the recognized rules of business and studying the approved economists, the men had been following the changes in Russia, in Germany, in the South Sea dominions of England. Whatever the press reports might say about the misery attending the overthrow of the old order, to them the salient fact was that in each of those countries labor was sovereign.

Our American workers do not listen readily to revolutionary propaganda. On the whole, their life has been a better life than that of the workers of Russia, or Italy, or France, or even perhaps of England. The traditions of feudal caste have not pressed so heavily upon them as upon their European brothers. But precisely because they have been taught by school text and stump speaker that in America one man is as good as another, they "want what you want for yourself and your children." If that very human, if vague and intangible, desire is permitted to work itself out through constitutional channels; if when they seek a concrete and organized expression of that desire the courts do not hold them in contempt; if when they protest against the spreading horror of unemployment and the slow starvation of inadequate wages the governing authorities do something better than denounce their leaders, the workers will be patient, they will be loyal to what is best in our American democratic tradition. But we shall be misled if we assume that governmental neglect and incompetence, and vindictive intolerance on the part of those who own our industrial establishments and employ labor, can have any happier sequel in America than it has had in Europe. It is as certain as a law in physics that the price of repression is violence.

For much of our present unrest, the failure of the administration at Washington to make adequate preparations

for the demobilization of the draft army and the readjustment of industry from a war to a peace basis is undoubtedly responsible. During the war all discussion of what the English call reconstruction was taboo. Peace came with the same unexpected suddenness as the first outbreak of war. The armistice found our government utterly unprepared for the problems of demobilization. In November a hastily improvised industrial intelligence service began to collate telegraphic information on the demand for labor. On November 30th, 74 major industrial centers reported a balance between idle labor and open jobs; on January 18th, there were only 49 cities in which such a balance existed. On November 30th, 12 cities reported 11,114 unemployed men; in the third week of January, 123 cities reported 262,000 unemployed men. Discharged soldiers have been sent out from the demobilization camps by the tens of thousands to drift back into communities already glutted with a surplus of labor. To avert what promised to develop into a serious unemployment crisis, Secretary of Labor Wilson went belatedly before a joint meeting of the Senate and House Committees on Labor in support of the Kelly bill, appropriating $500,000,000 for the governmental development of land, minerals, and water power on the public domain, and the Kenyon bill, appropriating $100,000,000 to initiate work on roads and other public improvements. The Secretary urged upon the committees the necessity for prompt and constructive action if the "philosophy of force" and Bolshevist doctrines were not to spread like a smoldering fire throughout the country. But Congress neglected the Secretary's appeal, preferring to be entertained by melodramatic accounts of the virtues and crimes of the Bolsheviki in Russia. In response to this apparent indifference of the national legislature, the workers in more than forty communities have initiated an Independent Labor party, and here and there scattered sporadically throughout the country, Soldiers,' Sailors,' and Workers' Councils have begun to spring up.

For this unhealthy situation, the failure of the national administration to be forehanded in the formulation and vigorous support of a program of industrial readjustment is certainly in large measure responsible. But it is also certain that the comparative immunity of America to such aggressive discontent as has recently harassed the British government, for example, is principally due to the extraordinary hold of President Wilson upon the hopes and confidence of the trade-union workers who dominate the policies of our American working-class movement. No section of our community is more anxiously watching the progress of the President's international program, nor has any other group a keener sense of the contingency of their future domestic course upon the success or failure of his advocacy of a democratically inspired league of nations. For their experience during the war not only gave the workers a new sense of status, a new conception of nationality, but it also made them international-minded. Just as the struggle against political autocracy was won by a combination of the democratic nations *en masse*, so they believe that their struggle against what they conceive to be economic autocracy in the industrial world can triumph only through a similar combination of peoples in the interests of peace and industrial democracy. They give credit to the President for the fact that Mr. Gompers, as president of the American Federation of Labor, has been made chairman of the Commission on International Labor Legislation, which has been intrusted with the duty of formulating an international labor program for the Peace Conference; and they are looking to the President to have their major desires incorporated in the treaty of peace. Until the outcome of the President's efforts is definitely known, the leaders of American organized labor, who are not only represented by Mr. Gompers in Paris, but also by Secretary Wilson in Washington, may be counted upon to hold the radical demands of the increasingly restive rank and file, as it were, in committee.

It is significant that it is an American trade-unionist who has described Article 20 of the preliminary Covenant of the League of Nations as the Labor Charter of the World. The representatives of American labor in Paris regard that

article as having "opened the door to the fulfilment of all their aspirations and "ambitions." Article 20 provides that: "The high contracting parties will endeavor to secure and maintain fair and humane conditions of labor for men, women, and children, both in their own countries and in all countries to which their commercial and industrial relations extend, and to that end agree to establish as part of the organization of the League a permanent bureau of labor." It is also significant that, while the representatives of French and British labor advocate the establishment of governmental bureaus not only to define, but to enforce international standards providing against unemployment, for the limitation of working-hours not only for women and children, but also for men, for the regulation of immigration and the like, the representatives of American labor prefer to leave all details to a permanent International Industrial Congress to which the employers and workers of the countries parties to the League shall elect representatives on a basis of proportionate equality. In other words, the American labor representatives are seeking to apply to international industrial relations the conservative principle of collective bargaining instead of the principle of state socialism, on the one hand, or the principle of revolutionary socialism, on the other. In support of their position their strongest argument is the success of the principle of collective bargaining as applied by President Wilson's administration during the war. Their manifest hope is that if they can secure the recognition of the right to organize and bargain collectively by the Peace Conference so that it will become implicit in the Covenant of the League of Nations, the war-time labor policy of our government and of the nation will permanently prevail over the traditionally hostile policy of American industry and American courts.

Theirs is a large program, but it is comparatively an extremely conservative program. It is meeting with the keenest criticism from the left wing of labor in Europe; it is being regarded with a very considerable degree of skepticism by the rank and file of American labor. If it is adopted by the Peace Conference, it will undoubtedly have a markedly stabilizing effect upon the wage-working mind, both in America and throughout the world. But its adoption, and especially its execution, is contingent upon the success of President Wilson's international program. If that fails, and the President is discredited, the labor leaders who have staked their reputations upon him will be discredited also. In that case we may expect to see a swift turning of the disappointed rank and file to radical and revolutionary leadership. Direct action will supersede the patient policy of collective bargaining. Flames of living fire will play about the old Latin legend, *Labor Omnia Vincit.*

Your Despair and My Despair

BY ROSE O'NEILL

YOUR despair and my despair
Went out to walk and take the air:
They went to walk and they were pale
As moons that rainy winds enveil
And stilly wept into their hair,
Your despair and my despair.

They walked until the death of night
Through many a misty world estranged:
When they came back their names were changed,
We could not tell them from delight.

TO LOUNGE IN A FIRST-CLASS OFFICE CONFERS A CERTAIN POSITION

The Hotel Guest

BY HARRISON RHODES

AMERICA invented the hotel and is still inordinately proud of it. Europe through the centuries produced, it is true, refreshment for man and beast, and comfortable phrases about taking one's ease in one's inn. But it remained for our country to contrive an establishment where, if we may venture upon an illogical but perhaps understandable expression, one took not only one's own ease but every one else's; where privacy having been, as far as possible, eliminated, the hotel guest lived in a pleasant sociable democratic welter of all the classes of the community.

In one of Long Island's prettiest country palaces, surrounded by formal gardens, clipped hedges, espaliered pear-trees, and pools made sapphire blue by the newest chemicals, filled with the loot of Europe, the main living-room has a tesselated marble floor mellowed with age which the owner whimsically announces was secured not in some foreign nobleman's residence, but at the demolition of the metropolis's once most famous hotel. The imaginative guest cannot tread it unmoved; in the dim hours of the night he can hear the ghosts of America's great days stirring upon what was once its noble expanse, seeking their favorite chairs or asking the clerk for writing-paper. If a simple symbol for America is sought, for that American America which sprang into being with the Revolution, came triumphant and reunited through the Civil War and the

Reconstruction days and has lately uncovered and fanned into flame the ancient fires which still burned at her heart, teaching her new foreign-born sons her old love of liberty, perhaps nothing better can be found than the old hotel office grandiose, almost epic in qualities with its stretch of checkered black and white marble pavement upon which America congregated. It was what the Forum perhaps was to Rome, and if majestic memories of the lobby of the Grand Hotel in Cincinnati, seen in an impressionable childhood, are at all to be trusted, about the Forum's size.

The European mind is still completely bewildered by the free and easy and unquestioned use of the hotel and all its conveniences by thousands who dispense with the formality of lodging there or contributing in any financial way to its maintenance. A Saturday of this last winter the office of one of New York's most expensive and exclusive hotels became so congested that hoarse-voiced, uniformed attendants kept shouting, "Keep moving," as if they were policemen in charge of proletarian crowds in the street. At such a moment actual guests of a hotel are intruding aliens. In spite of all modern improvements and all pretensions to affording an elegant privacy for its guests, the American hotel remains to-day the prey of the public, its office the public's lounge and rendezvous.

There have been attempts to keep out of the best hotels, not so much the local public as the inhabitants of cheaper hostelries. In spite of these, the frugal visitor to New York traditionally "put up" at a small hotel on a side street and picked his teeth on the old Astor House steps. And at the summer and winter resorts to this day, guests of the boarding-house calmly repair in bands to pass the evening on the verandas of the best hotels, and it is practically impossible to say them nay, so firmly fixed in our national mind is the idea that every part of a hotel not actually locked up is public property.

To lounge in a first-class office confers a certain position. Even in the most modern hotels young gentleman socially ambitious are said to gain at little expense a most desirable publicity by having themselves "paged" (delightful word) in the public rooms and restaurants at the most crowded hours.

Another of the common people's inalienable right is to know who is staying in a hotel, hence the pitiless publicity of the register. This volume is indeed at times the center of hotel social life, its perusal the daily pleasure of hundreds. In the earlier days, wits found their opportunity here. At Trenton Falls, a once famous but now almost forgotten resort, this passage in the register was much liked:

> John Graham and servant.
> G. Squires, wife and two babies. No servant, owing to the hardness of the times.
> G. W. Douglas and servant. No wife and babies, owing to the hardness of the times.

Even though you neglect the opportunity to turn a pretty phrase, perhaps the only way to make sure that your name is down correctly is to write it yourself. Memories come back to all of us of strange mistakes in foreign hotels. And it is well to remember the dignified and respectable Bostonian writer on musical subjects whose arrival at Tunis in North Africa was recorded in the little local *Gazette des Étrangers et du Casino* as that of *Le Marquis A—. de Boston et sa Suite.*

The Ladies' Parlor, alas, has gone, to make way for the cabaret grill-room where the ladies may smoke and drink pink cocktails; but for the better part of that great nineteenth century it was a prominent and agreeable feature of hotel life. All the foreign visitors of that earlier ante-bellum period—whose inevitable books of impressions are an ever more fascinating store of information as to the manners and customs we derive from—were by turns horrified and bedazzled by the amiable and accessible society in the hotel parlors. Below, in the office, the rough male inhabitants of the Republic swore and chewed and spat, but above, American ladies, beautifully dressed in Parisian frocks, held a decorous but animated court. In Europe, no such public reception-rooms existed, no such nightly assemblage of guests inclined to sociability. In Europe, no families lived permanently in hotels, and this publicity of home life

DEPARTURE OF THE STAGE FROM FRAUNCES' TAVERN

added, for the stranger, to the wonder of the experience.

Miss Fredrika Bremer, a Swedish lady famous enough in her day, but now quite forgotten, may be quoted to advantage on the parlors of the Astor House:

> Magnificent drawing-rooms with furniture in velours, with mirrors and gilding, brilliant with magnificent gas-lighted chandeliers and other grandeur stand open in every story of the house for ladies and gentlemen who live here or are visiting here, to converse or to rest, talking together on soft and splendid sofas or arm-chairs, fanning themselves, and just as if they had nothing else to do in the world than to make themselves agreeable to one another. Scarcely can a lady rise than immediately a gentleman is at hand to offer her his arm.

The last touch is admirable. This is in 1849, in what might perhaps be thought a roughish period in America's manners, yet it is humbly submitted that the picture of the Ladies' Parlor of the Astor House compares favorably with that of

any *salon* of that eighteenth century in France, the period which is said to have been for the privileged classes, the most agreeable this planet has yet provided. Even the most *belle marquise* could have hoped for nothing more courteous than a gentleman immediately at hand to offer his arm almost before she could rise.

This is perhaps the point to meet any possible challenge as to the importance of such facts and such philosophizing. Here is not history stately and proud, only some pleasant odds and ends which may help to make her great pages more comprehensive and more human. European history has many collateral volumes of gossip and agreeable minor information. So, too, has our earlier Colonial period. But there is a stretch of this nineteenth century to know which better and more familiarly would make Americans more at home in their own continent, would certainly enrich the tone of our national culture, and would perhaps even heighten our love of country. *Nihil Americanum mihi alienum*—a serious plea is made here that even the times of the now despised house with a cupola deserve our affectionate, if half-humorous attention; that indeed a record of any of our manners and customs, such as is planned in this series of scattered articles is, though both light and humble, still a genuine contribution, at least memoirs, to serve for the writing of our national history.

While there is still time, every one should see the Ladies' Parlor of a certain famous hotel at Saratoga, still coquettish with gilt mirrors and ragged blue brocade, and should make the pilgrimage to an equally famous inn at Niagara Falls, if only to see the fat old leather-bound registers in which honeymoon couples with imagination still occasionally hunt to see where father and mother, or more probably grandfather and grandmother, signed the book on their wedding-trip—where they, too, may see when Abraham Lincoln brought his bride to the Falls. Here is history intimate and sweet, the grave muse ready to make friends with any idle sentimental tourist.

THE OLD HOTEL OFFICE WAS WHAT THE FORUM PERHAPS WAS TO ROME

The colonial inn, though pleasant with memories of travelers by coach and of solitary and gallant horsemen, is still perfectly in the English tradition. Revolutionary days when French officers visited us as they do now, are fuller of delightful anecdote. The Marquis de Chastellux, on leaving a New Jersey inn, writes:

> I observed to Mr. Courtheath that if he made me pay for being waited on by his pretty sister, it was by much too little, but if only for lodging and supper, it was a great deal.

They had a way with

THE ROUGH MALE INHABITANTS OF THE REPUBLIC SWORE AND CHEWED AND SPAT

them, did those Frenchmen! It was said of the young Prince de Broglie, traveling about that time, that he "managed very well by kissing the landladies, so he got clean sheets and no other traveler to sleep with him"! It is interesting to look over General Putnam's bill at the Cromwell's Head Tavern and notice the curious distribution of his expenses. His board cost him two pounds eight shillings for the week, his liquor sixteen shillings, and his washing ninepence!

All this European character disappeared in the first few decades of the new century. In that dark age the simonpure American hotel with elegant Ladies' Parlors, huge offices, shining cuspidors, and rocking-chairs on the sidewalk, came mysteriously into being, and the foreign traveler was inevitably transported with amazement, often with horror, at living in daily association with three or four hundred people. One European traveler asserted: "Americans love crowds. There are even more twins born there than anywhere else." Size indeed developed early. At Trenton Falls, N. P. Willis saw with amazement two thousand wild pigeons fattening for the hotel. The hotels in towns were larger than anything the world had ever known before; hotels in such resorts as Saratoga were monstrous, unbelievable. Turmoil came, too; a large hotel is described as one of the class "entitled to keep a gong," and as early as the 'fifties, bands played loudly in the Cape May dining-rooms, and hundreds of black waiters marched in with each course in military order. There is at Cape May a Homeric legend of a battle royal between white gentlemen and black waiters on strike!

The foreign visitors expressed horror often enough, but the legend of American uncouthness was, quite obviously, exaggerated to give spice to their narratives. In 1843 the famous English actor, Macready, records that he went with Longfellow and the Willises to dine at what he quaintly terms the "Ladies' Ordinary" of a New York hotel.

"I looked for the eaters with knives," he ingenuously and honestly says, "but detected none."

Mrs. Trollope, whose attacks on us roused such bitterness, is to-day somewhat discredited. We must simply decline, for example, to believe that in her day it was considered so indelicate for the sexes to sit together on the grass, that picnics were impossible. Indeed, do we not know from equally reliable witnesses that at this same period at the New Jersey seaside a gentleman asked a lady. "May I have the pleasure of taking a bath with you?" as he would have solicited the favor of a dance, and

AMERICAN LADIES, BEAUTIFULLY DRESSED IN PARISIAN FROCKS, HELD A DECOROUS BUT ANIMATED COURT

that in the waves the sexes mixed with a freedom which makes the story of the contemporaneous squeamishness about a picnic quite improbable?

In this mysterious period of development, early in the century, a new hotel language was invented, and strange, inexplicable terms had birth.

"Why do you call me Front?" asks the new bell-boy in the farce. "Why don't you call me Grimes?"

"I don't know," the clerk candidly answers. "It's always done in first-class hotels."

A traveler naturally must grow excited about something and find fault with some foreign custom. How else is he to know that he is abroad? Of this importance, and no more, are the anecdotes of visitors recoiling before the awful sight of boiled eggs "mashed in a glass" and the remark of Thackeray after trying his first American oyster, that he "felt as if he had swallowed a baby."

There is no intention here of going into the long chapter of American difficulties with European hotels. We have been as violent over the folly of the

French and Italians in not serving an American breakfast as ever their travelers have been over our eccentricities. Any one who has tried to play courier to an inveterately American friend can understand how difficult it is say, in a remote Brittany hamlet, to obtain Smithson's Breakfast Food, or whatever it is which adorns the home table in Kansas City, and how hard it is to induce a landlady at Vallombrosa to fry the morning beefsteak to a turn. On the whole, foreigners visiting us have borne the reversal of their immemorial habits with fortitude, even good nature.

Instead of cause for horror, the travelers, it is evident, often found a strange, exotic charm in the American hotel. The waiters were invariably black, the chambermaids inevitably Irish. On the sidewalks in front of New York hotels, Cuban planters rocked. The society in the Ladies' Parlors sparkled. In the dining-rooms Gargantuan menus of strange foods tempted and satiated every appetite. Ice-water clinked and indigestion stalked. Pale, precocious children competently ordering their own dinner tore soft-shell crabs limb from limb, gnawed green corn, and consumed limitless ice-cream. It was indeed the New World.

Until Mr. Hoover, quite lately, took the matter in hand, almost nothing had ever checked our national extravagance, and the hotel, as perhaps the freest flowering of our institutions, excelled in wastefulness, both for the guests and for the casual public. In some Florida hotels, up to a comparatively recent period, great baskets of oranges for free eating stood in the offices, while in the early annals of Wisconsin you may read of a custom of serving free whisky to all guests, more especially if the house was so crowded that many of them had to be put to bed upon the floor—a custom that will become more golden in memory as the prohibition years go by.

Even to-day, when time has somewhat curbed us, the ideal of the American hotel is perhaps a famous establishment in the country near New York where you pay a fixed sum a day (fixed out of the reach of most of us), and the hotel provides everything you can think

THE REGISTER IS INDEED AT TIMES THE CENTER OF HOTEL SOCIAL LIFE

HUNDREDS OF BLACK WAITERS MARCHED IN WITH EACH COURSE IN MILITARY ORDER

of to want—cigars, champagne, riding-horses, motors, fishing parties, picnics in the mountain-top, dances, private theatricals, and probably even that monstrosity, a feather bed, if it suited your convenience.

The constant outcry of the American tourist abroad used to be not so much against high prices as against the itemized bill. Mr. Nat Goodwin, in the farce, said, "No, this is not my hotel—yet; I am buying it on the instalment plan." The charge for candles in European hotels did more to promote international discord than almost anything else that ever happened abroad. At home in America we are happy only when soap is provided and talcum powder and wash-cloths to take away, and sample bottles of mouth wash and tiny tubes of cold cream, when the supply of towels is limitless and the hot water gushes like the Great Geyser of the Yellowstone. At table, our ideal is to stoke up between courses on celery and olives and salted nuts, and discover peppermint candy hiding beside the finger-bowl, and to find nothing of all this on the bill.

And yet, in the end, in spite of itself, the American public was betrayed. It was found that hotel life could really be made more expensive by charging for rooms and meals separately; the old ideal was sacrificed to this greater and more alluring extravagance. You began to pay for your room alone more than in the grand old days of the "two, three, or four dollar a day house" you paid for it plus three banquets a day, and at meal-times to subject yourself to the extortions of an *à la carte* restaurant with alleged French waiters. Of course, it was possible to use this new system for economy—there were people from the Waldorf breakfasting at Childs's—but in the main it served extravagance.

There was a transition period when the two plans sometimes existed alongside in the same hotel. There is a story, if not true, at least agreeably contrived, of Mr. Israel Zangwill registering in Chicago and being astonished by the clerk's asking him, sharply:

"European or American?"

"I'm European," he replied, "but I don't see what business that is of yours!"

Gradually, however, the so-called European plan (in the early idiom it was often pronounced with the accent on the second syllable) became almost universal in city hotels of standing. Even the least refined commercial traveler is now revolted by the un-New-Yorkishness of the old American plan, which is now surviving vigorously only in country and resort hotels (and the visitor to our crowded watering places knows that even there its hold is precarious).

If the hotel is, as it were, the barom-

eter and thermometer of national civilization, it is the commercial traveler who most often takes the readings. Let no one underestimate his importance in the nation's structure. In Charles H. Hoyt's early farce, "A Bunch of Keys," Dolly, complaining, draws a most racily American picture. "Ever since the hotel was closed," she says, "I've had a most miserable time. There's been no drummers along, and I've had nobody to flirt with but brakemen." She would be glad, were she in a newer play, to recognize how her friend has improved the hotel. The drummer is the hotels' best regular patron. He supports them when the traveler for pleasure cannot be counted upon. He knows metropolitan comfort and is willing to pay for it, or at least to put it on the expense account. Some of the new hotels in the new South frankly acknowledge their indebtedness. "The hotel the traveling-man made possible," is the phrase which calls for our

THE LOUNGE IN THE NEW COMMODORE HOTEL, NEW YORK

gratitude. We must not think of him lightly; even in the hotel bedroom the free copy of the Bible has been provided by the "Gideons," an association of piously inclined gentlemen of the road. In England the "commercial room" may still exist for the segregation of the fraternity, and it may be that in hotels in small Italian towns female travelers are still given private dining-rooms rather than that they should be exposed to association with the commercial travelers in the main *sala da pranzo*. But in America, the most delicately nurtured women gladly follow them to the grill-rooms and lounges on the New York plan which they have demanded everywhere. Tablets honoring the drummer should indeed be placed on the walls of every new and comfortable hotel.

The process of civilizing the hotel wilderness occasionally leads the most sophisticated products of New York and Paris to the loneliest frontier posts. In a central New York hotel, there was a few years ago a French head waiter of that engaging suavity which makes life's troubles melt away. Asked one day at lunch to convey to the chef a compliment upon a really notable *suprême de sole, Marguery*, he sighed delicately and then said:

"Yes, he is an expert and admirable man. But he will not last long as a cook. What will you?" he continued with a little weary shrug. "How can he sustain his art among a clientèle which really only wishes a planked beefsteak?"

How can a head waiter last, we may well ask, whose advice is sought only to decide perhaps between French-fried and hashed-brown potatoes to go with the ham and eggs? Martyrs each to the cause of American good living! The story of a Dieppe boy comes into the mind, too, who made a failure as manager of an ambitious French restaurant in a pretentious new hotel in an obstinately ham-and-egg town, whose pretty young wife was made love to by a local auto-tire manufacturer, and who finally put a bullet through his head, discouraged, beaten, and lonely for the pretty gay town where pleasant little old hotels went on in the good traditional way, and where a small, sure, happy life would have been his had he been content to stay at home by the blue French sea. This is probably the only record which will ever be made of Raoul. There is a mother in France who remembers him, if she be still alive. It would be pleasant if she could for a moment believe that America was grateful for the small service her boy tried so hard to do for his adopted country.

The transformation which the motor-car has effected in the hotels of the American country is already a twice and thrice told tale, and yet no bird's-eye view of the hotel guest can omit the sight of him and his womankind in strange masks and hideous wrappings approaching Ye Olde Inne and demanding rooms with bath. More wayside taverns have been plumbed into a new existence than any one could ever have believed Colonial traffic could have sustained. As for historic memories, they are a cloud, like dust along an unoiled dirt road. One can motor for weeks and always lie the night where Washington once slept. Our national past has surged back, and what with "innes" and tea-rooms, quaintness is in danger of becoming a pest.

There are, however, certain developments in this new roadside hotel-keeping which should be set down by any serious student of our manners. The amateur landlady, an artistic gentlewoman in a sage-green woolen gown, cut low over a neck artistically hung with amber beads, is something which only the Anglo-Saxon world can produce. She tends to serve food in green bowls and there is nothing in the animal or vegetable kingdom which with the aid of a bottle of mayonnaise she cannot whip into a salad. Her passion is for daintiness, in which is comprised, thank God, cleanliness. She has a pretty taste in all the arts, and indeed a stay under her roof cannot fail to be mentally and spiritually tonic. She is an agreeable, if faintly comic, figure; we should value her as the impersonation of a passionate revolt against the dullness, the unpicturesqueness of the old American country hotel of the last half of the nineteenth century. And our new American quaintness, brought about by skilled architects, trained landscape-gardeners, and sophisticated interior

THE NEW TOWN HOTELS PROVIDE JAZZ AND SYMPHONY BANDS

decorators can successfully challenge comparison with any of the Old World's cleverness.

Novelists and playwrights have for some time encouraged the hotel run by an eccentric local "character." After Frank Stockton told us of the Squirrel Inn, some enterprising person immediately started one so named, and now every one who saw the play in New York last winter wants to go this summer to a hotel kept by "Lightnin'." We are tolerant of fantastic landlords; there is a Floridian hotel where the host plays Chopin on the parlor piano while a Soviet of servants and guests runs the establishment.

In the new town hotels, the guest asks not quaintness, but a kind of communal grandeur. The new establishments are fabulous. They provide special floors for bachelors, and, for ladies traveling alone, a chaperon-matron. They have club-rooms for Spanish-Americans, Indian chefs for the curries, stenographers, notary publics, Turkish baths, safe-deposit vaults for the guests, their own artesian wells, manicurists among whom Helen of Troy would be unnoticed, roof gardens, subterranean dancing-rooms, cigarettes for ladies, red-tipped so that the lip rouge may not rub off and show, private detectives, house osteopaths and divorce lawyers, gymnasiums on the roof, playgrounds for children, swimming baths, jazz and symphony bands, bars and soda-fountains, their own valets and tailors, ladies' maids, packers, ticket agents and scalpers, blackmailers, night guides, and almost everything except surgeons' rooms for major operations and wet nurses for children born in the hotel. Once safely within the doors of a modern hotel, there is really no need of one's ever leaving it, except for the last sad rites, and possibly the hotel could take care of even these. The hotel is the epitome of the nation, even to the elaborate system of mirrors and electric signals cunningly hidden beneath the velvet carpets by means of which the estimable matrons on each floor are enabled to supervise and preserve the morals of the nation.

We went through a period when it was no longer quite "the thing" to live in a

hotel. But now that domestic servants in private houses are rapidly disappearing, if not already gone, it appears likely that the hotel is about to engulf the American world. In New York last winter, new hotels were opened at a rate which increased the available bedrooms at some preposterous rate, perhaps a thousand a week, and yet the town every day was filled with frenzied, despairing people vainly hunting for places to lay their heads at night. Waiters struck, imperial-mannered waitresses took their place, and yet the one universal desire in New York seemed to be to live in a hotel. When we consider, as indeed we had best do, the possible complete passing away in the not distant future of all private and domestic service, this rush of a whole people to hotels becomes epic in quality and significance. American hotels have always put unbelievable splendor within reach of the whole community. And as every change prepared by our radicals and revolutionists is in a sense an extension of this principle, the hotel is perhaps the symbol of the future, a people's palace in the office of which the proletariat takes its ease.

Meanwhile, counter to this great principle of democracy, hotels, like their guests, have developed social position and snobbishness. Nowhere so much as in America is the hotel a man—or, more particularly, a woman—stays at taken as a kind of public manifesto of his or her social pretensions. There are still left in the land a few hotels dedicated to the service of the old-fashioned, elderly rich where decorous, hushed service and meals on the old American plan may still be obtained. Only recently a visiting Englishman, who by some strange chance had gone to one of them, asserted that he left because in the whole hotel there was no place where his post-prandial cup of coffee and cigarette might be enjoyed together. In the dining-room he might have his cup of coffee, but he could not smoke. In the lobby he could smoke, but could not be served coffee.

In the newest hotels, of course, ash-receivers are hung over the edge of the bath-tubs, and the general tone is well in advance of even the future, though, of course, women are permitted not to smoke. In such establishments the tone of fashion is very aggravated, and it is curious to notice how nearly impossible it is for many of the patrons to endure life in any hotel less the mode. In the case of the most successfully snobbish of the metropolis caravanseries the situation at the outbreak of the Great War was curious. Although the frock-coated young gentlemen at the desk were hurriedly transformed into Swiss, many of the waiters suddenly became Belgians and the chambermaids irreconcilable Alsatians, the *boche* tone was there and it became one's duty to forsake the hotel. For a brief period it lost a little patronage. Ambassadors of the Allied powers were forced to go elsewhere. And yet, so desperate was the habit of regarding it as the only truly fashionable place to stay that many of the most passionate pro-Ententists remained in spite of everything. It was asserted that the hotel was filled with German spies and that valets from the Wilhelmstrasse went through your luggage regularly every day. One martyred American gentleman was forced to confide the packet of his personal letters from British royalty to the care of a lady who put them in her country safe-deposit vault. And yet, in spite of persecution, it did not occur to him to change hotels.

What does this prove except what passionate devotion a good hotel may inspire in its guests, and indeed, all the members of the surrounding community? A very prominent New-Yorker got his start in the world when in Chicago he wrote for a local paper a thrilling account of how one bitter January day the clerk at the newest hotel had met the complaint of an Englishman who could not get the water in his morning tub cold enough to be invigorating, by having great blocks of ice placed in it. The story was conceivably not true, since water drawn in mid-winter from Lake Michigan might un-iced well bring a glow to the most vigorous British body, but all Chicago was delighted at this humorous and fantastic statement of how an American hotel stood ready to provide whatever the guest demanded. It is no bad idea for patriots to rally round the American hotel. It has been one of our country's great contributions to the modern world.

Ocean Sunsets

BY GEORGE STERLING

MEN watch the wide magnificence uprolled,
A deathless surf of glory down the zones—
Ancient as that with which the sea intones
Its undelivered sorrow. Fold on fold
The foam of splendor deepens, far and cold,
Below the stars' imaginary thrones,
Till on the twilight of those sapphire stones
Are ashes of the sun-deserted gold.
Along the mighty rondure of the world
Forever and forever sweeps that wave,
From arctic mountains to the southern floe,
In soundlessness on purple islands hurled,
With opalescent wash of hues that lave
Old summits, sacred in that afterglow.

How often, from the bleak sierra's crest,
The northern headland, the deserted shore,
Have eyes beheld that crimson billow soar,
To sink on Edens deeper in the West!
How often, on some fatal ocean-quest,
That light has gleamed upon the lifted oar—
Cast from that Golden House whose closing door
Is still the evading goal of our unrest.
Oh! far in time and far on alien seas
Its path has been the heroes' path of light,
Down which the galley, goddess-lured, was drawn.
Wildly that radiance was cast on these,
Till the red prow drove westward in the night,
Followed by slow Arcturus and the dawn.

Roll on, tremendous surf! till the last eyes
For the last time behold thy glory flame;
Then, in the sea of darkness whence they came
Resolve thy splendor and reverting dyes!
Thy forfeit hues shall fade on somber skies,
When, in a breath, man's grandeur and his shame
Pass to the silences that have no name,
Where dreams are never and the night denies.
Thy marvel is of man and not of thee,
And he being not, no longer thou shalt be.
Parent and worshiper of loveliness,
He walks a realm forbidden to the brute—
An alchemist whose spirit can transmute
Color and form to beauty's pure excess.

Through Sheffield Smoke

IMPRESSIONS OF INDUSTRIAL ENGLAND

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

IT was dark when I first went into Sheffield streets from the stairs of the Wicker. The workers were ebbing out from factory doors in a dark, irregular tide, and hurled themselves into the double-decker street-cars harlequined with advertisements. Slack-looking women pushed their way through the crowd, women with that bedraggled hopelessness of appearance which one may find only in England. You may see on the streets of English towns any day sights more wounding than those which you can witness in any other part of Christendom, where, under the habiliments of the harridan a young face will peer at you from the midst of disheveled witchlocks.

A woman passed in a man's shoes and cap; one of her eyes was blackened and her skirt dipped down and trailed in the mud. The children who ran past were sharp-faced and fierce-eyed as animals. Their bare legs were red with cold and black with perpetual grime, and their ripped clothes flapped dismally as they ran. No other children are so rent and torn as are English children. I have seen the *évacués* come into Switzerland after two days on the train, with no time to prepare for a journey, and, having been within the hands of the enemy for long months, yet one would have looked in vain for torn garments among them. Ragged children mean one of two things —drink or complete discouragement; though there are fewer ragged women and torn children in England than there have been any time in the memory of this generation, but there are still enough of them, and where poverty has made life so hopeless that mothers have not even the courage or the time to get out needle and thread there is something deeply amiss.

The crowd drifted to and fro; young girls strolled along by twos and threes, looking leisurely around them, as one might see people stroll in a park on a fine day, this dim half-light being their only moment for enjoying themselves, and the dark streets the only place for enjoyment.

I was bound for the committee-rooms of one of the local candidates of the Labor Party to find out where the meeting of that evening was. I rode to the end of Atterclyffe Common, the shopping street of the factory-workers, one tiny shop, no bigger than a room, following the other. They were trimmed for Christmas, and meagerness of the wares showed a poverty of both imagination and aspiration.

I asked the neat conductress where to get off, and, as she did not know, a workman leaned forward and told me. Here are two things about which one could write poetry, the English conductresses and the courtesy of the English people. Wherever you go you find some one eager to help you on your way: they carry your bags; they find you seats in meetings where there are none, and chief among these doers of kind deeds are the conductresses. One is never able to decide if they have been picked for their cheerful efficiency or their looks. They are as smart as soldiers on parade and as buoyant as girls at a party, and when the men conductors come back it will be as if a blight had come over England.

I found the committee-room behind a co-operative egg-and-butter store, through a winding courtyard and up a rickety outside stairs, and I echoed the cry of a British labor-leader who exclaimed:

"When will the British Labor Party learn to use front doors?"

Every one was addressing envelopes in frantic haste, but all stopped long

enough to tell me that, if I went to a certain spot by car and there got off and followed the complexity of streets, I should, in an incredibly remote spot, find a schoolhouse where the meeting was to be.

Atterclyffe Common had an occasional flare of light upon it, though after dark even here the swarming crowds move in ghostly fashion before one's eyes. Get off the Common and blackness engulfs you—the stark, groping blackness of the pit such as is without my experience. You feel the smoke shutting you off so that no ray of starlight or moonlight can pierce down to you. From a bridge I looked down into the mouths of blast-furnaces whose flames painted the sky and lighted up the low-lying smoke cap which forever cuts off Sheffield from the sky. Convolutions of smoke rolled with slow majesty up into the darkness, now colored tenderly and now dyed with crimson and scarlet and carmine, for at night Sheffield blossoms under flame and fire into beauty.

I plunged into the living darkness again and went up another stiff hill, edged with blank-faced houses. Old phrases like "thick darkness" sometimes reveal to you their deeper meaning, as in Sheffield that night, for here the darkness was so thick that an occasional square of lemon light from a window shot through it like a search-light.

At last I found that distant schoolhouse. It seemed dark and untenanted. I followed two ghostly, silent men. We opened a door and there stood Mr. Bernard Shaw addressing Sheffield workmen upon the subject of secret diplomacy. No one had told me that I was to see Mr. Shaw, nor do I remember seeing a poster announcing him. He was touring England for the British Labor Party.

I looked around at the crowd, trying to measure its strangeness. It was as familiar as the house opposite, and yet different in temperament and quality to any working-men's meeting which I had ever seen at home. The answer for its familiarity and for its strangeness was so simple that it at first escaped me, as one searches for the names on maps which are printed too large to see. The reason it was strange was because I had never seen a homogeneous audience of working-men in America. The reason it was familiar was that these Lancaster people, with their plain, homely faces, are own brothers to the men in New England, among whom I live. Here were the same shrewd faces, the same long upper lips; more heavily built, and wearing, instead of a collar, a muffler around the neck. Long, lugubrious overcoats hung in melancholy folds from their shoulders. Long and depressing mustaches hung like lambrequins from their lips. This robs them of the look of alert briskness which you see so frequently in a crowd of workmen at home. They filled the schoolhouse to the point of suffocation; they stood in the aisles, crowded every space.

The conduct of audiences is, of all the differences between England and ourselves, the one that smites most squarely in the face. An American audience sits receptive. It is like a pitcher; you can fill it up with what you will—froth, if you like; it signifies but two emotions, enthusiasm and boredom. English audiences of working-people are like an instrument that responds to the player; thought ripples up and down them, and if in some heart the speaker strikes a dissonance there is a swift answer. Always the Voice speaks from gallery or pit, the terrible Voice which detaches itself in every English crowd, full of caustic wit, full of irony, or, maybe, approval. The Voice of the canny, skeptical Englishman who will joke the Prime Minister, as I heard him do in Newcastle, or interrupt Mr. Bernard Shaw with a pertinent question. So in England a political meeting is a living thing. One cannot ever tell how it will turn out, and not one single one is like another, and each has timbre and quality. People do not attend them in any passive spirit. They do not merely go to be informed or pleased; they go to take part—and I wish to Heaven that that mellifluous oratory which flows unchecked over the resistless heads of our long-suffering American audiences could be confronted with the ribald skepticism of Tyneside men, or the sapient shrewdness of Lancashire.

Mr. Bernard Shaw was talking about

one aspect of the new world, for with the coming of peace suddenly the face of the world was turned toward the future. The problem was how to make new worlds from old, and right away. Embattled humanity had gotten to conduct itself on a war basis. When everything led up to the production and transportation of munitions and supplies, when even the standards of morality had altered, so that whatever helped that production pertained to the highest virtue, and whatever checked it was vicious, and little else mattered, there descended what some one called "the great calamity of peace," and the war-built civilization in England, with all its magnificent precision, shivered and slowed.

In one night war's unity was destroyed and in its place came disunity of peace. Especially in the industrial towns one felt as though life was crumbling to pieces about one. The wheels of industry slowed and stopped. The new Ministries the war had called into being began to close their doors. All the big business of caring for the newly wounded was over, and the material of death began to stop. Machineries of great organizations seemed to drop to pieces as though following some law of nature.

When peace came the people welcomed it so that it sounded like some mighty instrument that has never been heard on earth before, so mighty a note was that which went up, rejoicing and terrible, and at that sound it was as if this life of ours, which had been built for the purpose of accomplishing swift death, crumbled to pieces. It was as if that great shout of the people welcoming peace had been like the trumpet before the walls of Jericho.

England had been one great workshop. New social forms had grown up, new forms of service had been evolved, new ways of thinking, new ways even of cooking food and of distributing food. The women of England had been mobilized into factory and farm, to public service, until they had so far taken the place of men as to transform the whole of social life, and what this had done to England's spirit no one as yet had time to measure.

And no sooner had peace descended than all these new forces of society began demanding that a new world should be the fruit of victory. The men who fought the battles, the women who tended the shining wheels of great machines, the simple people the world over, cannot face the thought that the war might have been fought in vain. It is going on all over England, this cry for a new world. Old customs are strained at the seams by the encroaching needs of the people.

Who didn't ask for it? Lloyd George did, and while I was in England I could not get out of earshot of his persuasive tongue, a tongue more plausible than truth itself. He pleaded for the control of England, upon the plea that the fruits of victory must not be lost to England; that the fruits of victory were a new world, "a world fit for heroes to live in" was his grandiloquent phrase. Go where you will, listen to what man you choose, whether it is Lloyd George, or his political opponent, Bernard Shaw, people in England to-day are discussing one thing, and this thing is the new world in which they are to live. So even in the disunity of peace there is a dominant note of unity, and it is the most precious thing which England has to-day.

My chance meeting in Sheffield with Bernard Shaw seems to me more than a piece of good luck. It is full of the meaning of England, where everybody knows every one and where, to a surprising degree to one coming from America, every one tolerates every one. There is to-day more communication between different groups of people than in any country I have seen.

Thought flows up and down England, eddies and surges into Whitehall, pours into newspaper offices and out again, leaps across the country, feels its way into the homes of working-people, darts through the shop committees and the workers' committees, back to the guild socialists, through the trade-unions, and so to the Women's Co-operative Guild —over to the study classes of the Welsh miners. So in the end new ideas penetrate even to the man shut off by tradition and comfort from the thought of his time. Wherever you went, whether

in the London Workers Committee or the Federation of Women Workers, or out to tea, this talk of the new England was forever with you. You cannot for a moment get out of earshot of this demand.

I traveled in the same compartment from Newcastle to London with an expensive young bride and groom. He was a captain, she one of those lovely, wide-nostriled, wide-browed daughters of pride which only England breeds, and they spent all the time of the long journey over a big book which told of model villages, and plotted how to circumvent a person they referred to as "the governor," who, it seemed, didn't believe towns should have trees; while the naval officer talking with me declared that if he had to live in the beastly way the workman did in the country through which we were passing, he'd be a Bolshevik—the only wonder was that there wasn't more of it in England, but that something had got to be done about it quick, for he could tell me that the men back from the trenches weren't in any mood to be patient.

Something evidently will have to be done with that restless, pulsing life that rushes like a torrent down English streets and threatens to rise up in a flood and break down the walls of stone and brick between which it flows. That tide of workers who ebb and flow night and morning to work and back, the on-marching soldiers returning from France, the women of England who did England's work so truly, so kindly, these are the ones for whom this new world must be builded. Yet in spite of the paper plans in the Ministries, the interchange of thought, the boundless good-will on all hands to build this new world, one had a feeling that England, cut away from war's iron necessity, waited as though every one expected some one to make a gesture as great as the gesture of war, since nothing else would be comprehensive enough to bring a peace such as would satisfy the peoples.

As yet the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace have been an election, an employment donation for thirteen weeks, and a great deal of what is vaguely called unrest—meaning strikes and such demonstrations as were made in Folkstone by the soldiers against English intervention in Russia. Yet this "unrest" which grows from one moment to another is a current of the wind blowing over the earth, a fresh, righteous wind that has blown over youth; a hot wind, sometimes, that has menace in it.

This wind of youth and life and strength blows on the old men's ways of doing things. One has the feeling as of all the collective will of the people struggling to break through the iron of custom, which for so long has had humanity by the throat. New ways of thinking battle with the old ideas which for so long have gripped the living substances of life, just as Sheffield houses limit and maim the bodies of the people who live within them. One wonders if the wind of righteousness tears down walls of stone. For the very form of English towns on which the wealth and power of the Empire is builded—Glasgow and Newcastle, Birmingham and the Black Country, Leeds and Manchester and Sheffield, are solid ramparts against the many-tongued demand.

You turn from the voices of humanity and wonder what will make Sheffield a town "fit for heroes" to live in.

Sheffield has the beauty of all cities builded upon hills. It goes up hills and then down into sudden dales, at the bottom of which run little rivers, but never while I was there could I see the city clearly. I would look down into a smoke-filled gully or down a sullen oily coil; little fleecy streamers of white steam sail innocently into the air, while earnest chimneys belch forth long, continuous sulphur-colored clouds, and this smoke forms a perpetual cap over the Sheffield streets—those streets where there was such an exhilaration of life and which are perpetually full of people, as though the narrow dwellings had by sheer meagerness squeezed forth the youth of England on the pavement. By night the streets are black with people, milling around or standing on the street corners in black groups, as though attending some dismal, but compelling, social function of whose meaning they

were ignorant, and always night and day the streets ending in mystery.

There are days when the mantling smoke lends the town a fictitious beauty. Sometimes you imagine you see through the fog a city of spires and high turrets. Always your eyes, as they pierce through the shifting luminous smoke, look on something that promises a silhouette of magnificence. Every day in Sheffield has its own peculiar quality of color. There are days when you know the sun is struggling to break through, when the shifting smoke becomes opalescent, touched with color from above and illumined from below by the blasts of flame, while the tops of the high chimneys glow faintly like pale flowers, and which at night send a savage glare into the sky.

There are sullen, impressive days when the smoke presses down on one as though it were of some solid substance. The chimneys belch out slow-moving, menacing clouds, slate-colored. This for a background, with a poisonous yellow vapor pouring out of door and window and chimney of the shops—days of black and yellow and white.

Underneath one's feet the streets are never dry. The mud has a peculiar viscous quality, so churned and trodden it has been under the feet of Sheffield crowds that it had achieved a peculiar slippery consistency. It was spread thinly over the whole surface of the streets and so reflected the sky that at times, when all the streets ended in yellow fog, the pavements and roadways would be quite luminously bright, mirroring the invisible heavens in blue and in pale lavender.

But it was only the uncertainty of outline of the mantling smoke which lent any grace to the little cobbled streets, flanked by houses, each built just like another. They are all brick. There are two stories to a house and two rooms to a floor. The door-sill is white and there is a white stone beneath the windows, and this white accentuation lends the houses a fantastic look, as if they were not houses at all, but a child's design of a town, for it is as little and as meager as a child's toy town.

Who invented this type of dwelling? You may see it wherever you go from Newcastle, in York and Doncaster, through the Midlands into Lancashire down the Black Country. What must it do to the spirit of men who live in these places? There are many acres of houses in Sheffield without drainage or open yard spaces—"back-to-back houses" they are called, where no wind can blow through.

How did it happen, you ask yourself, that cities like Sheffield grew and that the houses of free English men and women were molded to so meager a pattern? There is no country in Europe where the wives of workmen live in such discomfort. The smoke covers everything with grime. It oozes in through the window-panes; it darkens the white door-sills and window-moldings; it soots the curtains; it sifts its grit as with insistent relentlessness over everything, and to add to it every detail of life is inconvenient. Cooking is done on small open fires with a hob on each side, so that hot water of any amount is impossible. While in the shops facilities for washing, that the men may come home reasonably clean as in our modern shops, are unknown.

How does any one get clean? The answer is that they don't, and life becomes one grinding struggle to accomplish even the ordinary decencies. There is no such thing as a workman hiring a comfortable house. In all of Sheffield the houses are as I have described them —four rooms, almost without exception. What do you do if you have six children? The answer is that one lives in an uncomfortable, nerve-racking promiscuity; not enough space, not enough water to wash in, not enough anything. It is no wonder that all of England is crying for new housing. Even the model houses in the new developments, up above Sheffield, are tiny—a scullery, a kitchen, and two bedrooms, but with cheery outlooks and a chance for a bit of garden, unknown in the older dwellings, and there are also a few larger houses, and in these houses were new little pianos taking up a whole side of the wall of the kitchen-living-room and telling the aspiration of the workers to a share of the world's joy. In no other part of working Sheffield is there a green thing growing, or a tree anywhere upon

the steep, stony streets; only little monotonous houses climbing the hills.

There are in the outskirts parks, and a fine university, and the public buildings are solid, with an ugly, frowning dignity, and the whole town acres and acres of factories and mile on mile of never-ending factory walls.

And one day I passed by at noon and there came out of the door in a factory wall a crowd of girls, as though they were borne out on a tide of their own gaiety. They were dressed in a brown Holland of some sort; trousers came to their ankles, and their tunics, rather high above the knee, were belted, and brown caps were on their heads. As they came swinging out in the magnificence of youth, their vitality swamped one. Youth marching out to war we are used to, but the massed emotion of women is an unknown quantity. It is as though by inviting women out into the world a force of mighty vitality, whose power no one has yet measured, had been released, something very splendid, a new and rather terrible life; one felt its potentiality in this band of girls that came out running.

There was mockery in them, and decorum they had none. They seemed like the lush growth of a ripe, fruitful herbage. There was very little beauty among them, but strength of limb, depth of chest, the beauty of force, the laughter of youth. Hours of work at their machines had not taken the edge off their appetite for pleasure, and now they ran along the street, bound where I don't know—perhaps a canteen somewhere. Two girls were joking together, and one doubled herself over in such Homeric laughter that she twisted herself and turned and jumped up and down, and she tossed her joke to the next girl, and she too laughed and got them one after the other until laughter had them all by the throat and shook and rocked them.

Later I saw them at play in what is termed by courtesy "The Fair," near the railway station. Here live in carts the people who amuse Sheffield workers. In a long, open space, deep in mud, flanked on one side by factories, are ranged the amusements of Sheffield youth. The park is a primitive and savage ancestor of Coney Island—Coney Island of the stone age—Coney Island without glitter or inventiveness or lightness. One stall follows another, where you may break things or hit some one on the head. These stalls alternate with swings. The boys and men shift along, throwing missiles in sudden fierceness, or varying this fun in an occasional shooting-gallery. In the middle are merry-go-rounds and various sliding and bumping sidewalks on which you may dance in an indecorous fashion. Five different kinds of music are going all at once.

Groups of young girls, clumsy and vigorous, run through the crowd. They have a curious lack of restraint and secure their partners, who stand back rather shamefaced, and go to turkey-trotting in the mud. The scene has the aspect of an innocent orgy; there is a hint of saturnalia about it, the thick-set, vigorous girls snatching out their shyer partners from the crowd, dancing around with graceless abandon, but whatever it lacks of beauty, with the terrible shrieking music, the cracks of rifles and shouts of the girls, it certainly doesn't lack vitality.

Back of the circling merry-go-rounds and the bumping sidewalks, with their howling, shrieking young people, there is a vacant space where are arranged the rows of carts in which live the owners of the amusements. In normal times they circulate about England, but since the war they have had to keep still, so here they live, the women standing at their carts, looking impassively at the youthful rioters. Almost no older women mingle in this crowd. The girls who are riding around on spotted leopards in the merry-go-rounds or dancing down the indecorous moving staircases, or turkey-trotting, are all youngsters, most of them from the munitions. The men shift up and down aimlessly, less excited and less adventurous than the women. It is naïve, brutal, a little terrifying, as if one felt a brawl was forever imminent.

What next for these girls? That is one of the questions that squats before Whitehall as insistent as a hungry animal. What is going to happen to all those Englishwomen on whose work

England builded victory, those alert groomed women in the uniform of the land army, the W. A. A. C.'s, the W. R. E. N.'s, the conductresses and porters, and all the other women in uniform and out now doing England's work? All classes of them seemed to have so high a vitality that the iconoclastic thought drifted to me that they were happier than they would ever be again. What will become of these high spirits when the men come back and take their jobs? They have had those precious things, responsibility, independence—they have been part of the great moving world's affairs. Now life is ordering them back into the kitchen. Tyne and Weirside men came to an agreement by which if all the women were not out by December 19th they would "down tools."

You could not get into one of the waggling ramshackle trains of the Black Country without it being presently filled to the brim with girls chattering about the number in these shops who were to be laid off, two thousand from one shop, two thousand from another. In Sheffield large preparations were being made for the unemployment donation. Fifteen thousand women would be out of work by the New-Year, they told me at the headquarters of the Federation of Women Workers.

I watched the girls being registered at the employment bureau.

"How much did you make?"

"Three pounds."

"Well, you know you can't expect to make that again," they are told kindly. To the question, "What did you do before?" many answer, "Nothing," and many were in domestic service—for English homes and ways of living eat up women's days.

Unemployment is the first fruit of peace, the world over. The question of how quick we can beat our swords to plowshares is one of life and death.

I went out from the employment bureau to the streets. I walked up, looking in the shop windows, and nowhere was there anything one would have cared to buy for a gift. The toys were without humor or fantasy; the trumpery adornments had not even the gaiety of tinsel. The gifts people give one another certainly have a measure of spirituality. The way nations dress their shop windows for Christmas measures their aspirations. A part of the national spirit betrays itself in these things. Christmas windows, even their failures and their shortcomings, can be interpreted into the desires of peoples' hearts.

There are longing and wistfulness in the cheap and brilliant glitter of the shops of the East Side. Sheffield shop windows mirrored forth hopelessness. Certainly there was less here for children than in any place that I had ever been. Perhaps one might explain this by the fact that England had not man power with which to make toys, but each little Rhenish town had windows where, behind a mimic snow-storm, was a corner of a children's fairyland, and the children of factory workers, after Christmas in Germany, strutted the streets with magnificent doll-carriages shoved proudly before them. Those Christmas windows in Sheffield were an indictment of England, the pianos a protest.

Then as I walked along, Sheffield finally gave me an answer as to what had so oppressed me. I found the answer, as I had come on that of the house of a friend whom I was visiting. The house was rented furnished, and it seemed unreasonable that it should have depressed me to the point of melancholia. The answer came to me as when one has the key to a riddle, when I learned that the owner was an undertaker. His furnishings were, therefore, modeled on the hearse, the coffin, and the tomb. Hearse-like pianos and tables, coffin-like clocks and sideboards, abounded; moreover, the furniture was arranged around the walls in such a fashion that it was as though the house was perpetually waiting for a first-class funeral to take place.

So with Sheffield I could not find out why its severe rows of stores and public buildings and its endless factories were so oppressive. The reason is this—all Sheffield is built in the semblance of prisons, penitentiaries, or penal institutions. Once in a while a building achieves the grim dignity approaching a bastile, or frowns down at you with the austerity of a fortress, but usually fac-

tory and public building are like jails. You may pass mile after mile of factory walls that are as the very prisons of industry. Here and there a door opens, smoke swirls out, and through it you see the naked, begrimed arms of men, lit up by the red of sudden flame.

As one goes about such a town as Sheffield and talks with the men of the workers' committees, and the shop stewards, and with the women organizers, one realizes even more keenly than in London among the "intellectuals" how far the thought of industrial England has outstripped that of industrial America; though we have so great a mobility we may yet overtake them as though on wings, we are to-day bidding fair to be the world's most reactionary country.

You may measure the present position of American labor in English eyes by the jocular allusion that they perpetually make to "poor old Gompers," as they call him. He is a favorite joke in England, and they are unanimous about him, from the Ministry of Labor, where you may be asked, "I say, but *is* Gompers the best you can do in America by way of a leader?" to a revolutionary girl organizer from the Clyde who rudely termed him "that old fossil."

What did he do to amuse them so—and to antagonize them so? He plumbed the difference in our development in the relative positions of capital and labor. He measured for them organized labor as he represented them, and he disappointed them. They had expected understanding from America, a new companionship, and apparently they failed to get it.

So from Ministry to the Fabian Society, among the members of the Herald League, the Federation of Women Workers, in trade-unions and shop committees, every one wanted to know. It was, "Why Gompers?" I tried to tell them the service Mr. Gompers had rendered organized labor in America, his portion during the war. They would have none of my explanations. "He's infantile," they cried. "He's incapable of grasping the problems of to-day."

Roughly speaking, the program of American labor as viewed by its most responsible leaders asked only for status —for the mere right to exist in an organized form. Besides this, their fight was one of hours and wages and working conditions. What English labor wants you can learn as well in Sheffield as anywhere, for Sheffield is a whispering-gallery where you may hear the many-throated demand of Clyde, of Newcastle, of the Welsh miners for the control of industry, the socialization of mines, the progressive taxation of wealth, for demobilization and disarmament, for you will find more workers there than a few who do not believe that this war was fought for Democracy, but that the game of chance we call Commerce resulted in a gambling brawl called War.

And this full-throated, menacing demand of Tyneside and Clyde is joined by other voices, not so loud, but as compelling, for to-day England has among certain of her labor people the flame of courage and sacrifice. The people who worked for the Labor Party had that quality that is one of the great forces of the world. They were thinking only of service and of nothing else. They were devoid of the desire of personal power, and I think it would have been impossible for any one to have been in England at the time of the last election and have watched the workers not to have felt that here was something that had in it that dynamic force which has from time to time transformed the world.

Nor is it well to be misled by the defeat at the polls of such leaders as Henderson, Lansbury, and Snowden. The British Labor Party polled, roughly speaking, a quarter of the vote cast. It is now the Opposition in the House of Commons, and it goes back strengthened forty members. A few years ago only this party had a handful of members in the House, and so little money that they could not even get out a few hand-bills, for porters first chalked the notices of their meetings on the pavements. Moreover, political power is not their only asset; the old trade-unions, the new shop organization with their shop stewards, honeycomb England. An immense force, not a blind one, but a shrewd, self-conscious one, lies behind the men in Parliament.

During these elections the working-

people showed you their hearts, and you felt yourself in the presence of a young unconquerable force, one which had glimpsed the world's new alignment and had drawn itself up to battle, since the fight for Democracy was to be fought over and the enemy was in every county. The blood was not dry on Europe's face before the players were setting up business in the disordered house of life, trying to square things to the old disastrous measurements of the balance of power, and that is why, whenever Wilson's name was spoken, no matter where, no matter at what political meeting, the people cheered.

He wanted what they wanted—peace and justice. There never was a man who had laid on him so heavy a burden, since he carries in his hands the faith of all the simple people of the earth. They believe in him; they love, they look to him to end war forever. It is so up and down Europe, while in England he was identified in the minds of people with this new world for which every one was striving, that it is impossible to speak of industry in Europe without also speaking of Wilson. In Italy they have taken the saints' pictures from the frames and burn candles before him.

So as you go among people their enthusiasm and faith become yours, and then you go out to Sheffield streets, which have so implacable an aspect of permanency. It seems, all of it, immovable, as the hills upon which it is built. American manufacturing towns in their ugly diversity are tentative things. Their sprawling streets seem to wave at you a friendly hand and say: "Well, you know, of course, I have no beauty, nor the town dignity, but I'm only a hasty compromise. All this will come down by and by, and you'll see." While Sheffield seems fixed, the prison of industry, muffled in the smoke of its own making.

I had been walking through the town with one of the shop stewards and we had talked of wages and conditions, of the Whitly Report, of which he entertained the deepest mistrust. We discussed, of the shop-steward movement as opposed to trade-unionism—the "Young Man's Movement" he called it. We paused for a moment on the bridge above Vickers. These great shops belch out smoke in such yellow torrents that people going into this fog vanish at twenty paces as though swallowed up in some fabulous pit, and all of it has a certain high vitality of its own, like the girls that come leaping forth from the factory gates, like the white cores of fire that one glimpses through open doors. And we walked on until we stood on a hill overlooking Sheffield. Smoke came from the thousand-throated furnaces. It curled up as from a steamer's funnel, oily and black and gray, architectural and impressive.

"It has its own beauty," I said.

"You think so?" he answered, dryly. "I haven't noticed it. I wasn't thinking about it; I was thinking about him, Wilson. I wouldn't like to be him; he'll be very lonely at the conference, so much to fight—all that made that." He waved his hand to the city, which, under some wind, had sprung out of the gloom of smoke and was etched for a moment, behind a violet haze like a city of legend, lit by a pale ray of sun, a sun that was removed to a great distance.

"Every one down there"— he nodded at the city—"believes in him, but the people are a long way off; he'll be very lonely," he repeated—and this was not the only time in England I heard people speak of the President with pity. They imagine him a great, lonely figure opposing hostile forces whose resources and power no one may measure; a professor in a high hat, the apostle of peace, the leader of all the praying hosts of Europe's women, a man who Clemenceau called a man of "*grande candeur*" opposed by all the powerful of the earth. We stood looking out together, the smoke gathered in again.

"I wonder—" he said. "They talk about their new world—fit for heroes to live in. Look at that!" The smoke shut the city off from sight; only in front of us the prison-like factory, drenched and black.

The Choice

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

FANNY ARNHEIM could not recall a moment in her life when she had felt so satisfied. There had been intervals of wilder happiness, of more tremulous expectations, but never a time when such a calm, comfortable sense of well-being had claimed her.

The day had been full of anxieties. Would the soup be hot enough, and the sauterne cold enough, and the squabs done to just the proper turn and not beyond it? And how would the new house strike her sophisticated guests? She had been daring enough to skim the cream of university circles to provide a proper house-warming, not because she felt a snobbish desire to seem of the elect, but because she wished to measure up to the standard she knew that her husband had set. She wanted to show him that she could lay sure hands upon the highest fruits; she wanted to put herself to the test of being sufficient to any task he might assign her, she wanted to be worthy of him. For had he not said only ten days before:

"Up to this point you have been the wife of a college professor . . . no, something even less—an obscure assistant in chemistry. From now on anything may be possible. Do you understand? . . . *anything!*"

How those words had thrilled her, how they thrilled her now, as she leaned back in her seat and swept the company with a glance of sensuous satisfaction! Yes, the soup *had* been hot enough, and the sauterne properly chilled, and the squabs done to a brown perfection. The worst was over—salads and ices and coffee were matters that she looked forward to with greater confidence. If only the talk did not drift upon the war there would be nothing left to be desired. Not that she was afraid of her husband's ability to meet the topic half-way and with credit, but somehow she always felt embarrassed for him, as if his name and his forebears were being subtly brought to book.

The thought had scarcely escaped her when the distasteful topic broke like an ill-timed rocket. Some one was putting a question squarely to Arnheim. Fanny got the drift without grasping the precise words. For the moment she felt not only apprehensive, but indignant. Was courtesy dead? Were there no longer any obligations between guests and host, any fine sense of opportuneness, any regard for fitness? But almost at once her rancor died. Arnheim's face, peering over the golden shower of daffodils rising from the center of the table, completely reassured her. And his voice, suavely pinning his adversary, had never seemed so poised, so self-sufficient:

"Really, as to that I can't say. . . . You see, I left Germany when I was very young—eight years old, to be exact. . . . For my education? Naturally I went back for my final education. Chemistry, you know . . . but the young, formative years. . . . One becomes an American by habit between eight and twenty. Of course I found their institutions full of interest. Who doesn't? Even you will grant that. But to be snared by them—that is quite another matter!"

He had done just what she had expected—met the issue capably. And why not? What reason could Karl Arnheim have for being anything but sure of his position? And an added satisfaction came to her—the satisfaction of feeling certain that her husband was a glittering exception to the flock-minded Teutonic rule. It set him apart, singled him out for the spotlight, as no fact of unqualified American breeding could have done. Yes, he was of a temper that overleaped the accident of birth, she told herself, and her glance went out to him in a flaming burst of pride.

The maid was bringing on the salad, and the conversation that had so suddenly grown congealed in topic broke up into impersonal and sparkling bits. Above the chatter Fanny Arnheim fancied that she heard an insistent buzzing. Was it the telephone or the front-door bell? Fanny Arnheim had acquired many social graces, but she had not yet reached the point when she could listen undisturbed to such a domestic summons. Who was to answer it? Certainly not the cook, up to her eyes in the labor and anxiety of this very special occasion. And the maid, hired by the hour to serve table, was not expected to desert her post, even had she found it agreeable. It came again—an irritating, smothered tinkling that could not be denied. There was only one thing to do. Fanny Arnheim pushed back her chair, and, with a gesture that pleaded eloquently for her guests' momentary indulgence, she slipped quietly into the hall.

She did not like the man's looks or manner, but she asked him to step in. There was nothing of the vagabond about him, but a certain air of craftiness moved her to vague interest.

"I wish to see Mr. Karl Arnheim," he announced, lifting his hat.

She saw the letter in his hand. "Mr. Arnheim is busy. . . . What is it—a note? I shall see that he gets it."

The man turned the envelope quickly between his rather heavy fingers and tried to let an unconcerned light play from his eyes as he answered her. He had been told to see Mr. Arnheim. Nobody else would do. A strange, alien stubbornness settled down upon Fanny Arnheim. She decided definitely and for all time that she would not permit her dinner party to be disturbed by a ridiculous stranger who would not intrust his message to her. And so the two stood there, stolidly opposing each other, until finally the man said, with a show of reluctance

"Well, seeing you're his wife . . ." and yielded her the envelope with very bad grace.

With decisive triumph she closed the door upon her unwelcome visitor, and regained the dining-room. Arnheim was holding forth valiantly and the company was rendering him the homage of silence. The war again! But Fanny no longer cared about the topic—Karl would be sufficient to any trick of conversation.

She wondered, as she slipped into her seat, whether, after all, she had been quite right in insisting on deflecting the messenger from his determination to see Arnheim. Suppose the affair had some degree of urgency—an answer to be returned promptly. Perhaps it would be well to hand the letter over at once, even at the risk of an awkward interruption. . . . Or she might scan it hastily herself and decide. Such an act was against all of her theories regarding personal privacy, and yet, after all, circumstances *did* alter cases. She would have hesitated a long time over breaking the seal of an envelope that had come through the mail. A stamped and posted letter carried an atmosphere of officialdom that increased its claims for secrecy. But this note. . . . She decided to chance it.

The guests were laughing over one of Karl's sallies as her fingers broke through the seal. She held the letter in her lap just under the shadow of the table, reading swiftly, almost stumbling, in her anxiety to grasp its import in a brief flight. . . . The words were intelligible enough, but they lacked continuity—she could make neither head nor tail of them. What was it all about? . . . She folded the note again and slipped it into the violated envelope. A puzzled apprehension settled down upon her. Ought she to have looked? Well, since the contents could not be fathomed, what difference did it make? And yet . . .

"Ah yes," Karl was assenting, "there have been abuses . . . there is no doubt of it. America has a right to expect something better from her adopted sons. Adoption itself is something fine and free-willed. Parents *owe* a duty to their own children, but to those whom they gather in—other people's children. . . . Well, the obligation there is all one-sided."

She wondered vaguely why Karl's words suddenly seemed tinged with an air of banter, almost of mockery, and why his smile curved so unmistakably into a sneer.

She looked down at the ragged-edged

envelope in her lap. How stupid to send such a silly disconnected note to a man's home! Some of Karl's friends must have been engaged in emptying a flowing bowl. Yes, that was the explanation—a gay party somewhere . . . an absurd determination to send Arnheim a message . . . a jumble of incoherent words. . . . Would Karl laugh at it or be annoyed? . . . She ought not to have opened it. . . . The maid was taking away the salad. What was the next course? . . . Oh yes, an ice. . . . Would Karl laugh? . . . Would he *laugh?* . . . She hoped so. . . . A jumble of disconnected words . . . meaningless words. . . . *Meaningless?* . . . Could it be possible that . . . ? Of all absurd things! . . . Yes, the ice was nice and firm. . . .

Fanny Arnheim leaned back in her seat and sighed.

She did not know what tempted her to slip the note into a fresh envelope and seal it deftly. She had intended to be quite frank with her husband. But she had justified herself with:

"I mustn't rob him of his confidence in me . . . now, of all times. And it amounts to nothing, anyway. I did it for the best, and as it turns out . . ."

She sat in his study, waiting. He had gone to the corner with a party who were returning home in the street-car. He wanted a turn in the air. . . . She knew men who would have objected to their wives making themselves quite at home in the study. And not without cause. But she never presumed . . . she never even looked at his papers, at his books. Not that they were so very private, but they were *his*. She had the same feeling about her little desk in the corner of her gaily hung bedroom . . . her *very own* bedroom. . . . What a lot of very provincial people there were in Berkeley, after all. But she presumed all college towns were alike. Fancy Mrs. Dunham being so scandalized over the fact of these separate bedrooms . . . and she had been scandalized . . . one had only to see her face to have told that. And again, when the cigarettes had been passed to the ladies! How some of the men had frowned! . . . It was these little things that always made her so fiercely glad of Karl. . . . When she had married, people had said, with an eye-lifting tone. "Oh, Karl Arnheim! I hope, dear, you'll be happy!" The inference had been, of course, that they doubted it.

They doubted it because he was vaguely what they called a "foreigner," because he didn't quite conform, because his point of view . . . Oh, what did it matter? They had been happy, very happy, not in spite of these subtle differences, but rather because of them. . . . Three golden years! She had everything she wished for now—Karl, a new home, prospects, and, best of all . . . She stopped in the midst of her dainty preparations for lighting a cigarette and tossed the match aside. No, not a cigarette to-night. . . . Somehow it didn't fit the picture, it didn't quite symbolize the rôle that had been assigned to her. And, to-night, after the triumph of her dinner-party, with everything glowing and warm, she wanted to sound just the right note as she told him her secret—*their* secret. Ah, he would be happy and pleased!

He came in exuding the cool odors of the night.

"Well, puss," he said, caressingly, "I didn't expect to see you sitting up. I thought you would be tired. . . . The dinner was wonderful!"

She kept her seat, holding out her fingers to his greedy lips.

"I was far too happy to sleep!" she purred back at him. "And then, I had something—"

She broke off suddenly, remembering the blank-faced envelope in her hand, irritated to think that such a ridiculous thing should intrude itself at this moment. Quite instinctively she stood up.

"While we were having dinner," she began, "a man rang the bell. Perhaps you heard him. He had a note for you. . . . I didn't disturb you because I couldn't fancy that it mattered."

He took the envelope, gazing almost too clearly at her.

"Ah, not addressed?" he half queried.

"A man brought it," she returned, an odd tinge of defiance in her voice.

She dropped back into the luxury of the great arm-chair again. She had never imagined that she could follow any one's movements so breathlessly.

He ripped at the seal . . . his face darkened by two tense lines just between the eyes.

"He will be laughing presently," she thought . . . "such a ridiculous scribble!"

But he didn't laugh. He stood very erect and serious, reading carefully. And when he had finished, he folded the note precisely, slipping it into the deceitful envelope. His face was expressionless. She felt cold, even to the tips of her tapering fingers.

"I—" she stammered. "Did I do right? Should I have called you out?"

He tossed the note upon the centertable. "There was no hurry," he returned with sharp evenness. "But another time . . . one never knows . . . it is better not to assume. . . ."

His rebuke swept her like an icy shower. She caught her breath.

"You had something to tell me," he urged, suddenly, with an air of dismissal.

She sat silent, sparring for time. She could not tell him *now*. This was no time for any confidence so sacred and tender . . . not with the air still charged and humming with the lash of his rebuke.

"A favor . . ." she stammered. "I wanted to ask for something. My dinner-dress . . . It . . . Really I ought to have a new one . . . now that we shall be going out so much."

"Oh, of course. How stupid of me! Well, go over to San Francisco to-morrow and pick out anything you like."

She stared incredulously. This was not Karl Arnheim! American husbands talked like that, no doubt, with a note of contemptuous generosity, but it had never been his way. How much did she expect to spend? Where would she go for her gown? What would be its color? Always, before this, these questions had to be settled. Some women would have found them distasteful, smacking of penurious authority. But they had never irked Fanny Arnheim. She had felt their reasonableness, their prudence, their essential interest.

"Anything I like?" she echoed. "And suppose I decide on something quite too expensive?"

He smiled. "I shall stand by my bargain. Anything you like . . . *anything!* You forget we are no longer paupers."

She felt cold again, as if an invisible and icy hand had touched her. "Ah, yes, I am always forgetting." She tried to laugh back at him. "But it seems incredulous . . . the Karl Arnheims . . . with so much money. . . . All the guests were surprised to-night . . . at the house and the dinner. . . . Mrs. Hillyard tried to pump. It was too ridiculous. . . . Finally, to satisfy her, I told the truth."

"It was not necessary to explain," he said, coldly.

"I didn't think it was a secret."

He moved away with a quick, gliding movement that almost made her recoil. "I told you not to discuss it with any one."

"Why, yes . . . at first! When you first got the news of your aunt's death you said . . . But I thought, of course, that now when the estate was all settled, assured—"

"You shouldn't have thought . . . you should have asked."

He had faced about and his eyes glinted with little threatening gleams. The chills of apprehension that had been sweeping her resolved into a strangely cool defiance. She felt herself to be in the presence of a stranger.

"I did what seemed to me best," she returned, evenly. "Sudden changes in fortune these days are apt to be—well, misunderstood."

"All the more reason for *you* to be discreet."

She stood up slowly, meeting his unflinching gaze with a wide stare, as quite suddenly Mrs. Hillyard's reply came to her, framed now in the sinister significance of these last few moments;

"Ah, you're lucky to get an estate out of Germany—*these* days! I fancied it couldn't be done."

"All the more reason for *you* to be discreet," her husband was repeating, with pointed emphasis.

She continued to stare at him.

"Oh, I *see!*" escaped her.

There were moments when Fanny Arnheim tried to tell herself that nothing was changed. Or, granting the change, that it did not matter. She would find

herself lying prone for hours upon the couch in her gaily hung bedroom—her very own bedroom—trying to untangle the skein that fate had snarled. After all, just what had taken place? Was not Karl as he had always been? Were not even his imperfections woven into the very warp and woof of her overwhelming happiness? His life, his convictions, his loyalties, were certainly his own. If she had never known. . . . Ah, but she *did* know.

"All the more reason for *you* to be discreet!"

Something more than venom had given her husband's words their keen, double-edged significance. He suspected her of knowing all the while. . . . Well, she had to admit that her ignorance was not a mark of insight.

She gave herself up to these periods of inactivity in the unconscious hope that she would cover her growing despair with a fiercely wrought philosophy. But she got nothing better from her weaving than a shroud for every happiness. What did her secret mean now? What *could* it mean? Suddenly her faiths turned sour, and she felt the very sweetness of existence curdling with them. And swift upon the heels of this transition came that dreadful hour when she rose and went down the stairs into Karl Arnheim's deserted study.

He had gone away early that morning. "On an errand," as he had put it with an air of impudent generality. She had hated him then for taking the trouble to affront her with so non-committal an excuse. She had remained in bed, pleading a headache, and he said at parting.

"And how is the new dress coming on?"

"The new dress?" She had turned away, laughing disagreeably. "I shall not need a new dress—*now!*"

She saw he was puzzled by her manner, perhaps a little annoyed, and a sudden pleasure at the realization that she *could* annoy him swept over her and gave her a sense of malicious power.

She thought all this scene over again as she stood upon the threshold of his study. Why did he go away and leave the room like this . . . unlocked? Why did he trust her? There must be things about . . . things that . . . Trust? . . . No, it was not that. He simply did not fear—*her!* She was a woman, and, besides . . . She closed the door softly and went over to the huge center-table. The note lay where he had dropped it on the night of the dinner-party. There was something contemptuous about the way it had been so idly flung aside and neglected. He was more crafty than she had given him credit for being. A less subtle man would have torn it into bits before her eyes. But he left it there, not one night, but several. . . . She moved her pallid hands among the litter of books and magazines and papers. . . . Blueprints? . . . She picked them up with cold curiosity. Oh yes, blue-prints of a shipyard. She saw the name in a lower corner of one of them. . . . *Blueprints of a shipyard!* She pursed her lips together. . . . Finally she locked herself in. . . . She stayed all afternoon.

She smiled upon him that night when he came home, a bitter-tasting smile. After those hours alone in his study she felt that nothing would ever matter. He stood before her now, stripped to every loathsome untruth, and she felt almost his equal at the thought of the ugly hands that she had called into action to complete her disillusionment. Did the abominable weapons of deceit justify her ends? She wondered.

She smiled at him again across the snug-circling dinner-table. How she hated herself for the ready facility with which she met the situation! She could see that he was ruffling with self-satisfaction. He must have good news!

"And what became of the nasty headache?" he growled out, contentedly, over his soup.

"I took a ride . . . the air was very lovely."

"Out to the hills?'

"No . . . I went the other way—toward Alameda. I wanted to see the shipyards I've been reading so much about."

His laugh was half scornful, half uneasy. "Shipyards? What an idea! Of course you couldn't get within a hundred feet of any of them."

"No, but I wanted a glimpse. . . . If one had a pull. . . . You have seen them, I suppose."

He shifted his glance. "Last week . . . I went through the Monarch Company's plant. Fallon is the superintendent, you know."

"And you never told me!"

"I didn't think you would be interested."

"Ah, you don't know me even yet! I'm interested in more than you would suspect . . . *much more.*"

He threw her that puzzled look again. How easy it was to annoy him! What sport she would have! *What sport!*

"Of course you saw everything," she persisted. "I can fancy that no detail escaped you. *You are so thorough, Karl Arnheim.*"

He let her banter glance off. They began to talk about the weather and after-dinner cheese and the sort of bulbs they would plant for the next spring growing. On the surface it was a very calm, happy evening.

But when Fanny Arnheim closed the door of her gaily hung bedroom and shut her husband out, she threw herself upon her couch, laughing.

"Bulbs for the next spring planting!" she cried. . . . Suddenly she lay very still. . . . "God!" she breathed, rising to her feet. "What am I laughing at?"

And she sat all night before the open window, watching the fog settle in a white contentment upon the low hills.

Fanny Arnheim let matters rest for a week. She felt listless, full of a strange, ominous inactivity. It was as if she were lying with her eyes half open to some blinding truth. Sometimes through this glowing haze she caught glimpses of the life that she had left behind. But the retrospection lacked warmth, happiness seemed too remote. People came to pay their dinner-calls, or, to be precise, the wives did, bearing their husbands' cards with grave formality. Fanny, amused and bored and bitter, took her visitors over the house, into every nook and cranny, even into Arnheim's study. She felt moved to malicious, inward laughter at the spectacle of their confidence in everything that was shown, everything that was told them. Could it be possible, she would ask herself, that so much credulity existed in the world? She dared anything now. She told every one the story of Karl's aunt; how much money that lady had left, the town in Bavaria where she had died. She showed them photographs of the good woman.

"We visited her when we went abroad," she lied, glibly. "Karl was her favorite nephew."

And as they sat and listened and exclaimed over it all, she would narrow her dark eyes and think.

"I was once like that . . . fancy! Is there any limit to what people will believe if they wish to?"

In Arnheim's study she always had an impulse to shock them with the truth. She could scarcely restrain herself from saying.

"This is where my husband, Karl Arnheim, plans everything. . . . Ah, he is very thorough! These blueprints, for instance, of the shipyards . . . he knows every detail. He could come and go with his eyes blindfolded. He has an index of every munition-plant."

Or she would think, as she bowed her visitors out with a deceitful smile.

"Fancy—everything you have seen to-day is unreal; it does not exist. You think you have seen a home and a happy woman . . . when, as a matter of fact . . . Oh, well, nobody sleeps forever. One may as well dream while one can."

And she would go up-stairs and throw herself upon her couch and think and think and think. She always ended in a gale of laughter.

"Oh, how it hurts! *How it hurts!*" would escape her. . . .

On the evening when she decided to worry him again, it struck her that Karl had never seemed so like his old self—blond and fresh and ingenuous. No wonder she had never thought to question him about his ridiculous old German aunt and her still more ridiculous estate!

He was biting into a biscuit when she spoke to him, and the drop-light just above the dinner-table gilded his sharp, regular teeth.

"I rode past the shipyards again to-day," she threw out. "Really, you know, they fascinate me beyond measure. I'm almost as interested in them as you are!" He brought his teeth to-

gether with a sudden snap. She could see that he had checked an impatient exclamation. "I suppose," she went on, blandly, "that one *could* get a pass. I'll have to look up Fallon . . . the Monarch plant— That's the very biggest, isn't it?"

"Don't, for pity's sake, annoy Fallon!" he fumed. "He's a busy man!"

"Ah, but you annoyed him!"

"That's different."

She threw her head back and laughed —a prolonged, irritating, insistent laugh. "That's different! *That's different!*" she mimicked. "Well, you are right for once. Really, Karl, if you only knew how droll you are!"

She was making him fidgety. She knew now the sensation a cat experiences, toying with a mouse.

"You won't find it interesting," he tried to say with lofty indifference. "It's dirty and noisy and dangerous. One never knows what might happen. A scaffold collapsed the day I went through. It might easily have fallen on me. Two men were killed."

"Or there might be a bomb!" she mocked.

He flashed a cutting look. "Don't be ridiculous!" he flared.

She pretended to pout. "Oh, well then, I'll go some day when a ship is launched. Then everything will be gay . . . flags and bunting, and a band! . . . I haven't seen a ship launched for years. . . . I tell you what—ask Fallon for an invitation to the next launching."

"I already have one."

"Oh, lovely! Why didn't you tell me before? What an old tease you are, Karl Arnheim!"

"I'm on the committee," he said, coldly. "It's to be a very special occasion . . . officials from Washington and all that sort of thing. They've put this hull through on record time."

"Ah, I won't get a dinner-dress, now! I'll get something for the launching. You'll want me to do you credit."

"My invitation doesn't include ladies," he said, flatly.

She pushed her chair back with a movement of disdainful incredulity. "Well, upon my word!" she gasped.

"And what's more, I don't think it any place for them. Public celebrations nowadays are all more or less dangerous. Who knows . . . anything might happen."

"Well, if you feel that way, why do you go yourself?"

"I've been asked . . . it's my duty."

She curled her lips disdainfully. He must have seen her contempt. And, sitting there in the silence that fell like a black, devastating frost, she looked into the depths of his blue eyes and wondered that she had never before sensed their pallid deceit. It would not be necessary for her to descend to the level of espionage again to harden her convictions—she would not need to cross again the threshold of his study and lay unclean hands upon his secrets. She knew everything, now, as clearly as if he had told her. And in a hard, clear voice, at the end of the meal, she said to him:

"I may as well tell you . . . I intend to write and ask Fallon for an invitation to that launching. . . . I can't see any good reason why I shouldn't go. A woman can surely chance as much as her husband."

She could see him catch his breath. An ugly gleam lit his pale eyes. He merely shrugged.

"You won't get one," he said, too calmly. "They've all been issued."

"Well, we'll see," she answered, shrugging equally.

They rose from the table—together. And in the sudden unison of their quick movements Fanny Arnheim read the truth. . . . At last they were enemies!

It came upon Fanny Arnheim in one withering flash as she lay upon the couch of her gaily hung bedroom, her very own bedroom, why she had never questioned him. She had thought once that it was a matter of love. She knew better now it was because she had never really believed, because unconsciously, instinctively, she had been afraid. Only those who have perfect faith *dare* to be doubters.

She did not write Fallon for an invitation; she went one day and saw him and came away triumphant. She decided not to tell her husband at once. Instead, she drew a curtain of silence about her and watched Karl Arnheim's baffled struggles to strip her of her por-

tentous reserve. She let him talk about the launching, and the distinguished visitors, and his duties and problems on the reception committee. He talked on and on, and she said nothing. She began to realize what a perfect and cruel weapon silence was. Ah, but he was uneasy for almost the first time in his life! She never once thought of going to any one with her story; it never occurred to her to tell the authorities. The issue was personal—after all, he was her husband. She had a pride, too, about calling in help. When the time came . . . Yes, she was quite sure of her own resources.

She broke the news to him finally on the night before the celebration. He was idling in his huge arm-chair, listening to her pensive fingering of the piano keys. She had seen to it that he had been well fed . . . there had been special wine, too, just like a celebration. And now she was playing for him, in a sad, minor key, all the music he was fond of. She stopped suddenly.

"Please, puss," he drawled, torpidly, "please go on! It—it's so restful."

"I'm tired," she said, abruptly. "I think I'll go to bed. I've got a hard day to-morrow—what with my duties here and . . . and . . . the launching."

She snapped this last out with the force of a verbal gauntlet flung in the face of his content. He stood up.

"How did you get an invitation?" he demanded.

She laughed, a tripping little laugh that heightened the effect of her covert insolence. "I simply went and asked Fallon. I wasn't foolish enough to trust to the mails."

"Went and asked Fallon?" His voice rose incredulous and menacing. "I told you he was a busy man."

"You tell me so many things, Karl Arnheim . . . so many things that don't matter."

He broke into a suave laugh. "Well, you have won your point. . . . Now we can cry quits. . . . You can't be serious about going."

"No? . . . Let me see, you were afraid that things might drop on me . . . scaffolds . . . *or was it bombs?*"

"Are you trying to annoy me?"

"Trying? . . . Oh, my dear, no! How droll you are! I wonder if all the other men are as careful of their wives. Mr. Fallon, for instance. Mrs. Fallon will be there. Perhaps he's had all the scaffolds strengthened. That only leaves the danger of . . . Oh yes, I quite forgot—the bomb idea was mine, wasn't it?"

"Yes, yours—unquestionably yours. . . . I'm so thankful to you for providing me with another futile argument." He bared his teeth. "However, do as you like. If you're set upon going . . . why . . . But for the life of me I can't quite see why the thing should be of such importance."

She leaned back against the ivory keyboard. Was he seeking to swerve her by an attempt at indifference? Or had he come to a sudden realization that he no longer cared one way or another? Perhaps, after all, wives were not of such moment. But his child. . . .

"Suppose that I'm hungry for a little gaiety, a little color, a little life? . . . I'd better take it, you know, while I can. . . . In a few weeks . . . well, in a few weeks I won't be going about . . . *much*." She drew her eyes away from his searching gaze as she rose and went close to him. "I thought you knew . . . I thought you *would* know without my telling you."

She heard him draw in a long, full, sighing breath. "Ah," he said, "is it possible? . . . At last . . . Fanny!"

She felt herself infolded, and the gracious warmth of his caress seemed good. What did anything else matter but just this, after all? And for a moment she stood there in the truce of his caresses, limp and full of a deep, physical content.

"And to think, puss . . . all this time and you never told me! Oh, but we shall have gay moments . . . ten thousand of them! As many as you will."

Every evil thing was melting in a fire of happiness. Perhaps it was all a mistake . . . perhaps she had let her imagination run riot. And if it were the truth . . . now, after this, he would not, he *could* not, go on with it.

"Don't go to the launching to-morrow," she whispered. "Stay away for my sake."

"Ah, puss, you forget . . . my duty."

She stiffened suddenly. "Think, I am asking you now . . . at this moment, for a favor . . . such a little favor! What difference does one more or less make on a committee? . . . Karl, I want you here . . . to-morrow, all day, just you and me together. I have never asked before. Surely at this moment . . . Karl, promise me! Promise me!"

"Ah, puss, can't you understand—"

"Then you must take me. I won't be left alone. Do you hear it? *I won't be left!* Not that way . . . not now, after . . ."

He stroked her hair. "Just this once, puss. For my sake . . . Another time—"

She pushed him from her. "I am not to go . . . with *you?*"

"Not now, puss. How can you ask? I have already told you . . . it is dangerous. Can't you see? It is doubly so, now."

"I am going," she said, coldly. "Do you understand? I am going! If you do not take me, I shall go alone."

His voice was tense but even. "Fanny, I forbid it! You leave me no other way. I *forbid* it!"

She drew herself up with sneering arrogance. "*Verboten!*" she mocked. "*Verboten!* Ha, ha, ha!"

At the shipyard gate she had an impulse to turn back until she saw the Fallons. The crowd was dense and full of pushing eagerness. And the ticket-gatherers were taking precautions to shut out everybody without the proper credentials. She did not feel equal to the struggle for a place; at the final moment she would have been glad of an excuse for retreat. But there was Mrs. Fallon waving to her. . . . They went in at a very special gate and found places on the grand stand. Fallon excused himself and climbed down, tall hat in hand, to greet a knot of distinguished arrivals. Mrs. Fallon beamed.

"I always like to come early," she explained. "It's such fun to watch everybody come in. . . . Why didn't you 'phone and let me call for you with the machine? You ought not to push your way through a crowd like this alone. You know, really, things *are* a bit dangerous. George tried to persuade me not to come. He says you never can tell. . . . But I think it's all perfectly thrilling, and they have such strict orders at the gate. It would take a clever man to smuggle a bomb in *now*. Six months ago it was different."

"You don't know Karl Arnheim," flashed through Fanny's mind as she narrowed her eyes upon her companion. And a curious pride rose to the surface. This woman at her side, ruffling with such satisfaction at Fallon's efficiency, made her smile inwardly. "If she only knew . . . If she only knew!" Fanny muttered through her closely snapped teeth.

The sunshine was bright, almost blinding, but Fanny Arnheim got only a clouded sense of what was going on around her—the crowds streaming in a black mass below, fluttering banners, the monotonous pounding of sledge-hammers, disconnected bits from the band. She was interested in only one thing—the arrival of Karl Arnheim. What would he do when he saw her sitting conspicuously beside Mrs. Fallon in defiance of his orders? Well, there was only one thing he could do. . . . The grand stand was filling up. Fanny Arnheim began to thrill with a certain sense of importance. How ignorant all these people were! People, people, everywhere, by the hundreds, by the thousands, and yet only she and Arnheim knew! They would never realize, of course, the thinness of the ice supporting them. They would never know how much they owed to her! She felt like turning to Mrs. Fallon and saying:

"You fancy that your husband is the most important person here to-day! Well, that is all nonsense. I am the most important person here because I am saving lives . . . Yes, *lives!* Karl Arnheim has planned everything—down to the minutest detail. Every contingency has been provided for. He has even forbidden me to come. . . . You see how I have obeyed him. . . . When he comes up the steps and sees me sitting beside you he will be compelled to give the signal to call everything off. Karl Arnheim draws the line somewhere—he will not murder his wife and . . . and child."

The band was striking up a lively air.

"There!" cried Mrs. Fallon. "They are coming!"

A dull, hoarse cheer arose. Fanny shuddered. It reminded her of the torpid cry of a beast fed up to the point of an ominous geniality.

"Can you see?" Mrs. Fallon was asking. . . . "The thick, heavy-set man? He's the director of the Shipping Board. And behind him, in the general's uniform, is . . , There, just to the left, where I'm pointing—that's your husband. Yes, surely that is Karl Arnheim. I know him by his smile. He has a pleasant smile, hasn't he, my dear?"

Fanny looked. The party was mounting the steps. Yes, there was Karl Arnheim smiling. He *did* look distinguished! She had every reason to be proud of him. She *was* proud of him.

"And the other men . . . just behind . . . they don't look quite . . ."

"Secret Service, my dear. You know at a place like this . . . Oh, I should say so! . . . every precaution . . . no chances whatever . . . George says. . . ."

He had seen her! He was looking straight at her and smiling. Now he lifted his hat. He was even waving. . . . What a goose she was! The whole idea was absurd! . . . Karl Arnheim an assassin? . . . Fallon had urged *his wife* not to go. Fancy suspecting a husband because . . . Now everybody was standing. Oh yes, the national anthem. How beautifully Karl stood at attention. Better than any other man in the group. Even the general did not measure up to him. . . . Cheers again. . . . Karl had ceased smiling. He was coming nearer. She could have touched his hand if she cared to. But now that she could see his eyes . . . his pallid eyes . . . She had a sense of ice-fields and cruel stretches of blinding snow and ravenous wolves. And all she was looking at were two frozen eyes!

Somebody was delivering an address. She was glad she could sit down. What would she have done without the Fallons, below in that black mob? . . . *He* would not have seen her *there*, either. Now, as it was . . . Why, where had he gone, anyway?

Fanny Arnheim leaned forward, parting her lips. . . . Quite suddenly she saw him below, pushing his way through the crowd. Yes, she could distinguish him anywhere, among ten thousand. He was different, this husband of hers. . . . He had stopped. She saw him looking up toward her. Who was the man at his side? Surely she had seen . . . Oh yes, the night of the dinner . . . with the note. . . . Well, she had saved them . . . everybody—the director of shipping, the general, Mrs. Fallon! They would never know, of course, but she had saved them. . . . And she had saved *him*, Karl Arnheim, her husband, from being a . . . Some day he would thank her. He would realize some day just how much he owed to her—Fanny Arnheim, his wife!

He was looking up at her, fixing her with his cold, relentless eyes. She never imagined that at such a distance she could have caught the hard flint back of his glance. Saved them? . . . Could it be possible that . . . ?

Her heart sank. No, she had saved nobody. It did not matter to Karl Arnheim that his wife, that his child . . . How had they managed it, those two, with all the safeguards, all the precautions? Had they one confederate or a hundred? What would it be like? . . . a great clap of thunder? She did not like thunder, she had heard so little of it. Well, it would be over swiftly. She still loved him and she might just as well be dead. She did not care about any of them. What was the shipping director, or the general, or Mrs. Fallon to her? What was her own life to her, *now?* If it were not for the fact that . . . She stood up suddenly.

The man had stopped speaking. There was applause, laughter, all the quick movement of a pent-up throng released from the courtesy of attention. "My dear, what is it? You are so white."

She shook off Mrs. Fallon's sympathetic hand impatiently. And standing there, in her place, she took full measure of Karl Arnheim below whispering his final orders to the man at his side. So nothing mattered to *him*, not even their child . . . not even *her* child! Well, she would show him, Karl Arnheim, her clever husband!

"I am going," she said, coolly, to Mrs.

Fallon. "Karl has gone below for some reason . . . he has been beckoning to me the whole time."

At the head of the grand-stand stairs she halted, brushing the man who blocked the way with cool deliberation. He turned surlily, and, seeing that she was a woman, smiled an apology. She moved closer.

"You . . . you are of the Secret Service? . . . Well, below, to our right . . . two men . . . Do you see? . . . One has his hand to his forehead. You had better get them out quickly or . . . How do I know? Because one of them is my husband— Do you understand? —*my husband!* Only get them away. I tell you I *know!*"

Ah, the band again! . . . fluttering banners! . . . the hoarse cheers of the mob! . . . And the swift, lean figure of a Secret Service man snaking his way through the inky blackness below!

Did Karl Arnheim fancy that she would sit calmly and permit *her* child to be . . . ?

God! how she hated him!

Presence

(Lt. Edward M. McKey, San Dona di Piave, June 16, 1918)

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

I WILL go back to Italy,
For well I know that there
Your feet will still come climbing
An old familiar stair,
And we will stand at evening
On a little terrace hung
High up above the Arno,
While all the bridges flung
Across the wide, dark river
Are strung with golden lights,
And straight before us rises
San Miniato's jeweled heights.

Then in late summer afternoons,
Just cooling from the heat,
We'll go again exploring
Each little narrow street,
And rest in dim old churches
And watch the pictured walls,
While through the ancient, hallowed glass
The colored sunlight falls.

. . . . .

But I will not go near the North,
Nor see the mountain snows,
Nor look upon that valley
Where the dread Piave flows,
Lest they should dare to tell me
That you are lying there—
You who pervade the very day
Like warm, sun-lighted air!

A Word for Hypocrisy

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

WHO was it began it—this mania for telling the truth? Are there to be no more liars in the world, no more hypocrites? Nothing is left unadmitted, nothing remains unrevealed. Honest men are everywhere, bewildering Diogenes.

Gone are the dark days of our ignorance when we believed in such superstitions as the wisdom of our parents, the innocence of childhood, the respectability of marriage, and the compensations of love. Gone, too, that quaint era of credulity when we believed that Presidents were the people's choice, that newspapers printed actual happenings, and that great men were truly just and good. For to-day we know the truth about all things. We know that our parents are our inferiors, not through any fault of theirs, but because of the natural evolution of the intellect; marriage is the arch-enemy of the race, the destroyer of self-respect; children are only embryonic divers persons like ourselves, no better and no worse; and love the dullest A B C of chemistry, Nature's foolish chicane for the perpetuation of herself.

No man may plead ignorance of these things, and only in the confessionals do the good priests hear now and then some halting tale of faith in the old triune God, of superstitious belief in mankind, or of felicitous hours of love. For there are weak souls to whom all this revelation has brought only confusion and unrest.

It was not without its pain for all of us. The face of Truth is not easy to look upon. From that first terrible night when some fourteen-year-old cynic at the Sunday-school Christmas Tree snatched the false face and the long white beard off Santa Claus, and revealed to our shocked eyes the features of old Jepson Flint who had never been known to give even an apple away, and who had sent word only the day before that he would foreclose the mortgage on our house that very week—from that night the truth has been disintegrating to our peace of mind. But on that night we learned our lesson, too. For our fourteen-year-old cynic gave us warning when he laughed first at our credulity, but we grew angry, argued, reiterated our faith and our belief, and so he was driven to tear off the mask. Now we spare ourselves that needless last extreme. To-day the laugh suffices; a lifted eyebrow kills our dearest saint.

Have I loved a picture, painted years ago, and do I voice my admiration to an artist of to-day? Silence, and a smile—and my picture is destroyed.

Have I believed in some philosophy, found it workable and good and adding to my happiness? The truth-teller smiles, and if I still persist he has then but to say, "Ah, yes, there *are* mediocre souls who have need of such philosophies." And they have us there, they know. They have touched our greatest fear. For, like Dunsany's Queen, we "have no more little fears; we have ONE —GREAT—FEAR!" The fear of mediocrity. The fear of commonplace. We are so afraid of being ordinary that it keeps us from being extraordinary; so afraid of being ridiculous that we dare not risk sublimity.

Have we applauded the good works of a public man? We shall be assured that we are dupes; that his good works screen personal iniquities; that he seeks aggrandizement at our expense. We do not ask for proofs, for every one, it seems, has known these things except ourselves.

We have only to speak in praise of an author to discover that his books are plagiarisms, or written by his wife. We have only to repeat a piece of news read

in the morning paper to hear, close behind us, a low, sardonic laugh. It is a journalist waiting to tell us that he made the whole thing up. He will go on, if we have time to listen, and tell us then the truth of what really did happen, and what really did happen is always so much more interesting than the story of his imagination that we wonder why he thought it necessary to invent a tale. If we ask him, he assures us that is what the paper pays him for. But these gentlemen of the amazing imaginations may soon turn their talents into other fields, for their employers also have been seized with the mania for truth. Already there are journals which avowedly print nothing else. And they are the most confusing publications in the world. We had become so accustomed to our comfortable formula of three parts politics, two parts imagination, and one part truth that the segregation took place quite automatically in our minds, and we had at least a fair idea of where we stood. But this new journalism finds us at a loss what formula to use; what, out of column after column of verified and unembellished truths, we shall believe. So many conflicting facts seem to be true of the same thing, and no one of them is exalted above another; all authenticated, all admitted, nothing barred. Yet upon one conclusion, and one only, they all seem to agree—that the truth about anything to-day is bad. No man to-day is worthy of our faith.

And so we turn, despairing, to the past. The past has proved itself; the past is safe. There at least were men in whom one could believe. We speak the names of Lincoln, Lafayette— A smile begins to dawn; the faint, destroying smile of the devotees of truth. "Lincoln? Lincoln the tyrant? Lincoln the blunderer?" "Lincoln the liberator," we answer, "Lincoln who freed the slaves." "Ah, so he did!" they cry, "as an afterthought, as an excuse for carrying on his war! It made an excellent slogan when he sadly needed one! Liberty! The immemorial slogan of tyrants since the world began!" We are silent, and they remember we have mentioned Lafayette. Is it possible that we do not know the truth about Lafayette! Where, they ask, are our histories? Have we read nothing but the sentimental bosh written for boy scouts? Lafayette, the cast-off joke of France! O America, thou gullible! . . .

The name of Jeanne d'Arc comes unbidden to our lips; she before whose altar in a hundred churches candles burned unceasingly these last four years. "Jeanne d'Arc!" The smile is reminiscent now. Did we not read the book published last year or the year before, the exposé of the Jeanne d'Arc myth? "Exposé?" we ask. "What exposé?" The smile hints faintly now of tolerance, of regret. The legend of Jeanne d'Arc was—well, what such legends always are. A romantic political figurehead. "But she was burned! She suffered martyrdom!" So it was given out. It had a great effect. As great as if it had been true. The fact is that she was spirited away, and there is a record of her marriage afterward to a peasant named—the book will tell you the name—in an obscure French village, where she lived until she died, a simple old woman, at the age of seventy-five.

Again we do not tempt their proofs. We know they have them, ready to produce. We bow our heads. "Is no one sacred, then, in all the past but Christ?" And here they turn upon us a look of sharp reproach, a look which seems to reprimand us and to say: "This is a serious conversation: Please don't be absurd."

We say no more. The terrible light of truth sheds backward, revealing a barren hollow past. A past as dead as the present. Only the future now remains.

The future! Hope springs up again. The future promises much! We stand on the margin of a new age. The Great War fought through to victory— "Victory?" The ironic repetition echoes in our ears. They are here again, the zealous devotees of truth. Again the faint, destroying smile, the lifted brow. "Victory for what?" they ask. We do not flinch. "For democracy," we say. They have only to repeat the word, and we know they have their proofs. We know all that they would say. We decide upon admission as the better part of argument. "You are right," we say, "the war *has* failed to make the world safe for democracy. But have we not gained,

perhaps, a far greater thing than that—the proof that war can never make the world safe for anything? For if democracy had been made safe by war, then war had vindicated itself, had proved the Prussian ideal right. And forever afterward, when democracy found itself endangered, it would remember the remedy, and plunge the world into slaughter again. . . ."

"And so it will!" they interrupt. "For the governments proceed upon that very assumption—that the war *has* made the world safe. Your argument is right. We shall have wars following upon wars, forever!"

"But what," we ask, "of the League to Enforce Peace?"

Laughter greets us, long-drawn, loud. And amid the reverberations we hear them repeating the paradoxical combination, "*Enforce* and *Peace!* Enforce Peace! Enforce—Peace!" And suddenly they stop laughing, and suddenly announce, "The Roman Empire seeks a world again!"

We stand still and think, and presently we see a light. "It is the commune, the sovereign City State, the Soviet, which shall save us in the end?"

They raise a heaven-forbidding hand. "Have we forgotten Florence, Athens, Rome—and all the tragic failures of the City State? Better a world war in each generation, and have done with it, than never-ending petty jealousies, tawdry internecine wars. Marietta goes to war with Zanesville! . . . Ah no, my friend, we must not deceive ourselves. We must face the truth. Commune or World State, it is the same!"

Anarchy, then, we perceive, is the only logic left. Anarchy, that dazzling facet of Truth, that unassailable philosophy, will come into its own at last! If all government has failed, then each man for himself. We put forward this solution; surely here they must agree.

Once more the faint, destroying smile. Do we not know that leaders would arise within a week, groups form, communities set themselves up, the stronger absorb the weak, form protectorates, states, nations? Anarchy is an impossible dream!

"What, then," we ask, "*is* the way out?"

"There *is* none!" they say.

And that is their final truth.

There is no good in flinging up our hands and rushing up- and down-stairs crying out, "*O tempora! O mores!*" It will not save the day, and there is confusion enough as it is. The age moves forward, in spite of us, to its predestined goal. And we at least may stand, like people on a moving escalator, posed in an attitude of pleasant ease, one hand on the rail, preserving our cleverness and our agility against a graceful landing at the top.

Nor shall we be disturbed by all the futile effort going on about, nor by the equal futility of our own calm. For we have reached the ultimate; we believe in nothing, not even in ourselves. We admit the worst. We have done with all hypocrisies.

Yet—was this the end we sought when we gave ourselves to Truth? Where is our happiness? Where is life? Have we driven out love, faith, our heroes, and our gods—to gain nothing but this doctrine of futility? Have we, like Russian novelists, admitted so much that there is nothing left but suicide? Or have we made all the admissions, to find ourselves at the last neither so logical nor so courageous as they? For we still wish to live; we are not willing to die.

Can it be that we have made too many admissions, and that Truth, like any other mistress, is impatient of a slavish love? For if Truth has brought us to this, it would seem that we have need of our old enemy, Hypocrisy. Perhaps, in driving him out, we have driven out a friend. And if, before we flog him too far, we call him back to us, we may discover that he had with him many treasures that we had thought lost. He may restore to us ideals, love, our faith in one another, give us back our gods, revive our heroes, make us believe even in ourselves again.

You will tell me that I am not pleading for hypocrisy at all, but for something else for which I cannot find a name. No use. I am speaking of plain hypocrisy—old-fashioned, human hypocrisy. I mean by it what you mean, and stand by it to the end—the pretense that I am better than I am, and that I believe

you to be better than I know you to be.

If you tell me that you are dishonest, or immoral, and yet I see you going about in respectable company, I shall soon begin to envy you your immorality, your dishonesty. For it is not in us to be content with our own vice. Man always covets his neighbor's sin. That is why we were so dazzled by the Russian novelists. They admitted so many sins. They revealed to us how weak they were, how evil, and futile, and how insane; and then, because they were logical, they ended in suicide—mental, moral, physical—but suicide; and they submitted that as the truth about life. We were envious at once. "To be sure!" we cried. "We also are like that!" But the Russians shook their heads. "Ah no," they said; "seek your own vice. We are very bad indeed, but you are worse than we." "Impossible!" we cried, for they were the super-futiles, with whom we could never hope to compare. What, we asked ourselves, could be worse than the things they told? They ended in insanity. What could be more futile than that? And our interpreters, our challenged truth-tellers arose. We gave them a Pollyanna for their Homo Sapiens! Our Inanity for their Insanity. They were right. We *were* more tragic and more futile than they!

And only our hypocrisies have saved us from suicide.

Of what worth, then, are all our admissions, if they lead only to this? If Truth leads to Hypocrisy, perhaps Hypocrisy shall lead us to Truth.

Do we need to give up making admissions, even to ourselves? Do we need, perhaps, a little of that absurd old hypocritical pride which prompted us to say, "Remember, I'm a Roselle!" to ourselves now and then? There were scoundrelly Roselles, no doubt—but that was never what we meant by "a Roselle." After all, it was a kind of ideal we had built up, out of nothing perhaps but our hypocrisies, for the Roselles to live by—and an ideal, you will admit, is not a bad thing for any man.

It was precisely this our great American general did when he said to his men on the eve of battle last year in France, "Remember, you are Americans!" Did he mean by that to remember that they were money-grubbers, blow-hards, and all the other things we have so long admitted as true; or did he mean all the best traditions of America—all of our great enduring hypocrisies we have built up about ourselves, that are so much truer and more potent than the sum of all our little individual truths?

For no amount of truth will ever conquer the desire for perfectibility in man, nor drive the hope of it out of his heart. That is why Truth can never kill all our heroes nor banish all our gods. That is why you may prove Lincoln anything you please, there is a Lincoln who will be enshrined forever in the hearts of men, more true than any Lincoln your truths can tell us of. And that is why, in spite of all your smiles, and your petty truths about Lafayette, our eyes filled with tears and our hearts thrilled to the words "Lafayette, we have come!" when the commander of our armies laid our wreath upon his tomb. That is why Christ, crucified, proved an imposter, proved never to have existed at all, still goes marching triumphantly on—the great realistic figure of history.

And even if Truth had succeeded in killing our heroes and our gods, the truth-tellers themselves would soon exalt new heroes, raise up other gods.

For look you—a sign of the times—the backsliders are among us; the old hypocrisies crop up. Already there are houses where I do not dare to speak against the Mechanistic God, or question the perfection of Trotzky and Lenine! And these are, strangely enough, the houses of that gay, roistering band, radicals, soap-boxers, malcontents, who, so early in the chill morning of Truth that we were still fast asleep, with a tremendous din and shout overturned our comfortable beds, and left us standing exposed and shivering in the cold. How well we remember it—how we cried out, "Where shall we go?" and they answered, "We don't care where you go, but you sha'n't lie there any longer!" "But we've nothing on!" we wailed. "Put something on, then, and find somewhere to go!" they shouted back, as they vanished round the corner. And when we had rubbed our eyes, and tried to cover one bare foot with the other

long enough, we snatched a blanket round us and followed the crowd, heard clamoring far down the street. "Here we are," we said; "what do you want with us?" They laughed. "We only wanted to get you up! If you don't like it, you may go back." But somehow the blood had begun to circulate, and we had lost the desire to go back—and we found ourselves presently overturning other people's beds. And so began the day. They were the first of the truth-tellers, that irresponsible, ruthless band. But the day draws on to afternoon, and they were awake before the dawn, and it is the penalty of first-risers that they must go first to bed. It is strange to find them believing in heroes at this late hour; strange to hear them speak praise of any man. Perhaps they are overtired; or perhaps they have learned wisdom, and have well earned their rest. Perhaps they have discovered that "for the art of living together" truth is not so much needed as faith.

Let us see how the wisdom applies; how it works itself out in the least matters as well as the great. We have seen a single bitter truth destroy a friendship when a word of kindly hypocrisy could have kept the faith of years. Truth has parted lovers, come between man and wife, destroyed the faith of a mother in her son.

And we have all of us memories of hours when the tide of family life has risen so high, when the undercurrents of strife and disillusionment were so strong beneath and turbulent, that suddenly, at an unforeseen moment, a word at the dinner-table perhaps, the tension broke, and the whole thing must out. And once begun, accusation follows upon accusation, rankling fact upon fact. "Thank God!" we cry, "at last we tell the truth!" Chaos has been let in, and we exhaust ourselves. Then, one by one, shamefaced, we slip away, each to our separate rooms, to give ourselves up to weariness and regret. We have said nothing that was not true; we have admitted every fact. Yet we are farther away from understanding than we were yesterday.

It is something very like this that the whole world has done to-day. We have stood it as long as we could, the war has spoken the word, and now the truth must out. There has been no other way; so let us make our admissions and be quit of them. Let us admit that all these things we are saying about one another are true. We, the nations, have sought only selfish ends. It has been a war for conquest, for aggrandizement, for commercial supremacy. And there was not a man in the armies who did not know it well.

Why, then, did they go into battle with their hypocritical battle-cry? "For Liberty! For Humanity! For the Freedom of Mankind!" Why did the French not advance crying: "For our Lost Territory! For the Saar Valley! For an old Hatred, and Revenge?" Why did the English not go in shouting: "For the Crushing of our Rival! For our Commercial Supremacy?" And the Italians crying: "For Expansion of our Borders! For the Secret Treaty Promises?" And we, America, where was our slogan: "For our own Aggrandizement! For the Mastery of the World?" And the enemy, the Germans—why did they not hurl themselves upon us, screaming, "For the Devil and Ourselves?" Why did they advance by millions with "*Gott Mit Uns!*" on the buckles of their belts? Can it be that God *was* with them, for the working of *His* plan?

And shall we owe to these hypocrisies the saving of the world? See how, at the Peace Table, we are held to them; how we are bound, not by facts, but by our spoken word. See how all our little ugly truths together quail before this strange inspired Hypocrisy! . . .

Long ago the Crystal of Truth was tossed to earth by the gods. But when it fell we were not looking heavenward, being engaged with other matters of our own. And the Crystal fell among us, burst, shattered into fragments, millions of them, myriads, of all shapes and sizes, and some were bedded deep under the earth. And we, seizing upon these shining fragments, and seeing ourselves reflected therein, have cried out, each in our turn, "Lo, I have found Truth!" And not one of us has ever seen that Shining Crystal as a whole—except in dreams, which cause us now and then to cry out strangely in our sleep.

Success and Artie Cherry

BY ZONA GALE

"ARTIE CHERRY'S home," they told one another. "Artie Cherry! Seen him?"

He appeared on the village main street early that evening, and from the bank corner to the drug corner held a reception.

"Land! Artie Cherry," they said, "with his hat turned back like he had corn to sell."

No such hat had been shown in the village—fine straw, black-banded, its brim lightly lifted. He wore gray clothes, a color avoided by the village because "it spots." He wore a white waistcoat which the village called a boiled vest. And as for his soft shirt, silk—"I declare, don't it look like a lady's?"

So intimate is the secret knowledge of villages that the thought of every one now flew to Mis' Cherry, the widow, who sold the Household Brand of everything—cleaning-powder, cold cream, glue. Hers was a difficult way and lonely, though from the time that her son Artie went off to the city he had sent her little presents—a gilt clock, a pink fan, beads, a pickle-dish, all kept in the parlor and exhibited. How she would flush and sparkle over them, the small, gray widow, with asthma and one high shoulder, and stumpy hands which now trembled a bit. What would she be saying when, for the first time in fifteen years, Artie had come home?

"Mis' Cherry she'll be near beside of herself," the village said.

And because the secret knowledge of villages runs even deeper, the thought of many turned to Lulu Merrit, clerking "in at Ball's," the druggist. There had been "something" between Lulu and Artie; a few knew that Lulu had "mittened" him—the word still survives—because he refused a job in his cousin Hazleton's factory at the county-seat and went adventuring off to the city instead. But Lulu had never looked at a man since, and if Artie Cherry had married, no one had ever heard of it from his mother.

"And, anyway," said every one, "he *couldn't* be married—not and dress like that."

Artie Cherry strolled up the main street that night, executing the sensation which he had so long projected, and glorying. Only he who has lived for fifteen years in a hall bedroom and dined at lunch-counters, only he who has spent his life upon the footstool of occasion, only he who, in short, has been the principal unknown figure in a great city of great persons and has returned to be abruptly the center of a little world, can know how Artie Cherry gloried.

Wooden Kiefer, grocer's assistant, brown, long, and curved, strode from a store and pumped at Artie's arm.

"Swipes!" cried Wooden. "Howrye? Good thing! What's your trade?"

For this Artie had been waiting. Others were listening. He answered, negligently:

"Me? Oh, I'm still with the Duckbury plant. Grand old concern—yeah, the bicycle folks."

There was a pause, which Artie may be said to have fostered.

"Makin'—makin' bicycles, are you?" asked Wooden.

"Oh, well," said Artie, "yes—you might say so. I'm in charge of the works."

"Good enough!" exploded Wooden. "Lord! Your age, too, boy! Good enough!"

"In charge of the Duckbury works." The word flew before him. There was no need for any to ask: "What's your business?" "In some commercial proposition, are you?" They all knew swiftly—Artie Cherry had charge of the Duckbury bicycle concern. Well!

Wooden followed Artie admiringly; and Artie, with a lordly air of the casual,

bade him to a cigar. And though he knew that old story about Lulu and Artie, the good Wooden, neither able to resist exhibiting his friend to Lulu nor able to resist a chance to see her himself, led Artie to the place of Ball, the druggist, where Miss Lulu Merrit clerked. Only to see Wooden's seeking eyes as he crossed the threshold told how all was in Wooden's heart.

Lulu was "at the toilet goods." As the two men entered she was ranging colored perfumes along the edge of the glass case—a red, a pink, a purple, uniform, tasteful, tall. But she varied it. Sometimes the bottles were indented, now two, now three, now one.

Lulu looked up and saw the two enter. To one she nodded and the other she noted. She did not recognize him, but instantly she caught his air of town. Indeterminately she was pleased that neither Ball nor the boy was in the store, that it was she who must cross to the cigar-case and minister.

As she crossed she glanced in the mirror on the post, at her small head with neck stiffly held, her fine face, still pretty but a bit flat and shadowed, and her white waist with crocheted insertion. She stirred her flat hair and wished that she had put on her crêpe blouse after supper.

"I'd ought to know enough—" she concluded.

Wooden Kiefer waited until Lulu faced them across the cigar-case. Then he said:

"Lulie, you remember Artie Cherry, I guess, don't you? Sure! Lulie Merrit, Art!"

Long, long had Artie Cherry dreamed this minute, to its obscurest second. But he never had dreamed it quite as it now eventuated. For what he did was merely to take the hand of Lulu, to laugh heartily, and to turn a long, slow red. Really, Lulu had the moment for her own. For, though the pink came to her face and she, too, laughed enjoyably, it was she who managed the time, "Glad to see you, I'm sure," she said, and asked what brand. All the main street had done him homage. It took Lulu to take him for granted.

This Wooden Kiefer obscurely resented. He found in himself a divided loyalty. Lulu he had long adored, of late with faint hope, not to say expectation; but here was Artie back, and praise was his due.

"Whatje s'pose?" said Wooden. "Our friend Art he's general manager the Duckbury bicycle works."

"No, no!" Artie protested. "I don't own the works, you know, Wood. I'm only in charge of 'em."

"Same thing," said Wooden. "Ain't it, Lulie? Can you beat it?"

"I heard he was," said Lulu, separating heavies from lights.

"You did!" Artie Cherry looked startled and interrogatory. "I never knew anybody here thought about me," he recovered.

"It *has* been a long time," said Lulu. "'S right." She accepted his silver without looking at him. She recrossed the store to the toilet goods and embarked on the sale of talcum to a charming creature who had changed to her crêpe blouse.

The two men went into the street.

And when the charming creature had gone away, appeased, Lulu turned back to the mirror on the post and stared at it, and stirred her flat hair.

"In charge of the works," she thought. "In *charge* of 'em. . . ."

Of course she had never heard of this until that night.

Artie Cherry went home early that evening, not yet having had with his mother that which she called "a rill talk."

As he neared her cottage, something unexpected came to meet him. He felt glad, and in some tide of well-being which had little to do with his importance. Yet all that he saw was her house in the trees, all that he heard was the loose porch board creaking as she rocked and waited for him. And he could smell the petunias in the bed around the martin-house, but he did not know what they were.

"Artie," said his mother, "Mis' Kiefer was just in here—Wooden's ma. She says he told her you was general manager them bicycle works. Ain't folks crazy?"

Artie sat on the top step and dropped his arm upon his mother's knee. For a minute he was still.

"WHAT HOUR?" LULU ASKED, BREATHLESSLY

"What 'd you tell her?" he asked, at length.

"Me?" She laughed, and kept patting his hand. "I said you'd ought to been, long ago. Are you general manager, Artie?"

"No, no, ma," he said, "I'm only in charge—I told 'em that. They like to talk big—" He broke off abruptly.

"In charge of 'em? You never told me so!" she said.

She was deeply excited, and bounced a bit in her chair. Gradually he explained to her all—the size, the wealth, the importance of the firm, the number of employees, the output.

"And you a-runnin' it!" She grasped that much. "Oh, Artie! It's just wonderful!"

"Me in charge," he gently corrected her.

He sat silent, looking into the dark of the maples. She entered upon an account of her days. When Artie said, "I seen Lulu Merrit," and seemed to like to talk about it, she sighed. If only Artie and Lulie could have . . . and settled down here to home.

"Say," said Artie, "what smells so extra?"

"Might be mint," said his mother. "Might be sweetbrier. Might be my rose geranium. . . ."

He was beset by quiet emotions which he could not classify or express.

"Say!" was the way he put it, and sniffed luxuriously.

They sat quiet for a time.

"I s'pose this seems awful tame after the city," she said, at length.

"Don't, ma!" Artie Cherry unexpectedly bade her.

It was toward ten o'clock next morning that she came hurrying to his room. He was still easefully abed, but watching a mother robin close to the upper sash, to which a grape-vine had almost mounted. He was thinking about Lulu Merrit.

"Sellin' cigars—say! And, honest, she kind of looks like that robin." So his thoughts ran.

"What do you think?" his mother cried at his door, standing sociably ajar to the ingrain-carpeted passage where a little yapping clock lived. Artie let his eye dwell fondly on her brown morning housework dress, too short for anything but home wear. It was so — with "What do you think?" that they had been wont to announce to each other the simple good tidings of their little history —decent standings in school, a fine catch of fish, or a fat mince pie cooling on the sill. It was nice, he thought, his mother saying that. And then the robin. And the clock. . . .

"Cousin Hazleton 'll be here tonight," she announced, eyebrows high, lips left parted. And, "Ain't that luck?" she wanted to know.

Artie frowned up at her. "Luck!" he said.

Cousin Hazleton was the one prosperous member of the Cherry family. Cousin Hazleton owned a knitting-factory at the county-seat. Cousin Hazleton employed forty men. But he had never given token of the slightest interest in Artie's welfare since that unfortunate and early incident of Artie's preference for the city and the world, as over against the county-seat and fifty cents a day, even with the will-o'-the-wisp of "more later." At that period Cousin Hazleton had washed his hands of Artie. "Your smart son," he always called Artie, with a sarcasm unconsciously nasal.

"Luck!" said Artie now. "I wish 't I wasn't here. I wish 't he'd stay home. I wish 't—"

"What you talkin'?" his mother demanded. "And you looking so nice in your suit and all, and showing how you can succeed, with none of his old factory doing it!"

Here was a point, and Artie saw it. When he descended to breakfast he was planning to meet Cousin Hazleton and to dazzle him.

His mother had a fresh suggestion ripening in her eyes. "Artie," she said, "let's have Lulu Merrit over for tea tonight."

"But Cousin Hazleton 'll be here," he protested.

"Yes," she said, reasonably. "The one company supper 'll do for both of them."

So Lulu—in her crêpe blouse, which, it seemed, she had remembered that next day to put on in the forenoon itself—Lulu at the toilet goods, was invited by Mis' Cherry; and, "What hour?" Lulu asked, breathlessly, lest there should not be time to press out first.

"I'm going to have supper sharp half past six," Mis' Cherry said, "but come earlier if you want to."

Toward five o'clock, when the "through" was due, Artie Cherry once more paced the main street, immaculate, almost lustrous, and now swinging a stick. To this stick he gave little flourishes, forward and aft, as if he were making scroll designs about himself, for a finish. His elbow went rhythmic, in and out.

Cousin Hazleton was sixty, and crumpled. Hair, beard, clothes, and nerves were crumpled. And when, alighting from the crowded "through" and faring down the hot platform, he was accosted by the magnificent and leisurely Artie, pressed and shining (among the scrolls), Cousin Hazleton stopped, with an air of arresting many processes, regarded Artie's outstretched hand, and inquired:

"Who the devil are you?"

"Don't you know me, Cousin Hazleton?" asked Artie—oh, so modest.

"Ain't Artie?" inquired this cousin, still arrested. "What? Why, you look like a dove! A dove!"

Artie laughed pleasantly, more and

more indulgent as his cousin's mottled, wrinkled array became manifest. As they went down the platform one would have said that Artie Cherry was the prospering man of the world, with Cousin Hazleton attendant.

Below the baggage-room there waited an ancient victoria and a resigned horse.

"Keep a carriage, do you?" inquired Cousin Hazleton, before he consented to enter.

"Livery's less trouble, some thinks," said Artie, gathering up the lines with an air magnificently casual. He had not driven for years, but the resigned horse was proof, miscellaneously proof

"Good golly!" said Cousin Hazleton, aloud. He was an honest relative.

Cousin Hazleton's idea of conversation was to collect facts about a town's population, tax-rate, assessed valuation, and bonded indebtedness. He would have acquired these things rapidly, concerning the village, only that Artie knew none of them. Nor, the topic shifting to the city of the Duckbury plant, was Artie better informed.

"Say," he said, after a fourth or fifth negation, "ask me about the theatrical season's offerings, up in the city, and I can put you wise enough!"

"More fool you," said Cousin Hazleton, and would say nothing else. He lowered his eyes and appeared to be contemplating Artie Cherry's gray spats. As they reached Mis' Cherry's gate he

ONE WOULD HAVE SAID THAT ARTIE CHERRY WAS THE PROSPERING MAN OF THE WORLD

SHE WAS AS DUMB AS A LITLE GIRL. WHERE WAS ALL THAT SHE HAD PLANNED TO SAY?

lifted his eyes from this absorbed regard. "I thought," said Cousin Hazleton, "your ma wrote to me you was with some bicycle-factory."

"That's it," said Artie. "Big concern, Duckbury's. Yearly output—"

Cousin Hazleton's eyes rested upon Artie's waistcoat. "Do you run the factory?" he inquired. His eye traveled on up to Artie's cravat and turquoise pin. "Do you own the factory, maybe?" he mounted warmly.

"I'm only in charge of it, Cousin Hazleton," said Artie, carelessly.

Cousin Hazleton's class and generation let fall the chin to express astonishment. Of this sign of the effect which he had produced Artie was thrillingly conscious, elaborately unaware.

"I'll just run in with your valise," said Artie, masterfully, "and then I've got to call for the rest of the company. Careful, cousin."

"Careful yourself," said Cousin Hazleton, and turned, crumpily, to meet Mis' Cherry. "Screw loose somewheres," he said, aloud, instead of greeting her.

As Artie drove down the street on his way to call for Lulu, his [illegible]t of the lines, his flash of the whip, expressed his sense of triumph, long overdue.

Lulu Merrit was waiting at the gate. When she was a young girl they always waited at the gate; and who shall say what starved impulse sent her steps between the cock's-combs and the balsam of the borders, to wait under the locusts? She was in white, still, as it were, hot from the iron, and she wore no hat; but she did wear her white silk gloves and she carried her mother's little white wedding-fan. When she saw Artie come driving over the wooden blocks in the maple shade, something lonely lifted up its voice within her in a kind of wailing silence, and then ceased. As if life "at the toilet goods," at Ball's, were not life at all.

Driving at Artie's side, in the maple shade, she was as dumb as a little girl.

Where was all that she had planned all day to say, as she set out the bottles, a red, a pink, a purple . . .?

"Here must seem awful slow to you," she contrived, at length.

"Oh, well," Artie commented, indulgently, "you do get kind of tied to the city rush," he informed her.

"I s'pose you do," said Lulu. These years "at the toilet goods" had rather leveled the conversational powers of Lulu. If she was asked if she had read a book, she was likely to reply, "No, but I've heard of it." Or, if some one named a title to her, she would say, "That ought to be interesting." She was becoming automatic in all her ways, was Lulu, clerking "in at Ball's." "I s'pose you do," was her contribution now.

Artie, brows drawn, nodded. "Say yes," he emphasized it. "Somepin doin' all the whole time. You no sooner get one thing over than, say, there's another. That's the way it goes."

"And with your responsible place and all," said Lulu.

"It *is* a good deal to put onto a man," he assented.

"Artie," she said, and flushed, "I'm glad you made a success of it."

"You *are?*"

"Yes. I couldn't say it very well the other night, with Wooden there, and all." She remembered that she had said "and all" once before, and she blushed. What would Artie think?

"'Fraid of making Wooden jealous?" he said, daringly. "It's awful easy to see how old Wooden feels about you."

She looked down. She was willing that Artie should return to find her with an adorer.

For no reason Artie sighed. He looked up the street, between the horse's ears. He could not have told what he was feeling. Sitting hunched on the buggy seat, his clothes wrinkled 'round him, his head sunk on his shoulders, he looked less like the cosmopolite whose rôle he essayed. His eyes were honest and blue, and there was a crude yearning in his face as of one who seeks to no sure end. One cuff showed its full length below his sleeve. It was almost certain that under the fine hat his hair was rumpled at the back.

"This town's good enough for me," said Lulu Merrit, somehow managing to implicate Wooden in her choice; and she laughed heartily to cover she knew not what.

"Sometimes," said Artie, dreamily, "I think so, too."

"You don't mean *that!*" cried Lulu.

He turned and looked at her. He had no idea what he meant, but he turned and looked at her. She did, she did look like a trim robin!

"I do, too, mean that," he said.

It was true. Weighing the deference of the home town against the brute rush of the city, he had questioned that brute rush. The only point was, if he left it, how was he to retain the deference of the little town?

At Mis' Cherry's gate he handed her down in silence. She caught the odor of the barber shop, just touched with a cigar. (*Why* had she not bought one of the red or pink or purple bottles for her own, instead of rinsing out the one that she had cherished long and had emptied weeks ago?) She waited on the bricks while Artie tied the horse. The sun struck the low maple boughs and shone red through Artie's ears. How manly his gray shoulders showed! With a quick look along the street (there behind Artie's back), she rubbed her cheeks in such a fashion that—

It was a witching moment.

At supper Cousin Hazleton deliberately elected to question Artie Cherry regarding his occupation and his duties. He plied his inquiries as well as he could —among the agitated suggestions of Mis' Cherry. Mis' Cherry was one who never could hand a dish without finding herself perfectly articulate. No murmurings for her, no gestures, nothing taken for granted. It was, "Won't you have some of the bread?" enunciated four-square to a waiting guest. In spite of a running fire of this, uttered to every guest for every dish, Cousin Hazleton persisted:

"You say that you're in charge of the Duckbury bicycle works, my boy—if I understand it. Of what do your duties consist?"

His journey done, his face washed, and food before him, some of Cousin Hazleton's crumple was uncreasing. He was nearly benign.

"Overseeing — general overseeing," said Artie.

"Of the men?"

"Of everything. Seeing that everything is all right," said Artie.

"Well-a, of the work?"

"Of the works," said Artie. "Yes, mother, I believe I will try a little speck. There's nothing like mother's spiced plums, is there, Lulie?"

Feeling that the other guest was being omitted, Cousin Hazleton subsided, bided time, came to the top shortly with, "How many men under you?"

"Make 'em hot if you was to tell 'em they're under me," said Artie, laughing. "No sir-ee, that 'd never do! My job, you understand, is sort of walking round on the q t—seein' how everything goes."

Cousin Hazleton pricked his ears. "Assistant to the general manager? Confidential overseer?" he comprehended.

"Oh," said Artie, "you couldn't say that! That sounds too grand. Just in gener'l charge—that's me."

Mis' Cherry was vibrating her wings —she was in her best black net, and her white apron was etched in red in a pattern of well-filled nests, and cobwebs.

"Oh, if you knew," said she, "how a mother's heart rejoices when one of her own makes a success of it!" She spoke as if she had dozens.

Lulu ate, eyes lowered. "It *is* nice," she assented, and in her gentle way she cursed herself. She was in a high tide of such feeling as it was hers to know—emotion of pride, emotion of homage, emotion of regret, of hungry longing for she knew not what, and all that she was able to say was, "It *is* nice." What would Artie think?

"Tell us about how you live in the city!" she burst out at Artie, and crimsoned.

Arthur Othello Cherry leaned back in his chair and began to expand.

Here was the girl who had once refused his proposal of marriage because he had insisted on going off to seek the large unknown instead of accepting the small certainty.

Here was the cousin who had once offered him a job at fifty cents a day and had scorned him because he went "wildcating off to the city." Artie was "too harum-scarum for him," and a bad end had been abundantly prophesied.

Here was his mother beaming at him so happily that any invention seemed well bestowed.

And Artie cut loose.

He told them how he lived. Nice, brownstone front. Colored boy to open the door. White bath-room. Breakfast sent up to his room whenever he wanted it. Victrola.

"Take it after dinner," said Artie, "and you whirlin' outside in a taxicab, down the bullyvard—tell you what, it's life."

It was life. Lulu knew it.

"Goin' to the theater—seeing all the big folks come in — makes you know what you miss, little town," Artie said.

"Must," Lulu breathed.

But Cousin Hazleton studied Artie. Artie Cherry was no fool, he could see that. Artie had turned out to be far better than he had ever dreamed—Cousin Hazleton, admitted that within himself. Yet by infallible signs Cousin Hazleton, employer of men, judged his relative. He would have classed him as fair material for a small-town business, by all means requiring lead and direction, though capable and faithful. But he would not have thought of his relative as the man in charge of a great activity. After a time of Artie's talk Cousin Hazleton fell silent. At length a smile touched his mouth.

Mis' Cherry, again vibrating, now led the way to the parlor. She wanted to show the gilt clock, the pink fan, the beads, and the pickle-dish containing the beads.

Cousin Hazleton, however, went off down-town to look at a piece of property —"prop'ity"—which, he said, he was thinking of buying. He refused to be accompanied. Mis' Cherry craftily underwent an eclipse and busied herself in the kitchen. Lulu and Artie sat in the parlor alone.

And now no sooner were they alone together, Artie of the gay life and Lulu of the gray life at the toilet-goods counter at Ball's, than Lulu, who had scorned this man for his venturesome bent and had repented ever since—Lulu began to burn with resentment. She discerned that Artie was glorying in the minute,

SHE WAITED HER CHANCE, GAVE AN AIRY LAUGH AND DESCENDED FLAT-FOOTED AMONG ARTIE'S IDOLS

and no love is proof against that. Should he, after all, come back here and triumph over her so gloriously?

Gradually Lulu's frank eyes grew languid, their brows lifted, their lids drooped. She waited her chance, and at a pause she gave an airy laugh and descended flat-footed among Artie's idols.

"Well, ma and I," she said, "we live on the old place. We got loads of room all on the ground floor, and two full lots. We got a garden, and apple-trees, and currant-bushes, and seven Plymouth Rocks, and I have Saturday half-holiday. We take in the movies a couple o' nights a week. And—and—and I guess that's good enough for anybody," she ended, defiantly.

Artie Cherry looked at her, sitting in his mother's parlor. It was curious that a girl "at the toilet goods," "in at Ball's," should have fostered that domestic look of hers (so like a home-keeping robin). Into Artie's eyes came something which was neither pride nor triumph.

"You bet," said he.

But now Lulu was infinitely removed, laughed a great deal, avoided Artie's awkward efforts at personality. He made few. He seemed to be thinking.

At nine o'clock the Cherry's door-bell rang, and there stood Wooden Kiefer. He was clothed in his best and wore a shining expectancy. And when he had been ushered into the parlor, and Mis' Cherry was lighting the lamp and holding up all conversation while she told them that this was the twenty-seventh chimney that she had had for it, Lulu Merrit waited her time, and then surprisingly said:

"Ready in just a minute, Wood. I had an engagement for the second show to the Gem," she explained. "I thought it 'd be time to leave by now . . ."

She ceased awkwardly. Wooden Kiefer covered the moment with a rumble of convenient laughter. Lulu went for her gloves—outspread on the spare-room bed. And before she had returned, in came Cousin Hazleton, and when he had heard Wooden's name:

"Not Wedge Kiefer's boy?" he cried. "Say, you are! Well, if you're anything like your dad, you may be just the hair-pin I'm looking for. What's your business?"

Wooden, modest and red, stood toying with a door-knob. "I'm—that is, I'm clerking in a grocery-store," said he.

"Good enough," averred Cousin Hazleton. "Looking for an opening, like enough?"

"Oh, sure!" Wooden laughed heartily at the mere idea of *his* having an opening.

"Well, now," said Cousin Hazleton, "I may have just the thing for you. I'll have a man round looking you up, one of these days, mebbe. Wedge Kiefer's son—well, well!"

Lulu stood before Artie Cherry. "Good night, Artie," she said. "I've enjoyed it ever so much."

Artie thirsted to be eloquent. "Same here," he said, with ardent eye.

"You?" cried Lulu, with her wide look. "What? Such a quiet evening after all your city excitement? Wooden, imagine that!" (She said, "Ee-magine."

On which she left him.

Alone, Artie drove the resigned horse back to the barn. He had meant to drive Lulu through the dusky streets. He felt abandoned. He looked on all the little houses, tucked in their fifty feet of green, at the lights flashing out from upper windows, beneath sloping roofs and wide eaves, and he felt a little sick. From the stable he came home by the back way. Showing off seemed to have lost its savor.

As he entered the sitting-room, Cousin Hazleton was yawning aloud.

"Well, now," he said, his yawn trembling all through his syllables, "I'll get

COUSIN HAZLETON WAS NO EASY FATHER-CONFESSOR. IN THAT SMOKY LIGHT HIS LOOK WAS TERRIBLE

along to bed for a few hours. Then I'll just slip out about one o'clock—got to catch that one-twenty. Got a deal on in the morning—" He pondered, contemplated Artie leaning his smooth gray length in a doorway, and Cousin Hazleton said: "Fact is, I've stopped off here to look at a piece of prop'ity I'm going to buy. We're goin' to open up a retail branch business here—yes, retail knit goods—introduce the stuff to the country trade better. And," he added, engagingly, "I was after Artie's city address. Thought of sending a man down to work you into the business, m' boy, and shove you on up if you was any good. But with the gilt edges you've worked up for yourself in the city—say, you couldn't afford to leave there for nothin' in the world. I can see that, half an eye."

Artie Cherry's neck seemed to lose something of its substance. His head drooped forward a bit, but his eyes were immovably fixed upon his cousin. Artie made two efforts to speak, his chin doing all that was required of it, the words themselves halting. When he did speak his cousin had already turned away.

"How—how much would this here pay?" Artie Cherry asked, low.

"It wouldn't work up to more 'n twelve hunderd," Cousin Hazleton said. "Not—not more 'n enough to buy your clothes. And taxicabs. And the-ayter tickets. Well, sir, now I guess I'll get m' forty winks."

He went away, but in the doorway he paused.

"I donno but Wedge Kiefer's boy may be the man I'm looking for," said he. "Good, sensible chap. I got my eye peeled in his di-rection. What d'ye think?"

"Wood's — all — right," said Artie Cherry, and was left standing alone in the parlor. Even Mis' Cherry, as she removed the ruffled pillow-shams in the ground-floor spare-room, was abnormally silent and did not give the history of the pillow-sham pattern.

Artie went to his room. He sat down by his window—in the dark, for he did not like to light his lamp and disturb the mother robin. The scent of the mint and rose geranium and petunias in the garden filled the little room, and the warm darkness brooded on the maples.

After a long time the robin made a low, frightened note, and Artie Cherry drew back from the window. He had been whispering to himself, and his breath broke in something like a sob.

When the clock-that-lived-in-the-passage yapped out eleven Artie Cherry stole across to his mother's room. He had taken off the magnificent shoes and the gray spats, the immaculate coat, the white waistcoat, the brilliant cravat, the turquoise pin. And as he passed beneath the kerosene-lamp turned low at the head of the stair he looked like a little boy, with hair rumpled at the back and loose, parted lips.

"Ma," he said, at her door.

She was awake, or on the instant woke—in the manner of mothers. He went and sat on the edge of her bed.

"Ma," said he, "you know what I told about bein' in charge—to Duckbury's?"

"Yes, son."

"Well, I'm — I'm — I'm the night watchman there."

There was silence. In the darkness Artie Cherry closed his eyes and waited, breathing through parted lips, like a little boy who has been running fast.

His mother reached up from her bed and caught him. "Artie!" she said. "*Artie!* Oh, ain't I glad!"

He thought that he couldn't have got her word. "Glad?" he said over, stupidly.

"Now you can take Cousin Hazleton's. I was laying here crying because you couldn't. Because you was too grand to come home and work for him."

"Ma!" he cried. "*Ma!*"

They sat there together until they heard Cousin Hazleton stirring. Then his mother gently pushed Artie from her, and he crept down, stocking-footed, and lit the lamp in the sitting-room. When Cousin Hazleton came in, drawing on his coat, Artie stood there waiting.

Then Artie told.

Cousin Hazleton was no easy father-confessor. In that smoky light his look was terrible.

"Then you lied about the brownstone-front life, too," he observed.

No, no! Artie's lodging-house *was* of brownstone. There *was* a little colored boy who swept and shoveled and tended

door. There was a bath-room—he had to go two floors down to it from his fourth-floor back on account of the third floor being shut off private by the fortune-teller. Breakfast *would* be sent up—for five times what he paid for it on the avenoo. And down on the first floor was a victrola. He often heard it when he was passing.

"Lied about the taxicabs," Cousin Hazleton pursued, categorically.

No, no! For Artie had a friend who was a taxicab-driver.

"Lied about the the-ay-ter, though."

No again! For a part of his first season in town, fifteen years before, Artie had ushered.

"M—m—m!" said Cousin Hazleton, and looked out from under his crumpled brows.

Mercifully, the flame of the lamp streaked up in a cat's-ear to the top of the chimney. Artie was still diligently attending to this when his cousin spoke again.

"I don't know whether I can ever teach you to run my store or not," he said. "But if you're man enough for *this*, there must be somethin' to you."

"I hate my job like p-p-poison," said Artie Cherry. "If you take me on, I'll work like a d-d-dog." Then the passion of the confessional seized him. "These clothes are everything I own in the world," he cried, "only my two thousand."

"Two thousand *what?*" Cousin Hazleton demanded.

"Why, dollars!" said Artie Cherry. "I 'ain't ever touched that, of course! I've saved that."

Cousin Hazleton laughed aloud. "I guess," he said, "you're good enough for my cousin—when you get the edges off. And for my store, too, mebbe," he added, and left for the one-twenty.

When Ball's drug-store was opened next morning, Artie Cherry was waiting on the steps. He wore neither coat nor waistcoat, but looked like all the other boys getting down to work in the hot summer morning. Resolutely he sat down before the toilet goods, and there he was when she entered.

'Well, what can I do for you?" asked Lulu—and here she was, in a white waist none too clean, and she told herself that she cared not an atom.

"You can marry me," said Artie Cherry. "If I get a job in my cousin's new store here in town, will you?"

She made him savor the last drop. "What? And leave all the big-bug times in the city?"

Artie Cherry looked in her eyes gravely, miserably, passionately. "I lied about a good deal of that," said he.

"Honestly?" she cried, gladly.

Would That I Knew

BY HAROLD COOK

LOVE is like a little ship
Upon a restless sea,
That ever would be voyaging
And never quiet be.

And Love is like a haven safe
Where tired ships may lie,
That long for respite from the waves
And winds that fail and die.

Ah, what will Love be like to me—
Little ships that roam,
Or like a harbor by the hill
Where sails are furled—home?

A New Form of Matter

BY J. D. BERESFORD

MAN'S working diagram in any form of research is almost invariably a hypothesis which he seeks either to prove or disprove, according to his personal bent of mind. The use of the hypothesis in scientific investigation is to narrow the field of issue, but the history of applied research shows very clearly that the quest of a particular secret has often resulted in an accidental discovery that has proved of more value or interest to humanity than the end originally sought

A peculiarly fascinating by-discovery of this kind seems, now, to have been achieved in the field of psychical research that has been so diligently, if a trifle amateurishly, cultivated for the past forty years or so in America and Europe. In this case the covering hypothesis that was always before the minds of the investigators was the age-old problem of man's survival after bodily death. Many people believe that the proof of this survival is now demonstrable. Sir Oliver Lodge, for example, has stated without hesitation that he is convinced not only of the immortality of the soul, but also of the possibility of communication between the material world and that of the discarnate. With that issue, however, I am in no way concerned in the present article; and I want to insist very strongly that for the purposes of a certain limited inquiry which is without question of the most vital interest to mankind in general, it is advisable, if not essential, to disregard in the first instance the applicability of this research to the proof or disproof of the larger hypothesis.

The chief reason for separating this specialized issue from the embracing problem of man's immortality is that we shall thereby be enabled to obtain the help of investigators who would otherwise either refuse their co-operation or concede it in a prejudiced spirit. The professional scientist is in some particulars one of the most biased of all workers, inasmuch as he is prejudiced by his fear of prejudice. And if this side inquiry is to be successfully undertaken, we require both the services and the influence of the physicist and the chemist. The whole research, which is beset with difficulties, should in fact be carried out in an impartial and strictly scientific spirit. We already have a basis of documentary evidence, and I firmly believe that the near future will provide us with many more of those subjects who alone can furnish us with the exceedingly sensitive material which is the single means for our experiment.

The subject of our inquiry is a form of living matter at present unrecognized by chemist or physicist. Its properties and potentialities, so far as we can infer them from existing evidence, are of a kind for which we have no precedent, nor even a parallel. It is amazingly discrete, mobile, and plastic, yet it is capable of a rigidity and power enormously greater in proportion to its apparent mass than that attainable by any known form of muscular energy. And this form of matter has been photographed, handled, weighed, and analyzed. Nevertheless, the scientific world has up to now steadily refused as a whole to consider its existence. We may, however, remember in this connection, that the British Royal Society sneered at and steadily refused to admit the irrefutable proofs of the existence of a new force, now known as electricity, when these proofs were submitted to them by Benjamin Franklin. Also that certain members of the same society declined to acknowledge, though they could not mechanically explain, the evidence put before them by Sir William Crookes, as to the powers of influencing material objects without contact, evinced by the

medium D. D. Home; evidence to which I shall have occasion later to refer.

Now the proofs for the existence of this strangest of all known forms of matter are many, and once we accept the hypothesis of its apparent possibilities, we shall be able to test it in many cases of so-called spiritualistic phenomena which are at present inexplicable under any theory save that of the direct intervention of discarnate spirits. At the same time, it is well to bear in mind that the full acceptance of the theory of this ethereal effluence from the human body will not contradict, but almost certainly confirm the larger hypothesis with reference to survival and direct communication with the spirit world. But while I admit that this further possibility will inevitably be kept in view by the interested general public, I do plead most earnestly for a present narrowing and intensification of the field of research. If we can make this one advance sure, establishing our contention beyond fear of dispute, we shall not only enlarge our knowledge of life and matter, but we shall have taken a great step toward the solution of those deeper mysteries that surround the problems of Consciousness, of Will, and of Personal Survival.

From the growing body of more or less relevant evidence, convincing in the aggregate, but relatively worthless in itself, I purpose to select for present purposes various pieces of testimony that seem to me to exclude all possibilities of conscious fraud.

The first of these is contained in the work of Prof. Émile Boirac, Rector of Dijon University, and consists of certain experiments in hypnotism described by him in his book, *La Psychologie Inconnue*,[1] published in the earlier years of this century. These experiments were conducted by Doctor Boirac largely in order to refute the contention upheld by the Nancy School of hypnotism that all the phenomena were due to suggestion. Incidentally Doctor Boirac seems to have gone some way toward his immediate object, but he has, in my opinion, failed signally to uphold his own theory (dating back to the days of Mesmer and Doctor Braid) of "animal magnetism."

The evidence of these experiments for present purposes is somewhat indirect, but it seems advisable to use it as a basis, founded as it is on quite exceptional authority; and I will cite three cases which have a certain bearing on the general hypothesis. (It is well to note that in every instance, except the first, the hypnotized subject was scientifically blindfolded and that the experiments were conducted in absolute silence.)

In the first example Doctor Boirac found his young servant, Jean M., a boy of fifteen, asleep on his bed with the door open. "He was," Doctor Boirac reports, "stretched out on his bed, fully dressed, his head in the corner opposite the door, his arms crossed on his chest, his legs placed one across the other, and his feet lying lightly off the bed. The thought came to me to make an experiment. Standing on the landing, about three yards away, I extended my right hand in the direction of, and at the height of, his feet. After a minute or two (probably less, a few seconds only), I slowly raised my hand, and, to my great surprise, I saw the sleeper's feet rise and follow the ascending movement of my hand in the air. I repeated the experiment three times, and the phenomenon was reproduced three times with regularity and the precision of a physical phenomenon."

The second example is furnished by what Doctor Boirac calls an experiment in the "externalization of sensibility." In this case a very sensitive subject—Gustave P.—was found to suffer a complete anesthesia, or absence of feeling in any part of the body, above which, at a distance of one or two inches, the experimenter, M. Boirac, held his hand for a period varying from five to ten minutes. This local anesthesia was so absolute that the subject gave no evidence of pain when the skin was pinched or pricked with a needle. But when the apparently empty air, half an inch or more above the surface of the anesthetized patch, was pricked with a needle, he responded instantly with a cry of pain.

The third case is somewhat similar

[1] An English translation by Dudley Wright, entitled *Psychic Science*, was published in London by William Rider & Son, last year.

and relates to the detail of an experiment in which the subject was put *en rapport* with a glass of water by holding it in his hand for some eight or ten minutes. When this glass was taken from him and carried to the farther end of the room, he responded instantly, giving signs of marked discomfort whenever a needle was plunged into the water.

My second piece of testimony relates to direct evidence concerning this unknown form of matter, the theory of which was boldly stated by the experimenter, Dr. W. J. Crawford, in his book, *The Reality of Psychic Phenomena*.[1]

In this instance the experiments, more than eighty in all, were conducted by Doctor Crawford with the help of the Goligher family in Belfast, the greater number of them in the Goligher's house, but a few in Doctor Crawford's own rooms.

The main test in this series of sittings was made by Doctor Crawford in connection with the levitation of a table weighing between ten and eleven pounds. This table rose sometimes a foot or more into the air without contact—that is to say, that while the members of the family sat round, but not very close to, the table, none of them laid his or her hand upon any part of it. This table was sometimes suspended in the air for eight or nine minutes, and the resistance offered by it was so great that Doctor Crawford was unable to force it to the ground. As the investigation proceeded Doctor Crawford submitted this phenomenon to a very drastic and interesting variety of tests. In the first place, he placed the principal medium, Miss Goligher, on the seat of a weighing-machine during the sittings, and made a careful record of the variations of the index scale. The result of this experiment proved quite conclusively over a large number of trials that the medium gained approximately, but never quite exactly, the added weight of the table during its period of levitation. His next essay was to estimate the lateral force exerted by the table against resistance, and for this purpose he introduced various mechanical devices. From the figures thus obtained he found that the easiest, if not the only, way to satisfy the equation was on the assumption that a cantilever of unknown material was projected from the body of the medium.

Another experiment made in the course of these sittings had reference to the changes of weight manifested by Miss Goligher—who was again seated in the scales—during the production of the "raps" which she could cause to sound in various parts of the room. These "raps" varied from the lightest tapping to very considerable noises such as could only be caused by a fairly violent concussion. The results of these tests were particularly interesting, since they showed that Miss Goligher lost weight at the moment the sound was made, in apparently direct proportion to the violence of the "rap." Thus when the heaviest recorded rap was given, Doctor Crawford registered a momentary loss of weight on the part of the medium of about thirty pounds.[2]

A third phenomenon, produced during the same series of séances, was the impression of an image on a matrix of soft wax, laid upon the table at some little distance from, and out of normal reach of, the medium. The most remarkable of these impressions was that of a finger-print, agreeing in every respect with an average human fingerprint, save in the one particular that it was some three times larger than could have been produced by the finger of any person present. . . .

My third and most amazing piece of testimony is that afforded by the experiments carried on in Paris and other places from 1909 to 1913 by Baron Doctor von Schrenck-Notzing and Madame Bisson. The record of them is contained in two books. The first is in German, published in Munich, in 1914, under the title of *Materializations-Phänomene*," by Schrenck-Notzing. The second (in French by Mme. Juliette Alexandre Bisson, and called *Les Phénomènes dits de Materialization*") was, curiously enough, also put out in the year 1914 by the Libraire Felix Alcan in Paris.

[1] Published in the United States by E. P. Dutton & Co.

[2] I should note that I have not Doctor Crawford's book before me as I write. The figures given, however, are in no case an *over*-statement.

So far no translation of either book has been published in England, nor, I believe, in America. The *bona fides* of these two experimenters is unquestionable, but it is as well to anticipate expert criticism by adding that the medium[1] referred to as "Eva," in the two works cited, was the Marthe Beraud, who came under suspicion of deliberate cheating some years before in Algiers. She was at that time a young girl, and the case was investigated by representatives of the English Society for Physical Research. As the result of this inquiry the charge of fraud was held to be unproved; but in view of the tests imposed during the Paris sittings, I should attach little weight to the medium's previous record, even if the charge had been made good.

There can, indeed, be no question that far too much importance is attached by critics of psychical phenomena to this proof of deliberate fraud perpetrated both by professional and volunteer mediums on certain occasions. When their powers fail them they become desperate—the great majority of them having a curious, slightly morbid pride in their own faculties. But when they do resort to fraud they are almost invariably detected. The case of Eusapia Palladino, who was caught cheating at the famous Cambridge (England) séance, and also by the late Hugo Münsterberg in America, is the classical case in this connection. I believe, however, that despite these temporary failures Eusapia produced genuine phenomena on occasion; and I have only refrained from citing them in further support of the case I am now trying to make good because her reputation has been so often attacked. If an author of repute found his powers failing in an emergency, and engaged a literary "ghost" to write an article for him, we should no doubt lose something of our respect for that author if the fraud were discovered. But we could not, on that account, throw suspicion on all his earlier genuine work, nor would the fraud alter the value of anything he might write after his recovery. I repeat that far too much insistence is laid on this charge of cheating made against mediums. Let us admit at once that the tendency is there, and do our utmost to guard against it in all our experiments; but if we approach this most delicate of all inquiries in a spirit of blind prejudice we cannot expect to get results. Should we have ever flown if Lilienthal or the Wright brothers had begun their work in order to *disprove* the possibility of constructing a heavier than air machine?

Returning to the Paris sittings, I maintain in this relation that any possible suspicion thrown on the early history of Marthe Beraud is irrelevant in view of the tests made and the precautions taken by von Schrenck-Notzing and Madame Bisson. In many cases the medium was quite nude when the phenomena were produced; in some others she was dressed in black tights; many of the sittings were held in Madame Bisson's own house, and often without giving previous notice to the medium that she would be called upon to assist at a séance. The light during the production of the phenomena was a subdued red (to which, however, the eyes of the experimenter rapidly becomes accustomed, as every photographer knows), but all the photographs (more than one hundred and fifty are reproduced in each of the two works cited) were taken by the light of one or more powerful magnesium flashes when the materializations had reached a stage at which results were obtainable. It should be mentioned further that as many as six cameras were posed at the same time about the medium, so that, on the whole—even excluding further precautions, one of which I shall have occasion to refer to later—the test conditions must be admitted to have been unusually drastic.

Now, the phenomena produced by Marthe Beraud were almost exclusively confined to the production of the new form of matter which is the subject of this article. It was produced more frequently from her mouth, but occasionally—as is inferred in the Crawford series—from the regions on either side of the abdomen, or from the neck and shoulder. This matter passed without the least difficulty through a tulle veil completely enveloping the medium's head.

[1] She was not a professional and gave her services throughout chiefly to please Madame Bisson.

(This was the further test mentioned in the last paragraph.) Von Schrenck-Notzing was permitted by Marthe Beraud to touch this effusion on one or two occasions without any ill effect on the medium; although this contact gave her considerable pain and immediately terminated the sitting when an attempt was made to seize the extruded material without her permission. To the touch, following a familiar precedent, this matter was described as cold and clammy—that is, definitely moist. In appearance, when not built up into the forms presently to be described, it shows in the photographs as whiter than the background of the medium's bare flesh and convoluted, or pleated, somewhat as the albumen of an egg looks when dribbled into boiling water. Some of it was finally collected in a small box and submitted to an expert analyst. When the box was opened two or three drops of moisture were all that could be obtained, and on analysis this liquid was shown to consist mainly of cell detritus, highly bacterial, with vestiges of other organic compounds. In my opinion, however, beyond the proof obtained that this material was truly organic and not a part of some apparatus privily introduced by the medium, this analysis only seems to show that the matter had undergone rapid decomposition before it was tested. Somewhat similar results were obtained with drops of moisture collected from the dress of the medium and other sources after the séance, and similarly submitted for analysis. In each case there was clear evidence of an organic basis, although in some of the analyses some of the cell tissue had more analogy to vegetable—fungoid tissues are mentioned—than to animal structure. This analysis, also, proved fairly conclusively that the moisture was not a familiar by-product of the human body. It had, for example, none of the characteristics of the saliva, perspiration, or other natural excretion.

Now, even if the production of this material had gone no farther than to furnish this evidence, the phenomenon would have been important enough to demand recognition; but, indeed, the materializations that were afterward presented add enormously to the mystery. For after beginning with the simple production, the medium was presently able—by what agency it is not our immediate purpose to inquire—to build this matter extruded (or drawn?) from her own body into a remarkable variety of forms. At first a finger was shaped at the apex of an otherwise formless mass; then followed the flat simulacrum of a hand. While later still, not only heads and faces, but the whole appearance of a human being, greater in height than the medium herself, was momentarily created out of this primordial cell-stuff.

Some of these faces, in the photographs, have a curious air of the unearthly. They float about the medium's body, sometimes superimposed upon her, at others slightly behind her, or clear and apparently detached, above her head. One of them was a readily recognizable portrait of the late M. Bisson, and it is particularly worthy of notice that it represented him at a much earlier age than that at which he could have been known by Marthe Beraud. Another simulated the well-known picture of Mona Lisa. And in these representations, which were sometimes as unfinished as an incomplete plasticine model, the more perfect examples reproduced, both in appearance and structure, all the detail of the human organism. In one case a lock of hair was by permission cut from the head of one of these temporary incarnations—known as "Estelle"—and kept. This hair was in all respects similar to ordinary human hair; but when compared under the microscope with hair taken from the head of the medium, differed very obviously from the latter under microscopic observation both in its superficial corrugations and in longitudinal section. The expert noticed, moreover, that in treating the test specimens with warm sulphuric acid, the hair from Marthe Beraud's head decomposed into its elements far more quickly than did "Estelle's" hair when submitted to the same test. Also, Marthe's hair fell into its elements very beautifully, while "Estelle's" hair in decomposing showed a partial decomposition of its elements as well. This fact points to a difference in the chemical composition of substance

that does not occur in one and the same individual.

I may add that in June and July, 1913, von Schrenck-Notzing obtained and photographed in Munich more or less parallel phenomena while working with a Polish medium referred to as Stanislawa P. In this case opportunity did not allow of his pushing the experiments as far as was possible in the sittings with Marthe Beraud; but the photographs and descriptions given show precisely the same appearances in the extruded matter and in the first beginnings of form-building—in this instance again, a flat representation of the human hand.

This brief summary of the facts, so far as they are known to us, is necessarily incomplete. There is no space in a magazine article to examine at any length the detail of the evidence. The Schrenck-Notzing volume alone is a quarto of over five hundred pages. But I think that enough has been said to prove that we have irrefutable testimony concerning a physical phenomenon, at present unrecognized by science, and of the very first importance to the understanding of our own being. If the Marthe Beraud demonstration was an isolated case, we might well regard it as some kind of miracle; but even without the valuable corroboration afforded by the Crawford-Goligher experiments in Belfast, we have before us a whole body of lesser results in the records of psychical research, all clamoring, as it were, for the explanation which this new theory of matter may, in many instances, afford us.

It would, for example, explain these demonstrations by Sir William Crookes of the apparently miraculous powers of the medium, D. D. Home. In that experiment the pan of a balance was made to move without visible contact, in a manner so marked and deliberate that the fact could not be disputed, although no physical explanation was forthcoming. But granting that this ethereal effluence of our subject is invisible to the human eye in certain conditions—a postulate that may safely be made in view of the evidence—that feat of Home's was a very small affair. Far more difficult to explain are the accepted phenomena of hypnotism, such as those described by Doctor Boirac. But what we have first to consider in this case is the peculiar condition of the subject. He is admitted, by general consent, to be in a state of extraordinary sensitive rapport with the hypnotist. But granting that, and taking into consideration the theoretical mobility and extensibility of this ethereal matter, it does not strain our hypothesis in any way to assume that there may be an actual material means of communication between the experimenter and his subject. The Marthe Beraud case goes to show that the extruded material when touched conveys the sensation of pain to the medium, and this is only another aspect of the "externalization of sensibility" commented upon by Doctor Boirac.

Again, it is fairly evident that this new theory of ours covers most admirably a large group of phenomena, familiar to us now for half a century or more, presented by the reports of spiritualistic séances. If we were compelled to adduce any single instance of such a séance in proof, we should inevitably have to admit that the evidence was, to say the least of it, inconclusive. The very best cases are open to suspicion. But in the mass, I claim that they furnish excellent corroboration, if only by reason of the fact that the effects produced are so consistently, so almost tediously, the same. Nevertheless, the touch of a cold and clammy substance, the levitation of a table, the movements of a curtain and other material objects at a distance, the writing on slates, are just such results as could be accomplished most easily by the instrument we are hypothecating. While regarded as the work of spirits, they have always repelled the more thoughtful investigator as being unworthy of a discarnate intelligence. Under our hypothesis we may provisionally assume the source of instigation to be either the medium's subconsciousness or that of one or more of the sitters; and from what we know of the workings of the subconscious, we need not be surprised to find that the effects are either frivolous or mischievous.

And now let us review the evidence at present before us with regard to the

structure of this new form of matter. The essential difference between it and any other known form seems primarily to rest on the observation that it is not subject to the limitation that governs all other recognized forms of material presentations, the limitation that may be summed up in the single word habit. All organic cell structures that have hitherto been examined by us reproduce with almost perfect regularity the particular model or type from which they spring. They conform to a rule of specialized grouping that produces the same modes of cohesion and arrangement, and hence the same effect. In the human organism, the various tissues, whether of skin, muscle, bone, nerve, may be transferred from one part of the body to another, but when they take root in the new position they follow the rule of their life habit and reproduce new skin, muscle, bone, or nerve, according to their respective and unalterable tendencies. They breed true, in fact. Their method of molecular arrangement in relation to one another is adapted to perform a particular function and, with a few minor exceptions, the original mode or habit that has been imposed upon them marks, in effect, their limit of adaptability.

But if we are to accept the evidence of the experiments previously cited, this new form of matter is adaptable to a degree for which we can find no precedent. It is, in the first place, amazingly discrete. It can pass through a fine net as easily as if it were liquid, yet it is capable of such rigidity that it can, according to Doctor Crawford, lift a table over ten pounds in weight on the end of a long cantilever, and maintain that weight for a period of more than ten minutes. (What powers of energy and endurance are necessary for this feat may be tested by any one who attempts to hold such a weight for a like period at the end of an extended arm or leg.) Again, this primordial cell-stuff of ours is capable of very remarkable extension. In the Paris séances its extremity was never more than four or five feet from its place of origin; but in the Belfast experiments Miss Goligher produced raps at the far ends of the room. More remarkable still is the amazing mutability which it shows. It can be built rapidly not only into diverse forms, but into such apparently permanent structures as a human hair. In what may be called its simple state, the appearance of which I have likened to a thread of albumen dropped into boiling water, it presents superficially a certain form of structure, having, incidentally, a high power of reflection. When built into the likeness of a human face it reproduces all the characteristic differences of structure, and absorbs light or reflects it, according to the nature of its various parts. Thus the photographs accurately present in some of the materializations not only the familiar gleam of light from the iris, but also the blackness of the hair and the dulness of the *inorganic* wrappings that are also momentarily created out of this extraordinarily adaptable cell-stuff.

Lastly, in this particular relation, we are faced with the mystery that this mobile, ethereal substance is *subject to command*.

Whether this command is given by the wish (or will) of the operators or by an unknown exterior agency is not of present importance. What we have to consider is that the substance, whatever it is, is drawn temporarily from a living body, and takes a special, experimental shape at will, before returning to its place of origin. In that return, indeed, we seem to find the one drastic law to which this new matter invariably conforms. There is, in these experiments, a slight loss of weight to the medium according to Doctor Crawford, but it is not certain to what this loss is due. And we have good ground for supposing that if any large quantity of the extruded matter were permanently separated from the body of the medium, she would probably die.

We have here, then, what is surely the profoundest problem that was ever posed to physicist or chemist. If the testimony of these observers is confirmed by further research, we shall require an explanation of the fact that here is a form of matter, visible, tangible, ponderable, analyzable, and exceedingly powerful in its actions on grosser material, conforming in these and various

other respects to all the other presentations of matter with which we are familiar; yet with a difference so great that it transcends the points of likeness, as the conception of God transcends our knowledge of man. For this new form is free from those limitations that have through all time posed the idea of matter as the contradiction of spirit. It is the pliable, primitive basis of creation; able to take any form at a wish, yet in its essence untransformable.

And we cannot for one moment suppose that the possession of this ethereal base of the human body is peculiar to one or two exceptional individuals. If we accept the fact of its existence in the bodies of Miss Goligher, Marthe Beraud, Stanislawa P., or any other "medium," we must assume, also, that it is present in the same form in the bodies of all of us. Its manifestations are almost certainly amazingly various. But what are its functions in the living organism we cannot as yet even hazard or guess. Many further experiments conducted on the most matter-of-fact and scientific lines will be necessary before we can even begin to relate this development to the problems of biology.

I began with a preliminary explanation regarding the uses of hypothesis in this connection, and I should like to return to that explanation in conclusion. My point is that all future investigations of this particular phenomenon should be conducted in order to test the restricted hypothesis, and need not involve any overriding theory regarding the possible function of discarnate spirits in the production of this new form of matter. I have already given one reason for recommending that restriction; but apart altogether from the possible advantage of conciliating the professional scientists by confining the immediate scope of the inquiry, the real purpose of those who are convinced believers in the manifestation of a spiritual agency will be more quickly and convincingly served by establishing, on an indisputable basis, the solid fact of this extraordinary phenomenon. If the further theory is found essential it may follow in due course, but let us in the first place make perfectly certain of our facts.

The Sleepers

BY J. J. KENNEALY

THE blue mist sleeps on the hills and the white in the vale,
The wind on the lake, and a shadow in every sail.
There is peace in my spirit; the hour is at one with the day,
For Time, let him run as he will, takes nothing away.

The light foam sleeps on the wave, and the mote in the beam.
The white cloud sleeps on the air, and the blue smokes dream.
All's well with my spirit; I count not the hour nor the day,
For Time, let him wear as he will, takes nothing away.

The Centenarian

BY WILL E. INGERSOLL

THERE were few who knew—and, frankly, there were few who seemed to care to know—what Old Dalton meant when he mumbled, in his aspirate and toothless quest for expression of the thoughts that doddered through his misty old brain, "Thay wur-rld luks diff'rent now—all diff'rent now, yagh!" Sometimes he would go on, after a pause, in a kind of laborious elucidation: "Na, na! Ma there, now, she's gone. I—egh, egh—I went to school 'long of her; an' et didn't matter so much, mun, about th' rest going, 's long as she wer' here. But now—she's gone, ey. Agh-m! Ey, now she's gone-like, an' th' ain't nobody to help me keep—keep a-hold o' things. I'm a hundred years old, mun. Agh-m! You wouldn't—you wouldn't know what I was meanin', now, when I tell you this here world has growed all yellow-like, this month back. Ey, that's it, mun—all queer-like. Egh, it's time I was movin' on—movin' on."

Part of this monologue—a very small part—was Old Dalton's own, repeated over and over, and so kept in mind ever since the more initiative years a decade ago when he first began to think about his age. Another part of the utterance—more particularly that about "movin' on"—consisted of scraps of remarks that had been addressed to him, which he had hoarded up as an ape lays away odds and ends, and which he repeated, parrot-like, when the sun and his pipe warmed Old Dalton into speech. But that idea that the earth was growing yellow—that was a recent uncanny turn of his fancy, his own entirely.

He was pretty well past having any very definite inclination, but there seemed no special reason why the old man should wish to "move on." He appeared comfortable enough, pulling away at his blackened old pipe on the bench by the door. No man above fifty, and few below that age, enjoyed better health than he had; and many of fifty there are who *look* nearer death than Old Dalton did.

"Crack me a stick 'r two o' wood, grampa," his married great-granddaughter, with whom he lived, would sometimes say; and up and at it the old man would get—swinging his ax handily and hitting his notch cleanly at every clip.

Assuredly, his body was a wonderful old machine—a grandfather's clock with every wheel, bearing, and spring in perfect order and alignment. Work had made it so, and work kept it so, for every day after his smoke Old Dalton would fuss about at his "chores" (which, partly to please him, were designedly left for him to do)—the changing of the bull's tether-picket, watering the old horse, splitting the evening's wood, keeping the fence about the house in repair, and driving the cows o' nights into the milking-pen.

To every man in this world is assigned his duty. To every man is given just the mental and physical equipment he needs for that duty. Some men obtusely face away from their appointed work; some are carried afield by exigency; some are drawn by avarice or ambition into alien paths; but a minor proportion of happy ones follow out their destiny. There do not occur many exceptions to the rule that the men who find their work and do it, all other conditions being equal, not only live to old age, but to an extreme, a desirable, a comfortable, and a natural old age.

Old Dalton had been built and outfitted to be a simple, colloquial homemaker, family-raiser, and husbandman. His annals were never intended to be anything more than plain and short. His was the function of the tree—to grow healthily and vigorously; to propagate; to give during his life, as the tree gives

of its fruit and shade, such pleasant dole and hospitable emanation as he naturally might; and in the fullness of time to return again to the sod.

He had found and done thoroughly this appointed work of his. He was doing it still, or at least that part of it which, at the age of one hundred years, fittingly remained for him to do. He was tapering off, building the crown of his good stack. When Death, the great Nimrod, should come to Old Dalton, he would not find him ready caught in the trap of decrepitude. He would find him with his boots on, up and about—or, if in bed, not there except as in the regular rest intervals of his diurnal round.

And the fact that he, a polyp in the great atoll of life, had found his exact place and due work was the reason that, at one hundred years, life was yet an orange upon the palate of Old Dalton.

Nanny Craig—who later became Mother Dalton—had, in remote eighteen hundred and twenty, been a squalling, crabbed baby, and had apparently started life determined to be crotchety. If she had adhered to this schedule she would have been buried before she was sixty and would have been glad to go. But Old Dalton—then young Dave Dalton—married her out of hand at seventeen, and so remade and conserved her in the equable, serene, and work-filled atmosphere of the home he founded that Nanny far outdid all her family age records, recent or ancestral, and lived to ninety-three. She was seven years younger than Dave, and now three months dead.

Dave had missed her sorely. People had said the Message would not be long coming to him after she went. Perhaps if he had been in the usual case of those who have passed the seventh decade—weary and halt and without employment or the ability or wish for it—he would have brooded and worried himself into the grave very soon after the passing of his old "mate" and one living contemporary. But he was a born, inured, and inveterate worker, and as long as there were "chores" for him to do he felt ample excuse for continuing to exist. Old Dalton still had the obsession, too, that while and where he lived he was "boss" and manager; and one solid, sustaining thought that helped to keep him living was that if he died the Dalton farm (it was the original old homestead that these young descendants of his occupied) would be without its essential head and squire.

So sturdy, so busy, and so well had he been always that all the deaths he had seen in his journey down a hundred years of mortality had failed to bring home to him the grave and puissant image of death as a personal visitant.

"Ey, I'm always out wur-rkin' when they send fur me, I guess," was the joke he had made at eighty and repeated so often since that now he said it quite naïvely and seriously, as a fact and a credible explanation.

But, although it took time to show its effect, Nanny's going hit him a little harder than any of the other deaths he had witnessed. She had traveled with him so long and so doughtily that he had never been able to form any anticipative picture of himself without her. Indeed, even now it felt as if she had merely "gone off visitin'," and would be back in time to knit him a pair of mitts before the cold weather came.

It was the odd idea about the world growing "yellow-lookin'"—sometimes he said "red-lookin'" and at other times seemed not quite certain which description conveyed the vague hue of his fancy—that appeared to be pulling him to pieces, undermining him, more than any other influence. Most people, however, were accustomed to consider the hallucination an effect of Mother Dalton's removal and a presage of Old Dalton's own passing.

This odd yellowness (or redness), as of grass over which chaff from the threshing-mill has blown, lay across the old pasture on this afternoon of his second century, as Old Dalton went to water the superannuated black horse that whinnied at his approach.

"Ey, Charley," he said, reflectively, as he took the old beast by the forelock to lead it up to the pump—"ey, Charley-boy"; then, as the horse, diminishing the space between its forefoot and his heel with a strange ease, almost trod on him—"ey, boy—steady there, now. Es yur spavin not throublin' ye th' day,

then? Ye walk that free. S-steady, boy—ey!"

But Grace, the granddaughter, glancing across the pasture as she came to the kitchen door to empty potato peelings, put it differently.

"See how hard it be's gettin' for grampa to get along, Jim," she said to her husband, who sat mending a binder-canvas at the granary door. "I never noticed it before, but that old lame Charley horse can keep right up to him now."

Jim Nixon stuck his jack-knife into the step beside him, pushed a rivet through canvas and fastening-strap, and remarked, casually: "He ought to lay off now—too old to be chorin' around. Young Bill could do all the work he's doin', after he comes home from school, evenings."

"He's not bin the same sence gramma died," Gracie Nixon observed, turning indoors again. "It ain't likely we'll have him with us long now, Jim."

The old man, coming into the house a little haltingly that evening, stopped sharply as his granddaughter, with a discomposingly intent look, asked, "Tired to-night, grampa?"

"Ey?" His mouth worked, and his eyes, the pupils standing aggressively and stonily in the center of the whites, abetted the protest of the indomitable old pioneer. "Tired nothin'. You young ones wants t'l maind yur own business, an' that 'll—egh—kape yous busy. Where's me pipe, d'ye hear, ey? An' the 'bacca? Yagh, that's it." The old man's fingers crooked eagerly around the musty bowl. He lit, sucked, and puffed noisily, lowering himself on a bench and feeling for the window-sill with his elbow. "In my taime," he continued, presently, in an aggrieved tone, "young ones was whopped fur talkin' up t'l thur elders like that. Lave me be, now, an' go 'n' milk thame cows I just fetched. Poor beasts, their bags es that full—ey, that full. They're blattin' to be eased."

With indulgent haste, the young couple, smiling sheepishly at each other like big children rebuked, picked up their strainer-pails and went away to the corral. The old man, his pipe-bowl glowing and blackening in time to his pulling at it, smoked on alone in the dusk. In the nibbling, iterative way of the old, he started a kind of reflection; but it was as if a harmattan had blown along the usual courses of his thought, drying up his little brooklet of recollection and withering the old aquatic star-flowers that grew along its banks. His mind, in its meandering among old images, groped, paused, fell pensive. His head sank lower between his shoulders, and the shoulders eased back against the wall behind his bench. When Jim Nixon and his wife, chasing each other merrily back and forth across the dewy path like the frolicsome young married couple they were, reached the dooryard, they found the old man fallen "mopy" in a way uncommon for him, and quite given over to a thoughtless, expressionless torpor and staring.

"You'll be tired-like, grampa, eh?" Jim Nixon said, as he came over to the veteran and put a strong hand under Old Dalton's armpit. "Come on, then. I'll help you off to your bed."

But the old man flamed up again, spiritedly, although perhaps this time his protest was a little more forced. "Ye'll not, then, boy," he mumbled. "Ye'll just lave me be, then. I'm—egh, egh"—he eased gruntingly into a standing position—"I'm goin' to bed annyway, though." He moved off, his coat-tail bobbing oddly about his hips and his back bowed. The two heard him stump slowly up the stairs.

Jim Nixon drew the boot-jack toward him and set the heel of his boot thoughtfully into the notch. "They go quick, Gracie," he observed, "when they get as old as him. They go all at onct, like. Hand me thon cleaver, an' I'll be makin' a little kindlin' for th' mornin'."

The alcove where the old man's bed stood was only separated by a thin partition from the room where the young couple slept; and the sounds of their frolic, as they chased, slapped, and cast pillows at each other, came to him companionably enough as he drew the blankets up about his big, shrunken chest and turned the broad of his back to the comfortable hay-stuffed bed-tick.

But all the merry noise and sociable proximity of the young people staved not off the great joust with loneliness

this mighty knight of years had before he slept—a loneliness more than that of empty house and echoing stair; more than that, even, of Crusoe's manless island; utterly beyond even that of an alien planet; of spaces not even coldly sown with God-aloof stars—the excellent, the superlative loneliness of one soul for another. It is a strange, misty, Columbus-voyage upon which that hardy soul goes who dares to be the last of his generation.

There was in that bed a space between him and the wall—a space kept habitually yet for the Nanny who never came to fill it, who never again would come to fill it. (There would have been no great demonstration on the old man's part even if she had miraculously come. Merely a grunt of satisfaction; perhaps a brief, "Ey, ma—back?" and then a contented lapsing into slumber.) His want of her was scarcely emotional; at least it did not show itself to him that way. It took more the form of a kind of aching wish to see things "as they was" again. But that ache, that uneasiness, had upon Old Dalton all the effect of strong emotion—for it rode him relentlessly through all these days of his December, its weight and presence putting upon the tired old heart an added task. The ordinary strain of life he might have endured for another decade, with his perfect old physique and natural habits of life. But this extra pressure—he was not equipped for that!

"They go quick, at that age," his granddaughter's man had said. But, although even he himself did not know it, Old Dalton had been "going" for weeks—ever since the first confident feeling that "ma" would come back again had given place to the ache of her coming long delayed.

To-night it was cold in bed for August. Old Dalton wished "they" would fetch him another quilt.

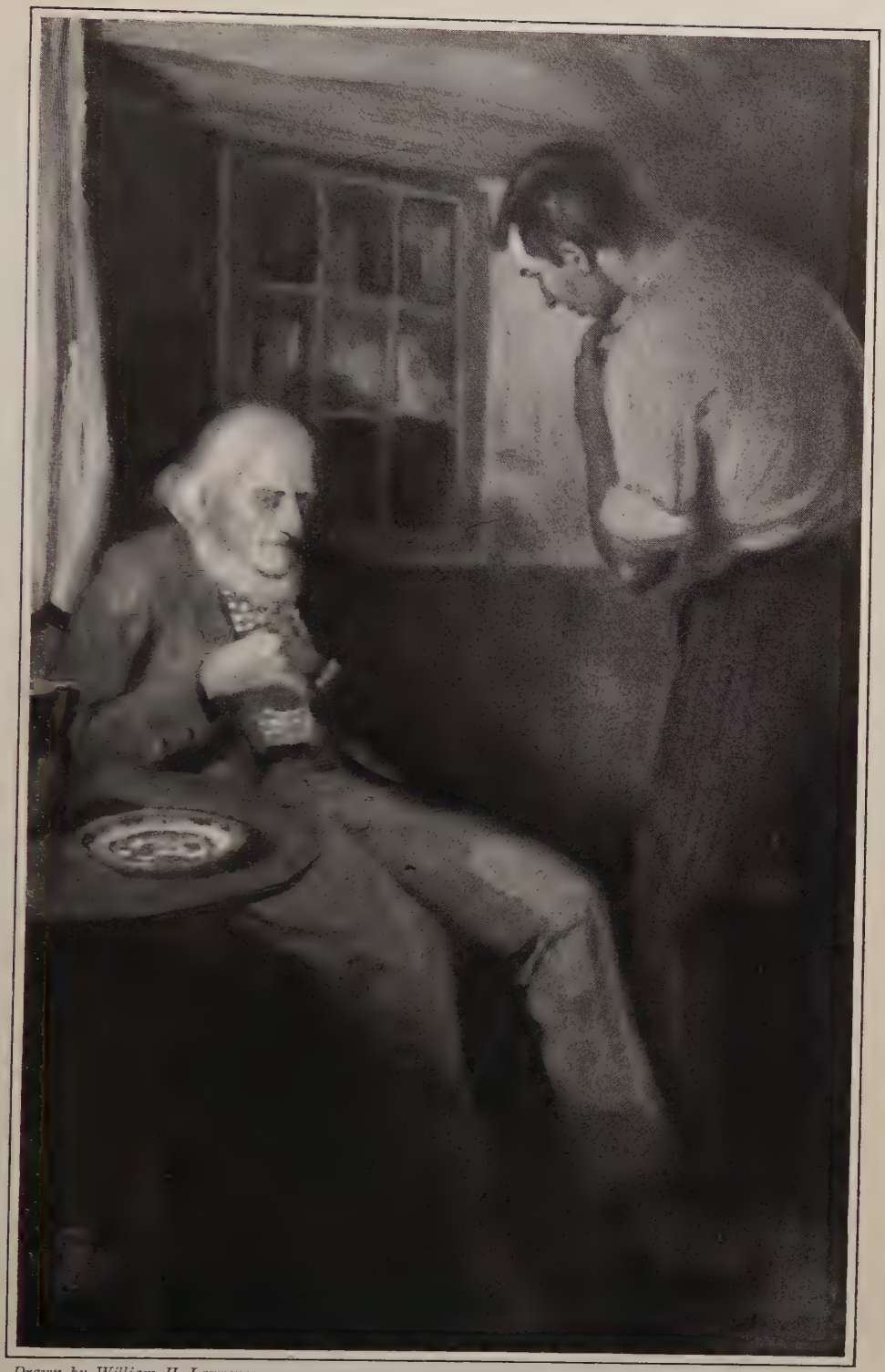
But it should not have been cold that August evening. Beyond the wooden bed a small, rectangular window with sash removed showed a square of warm sky and a few stars twinkling dully in the autumnal haze. An occasional impatient tinkle of the cow-bell down in the corral indicated midges, only present on bland days and nights when there is in the air no hint of frost to stiffen the thin swift mite-wings.

High summer, and he was cold! Bedlam in the next room, and he was lonely! His sensations were getting out of hand, beyond the remedial influences and friendly fraternal sounds of this world he had so long tenanted. By a score of years he had exceeded his due claim upon earth's good offices to man. He was a trespasser and an alien in this strange present—he with his ancient interests, fogy ways of speech and thought, obsolete images and ideals, and mind that could only regard without attempt at comprehension the little and great innovations of the new age.

"We c'u'd make shift well enough with the things we had whin I was a lad," Old Dalton had often said to those who talked to him of the fine things men were inventing—the time-savers, space-savers, work-savers; "we c'u'd make shift well enough. We got along as well as they do now, too, we did; and, sir, we done better work, too. All men thinks of, these days, is gettin' through quick. Yagh, that's it, that's it—gettin' through quick-like, an' leavin' things half done."

So is a man born and implanted in his own generation. And if by strength he invades the next generation beyond, he does not go far before he finds he is a stranger utterly. In the current talk of men there are new smartnesses of speech built upon the old maternal tongue. There are new vogues of dress, new schools of thought, new modes even of play. Perhaps, again, new vices that the older simpler life kept dormant give the faces of this fresh generation a look and a difference strange and sinister.

A hundred years old! There are to be found, notably in steadily moving rural communities, not a few who endure to ninety hardily enough; but rare and singular are the cases where a man is to be found, except as dust in a coffin, a century after his birth. Old Dalton had inherited from his mother the qualities that are the basis of longevity—a nature simple and serene, a physique perfect in all involuntary functions and with the impulse of sane and regular usages to guide voluntary ones, an appetite and



Drawn by William H. Lawrence

"YOU WILL BE TIRED-LIKE, GRAMPA, EH?" JIM NIXON SAID

zest for work. She had married at eighteen and had lived to see her son reach his eightieth year, herself missing the century mark by only a few months.

But Old Dalton had breasted the tape, the first of his race to do it. And if it had not been for this wave of loneliness; this parching, astringent wind of sorrow that seemed to dry up the oil of his joints, evaporate the simple liquor of his thought, put out the vital sparkle in his eye; and now, latest act of dispossession, to milk his old veins of their warmth—if it had not been for this influence and prescience, Old Dalton might have run hardily quite a good little way into his second century.

But somewhere, afar and apart, the finger was about to descend upon the chronometer that timed his race. The dust atoms that a hundred years ago had been exalted to make a man now clamored for their humble rehabilitation. Man shall never, in this mortal body we use, exemplify perpetual motion.

Old Dave Dalton turned in his bed. Something beyond the chilliness was wrong with him, and he did not know what it was. There is no condition so vexatious as an unexplainable lack of ease; and Old Dalton twisted, gathered up his knees, straightened them again, tensed, relaxed, shifted the bedclothes, and busily but vainly cast about for the source of his disquiet.

Ah!—the thought slipped into his mind like a late guest.

"Et's thame sticks I forgot, ey," the old man muttered as he forthwith and arduously rose into a sitting position and pushed the blankets off him. "Ey, ey, that's it—the sticks for the mornin'!"

The chopping of the wood for the morning fire, in order that the sower, haymaker, or harvester, as the seasonal case might be, should have as little delay as possible in getting to his field or meadow; this had been a regular chore of Old Dalton's, a function never omitted before in all the scope of his methodical and assiduous days.

"Ey, but I never thought now that I'd ever lave that job not done," he muttered as he shuffled slowly and sheepishly down the stairs. "Ey, ey . . . ma!"

There she was, at the foot of the stairs! Old Dalton saw her, as plainly as if it had been daylight. Gray apron with its horseshoe pattern almost obliterated by many washings, waist bulging halely, shoulders bowed forward, old wool hood tied over her head. There she was, with her visage, that in all their years together had not changed for him, squeezed and parched into the wrinkles of her thirty-four thousand days. (The only difference Old Dalton could see, as he stopped, his elbows bent a little, and regarded her in his quelling masculine way, resided in the eyes. Instead of being held downcast in the old attitude of deference, they now looked across at him, straight, level, and—summoning!)

Immobile age and Old Dalton's habit kept him from any visible expression of the welcome that lay warm (though tempered by an odd feeling of strangeness due to that look she carried in her eyes) in his soul.

"Ey, ma—back?" he murmured, as he looked her up and down a moment, to get used to the sight of her, and then edged on in a vague, indifferent way toward the outside door and the chip-pile.

Mother Dalton followed, without comment or change of expression, but a tear seemed to flit and zigzag its way down the dried courses of her thousand wrinkles. She stood in the doorway, facing the moon as it rose above the roof of the granary. If she was a little translucent for so solid-shaped an old presence, Old Dalton did not notice it, as he picked up his ax and went handily to his wood-chopping.

She maintained her position on the step quietly, her hands folded across her waistband, her feet bluish and bare upon the pine sill. But, though she did not interrupt by word or movement, Old Dalton (who had used to be no more conscious of her than of the wind or the daylight) felt to-night as embarrassed by her proximity as though she were a stranger and a hostile presence. He was sweating and irritable when he finished his sticks; and, as he stood his ax against the end of a log, twisted his head around sharply, with the intent of asking the old woman why she was "gappin' there, place o' goin' and gettin' thon bed warmed up."

But the old pioneer himself fell agape as he encountered the look on her face. There is a vast respect in the country for that many-phased quality called "second sight"; and, if Old Dalton had ever seen signs of the possession of it on a human face, he saw them on his old woman's now. It struck him, too, for the first time definitely, as he groped about in the fog of his old mind for the reason she looked so queer, so like a stranger to him, that Mother Dalton had brought some odd quality back from this "visit" she had been making.

There grew upon Old Dalton something of fear. He stood fumbling and tetering, his hands wandering nervously up and down the edge of his coat.

Mother Dalton stood upon that step, facing the half-moon that looked down from above the grove. Her glance was not directed toward him, but up and away. In the pupils of her eyes was a shine which seemed a refraction of the silver-gray beams of the moon. There was about her gaze a something heavy, mournful, and boding which old Dave could not understand, but which made him think of the expression she had lifted in the old homesteading days toward the hail-cloud that swept from eastward to beat down their little, hard-sown crop.

"They's trouble a-comin'." The voice was hers—at least it came from her direction—yet it seemed to Old Dalton that the words came not from her, but *through* her. "Ey, Davie . . . there's trouble a-comin' . . . trouble a-comin'. Ess time you was movin' . . . movin' on . . ."

Old Dave Dalton had never, in the long, long course of his years, had a sensation like that which took him, as the queer voice melted away, blending imperceptibly with the homely rustlings and lowings of the farm night. The ache he had carried in his heart for those last weeks seemed suddenly to bulge and burst, like a bubble. The old moon, the hills and trees and trail of his long travel; the night, the world, and the odd old figure over against him, were bundled up with a sudden vast infolding in a blanket of black, a corner of which seemed thrust against his mouth, gagging him and cutting off his breoth. He was lifted, lifted as in a great wind—lifted by shoulders, crown, and knees, and whirled around—around . . . then set again on his feet very softly, with the blackness gone and the clear country night about him as before.

He should have been giddy after that cataclysm, but he stood upright and steady. He should have been tired and shaken, but he was fresh and calm. He should have been heavy and stiff and held to the earth by the ball and chain of a hundred years; yet he seemed scarcely more solid, scarcely less light, than an embodied wind. He should have been (for the atmosphere of the house in which you have dwelt for a century is not so easily dissipated) a doddering old corporeality, yet he felt he was now all thought and glorious essence of life. He should have seen on the step that old wife who had stood so uncannily by while he sweat over his wood-splitting; yet the presence that moved toward him from the pine sill, though wholly familiar and intimate and full of kind emanations, had neither wrinkles nor grayness nor any of the attributes and qualities of mortality. He should have bespoken that kindred presence in halting colloquialities, yet the greeting he gave flowed from him in the form of a thought untranslated into any sluggish medium of language. He should have been filled with a vague curiosity about that trouble she had just presaged, yet now he knew wholly. . . .

"Let us thank God that our sojourn ended within the bourne of His peace!" was the thought exchanged as these two dutiful ones, cleared and lightened for swift voyaging, turned their faces toward the Gates of the Day.

On the earth they had left midnight was wearing toward morning—the morning of August the First, Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen!

Business and Patriotism

BY CARTER GLASS

Secretary of the Treasury

THE war has terminated in a military victory, but a large part of the cost of the great struggle has still to be met. The Victory Liberty Loan is simply the means to this end.

We are advised by some people to approach this loan from a cold-blooded point of view. Those who give us this advice insist that only considerations of business should obtain, and argue that the Loan can be floated only on an investment basis. They talk of the sacrifices already made by this country.

I cannot help but contrast this talk of sacrifices with the impressions that I got overseas during the months of October and November, when I traversed the devastated regions of northern France and Belgium. I cannot refrain from contrasting the reactionary spirit which, in recent days, seems to have pervaded parts of this country, with the evidences of real sacrifice that I saw over there, and to inquire just what we have sacrificed as compared with that which those people have sacrificed.

About the only sacrifice that we at home have been called upon to make is the sacrifice of investing in the bonds of the United States government. And I do not consider that a sacrifice. I do not believe that upon sober thought the American people can consider it a sacrifice, particularly when we contrast it with the fact that four millions of American boys entered the service of their country and two millions of them went across three thousand miles of ocean to give their lives for our liberty and the liberty of our country. Thousands of these boys now lie buried under the soil of France.

That was real sacrifice, and we should not profane the memory of those men who died, or the example of the thousands of others who were wounded, and the millions who offered their lives in the service of America, by undertaking to compare their sacrifice with our investments in the securities of this government. Our "sacrifices" have behind them all the resources of the United States, its farms, live stock, buildings, and raw materials. They are claims on the Treasury of the United States which have priority rights over and above every other claim.

It is appropriate, also, that we should remember that our Allies in this war fought for us during three fateful years before we finally fought with them. And now, when we come to the matter of paying our war commitments, the honorable obligations of our government, are we to approach the question altogether in a cold-blooded business way?

The war is over. The guns have ceased firing. But we should remember that but for the commitments of the government the guns would not have ceased to fire so suddenly as they did. It was those commitments which carried the guns through the Hindenburg line and brought peace to a suffering world. But for the fact that the government of the United States did not pause to count the cost, we might to-day be hearing the roar of artillery, and the hearts of millions of American mothers might be wrung with grief.

We should be thankful, furthermore, for many other things in connection with the speedy termination of the war. We should consider, for example, that the Congress of the United States is to-day engaged in writing off the books authorizations of expenditures amounting to the stupendous sum of fifteen billions of dollars; and the American taxpayers should be fervently thankful for the fact that these authorizations,

which would have been expended but for the termination of the war, have not now to be expended, and that in making out our next tax reports we are at least spared the pain of having to add that sum to the sum we already have to raise.

This sum already due is large enough. The government spent more than two billions of dollars in December, the month after the signing of the armistice, to meet its war commitments, and the cash expenditures of the Treasury are now nearly as great as at any time during the war. It is estimated that the cash outgo from the Treasury for the current fiscal year, ending June 30th next, will amount to $18,000,000,000. More than ten billions and a half of this was spent in the six months ended December 31st.

Bills for war materials and war supplies, production of which had reached the peak at the time the armistice was signed, are still to be paid. The honor of the government is pledged to meet these and other obligations arising from the war. It is the people's government, and therefore it is the people's honor which has been pledged, and appealing to the honor of the people of America is not a cold-blooded proposition. Neither is it an appeal which has ever been made in vain.

We shall not, therefore, approach the coming loan in a spirit of business alone. We shall approach it in a spirit of thanksgiving to God, and in that spirit of practical patriotism which has always characterized the American people when they have been confronted by a great emergency.

The Tryst

BY JOHN ALLAN WYETH

TWO ships from harbors far
Met out at sea,
Each sailing to its star
Of Destiny.

The name of one was *Grief*,
The other, *Joy*.
One moment all too brief:
"Fair ship, ahoy!

"Know'st thou the Port of Rest?
I pray thee tell—"
"Far in the Darkening West,
Hail and farewell!"

Marigolds

BY MARY ELLEN CHASE

SPRING had come to the Perkins' meadow. A flicker screamed the news from the top of a solitary hackmatack by the south stone wall, and a robin announced a joint arrival as he went house-hunting in the wild crab by the pasture bars. From the freshly turned furrows of Nathan Perkins' plow the mist moved skyward after its long imprisonment. Through the long grass by the brook, which for years had made the Perkins' farm the best in the village, the water-rats scurried on secret, silent errands, and a single dandelion glowed like a fallen planet upon a tiny green hummock close to the amber water.

Every living, growing thing in the meadow throbbed with new life—except Nathan. He held the plow, the horse's reins around his neck, and trudged stodgily through the brown earth and over the broken sods. He was relieved that the soil was drier than he had expected. April plowing would be possible—the first time in years. With an early harvest in these war-times, it looked as though the farmer might at last get *his* innings, Nathan told himself a little churlishly. He turned the horse around, began a new furrow, and plodded on.

With Mary Ann, his wife, things were different. Things always had been different with her in spite of the Perkins' farm, an endless procession of drab days, and thirty years of Nathan. Through the blessing or the curse of Providence, or nature, or that illusive possession called temperament, Mary Ann had never lost receptiveness. She still thrilled. She thrilled at the laughter of children, a wild rose by the pasture fence, a Christmas carol, a crescent moon, the fur-capped buds of hepaticas beneath the pines, the presence of death, the scarlet of woodbine. She was like the jewel-weed by the spring, or the leaves of the poplar in the front yard.

That morning as she and Nathan had sat at breakfast she caught sight of a purple crocus in the sparse grass beyond the path to the kitchen door. She had watched for days for that crocus. Last year it had shown its first faint tinge of color in the afternoon when she had been free to watch its unfolding. This year it had opened in the night to surprise her. Her eyes filled with tears and her hand trembled a little as she passed Nathan his coffee. He paused and regarded her uneasily.

"Not sick, are ye?" he asked, anxiously. "Bad time to get a cold or anything just now, with two men comin' next week to plant."

"I'm not sick," she assured him.

Nathan resumed his breakfast. Mary Ann ate little and absently. She wanted to watch the sun on the purple crocus, but she waited. Nathan finished his third doughnut, took his old black hat from the row of kitchen pegs, and went to the barn. Five minutes later Mary Ann saw him driving Jerry toward the meadow. She cleared the table hurriedly, putting the food in the cellarway and the dishes in the sink ready for washing. Then without stopping for the black shoulder shawl, which on less rare occasions she always wore over her blue house-dress, she went out of doors.

The crocus claimed her first attention. It had grown, she thought, since she had handed Nathan his coffee. Its purple, cup-shaped face was opening in the sun, and its pale stem seemed longer. A glint of yellow like the gold of a new coin shone in the grass but a few inches from the purple crocus. It was a yellow brother, coming up to meet the sunlight.

Mary Ann touched the petals of each softly. Then she touched the brown clambering stalks of woodbine which grew over the back porch. She knew

what secrets the woodbine harbored. She opened the white gate leading to the garden inclosure at the front of the house. Lilacs grew just beyond the gate. Except for the swelling of buds there was no sign of green as yet, but Mary Ann saw thousands of heart-shaped leaves completing the groundwork design for pyramids of white and purple. She saw lilacs tossing in the wind, felt them fresh and wet against her cheek in the early morning, smelled their warm fragrance at noon and their faint perfume through the open window at night, saw them borne in armfuls by the children on Memorial Day.

The syringas by the parlor windows gave no hope, but Mary Ann saw the ivory and gold of their blossoms, and trusted. The peonies in the two round beds on either side of the gravel walk were also reticent. Mary Ann bent over their brown stalks, fascinated by the knowledge of what they would bring forth. Peonies had a strange effect upon Mary Ann. They fascinated, yet embarrassed her. She could not get away from the idea that they were laughing at her plainness. They made her feel as Mrs. Hoyt-Sherman from the summer colony across the bay had made her feel when she had come in silk and diamonds one afternoon to the church sewing-circle.

Sometimes Mary Ann felt even more strongly about the peonies. On warm June days, when they flaunted their scarlet, shining petals and emitted a subtle, sweet fragrance, she almost knew they were brazen women, sunk in wickedness. She likened them to Jezebel, or to Bernice, that wicked wife of King Agrippa, who "with great pomp," according to the Scriptures, questioned St. Paul at Cæsarea. Often she was half-tempted to pull up their roots and plant white ones of the more chaste variety offered by her neighbor, but she never quite accomplished it. The red wine of life flowed through those scarlet petals, and typified to Mary Ann a daring which, fear it as she would, she secretly, perhaps half-unconsciously, longed to possess.

In her garden survey she paused longest at two beds next the white picket fence and on either side of the gravel walk. They were empty except for a few withered leaves and some dead reminders of the last year's occupants. Mary Ann took a handful of soil. Warmed by two days' continuous sun, it was drying quickly. Planting, as Nathan had said, was not far off.

Through the fence palings she looked at Nathan—a stooped, stolid figure plowing in the meadow opposite. His back was toward her. Then she surveyed the withered remnants of plants. A few quick jerks and they had left the earth; a toss and they lay in the ditch between the short lawn and the road.

"Tomatoes!" said Mary Ann, contemptuously. "Tomatoes for two whole years! There's got to be something else this summer, the way there used to be! I can't stand just tomatoes!"

Nathan turned the horse and plow for another furrow, and Mary Ann went indoors. It was Friday—catch-up day. There were doughnuts to fry, some left-over ironing to do, clothes to mend. She must not be loitering in the front yard, dreaming of gardens.

It was a beautiful morning. She left the side door open as she worked, and caught the flicker's message as he paused in the top of the elm-tree on his way from meadow to pasture. A song-sparrow perched on the hitching-post outside the door looked at Mary Ann, and sang and sang. The crocuses opened in the sun.

When noon brought Nathan home, dinner was ready for him, and Mary Ann was waiting with a fresh apron over her blue dress and a lace-trimmed white tie at her neck. The tablecloth was turned, and there were fresh napkins. The escalloped potatoes were brown and steaming, the cold ham cut in the thinnest of slices, and the pie that Nathan liked best graced the center of the table.

Nathan grunted a gruff appreciation as he sat down.

"Plowin's extra hard," he said, "when a man's been layin' by all winter. But the east meadow 'll be done by sundown if there ain't no hitch in things. Then I'll get around to the gardens. A farmer can't plant too much these war-times."

"Things look good in the front yard," vouchsafed Mary Ann. "I was out there between-times this morning."

"That tomato-patch is too good a

Drawn by John Frost

SHE MUST NOT BE LOITERING IN THE FRONT YARD, DREAMING OF GARDENS

piece to waste," Nathan observed as he helped himself to potatoes. "I ain't goin' to fool with any more tomatoes this year, and I 'ain't just decided what to put in there. What d'ye think?"

Mary Ann started. It was not often that her husband asked her advice. This was not the way in which she had planned to make her proposal concerning the ground formerly dedicated to tomatoes; but the time for such a proposal had evidently come. She winced a little as she looked at Nathan, like a child who expects to be hurt.

"I was hopin'," she said, "there could be some flowers in one o' the patches. I'd thought o' marigolds. We wouldn't be put out a mite for seeds. Mother sent me some last year from the old bed at home."

Only a mouth full of ham had allowed her to finish her suggestion. Nathan swallowed as hastily as possible.

"Flowers!" he said, scornfully. "You ain't mentionin' flowers in these war-times! I don't know what the guve'-ment would say to that when it's urgin' us to use every spare bit o' land for food. What's the use o' stickin' food-savin' cards up in the windows like you've been doin' when you ain't willin' to give up havin' a few flowers? Ain't lilacs and syringas and those red things enough, I'd like to know, without goin' contrary to the guve'ment?"

"I don't think the government ought to ask us not to plant any flowers," Mary Ann remonstrated, quietly. "Besides, I don't believe it means not to have any at all." She was surprised at the sound of her own voice, and she was more surprised as it continued. "There's some things, Nathan, besides eatin' and drinkin'. As for the beds there by the fence, there wa'n't any war two years ago when you planted tomatoes, and there wa'n't any war last year till after you had 'em started."

Nathan finished his dinner in amazed silence. Then he took his hat and went toward the meadow. Mary Ann washed the dishes and spread the towels in the sun. Then she sat down in the bay-window which looked alike on crocuses and lilac-bushes. Nathan's shirts needed buttons, and his socks darning. Her work-basket was piled high. Mary Ann took a napkin from the sideboard and spread it over the basket. It was an extra-large napkin—one of her best for rare guests—and it quite hid the gray wool of Nathan's socks and the drab of his shirts. She thought whimsically of the sacrament-table at church with its covered, holy things.

Then she drew from its brown wrapper the seed-catalogue which had come the day before, and settled herself for the afternoon.

"Leastways they never put vegetables on the cover, in spite o' the government," she said to herself.

The cover was a flaming pageant of color. Pink and purple asters looked down upon stalks of blue larkspur with a singular disregard of position; pansies smiled at yellow snapdragons; and all were framed by a green trellis laden with crimson ramblers. Mary Ann drew her breath quickly. She loved color. To her it was the greatest miracle of God. Secretly she cherished the fancy that people were its embodiment, and that thoughts, if they could be seen, would be rays of light and color.

She turned the pages expectantly. "Last year," she said to herself, "there was a whole page just of them."

She found them on page 300. The seed-cataloguers were conserving by repetition. The page was the same in color and design as that of the year before. Mary Ann knew because she had looked many times and long at that cut from the previous catalogue before deciding to make it the frontispiece of a child's scrap-book. Marigolds of the Giant African and Dwarf French varieties reigned supreme on page 300. Yellow, golden, orange, red-brown, they blazed before her eyes. Mary Ann saw them as they had been before the fence beds were sacrificed. Then they had flamed in the sunlight, nodded through the fence palings, glowed in the mist of rainy days, and braved the first frosts of November. When she was a girl they had grown in her home garden, and she had carried away a box of them on the day she married Nathan.

She kept her finger in page 300, and turned back to it now and then as she examined the others. Finally she propped the catalogue against the basket

where she could see it as she worked, folded the napkin, and began on Nathan's socks.

That evening between supper and bedtime Nathan turned over the soil in the fence beds; but he said nothing to Mary Ann about the planting of it. That announcement came three days later upon the receipt of a long envelope from Washington.

"Guve'ment ain't sendin' out so many seeds as usual," he said to Mary Ann, as he examined the contents of the envelope. "But they've sent a kind o' trial package here. 'New Summer Vegetables. Try in a Small Place,' it says. Them fence plots will be a handy spot for these, and it 'll be interesting for you to see what comes up."

He finished in a conciliatory tone, as though he were making a concession to Mary Ann.

"There's little packages inside the big one," he continued. holding some small envelopes in his big hand. "And they ain't marked at all—kind o' surprise-package-like." He opened the envelopes one by one and peered at their contents. "Some of 'em's clear enough. These here are carrots, all right, and these look somethin' like 'em—a different kind, I reckon. Them's cucumbers in that envelope, though they ain't my kind. But I'll be durned if I know about the others. Probably some o' that fancy stuff the seed-catalogues put out to fool us farmers."

Mary Ann stood behind Nathan's chair and looked absently at the seeds. Dismay had filled her heart at the announcement regarding the fence beds. She was almost tempted to beg for tomatoes. They blossomed at least. And then as swiftly as the prophesied end of all things there flashed into her mind the means by which she might answer her own prayer. Even as it came, Mary Ann wondered if Satan ever granted petitions. These ways and means were assuredly not from God.

"Well," she heard Nathan concluding, "I don' know as I'd fool with 'em any other time. I'm not strong on new discoveries, like some farmers. But I'll give 'em a try this year on account o' the guve'ment. 'Twon't hurt nothin', and that land ain't good for much else."

The beds were planted the very next evening. Mary Ann went with Nathan and held the seeds. At her suggestion they divided the contents of the packets so that each bed was planted in equality and precision. Nathan placed the seeds for permanent growth. There was always waste in transplanting.

The spring fulfilled all prophecies. It came early and it stayed. The crocuses bloomed and withered; dandelions studded the roadsides; the seeds by the fence swelled and burst. Nathan was too much occupied with the more utilitarian gardening to bother much about that in the front yard; but Mary Ann haunted the place like a troubled spirit. Every daring, twin-leafed weed that came from the earth made a queer clutch in her throat. At night she was prone to dream that the front yard was piled high with vegetables born of the soil and of Nathan's surprise packet.

It was on a Thursday morning that, upon her anxious scrutiny of the beds, she saw that the earth was broken as though an army of infinitesimal moles had been at work. Here and there tiny, pale, hook-like plants, not yet strong enough to raise their heads, were visible. The sun was bright, the earth moist. By evening there would be rows of green growing things.

Mary Ann returned to the house and placed in readiness a certain pink cup which she drew from the recesses of the pantry cupboard. Her chin had become determined and her step purposeful. When Nathan came in to dinner and chanced to ask about the front-yard garden, she was ready for him.

"There's some few just showin' up," she said, "but not many."

Friday Nathan worked in the meadow. Saturday, much to Mary Ann's anxiety, he chose to "putter round" the stable. He cleaned harnesses, washed wagons, and did some odds and ends of carpentering. Mary Ann was uneasy lest he should examine the fence beds where the tiny plants, warmed by two days of sun, were becoming strong and vigorous; but he did not.

That evening he went to the Grange. Mary Ann got out his second-best suit and a clean shirt. She also trimmed his hair a bit and saw that the part was

Drawn by John Frost Engraved by H. Leinroth

"THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE VEGETABLES TO ME," HE CONTINUED

straight. Then from the half-open side door she watched him out of the yard as she had done for thirty years.

She estimated the time he would take to reach the Grange Hall. When such time had elapsed, she went into the shed adjoining the kitchen and brought back the lantern. She lit it with fingers that trembled a little. Then she took the pink cup from the pantry cupboard. Her heart startled her by its own beating. Though to be alone was necessary for the accomplishment of her purpose, she began to be afraid of loneliness.

"It's because I ain't really alone," she said to herself with her hand on the door-knob. "Witnesses always follow them that sin."

She opened the side door—the wide gate to her way of destruction—and closed it softly behind her. Then she followed the path by the lilacs—now casting tiny leaf-shadows in the April moon—to the front of the house. There was no fear of passers-by. The Perkins' farm marked the end of the road.

Bending over the bed at the left of the gravel walk, she studied its orderly rows of new-born plants. Twelve rows to a bed—twenty-four in all. They were sturdy little plants, she thought, very much at home already. For a moment her courage failed her and she stood upright, staring into the darkness above the meadow. But the thought of the rank, characterless vegetables which, but for her, would fill the fence beds decided her once and for all. She began deliberately to pull up the seedlings of every other row, placing them in the pocket of her apron. She did the same to the bed on the right of the walk. Then, the way cleared, she deepened the rows and planted the seeds from the pink cup.

She did not put the lantern on the ground, but held it in her left hand, where it hovered like a great glow-worm born before its time. The night was sweet with spring fragrance—the fragrance of freshly turned soil, of dew upon new leaves, of April mist. It was still except for the rustle of little poplar leaves and the thumping of Mary Ann's heart. Strangely enough, her sense of guilt left her and became lost in the beauty of the night. She was no longer conscious of the cloud of witnesses that encompass those who sin. They, too, were hidden in the April mist. Her conscience and her soul separated. The first stayed with the woman whom Nathan knew—the woman who, Mary Ann almost thought, was still darning socks by the table beneath the light. Only a soul was here in the garden—her soul that loved light and color and was strangely capable of guilt.

The last thought still clung to her when she had hung up the lantern, burned the contents of her apron pocket, and sat down with her mending in the chair which she had half expected to find occupied. She had deceived Nathan. She intended to lie to him if necessary. Therefore, by all the dictates of the church, the Bible, her conscience, and her bringing-up, she was sinning. She had been sinning ever since the day when her evil purpose had been born.

To her knowledge, Mary Ann had never consciously sinned before. Satan had had few avenues of entrance into her life. She had expected to find him a terrible companion who would allow her no peace, and she had accepted the penalty. Instead her sin—for sin it must be—was indissolubly connected with beautiful things—mystery, stillness, ecstasy. She had expected to repent. Instead, repentance seemed an ugly thing, to be dreaded rather than sought.

That night as she lay wakeful while Nathan slept she saw the marigolds—not blighted by God's disapproval, but glowing under His smile.

"Seems to me," observed Nathan, coming in at noon a few days later, "that I planted twelve rows of them surprise vegetables to a bed. There ain't but six showin'. 'Twan't twelve in all, was it?"

"No," said Mary Ann, imperturbably, as she dished up the boiled dinner. "I'm pretty sure there was twelve in each. It's possible that some o' the seeds take longer 'n others to start."

"Maybe," Nathan agreed. "I 'ain't looked at 'em before."

It was two weeks before he looked again. The larger gardens demanded

attention, and the front yard was not generally frequented, even on Sundays.

"I'll be durned," he observed to Mary Ann, on the occasion of his second inspection, "if the guve'ment 'ain't sent a mess o' carrot seed. Leastways them new rows up look like carrots, or somethin' near akin, though I must say I never knew 'em to take so long before. Carrots is cheap enough fodder for any one. Maybe that's what they mean by sendin' so many."

"Maybe," acquiesced Mary Ann, startled by apparent answers to petitions never framed.

May went as June had gone, only leaving behind a sense of greater completion. Mary Ann would have liked to hold it forever, and grieved when the children came for lilacs to carry in the Memorial procession. But once June had come, with a west wind and the gold of awakened buttercups, she was content. The assurance of June gave her courage just as April's uncertainty had troubled her. The peonies lit their scarlet fires and contributed added bravery. She heard them clamoring for the joy of temporary things, and did not fear when the marigolds, aided by her secret trowelings and extra refreshment, threatened to obscure the surprise-package vegetables.

Nathan was busy with a new pasture fence, and gave little thought to his strictly patriotic venture. But one Sunday morning, as he and Mary Ann came from church, he stopped before the fence plots. Mary Ann stopped, too, strangely calm. The peonies nodded reassuringly.

"I can't make out them things, nohow," said Nathan. "They ain't carrots—they're too dark green and stalky. They're half-fillin' the beds and hidin' all the rest. It don't seem 's though there was as many more seeds o' one kind as that. I snum it don't."

Mary Ann was silent. Once she started a little as Nathan's clumsy fingers touched the largest marigold. She knew that by parting the feathery leaves ever so little he might discover a bud concealed there.

"They don't look like vegetables to me," he continued. "They ain't squat enough, unless they're some new kind of asparagras, and that 'd be a luxury. The guve'ment wouldn't do that."

The arrival of a neighbor cut short Nathan's reflections. Two days later he left for a week up-country before haying should begin. He was thinking of buying some sheep—a profitable investment, as he reckoned.

Mary Ann and the sun joined partnership. The marigold bud left its hiding-place and acquired a stem. Mary Ann spent every spare moment in the front yard. The peonies had become her allies. Like them, she had chosen wickedness.

Nathan, returning from up-country, chose the front gate as befitting his second-best suit and air of sophistication. The marigold, orange with the soft richness of velvet, stared at him through the fence palings. Mary Ann was on the front steps.

Nathan returned the marigold's stare. His bewildered eyes swept the plots and saw other buds on other strong stems. His face grew sheepish as he went toward Mary Ann.

"Well, I'll be durned!" he said, slowly. "I guess that guve'ment package *was* a surprise one! I guess maybe it means for folks to have some flowers, after all."

As he came up the steps, a great tenderness swept over Mary Ann. She was grateful for Nathan's stupidity—thankful that he never once imagined the possibility of her deceit. She had intended to tell him everything. In the days of his absence she had spent hours in meditation, sometimes by the marigolds, more often in bed at night. She had been troubled even beyond expectation—not by her sin, but by her love of it. Once she had put on her bonnet and shawl and started for the minister's. She would ask him if sin were always hateful to the sinner. But she did not get beyond the front gate. She knew he would tell her what was not true.

Yet, if she could not kill her love of sin, she had concluded that at least she could suffer punishment. Nathan's scorn and disappointment, the discomfort of living constantly under his disapproval, would be bitter penance, but it might still her conscience. She had meant to confess it all. Instead she had

acquiesced in his belief that the government intended flowers.

She kissed him as he reached the door —an unwonted caress. There were tears in her eyes and voice when she said it had been lonesome without him. She hurried into the kitchen to stir up the biscuits he liked. When she called him to dinner he was in the front yard, still wondering at the government's surprise.

"Didn't you bring a box o' them things when you first come here with me?" he asked. "What be they, anyway? The smell ain't much."

"Yes," said Mary Ann, "I brought them. They're marigolds, Nathan."

Nathan began his supper, and Mary Ann watched him tenderly. He looked tired, and she did not like the way his hand shook when he raised his cup of tea. He was young no longer, she told herself. He needed better care than she had ever given him.

They went to bed early, and Nathan soon fell asleep. He had walked through miles of pasture in the interests of sheep. Mary Ann could not sleep. She was still marveling at the sweetness of sin.

"Nathan," she whispered once. But he did not hear.

Mary Ann had been taught simply. She knew what was the wages of sin. She had always been familiar with the fruits of the Spirit, and St. Paul's eulogy of them. She had believed in ultimate rewards and punishments, and in the revelation of all wrongs at the judgment seat. Why, then, had her first deliberate sin brought such joy?

She closed her eyes and thought of the joy to come. Now there was one marigold. Next week there would be dozens. In two weeks, hundreds. Disks of pure gold, runaway stars, tongues of red flame—they would riot in the front yard. She would place a bowl of them on her mother's table in the front hall, and they would see themselves in its polished surface. In November they would nod to her long after the frosts had come. They would be her life—in spite of the wages of sin.

Mary Ann turned to sleep.

"I don't believe a word of it!" she whispered, defiantly. "No one will ever be punished for joy!"

A Prayer

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

EACH day I walk with wonder
'Neath skies or dark or fair;
Over, around, and under
Are marvels that I share.

Whate'er the bonds of duty,
The gyves that grip and thrall,
The luring call of beauty
Is greater than them all.

I pray I may be shriven
Should I fail more or less,—
That I may be forgiven
For following loveliness!

"Portrait of My Daughter" by Frank W. Benson

IN the modern painter the qualities of color and atmosphere culminate. He has come out of the studio into the open, and loves to grapple with the problems of nature at close range. He does not take life so sadly as did his artistic ancestors, and in place of gloom finds sunlight. Furthermore, there is less affectation in his work and a better understanding of the spirit which pervades nature.

Mr. Frank W. Benson is one of the most skilful of our brushmen. His canvases are always workmanlike and marked by sparkling vitality. What he has to say is said clearly and briefly and never fatigues by any useless detail; then, too, the words are just the right ones to convey his meaning. He has great mastery of outward presentation, and his canvases glow with qualities of light and atmosphere, which, as in the present case, almost seem to carry the message of youth and summer. But objective presentation is only a part of an artist's work. He must show those superior gifts of intuition and perception by which he is differentiated from other men. With Mr. Benson there is never any relenting on the side of tenderness or sentiment; he is too closely chained to the actual to feel them. Bent on rendering the thing seen, he gives no thought to the thing felt, hence he awakens less suggestion and leaves no haunting memory. In the years since he began the long series of family portraits, of which this is one, and which has found a permanent placé in the Corcoran Gallery, his work has undergone little change. Always an able craftsman, he has ever shown us that with him it is not soul, but matter that counts, and that his aim is to portray the world as he sees it. Yet ever seeking a perfect artistic expression, he imposes no individual mood upon the impression recorded.

W. STANTON HOWARD.

"PORTRAIT OF MY DAUGHTER" BY FRANK W. BENSON

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

Owned by the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

Awarded the Potter Palmer Gold Medal, Art Institute, Chicago, 1912

A Young Venetian Friend

BY W. D. HOWELLS

I DO not know just how or when it was that I made the acquaintance of my friend Biondini, but it must have been a little later than my meeting with Pastorelli, though again it was at the office of my consular predecessor. My first sense of Biondini was of a tall youth of nineteen or twenty, swarthy, with an aquiline nose and pouted lips, and with large, rather startled black eyes, full of alert intelligence, and more and more a look of dissembled humor. He was at once recognizable as of *condizione civile*, from his speech and bearing, and in time it appeared that his father was a timber merchant who sent up into the mountains above Venice and cut the trees which he floated down into the lagoon, where many rafts of logs weltered until they were ready to be sawn into lumber. His rafts were never distinctively known to me, and I cannot say just why or how he became known; perhaps it was because he wished to see what the strange young consul was like who had become the constant friend of a son perhaps almost as strange to him. There must have been a strain of the same intellectual curiosity in the father which attracted his son, but he was of a rather theatrical presence, very different from the serious calm of Biondini; a friend of both once characterized him to me as a *commediante*, in the phrase which Pio VII. applied to Napoleon after an histrionic scene which the emperor enacted before the Pope. He played less the part of a father anxious to know the make of his son's friend than that of a man of the world who was in the joke of the odd youth and was willing to share it with another man of the world, but at the same time was a little daunted by his son's qualities and ideals. We met rather late in my acquaintance with Biondini, who took me to call on his mother, a most domestic, gentle little woman, smiling in the sunless propriety of a peculiarly Venetian apartment away somewhere in a modest campo, or on a narrow canal. They all gave me the sense of a family life very simple and kind, altogether unlike the operatic notion of Italian things which indeed I had very early begun to reject.

Before my knowledge of Biondini's family began my acquaintance had spread to friends of his whom I was glad to keep mine as long as I lived in Venice, and I have studied in an early sketch so fully that I need not do much more here. They were first the brilliant young girl, niece of an old advocate, and the advocate's elderly secretary who acted as her chaperon, and then her mother whom I came to know at home, after I had known her daughter in her evening walks on the Piazzetta. The advocate had been compromised in one of the demonstrations against the Austrians, and he lived in a retirement which was a sort of captivity for the vivid young creature, but she had learned how to liberate herself in the charge of the secretary, and hardly less of the secretary's friend, Biondini. He, on his part, knew how presently to let me join him in her company; the affair must have been very irregular, but nothing could have been more decorous, and evening after evening we walked together, she talking Italian poetry and Venetian patriotism, and the secretary keeping her literary and revolutionary vivacity in bounds. I was already engaged in marriage beyond the sea, and it was confessed for the Paronsina, or Little Mistress, as her guardian called her, that she was promised to a young advocate of the mainland somewhere, who never appeared on our scene; so that we could pace together in front of the secretary in the reciprocal propriety which Biondini helped doubly to assure. They were both there to help out my faltering un-

derstanding of her Italian, with Biondini to respond proudly to my appeals in English when I got beyond my depth. In this part he was of an ideal gravity and a delicate propriety which the secretary tried to characterize to me when he described him as a "white fly" in the blameless purity of his life. For himself he could early offer the warranty of his fiduciary employment, his advanced age, and his care of the Paronsina from her earliest childhood.

It was all very pretty, and the prettier because our association remained without romantic effect in real life. Eventually the Paronsina married, not the young advocate of the mainland, but, when Venice had become politically part of Italy, a Senator of the realm. By that time Biondini had long since gone to live in Verona, and he could only give my wife and me the Paronsina's address, but when I went to call for the sake of the friendship which had grown up between our families, I found her absent from Venice. In the earlier day, the day of her girlish spirit and beauty which the silence and solitude of her uncle's house could not eclipse, she must have had her share of the honor and affection of the society which knew her mother akin to the President of the Venetian republic of 1848; and she would have helped receive this society on those days of the week when a reluctant fire was kindled in the plaster stove and cups of black coffee were served with little cakes to dip into them. In the service of this hospitality I figure her brilliantly smiling with that somewhat arch beauty of hers which was of a northern irregularity rather than of the classic forms which we imagine Italian. In these repressed functions the Paronsina would avow her patriotic passion in the verse of the Italian poets which she knew by heart; but her mother was not so rigidly bound to the Demonstration (as the passive resistance of Austria was called) that she wished to keep the girl wholly from the joy of life, and she even suffered herself to be taken with her to the opera by the American consul and his wife one night; yes, even that, but upon the sworn condition that they should be allowed to remain strictly in the back of the box where they could not be seen, or so much as surmised by any one who would betray this infraction of the iron law of their mourning for Italy.

It seems to me that I have told all this before somewhere else; but if one were not to repeat one's self at eighty one would say very little, and there would not be much use in living so long. The worst of it is that it seems rather far from Biondini and my business of remembering him, for he would not have been of the society which frequented the house of the Paronsina's mother in those functional days. He was associated with the Paronsina solely by his friendship with her uncle's secretary, who was decidedly more of his class than hers; he shook his head in self-respectful ignorance when I mentioned Pastorelli's great friend, the Countess N——; and I do not suppose he was ever at the opera, unless he went in the rear of the pit, where he would have stood throughout with the Italians, smoking the long black crooked cigars tubed with straws and known as Virginias, which were almost equivalent to a declaration of enmity to the Austrian officers who sat smoking in the orchestra chairs. For the comedy which was allowed even to the most ardent patriots, we frequented the vast old barn called the Teatro Malibran, after the great daughter of the great Garcia, and saw there the plays of Goldoni, and many more of the modern dramas which I was beginning to read under Biondini's direction. We were now in the full exchange of our respective languages, less in the grammatical study of them than in the colloquial use; and it was our theory that I could not hear too much Italian spoken, whether on or off the stage. Out of the past which keeps so many vital things hidden, I can still see him struggling to tell me in English what I had not understood in Italian from the stage, with a torment of straining eyes and writhing limbs and of a despairing final shrug, and the vain cry of "*Non so spiegarmi*," till our neighbors hissed us silent, after the custom of the Malibran with all disturbers of the peace.

We went out at six o'clock in the plain day of the summer afternoons, and straight home at nine. It seems now a very strange life, and I dare say it really

was strange, and my prevailing melancholy in it was something which my friend was not slow to note. Biondini himself was mostly of a serious mood, and he was very much in earnest about learning English. That summer he added French to it and we studied the accidence and prosody of that language from such Italian as I was beginning to have in common with him, so that I acquired the Italian accent of it which is more the surprise than the pleasure of the French.

Meanwhile, I acquired from him also something of the Latin punctuality, so much greater than the Anglo-Saxon punctuality which I had supposed in myself, and I grew to have at least more fidelity to engagements, though never so much as he. If his race is more prone than ours to say the thing that is not, I am bound to declare that I have never known a more truthful soul than he, though in this, as in his purity of life, he may have been a white fly. He was of a right-mindedness which I never knew falter except once when he broke our tacit pact of sympathy in all humane causes by arguing that we of the North were wrong to confiscate the property of the South in slaves. At all other times he and all the other Venetians I knew were constant to our cause as one with their own; and I never knew how he came by his false reasoning on this point, but he yielded it to my indignation, and we forgot it together. In the modern Italian poets and romancers, especially those whose veiled or open meanings burned with patriotic fire, he was as deeply versed as the Paronsina herself, and our talk was largely of these in our interminable walks together from the Campo di Marte at one end of the city to the Public Gardens at the other. He lent me lavishly of his favorite historical novels, like D'Azeglio's *Nicolò de' Lapi*, and Grossi's *Marco Visconti*, and Cantù's *Vavassori Bresciani*, and Guerrazzi's *Isabella Orsini*. I like to recall the names because of my love for him who loved the books, and I would like to pretend that I read them with something of his own fervor; but I will be honester with my reader than I was with my friend: I never could have much pleasure of historical novels, even English ones, much less the Italian which were fashioned after Scott's, and formed then the only Italian fiction. In those years I was reading Dickens and shrieking with joy in his grotesquery, and I tried to make Biondini enjoy it, but I remember how he confessed, after trying *Our Mutual Friend*, the impossibility, for him, of the humor that intoxicated me. I think that this really hurt the classic sense of his race with something like a physical wound, and gave him grave doubt of my mental, if not moral, worth. I blamed the Italian fiction for its want of contemporaneity, but now I must own that it was better form than the fables of Dickensland where I invited Biondini to share my riot.

Our walks were oftenest in the narrow footways crooking from one open space before a church to another, and they became in after years the scene of the dreams in which I still frequent some of them; but what remains of a waking memory of our walks is mostly a sense of the hot, dry closes of the summer days in the spread of some vast space before a nameless church, where the ground is strewn with the shells of pumpkin-seeds, and the air is rank with the smell of frying cakes, and the shrieking of the venders is penetrated by the sharp clack of the women's wooden-heeled slippers. There is also the perception of Biondini stooping toward me from his greater height to make sure of the meaning of my very tired Italian.

I do not recall his ever going to the Piazza San Marco with me; as a very good Venetian he could not go there till the Austrian band had stopped playing at night, and possibly he could not have afforded his share of the expense; of course he would not have allowed me to play the host; that would not have been Italian usage. His father very likely restricted this good son in his pleasures, though later he spent freely upon his education at the University of Padua. I think that all the time I first knew him he was preparing for Padua, and that it was his spare hours that he gave to his studies with me. In those long summer-evening rambles, when we were not talking of the Italian poets and romancers, we were talking of Venice and its life, and I believe he always told me true, so

that if I had reported him alone in my conjectures I should never have gone wrong, as I think I did in certain matters.

Our friendship was in its mild heyday at the close of my first year. When I began my second with the help of her who was to be my best help in good things while she lived, Biondini was not less than dismayed by his introduction to her on my return from England, where I had gone to meet her with her brother; for I had not told him or any one of the errand which was taking me from Venice. He could only gasp incoherently in Italian, till he managed to bring out in English, "Your sister?" "No; my wife." Then he gasped, and stared with all his eyes, till at last he broke into a helpless, irrelevant laugh in which we could all join.

In time he began coming to me again; but we never could habituate him to the mild hospitality we wished to have shown him. The traditions of his past forbade the comfort which people of our race have in breaking bread with one another. Once, when we did lure him to our table, he cut his steak into small cubes and then ate the cubes one by one till all were gone; we saw that the case was hopeless, and tormented him no more with our good-will. But we lived in greater and greater ease with one another; he became a house friend of such inclusiveness that after a year or so, when we went a journey to Rome and Naples and left our little one in charge of her uncle the sculptor, who came from Florence to be my vice-consul, Biondini joined him in the care of the baby and the consulate.

Eventually, in the succession of the consuls who were appointed after me, he was able to advise them in their duties, and became himself consul in everything but Presidential appointment. But now his most distinguished and exceptional function was the part he bore as interpreter between the sculptor and the beautiful Venetian girl who fell in love with each other in her going to and from the Piazza with her parents; and it must have been by Biondini's instruction in the Italian etiquette that when their feeling became unmistakable to themselves the sculptor wrote to her father and begged, if there were no previous engagement, that he might be allowed to offer himself to her. After that, when the father and mother took their evening walks to the Piazza, Biondini went before them with the lovers and helped construe them to each other in alternate English and Italian. He must also have been present at the family council which the uncle from Milan summoned to consider the question of their differing churches. At the close of this conference the sculptor afterward reported himself as having said in English, "Gentlemen, I don't know whether I've understood you exactly, but if you expect me to change my religion you are very much mistaken." This, as interpreted, might logically have ended the affair, and might well have done so, if the heroine had not used a heroine's right of falling sick and refusing to be comforted. The uncle from Milan, who had favored the match from the beginning came again, and did not rest till, as I have heard, all the hierarchy of Venice, up to the Patriarch himself, were interested in the affair. I do not say that the reverend clergy actually intervened in the lovers' behalf, but it was somehow decided that since the church would not and could not join the lovers in marriage there was nothing for them to do but to go into the kingdom of Italy and be united there by the civil rite. This was what they did, and at Florence they were made man and wife by the syndic and lived there forty years in one of the happiest marriages that ever were. Twice or thrice they visited America, and on one of those visits the wife was almost converted at the Moody and Sankey revivals, but being saved from this the good Catholic and the good Protestant grew closer on other terms: he went to mass with her, though he was no more persuaded to be of her faith than she had been to be of his.

The time passed, and it appeared to the consul that he had better be thinking of a future which did not seem to lie in officeholding, though he might have remained in his place indefinitely through the succession of Republican presidents. The war was over, and, in the hope of finding his future in journalism or literature at home, he got leave of absence

and returned provisionally. The tie of friendship with Biondini had not been severed or even weakened by his absence at Padua, where he had now been in the university for a year or more. Our train had scarcely halted there for the brief stay it made when Biondini burst into our carriage to bid us good-by. He brought flowers for my wife, and some sort of gift for our little daughter; for me, he had only an adieu impassioned beyond the friendship I had hitherto known in its Anglo-Saxon rather than its Latin phase—he threw his arms round my neck and kissed me.

The years passed in America, and Biondini visited us with letters faithfuller than our answers. He no longer lived in Venice, but it Verona, where he had got a professorship in a technical school, and seemed very happy. Then there came a cry for help, an appeal for our kindness in advising him how to come to America, and support himself in the city of Boston by teaching Italian; he wished to live with us, as we read his wish; and his letter filled us with despair for him, it seemed so little like him, so national, so unpersonal. After all, we said, he was of his emotional civilization, and not the calm, reasonable being he had always seemed. Of course the thing for us was to be kind, however cruel, and tell him that there was no popular interest in Italian literature in Boston, while teachers of the languages superabounded. We had to say that we could not receive him into our family, and we explained why.

Then came a cry of pain, of wounded pride. He had wished only to live *near* us, not *with* us, though he owned that the phrase—*presso di voi*—which he had used would bear either meaning. He submitted that we must be right about the Italian lessons, and he must give up the notion of coming; but he did not give us up; his letters continued, not so frequent as before, but in the old kindness which he never forgot, though they lapsed rather more into Italian from the English he used in them.

I do not remember just how or when we came to know the reason of that bitter urgence in his wish for expatriation; but we might have imagined the sole cause. It was not for twenty years, and not till we revisited Italy, that we learned it, after we had seen him again in Venice, where he came from Verona to welcome me and my family, and to be an affectionate cousin, or uncle, to our children as he was a younger brother to us, though older now in his serious and always rather formal regard. In the first of my acquaintance with him we used sometimes to talk of our different religions, if we might call our persuasions so. I knew that he seldom went to mass and never to confession, and he used to say in justification, "The church is good, the priests are bad," which was the position of so many men at Venice in those days. At the same time he denied the notion of anything like Protestantism, for the simple and sufficient reason that if it had been a wise and good thing the Italians and not the Germans would have found it out, and if they remained within the church it was because the church was the best place. But we did not often dispute about matters of faith, and I could never have imagined his opinions bringing a lifelong sorrow upon him. Yet so it was to be, and shortly before he wrote us that stressful letter he was to feel a supreme cause for it. He had fallen in love with a young lady of Padua, who returned his love, and they wished to marry. She was of a devout family, but her mother and she asked nothing of Biondini except that he should be reconciled to the church in one particular. It was not enough that he should say the church was good, whatever he said the priests were (I myself knew some of them who seemed angelic); it was not enough that he should go to mass—he consented to that—but they wanted him to go also to confession at least once a year, and this Biondini, perhaps with his poor opinion of priests, could not, or at least would not, do. The match was broken off, but so clingingly and longingly on both sides that he remained friends with the girl and her mother. He did not cease to visit them while he lived in Padua, or in Venice when he returned home, or in Verona when he went there. Every other Sunday he spent with them, and the conscience in their steadfast hearts kept them to the terms of marriage which made marriage impossible. The young

lovers grew from their twenty years to their forty, and when we tarried a fortnight with Biondini in Verona they were lovers still.

We knew nothing of his affair then, and, for all we knew, we had him our old friend on the old terms. He had come first to see us in Venice, and then, when we stopped at Verona for our farewell to Italy, he met us at the station with a book in his hand for the child he had known in her babyhood but now a young girl with our hopes, rather than hers, radiant before her, for there seemed even then the prescience of our loss at her heart. The book was a wonderful Italian translation of "Romeo and Juliet" which he had bound up with the English for her, and entitled, from his own fancy in English, *A Girl's Guide to Verona.* It was constantly with us there, and while she lived it seemed always about, but now that she is lost (twenty-eight long years ago!) I hope it is lost, too. So many things that were joys are now pangs! But there was something rarely thought in this kind remembrance of his; and there was something charming in his conceit of Shakespeare's Italians as realistic portraitures of actual life in Verona. He held that people spoke there now as Shakespeare made them speak in his play, with the same gay and fond fancies, and I should be glad to think he was right.

He seems to have been with us all the time, except for those visits, as he called the calls, which he paid at the houses he frequented with punctilious reference to the days and hours established and carefully noted in the memorandum he carried. He seemed happy, at least to us in our ignorance of his constancy to his first and sole love. He said, to account for no longer living in Venice, "Verona is a small city, and everybody loves me," and I could well believe that everybody loved him. He seemed to know everybody and was always saluting people right and left in our walks, or at the cafés where we sat long in the warm May evenings at the ices, which he taught us frugally to order in half portions. Sometimes we had the company there of the Jewish friend whose modest silk warehouse Biondini made his address, or *ricapito*, after what seemed a local fashion, and got his letters there. This friend was a descendant of a Hebrew family which one of the fool Philips, III. or IV., had expelled from Spain, and he still kept the key of his ancestral house in the fancy, which could not be the hope, of return from exile. He accepted a portion of our friendship with Biondini in the eager fashion of his race, but Biondini would not let him overrun us. He would not let him call himself a silk manufacturer, for he said that to an American that would express something in a measure vastly out of scale with his modest business; and he did not ask him to join us at the café in the Piazza Brà, as it used to be called, lest he should be guilty of some *ebreata* or other. "If a beggar comes up, I give him a copper, but De C—— gives him a lump of the sugar which belongs to the café; and I call that an *ebreata*—a Jewishness!" All the same we liked this friend of his, who was of a cordiality not at all oppressive, and he liked our liking him.

Biondini said truly of himself that everybody loved him in Verona, where he seemed to know not only all his townsmen, but all the strangers within their gates who spoke English. He had taught De C—— as much of the language as he would learn, but this would not give him the practice he wanted, and he used to lie in wait for the English and American travelers, and help them out of their difficulties with his language. In this way he made many friends of these casual acquaintances, and I doubt if his kindness was ever rebuffed, for it must have been clear that he was a gentleman, however quaint his approach might be. It really kept his English bright, and this, after the adventurous pleasure, must have been the great matter with him.

He did not offer to go about with us, for he knew us bold and experienced travelers, who were almost as much at home in Italy as he; but he came every afternoon to see us in our beloved hotel beside the Adige, where the mills in the middle current outsang the swift stream, and stayed till his faithful note-book reminded him that he must "pay a visit" to this lady or that whose hour and day it was. He would not eat with

us at the early dinner which we always prolonged through five portions of strawberries—the dry, hard little strawberries of the country which smelled so much better than they tasted; but though he would not eat with us he was glad to talk, sitting apart, and finding his pleasure in answering any question, especially of the children. "Ah, I will explain you that is a very curious thing," he would say, laying his finger sagaciously beside his nose, in a formula which the children promptly adopted, and which was never quite lost out of our family life. They loved him as much as we did, and he was gentle and equal with them all.

He might well have outlived me, who after twenty years am so imperfectly recording our friendship, laying hold upon this frail fact and that, and not despising any credible conjecture because I cannot verify it. No doubt when we meet Yonder we shall wonder together how I could have forgotten this thing and that which would have set our common history in the very light my earth-bound memory has failed to lend it. But I am less anxious for the incidents and the implications of our life than for the meaning which I hope his nature as I knew it will have for such readers as may cling to our old Northern superstition concerning the gentle people of the South. So many of us still think the Italians are rash as fire and false as water, and do not conceive of them as patient and faithful and just, but judge them all by the mongrel races of the Sicilies, or by the inventions of medieval fiction, not realizing that they are of a Christianity and a civility older than ours by centuries, which cannot have failed to beautify and purify their natures. But this has only tangentially to do with Biondini, who did not fail throughout our friendship in whatever stress I put upon it. When my book about Venice reached him he read it, and gently deplored the view I had taken of the morals of Venetian society, but said no more than that he wished I had gone further for my facts. In the later editions of *Venetian Life* (why *will* people call it "Venetian Days"?) I have expressed my grief for my error, but not sufficiently my gratitude to him for the faithfuller light which his constant instruction cast upon the place and the people, always with some glance of humor in it. He had a graphic wit which would glancingly portray a character or a condition, as when, after passing one day in Verona a friend who had married a rich American girl, he implied the husband's actual relation to her by twiddling his finger at the side of his hat to suggest the cockade of a footman.

After those brief days in Verona we came north through Milan and Bellinzona, all our hearts aching for the Italy we were leaving, which had been our first home, and which our children had retroactively made theirs through our talk of it, and now through the friend we were none of us to see again. His letters followed us for a while, and then we heard, after a lapse, that he had suffered a slight stroke of paralysis. I do not know whether he wrote me of this, or whether some one else told me, but I am right in thinking that when one of my wife's sisters was afterward in Venice, he went to find her there, and she saw him in the wheeled chair which he went about in; he could not walk, he who had trodden those narrow ways with me so often! I always have the vision of him there, or, if the reader likes better, in Verona, the small city where everybody loved him.

A Relic

BY MAX BEERBOHM

YESTERDAY I found in a cupboard an old, small, battered portmanteau which, by the initials on it, I recognized as my own property. The lock appeared to have been forced. I dimly remembered having forced it myself, with a poker, in my hot youth, after some journey in which I had lost the key; and this act of violence was probably the reason why the trunk had so long ago ceased to travel. I unstrapped it, not without dust; it exhaled the faint scent of its long closure; it contained a tweed suit of late-Victorian pattern, some bills, some letters, a collar-stud, and—something which, after I had wondered for a moment or two what on earth it was, caused me suddenly to murmur, "Down below, the sea rustled to and fro over the shingle."

Strange that these words had, year after long year, been existing in some obscure cell at the back of my brain!—forgotten but all the while existing, like the trunk in that cupboard. What released them, what threw open the cell door, was nothing but the fragment of a fan; just the butt-end of an inexpensive fan. The sticks are of white bone, clipped together with a semicircular ring that is not silver. Ring and all, they have no market value; for a farthing is the least coin in our currency. And yet, though I had so long forgotten them, for me they are not worthless. They touch a chord. . . . Lest this confession raise false hopes in you, I add that I did not know their owner.

I did once see her, and in Normandy, and by moonlight, and her name was Angélique. She was graceful, she was even beautiful. I was but nineteen years old. Yet even so I cannot say that she impressed me favorably. I was seated at a table of a café on the terrace of a casino. I sat facing the sea, with my back to the casino. The hour was late, there were few people about. I heard the swing-door behind me flap open, and was aware of a sharp snapping and crackling sound as a lady in white passed quickly by me. I stared at her erect, thin back and her agitated elbows. A short fat man passed in pursuit of her—an elderly man in a black alpaca jacket that billowed. I saw that she had left a trail of little white things on the asphalt. I watched the efforts of the agonized short, fat man to overtake her as she swept wraith-like away to the distant end of the terrace. What was the matter? What had made her so spectacularly angry with him? The three or four waiters of the café were exchanging cynical smiles and shrugs, as waiters will. I tried to feel cynical, but was thrilled with excitement, with wonder and curiosity. The woman out yonder had doubled on her tracks. She had not slackened her furious speed, but the man waddlingly contrived to keep pace with her now. With every moment they became more distinct, and the prospect that they would presently pass by me, back into the casino, gave me that physical tension which one feels on a wayside platform at the imminent passing of an express. In the rushingly enlarged vision I had of them, the wrath on the woman's face was even more saliently the main thing than I had supposed it would be. That very hard Parisian face must have been as white as the powder that coated it. "*Écoute, Angélique,*" gasped the perspiring bourgeois, "*écoute, je te supplie*—" The swing-door received them. I wanted to follow, but had not paid for my bock. I beckoned my waiter. On his way to me he stooped and picked up something which, with a smile and a shrug, he laid on my table: "*Il semble que Mademoiselle ne s'en servira plus.*" This was the thing I now write of, and at sight of it I understood why there had been that snapping and crackling, and

what the white fragments on the ground were.

I hurried through the rooms, hoping to see a continuation of that drama—a scene of appeasement, perhaps, or of fury still implacable. But the two oddly assorted players were not performing there. My waiter had told me he had not seen either of them before. I suppose they had arrived that day. But I was not destined to see either of them again. They went away, I suppose, next morning, jointly or singly; singly, I imagine.

They made, however, a prolonged stay in my young memory, and would have done so even had I not had that tangible memento of them. Who were they, those two of whom that one strange glimpse had befallen me? What had all that tragic pother been about? Mlle. Angélique I guessed to be thirty years old, her friend perhaps fifty-five. Each of their faces was as clear to me as in the moment of actual vision—the man's fat, shiny, bewildered face; the taut white face of the woman, the hard red line of her mouth, the eyes that were not flashing, but positively dull, with rage. I presumed that the fan had been a present from him, and a recent present—bought perhaps that very day, after their arrival in the town. But what, *what* had he done that she should break it between her hands, scattering the splinters as who should sow dragon's-teeth? I could not believe he had done anything much amiss. I imagined her grievance a trivial one. But this did not make the case less engrossing. Again and again I would take the fan-stump from my pocket, hoping to read the mystery it had been mixed up in, so that I might reveal that mystery to the world. To the world, yes; nothing less than that. I was determined to make a story of what I had seen—a *conte* in the manner of great Guy de Maupassant. Now and again, in the course of the past year or so, it had occurred to me that I might be a writer. But I had not felt the impulse to sit down and write something. I did feel that impulse now. It would indeed have been an irresistible impulse if I had known just what to write.

I felt I might know at any moment, and had but to give my mind to it. Maupassant was an impeccable artist, yet I think the secret of the hold he had on the young men of my day was not that we discerned his cunning, but that we delighted in the simplicity which his cunning achieved. I had read a great number of his short stories, but none that had made me feel as though I, if I were a writer, mightn't have written it myself. Maupassant had an European reputation. It was pleasing, it was soothing and gratifying, to feel that one could at any time win an equal fame if one chose to set pen to paper. And now, suddenly, the spring had been touched in me, the time was come. I was grateful for the fluke by which I had witnessed on the terrace that evocative scene. I looked forward to reading the MS. of "The Fan"—to-morrow, at latest. I was not wildly ambitious. I was not inordinately vain. I knew I couldn't ever, with the best will in the world, write like George Meredith. Those wondrous works of his, seething with wit, with poetry and philosophy and what not, never had beguiled me with the sense that I might do something similar. I had full consciousness of not being a philosopher, of not being a poet, and of not being a wit. Well, Maupassant was none of these things. He was just an observer, like me. Of course he was a good deal older than I, and had observed a good deal more. But it seemed to me that he was not my superior in knowledge of life. I knew all about life through *him*.

Dimly, the initial paragraph of my tale floated in my mind. I—not exactly I myself, but rather that impersonal *je* familiar to me through Maupassant—was to be sitting at that table, with a bock before me, just as I *had* sat. Four or five sentences would give the whole scene. One of these I had quite definitely composed. You have already heard it. "Down below, the sea rustled to and fro over the shingle."

These words, which pleased me much, were to do double duty. They were to recur. They were to be, by a fine stroke, the very last words of my tale, their tranquillity striking a sharp ironic contrast with the stress of what had just been narrated. I had, you see, advanced farther in the form of my tale than in

the matter. But even the form was as yet vague. What, exactly, was to happen after Mlle. Angélique and M. Joumand (as I provisionally called him) had rushed back past me into the casino? It was clear that I must hear the whole inner history from the lips of one or the other of them. Which? Should M. Joumand stagger out on to the terrace, sit down heavily at the table next to mine, bury his head in his hands, and presently, in broken words, blurt out to me all that might be of interest? "'And I tell you I gave up everything for her—everything!' He stared at me with his old hopeless eyes. 'She is more than the fiend I have described to you. Yet I swear to you, monsieur, that if I had anything left to give, it should be hers.'

"Down below, the sea rustled to and fro over the shingle."

Or should the lady herself be my informant? For a while, I rather leaned to this alternative. It was more exciting, it seemed to make the writer more signally a man of the world. On the other hand, it was less simple to manage. Wronged persons might be ever so communicative, but I surmised that persons in the wrong were reticent. Mlle. Angélique, therefore, would have to be modified by me in appearance and behavior, toned down, touched up; and poor M. Joumand must look like a man of whom one could believe anything. . . . "She ceased speaking. She gazed down at the fragments of her fan, and then, as though finding in them an image of her own life, whispered, 'To think what I once was, monsieur!—what, but for him, I might be, even now!' She buried her face in her hands, then stared out into the night. Suddenly she uttered a short, harsh laugh.

"Down below, the sea rustled to and fro over the shingle."

I decided that I must choose the first of these two ways. It was the less chivalrous as well as the less lurid way, but clearly it was the more artistic as well as the easier. The "*chose vue*," the "*tranche de la vie*"—this was the thing to aim at. Honesty was the best policy. I must be nothing if not merciless. Maupassant was nothing if not merciless. He would not have spared Mlle. Angélique. Besides, why should I libel M. Joumand? Poor—no, not *poor* M. Joumand! I warned myself against pitying him. One touch of "sentimentality," and I should be lost. M. Joumand was ridiculous. I must keep him so. But—what was his position in life? I toyed with the possibility that he kept a fan-shop—that the business had once been a prosperous one, but had gone down, down, because of his infatuation for this woman to whom he was always giving fans—which she *always* smashed. . . . "'Ah, monsieur, cruel and ungrateful to me though she is, I swear to you that if I had anything left to give, it should be hers; but'—he stared at me with his old, hopeless eyes—'the fan she broke to-night was the last—the last, monsieur—of my stock.' Down below,"—but I pulled myself together, and asked pardon of my Muse.

It may be that I had offended her by my fooling. Or it may be that she had a sisterly desire to shield Mlle. Angélique from my mordant art. Or it may be that she was bent on saving M. de Maupassant from a dangerous rivalry. Anyway, she withheld from me the inspiration I had so confidently solicited. I *could not* think what had led up to that scene on the terrace. I tried hard and soberly. I turned the "*chose vue*" over and over in my mind, day by day, and the fan-stump over and over in my hand. But the "*chose à figurer*"—what, oh what, was that? Nightly I revisited the café, and sat there with an open mind—a mind wide open to catch the idea that should drop into it like a ripe golden plum. The plum did not ripen. The mind remained wide open for a week or more, but nothing except that phrase about the sea rustled to and fro in it.

A full quarter of a century has gone by. M. Joumand's death, so far too fat was he all those years ago, may be presumed. A temper so violent as Mlle. Angélique's must surely have brought its owner to the grave, long since. But here, all unchanged, the stump of her fan is; and once more I turn it over and over in my hand. The chord this relic strikes in me is not one of curiosity as to that old quarrel, but (if you will forgive me) one of tenderness for my first effort to write and for my first hopes of excellence.

By Inland Waters

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

IT was the terrific winter of 1917–18, which will live in many a memory like a nightmare, with our soldiers sailing away to France, our coal-supply almost gone, and such cold wrapping the land as the oldest inhabitant had reluctantly to confess he couldn't remember. In my corner of New England we had nearly three feet of snow on the level, and for a week at a time in January and February the thermometer would barely reach up to zero at noon. At times it went to thirty below. It was in such weather that Walter Stone telephoned to me one day to come down to his village in Connecticut, bringing my snow-shoes. He met me at the end of the trolley, and together we started out along a back road which roughly parallels the Housatonic River. The river here, for the most part, flows with a slow, steady pull, and does not readily freeze, but now it was frozen solid from bank to bank and the ice was covered with snow, making a white, winding driveway, as it were, between the steep banks and the overhanging willows. Cresting a sharp rise, which shut the river from view, we climbed a fence and moved softly across a little field. A moment later we were looking down upon the river from an elevation of forty or fifty feet, at a point where it has bitten its way through a hill, forming a narrow gorge where it flows so rapidly that even this arctic weather could not entirely freeze it. There was, perhaps, three hundred feet of open water in midstream, a slash of black velvet in the white, of black velvet fringed with a green watered silk as the sun flashed on the exposed edges of the ice.

His finger on his lips, my companion pointed down to this scar of open water, and, following his gesture, I saw first two, then three, then five American mergansers, quietly and busily engaged in the pursuit of a livelihood in this chill element.

We watched them, fascinated, for a considerable time. Their methods of fishing seemed to be varied, but that most employed was to work up to the head of the open water, either by swimming close to the edge of the ice and taking advantage of all the back-waters, or else by climbing out and waddling up on the ice itself, and then swimming down with the current, head bent close to the water, eyes alert. The ducks would make the three-hundred foot trip time and time again without results, till you might have supposed they were merely playing a game—coasting down the swift current. But now and then one would suddenly tip forward and under, completely disappearing, to emerge again near the edge of the ice, lower down, perhaps to climb out and swallow what he had caught. We were not near enough, unfortunately, to see what the food was. Occasionally a duck would fish by squatting patiently on the edge of the ice, neck and head out over the water, suddenly to dive in like a small boy at the old swimming-hole when a carryall comes by on the road, while others swam about in a back-water, revolving with the eddy.

Presently we made either some noise or motion which alarmed them, or else they agreed among themselves that the fishing was getting poor here (as indeed it was), for one by one they suddenly rose and flew northward, carefully following, at a height of about seventy-five feet, the curves of the river, no doubt seeking other spots of open water. It was interesting to see them take the air. The mergansers cannot rise instanter, from a standing start. Their first motions are clumsy. Facing against the current, each one seemed to heave himself up till it stood on the water, wings out, and then it ran up-stream, its feet

kicking back much like the stern paddles of an old Mississippi River steamer, till it got headway. But when the needed headway was secured, those bright orange legs folded under it, the orange feet made a spot of color behind, the long body straightened out, the neck extended forward, and on a steady beat of wings the bird went by, on the level of our faces as we watched from the high bank, with the speed and the directness of the arrow which its body now resembled.

When they had gone, we shivered, looking down at the icy, empty water, and thinking of its temperature.

This duck, of course, is the shelldrake, sawbill, or wheezer of our boyhood, one of those birds we used to shoot at but never secured, for even when wounded (we were always *sure* we had wounded one) the merganser would dive and be lost to us. The loss, however, was not great, for, like other wild-fowl subsisting exclusively on fish and similar live food, its flesh is unedible, which no doubt accounts for its continued existence in comfortable numbers. It is migrant to its nesting-grounds farther north in spring, returning late in October or November, when the immature birds, lacking the dark greenish-black head of the adult male, and with a lighter back, seem to predominate. There are two other mergansers, the red-breasted and the hooded, or swamp, shelldrake. The red-breasted merganser is hardly seen by us except as a migrant, *en route* north or south, but the hooded variety—a really striking bird is the male duck, with his wonderful crest—is, or at least was, common even into the summer on swampy streams and shallow ponds full of lily-pads and pickerel.

Much more than by the mergansers, however, my boyhood memories of our lily-padded pond in the woods are filled by the hell-divers, as we called them—the pied-billed grebes. They arrived about the 1st of April, and in those days used to remain to breed, making their nests in the eel-grass and rushes, especially the cat-tails. We used to push our leaky old flat-bottomed boat in among the swampy shallows, looking for these nests, which often were hardly more than rafts of sticks floating on the water, and lightly anchored to a cat-tail stalk or two. But the chief sport was to shoot at the birds from shore, with an old muzzle-loading shot-gun, not so much to kill them, for I cannot recall ever having real proof that I even hit one, as to see them dive. It was popularly supposed that between seeing the flash of the gun and the arrival of the shot, the hell-diver could completely submerge, and great was the quantity of explosives we used up in experiments. My present recollection is that when we saw the little splashes indicating that the shot had hit the water, the bird was invariably out of sight. If we had possessed modern, high-power rifles, perhaps the results might have been different, had our aim been equal to the occasion. At any rate, the pied-billed grebe—which, by the way, is a comparatively small bird, only twelve to fourteen inches long, or about half the length of an American merganser—is a marvelously expert diver, either going down with one tilt and kick when startled, or submerging slowly, like a submarine, by expelling air from its lungs and air-sacs. It can, and does, rise for air merely by elevating its bill above water, beside some reed, or amid the lily-pads, so that the eye of a mere man cannot detect it. Here, no doubt, is the explanation of all the mysterious "kills" we made as boys, with the old shot-gun, and of the fact that even after the traditional three days we never found any bodies floating on the pond—only a fresh flotilla of birds swimming prettily about outside the rim of lily-pads. So many of our ponds and marshes have now been drained that the grebes, at least in the nesting season, seem to me far fewer than they used to be—which is, I fancy, a fact as well as a trick of memory. Probably they go farther north to breed. The grebe species is widely distributed and adaptable, being found all the way from Argentina to Hudson Bay.

Neither is it a delusion of memory, I think, that the wood-ducks are fewer in number than they used to be, like most other water-fowl. Gone are those wonderful days when the first arrivals at New Amsterdam found the swampy harbor shores a paradise of ducks and geese and superb whistling swans. The

wild celery still grows on the wide Newark marshes, but clouds of coal smoke, not geese, ascend from its midst. The pretty wood-duck, one of the duck family which is classified as "river" in distinction to the "sea" or "bay" ducks, was formerly a common summer resident of northeastern America, and was, in fact, often called the summer duck. But it has too many interesting characteristics—for its own good. In the first place, it can be eaten, as it subsists largely on vegetable seeds and insects. In the second place, it not only nests on dry land, but, unlike all other ducks, in a tree, a hollow tree. Finally, especially in the autumn when the woods are full of acorns and other food, it flies about often a long distance from water, quite like a grouse, and makes an even better shot. Doctor Eaton reports that in 1902, when the law prohibiting spring shooting was finally passed, the wood-duck had been practically exterminated from western New York. Since that date it is, he says, "holding its own." I am not convinced that it is even holding its own in my neighborhood, though three or four years ago a mother duck hatched her brood somewhere close to the Housatonic River in the Berkshires, and came swimming along one day past the golf-links at Stockbridge, with six little brown ducks in a procession behind her, answering her tiller as if they had all been on one tow-rope. It was such a pretty sight that we stopped our game to watch. The wood-duck, however, not only requires hollow trees to nest in—and a tree large enough to hold a nest for a mother eighteen inches long—but it requires a quiet sheet of water, secluded and food-bearing. Settlements are destructive both of large rotten trees and secluded waters. The wood-ducks are probably nesting farther north these days, and our chances to see them are confined largely to the migration periods. But, on the other hand, they are easily domesticated, and any one with a bit of pond or swamp in old woods could do worse than rear a few. Whether they will go wild again I do not know. Massachusetts has had little or no success in trying to propagate mallards in order to restock the streams and ponds, for the mallards refuse to hear the call of the wild. Not long ago, in a small stream behind my house I saw two mallards swimming along, and rushed, in great excitement, to tell the news. To my chagrin, I found they had come from a barn-yard a mile away, and would return to it at night. They did. A hunter would hardly have been more tempted to shoot one than he would have been to shoot a cow.

The black duck (so called, no doubt, because it is distinctly brown) is still, I presume, the duck most often seen on inland waters or even such marshes as those of Long Island. It winters on Long Island, and it formerly bred, more or less, in New York and New England, but now seeks, like other birds who want to be let alone, the seclusion of more northern waters. It is a smart duck, hard to kill, and wary of blinds, and its dietary activities are extremely beneficent. I was always impressed by the stomach of a black duck Doctor Eaton killed near Canandaigua Lake, New York, out of a flock returning from a flooded corn-field. From this duck's gullet and gizzard he took a few pebbles, snail shells, a little chaff, and 23,704 weed seeds — 13,240 pigweed seeds, 7,264 knot-grass, 576 dock, and 2,624 ragweed. As ragweed is popularly supposed to be the worst of all dangers to hay-fever sufferers, the hay-fever convention should certainly sit beneath a stuffed black duck, even as the Great and General Court of Massachusetts meets beneath a golden codfish! It is not, I fancy, generally realized that ducks consume so many seeds—in fact, it isn't generally realized, for that matter, how large a part all beneficent birds play in holding the destructive exuberance of nature in check. The terrible and disgusting slaughter of our wild ducks, especially by wealthy hunters in the South in winter, is a blot on our national good sense. I knew of three New York men, one of them the owner of a houseboat, who went to the Carolinas two winters ago, and in a week slaughtered three hundred ducks. They were, too, all three estimable citizens and kind fathers, and could see no reason why they shouldn't be proud of what they had done. For me, I can only hope

that they all breathe ragweed pollen and sniffle with hay fever to the end of their days!

I never heard of anybody trying to eat a great blue heron, nor, in the parts of New England where I have lived or spent my summers, have I ever seen anybody so lost to beauty and kindliness as to shoot one. Yet doubtless many have been shot, and they, too, like so much else that is wild and dependent on wilderness conditions, are growing fewer. This great, long-legged, decorative bird, with its suggestion always of a Japanese print, used to nest in considerable numbers several years ago in some scraggly-headed jack-pines which grew along the shore of a "salt pond" on old South County, Rhode Island. There was nothing approaching the great heronries of the swamps by the central lakes of New York, but perhaps a dozen nests could be seen each year, ragged platforms of sticks in the trees (which, by the way, soon died). Here the herons raised their families, and their families raised a racket which you could hear a considerable way off, over the water. The pond was shallow, and full of aquatic life, so that the parents never had to range far for food. I suppose they took a great quantity of small crabs, which otherwise would have lived and grown to grace our own tables, but it was a small price to pay for the sight of the stately, Japanese-like birds settling into the tortured, Japanese-like trees, or standing on one foot in the shallows at twilight, waiting to spear a fish or crab with that long, powerful bill. The site of this little heronry is now occupied by a boat-house, from which a path leads up to a summer cottage on the bank. The herons are no more. The sound of the gramaphone floats out over the water now, instead of the squawking of the little herons, impatient for their dinner. Somehow, I preferred the herons, even to a "record" by Caruso.

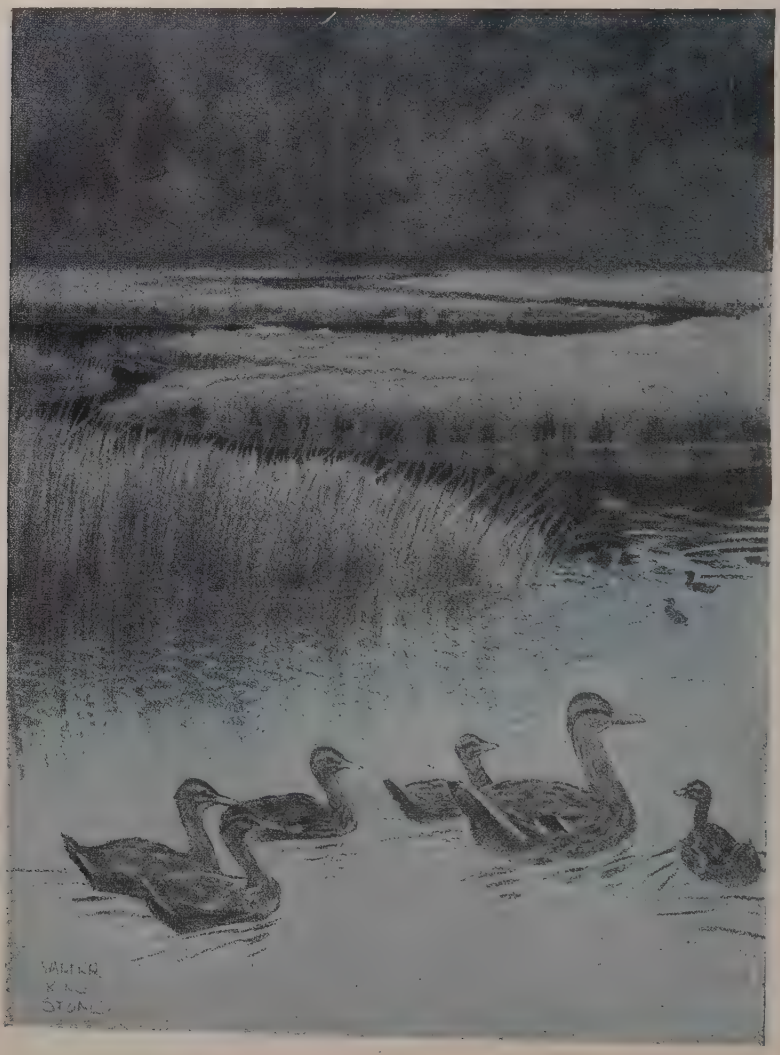
But they have by no means all disappeared from our inland waters, especially in the autumn migration season, and on my last trip to the White Mountains I found them still breeding there, along the little Ham Branch. I have seen one caught, too, in midsummer, in the Berkshires, by a small boy. The bird had an injured leg so that it could not run fast enough to take the air, or so it seemed, for its frantic beating of wings and its lopsided, limping run availed it nothing. The boy grabbed it in his arms, and held the neck with difficulty, to prevent being struck in the face by the angry bill, and after a prolonged struggle got the heron home to the hen-yard, where he placed it for the night, behind a seven-foot wire. The heron, however, recovered sufficient powers of locomotion to take the air that night. In the morning it was gone. A slight limp in blue herons seems to be rather common, due to the fact, it is said, that one leg is frequently shorter than the other, from the habit of using but one to stand on. You frequently hear people pity a "poor, lame heron" that is probably quite unconscious of any need for pity. They used to pity the mother who limped out with her one long-legged offspring from the fringe of woods along the Ham Branch at twilight, seeking, perhaps, some sort of food in the meadow, though it had all the appearance of an evening stroll. However, when anybody attempted to walk down across the meadow and get near the couple, the "poor, lame thing" displayed an agility that was remarkable, and so did the offspring. Familiarity was permitted to breed no contempt for that old bird! She was quite willing to be a decorative touch to the lovely intervale landscape, from afar; but she had no intention of allowing what the motion pictures describe as a "close up."

It has never occurred to me to think of the little green heron as decorative. Yet I suppose it is, especially when it is wading on some mud-bar in a swale that makes in from the river, or sits on an old log in the swamp, from a little distance scarcely appearing green at all, but rather bluish, so far as there is any obvious coloration to his dusky hue. The reason the little green heron doesn't seem decorative to me goes back a long way, to my boyhood, to the popular names attached to this bird because of certain of its habits. It was then, and still is, a common summer inhabitant of our swampy ponds and river swales, as well as of larger lakes and clearer streams. It is a diurnal bird, and consequently much more often observed

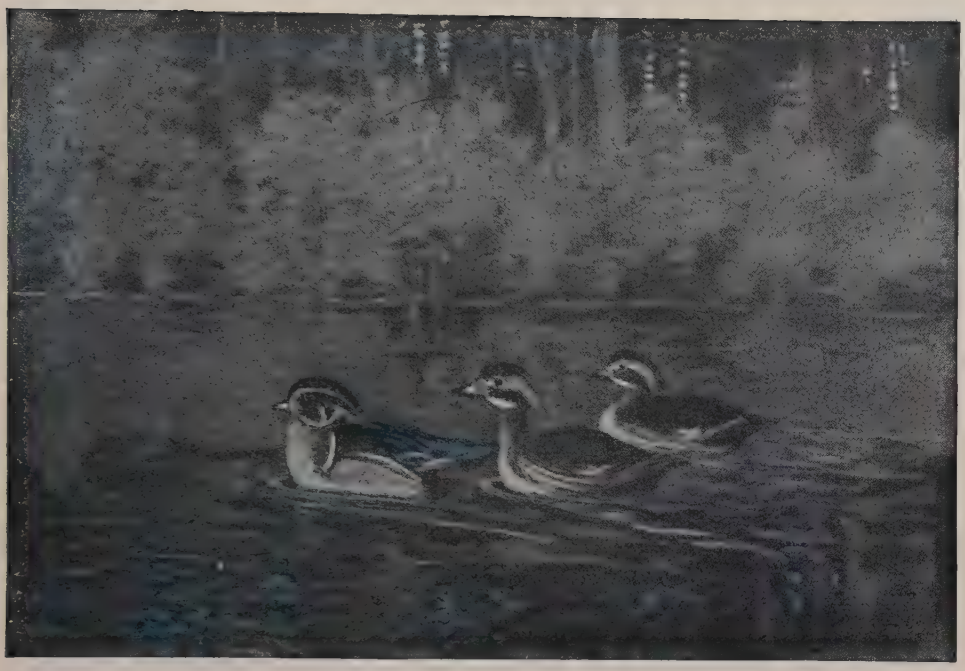
Drawn by Walter King Stone

YOU MIGHT HAVE SUPPOSED THE MERGANSERS WERE MERELY PLAYING A GAME—COASTING DOWN THE CURRENT

than almost any of its fellows, frequently rising from the rushes or the bank ahead of a canoe, and *qua-qua-ing* loudly as it flies off not far above the water. In fact, one of its popular names is Fly-up-the-creek, doubtless from this habit of keeping to the water path as it moves away. It lives chiefly on frogs, minnows, crawfish, and such other small fry as it can extract from the water, and builds its nest, a rough and slovenly affair of sticks, quite characteristic of its own lack of daintiness, low down in some willow or other tree by the edge of the pond or stream. I remember finding such a nest once when a small boy, and thinking with disgust that I had never seen anything more ugly than the scrawny, pinfeathered, long necks and tremendous open mouths of the little herons. But not all baby birds can be chickens or young ruffed grouse, and as the wild life both of our woods and streams has grown less and less as the years have gone on, I have learned to appreciate more what is left, particularly those humbler species, like the little green heron, which have shown a sturdy ability



THE BLACK DUCK IS THE DUCK MOST OFTEN SEEN ON INLAND WATERS



WOOD-DUCKS ARE FEWER IN NUMBERS THAN THEY USED TO BE

to look after themselves, and what appears almost like a determination to make the best of a bad situation—Man and his works being the bad situation, of course—and go about their business as usual.

A larger and rather more interesting bird of the marshy waters is the bittern, or, as many folks call it, the stake-driver—not because it drives stakes, but because from a considerable distance its love call seems to be a single note, bearing a rather fanciful resemblance to the blow on a stake which is being driven into mud. The booming of the bittern is still a not uncommon sound by our waters, from April well into June, yet it is surprising how few people are familiar with it—or it would be surprising if one did not know that more men and women are insensitive to the various sounds of nature than are listening and discriminative. If you chance to be near a bittern when it booms, you will hear a loud, three-syllabled call, something as if a big bullfrog were trying to say "pump-er-poom," several times repeated. Doctor Eaton gives the syllables as "pump-er-lunk," and some declare the bittern says "plum-pudd'n"; but doubtless it is impossible to put the curious, explosive, croaking boom into words. Even odder than the sound is the method of production, if you are fortunate enough to catch sight of the singer—not always an easy thing to do, for, though the bittern is a large bird, from two feet to over thirty inches long, it is a mottled and speckled brown, with a black streak on either side of the neck, and otherwise so protectively colored that it can stand still amid the reeds and grasses by a waterside, especially at twilight, and escape all but the sharpest eyes. It emits its call by tilting its head upward and fairly regurgitating the sound, with spasmodic contractions of the throat, as if its love song were a pellet. Like the famous titwillow, one suspects it of indigestion rather than love-sickness. When a bittern is startled into flight, it rises with a hoarse croak and begins to fly as if in great terror, with its long legs dangling comically. Not till it is some distance away does it get into the calm, measured wing-beat of its true locomo-

tion. We boys used to flush bitterns for the sheer joy of seeing their legs dangle, as we supposed, though I am not sure but that we enjoyed also the later, splendid flight; certainly, in my memory it is the picture of the receding bird which comes back to me, its wings rising and falling with rhythmic pulse against the solemn wall of pines which stood on the opposite bank of the Hundred Acre Meadows, or against a quiet sunset sky over the glassy waters of Martin's pond.

Every country boy knows the spotted sandpiper, which he probably calls a tip-up, or teeter-tail. I can remember when this delightfully odd and beneficent little bird was considered a "game bird," and ruthlessly shot. Perhaps some people still so regard it, though it seems incredible in light of what we now know concerning the usefulness to man of the insect-eating birds. Even the quail can probably save far more food by protecting the farmer's crop than his little body can supply on a table. The spotted sandpiper is the commonest of his species in the northeastern United States, and as he nimbly bobs along on the little sand margin of a stream or pond, tipping his tail restlessly up and down, he looks like a spry old beau on parade, doffing his hat to every passing lady. In the mating season, in early May, most country boys, especially those who live near water, have seen the male bird strut cockily in front of the female, puffing out his chest, or have beheld him soar abruptly several feet into the air, as if he had a sudden impulse to be a skylark, and emit the shrill, pretty pipe of his species. We boys used to see them sometimes a long way from water, in the corn-fields or the mowing, though it did not occur to us then, or to our parents, that they were beneficently engaged on a search for insects. The little sandpipers, almost as soon as they are hatched, begin to run and teeter their tails, like their parents, regular little replicas of the old folks.

Once upon a time, like every other normal boy, I determined to collect birds' eggs. This juvenile instinct has, of course, been the cause of untold destruction to bird life, and should never be permitted indulgence except under careful supervision. But, in my case, I

THE PIED-BILLED GREBE IS A MARVELOUSLY EXPERT DIVER

THE GREAT BLUE HERON SUGGESTS A JAPANESE PRINT

met with an early, severe, and discouraging setback. I attempted to secure the eggs of a belted kingfisher. Perhaps I might have done so if I had made the attempt slightly earlier, but I unfortunately waited till early in June, as I recall it—at any rate, till after the eggs were hatched. Just why I procrastinated I do not recall, unless it was because I have always found procrastination easy. But wait I did. The nest was discovered by another boy and myself in a bank of red sugar gravel so far from a pond that we couldn't believe at first the kingfishers were making it, though we several times saw them go in and out. Not being endowed with the patience of naturalists, we did not sit by to watch them work, and did not then know that it takes them two weeks to excavate their tunnel, or that it is often as much as eight feet from the entrance to the nest. Not knowing this fact, nor the date of incubation, I set cheerfully to work one day with a spade, attacking the sod above the bank, for the hole started hardly two feet below the top, and somebody had told me the tunnel always ran up-hill from the mouth, no doubt for drainage. It did not occur to me that as I dug backward from the entrance, the soil falling down into the exposed shaft, I was constantly blocking up the passage and effectively imprisoning the mother bird, if she chanced to be in there. After about a foot or two I began to look for the nest, but no nest appeared. I toiled on till I must have exposed a trench five feet long. By that time I decided I must surely be close to the end, so I stooped down and carefully poked away the gravel and fallen loam from the tunnel, and ran my little hand up it. A second later the gravel bank resounded to a wild yell of pain as I withdrew a torn and bleeding finger. Mother kingfisher was undoubtedly on the job! By now I was angry, so seizing my spade, I dug recklessly, to expose her. A moment later and she flew up and out with an angry cry, and began to circle around overhead, while in a slight chamber, into which the tunnel enlarged at the end, amid a heaven-smelling mess of disgorged pellets composed of fish-bones, scales, and the like, and half covered with earth dislodged by my spade, were three baby birds, ugly, blinded by the sudden light, half dead with the collapse of their roof. I forgot my injured finger and was suddenly overcome by a tremendous pity, a wave of penitence. I

THE KINGFISHER IS EXTREMELY DECORATIVE AS HE PERCHES HIGH OVER POND OR RIVER

think I cried, for even as I watched, and tried to scoop the fallen dirt away, one of the chicks lay over on its side, apparently dead. I left them and the distracted mother, and never had the courage to go back to see if they all died. I felt too sure they did. It was the first and the last kingfisher's nest I ever attempted to excavate.

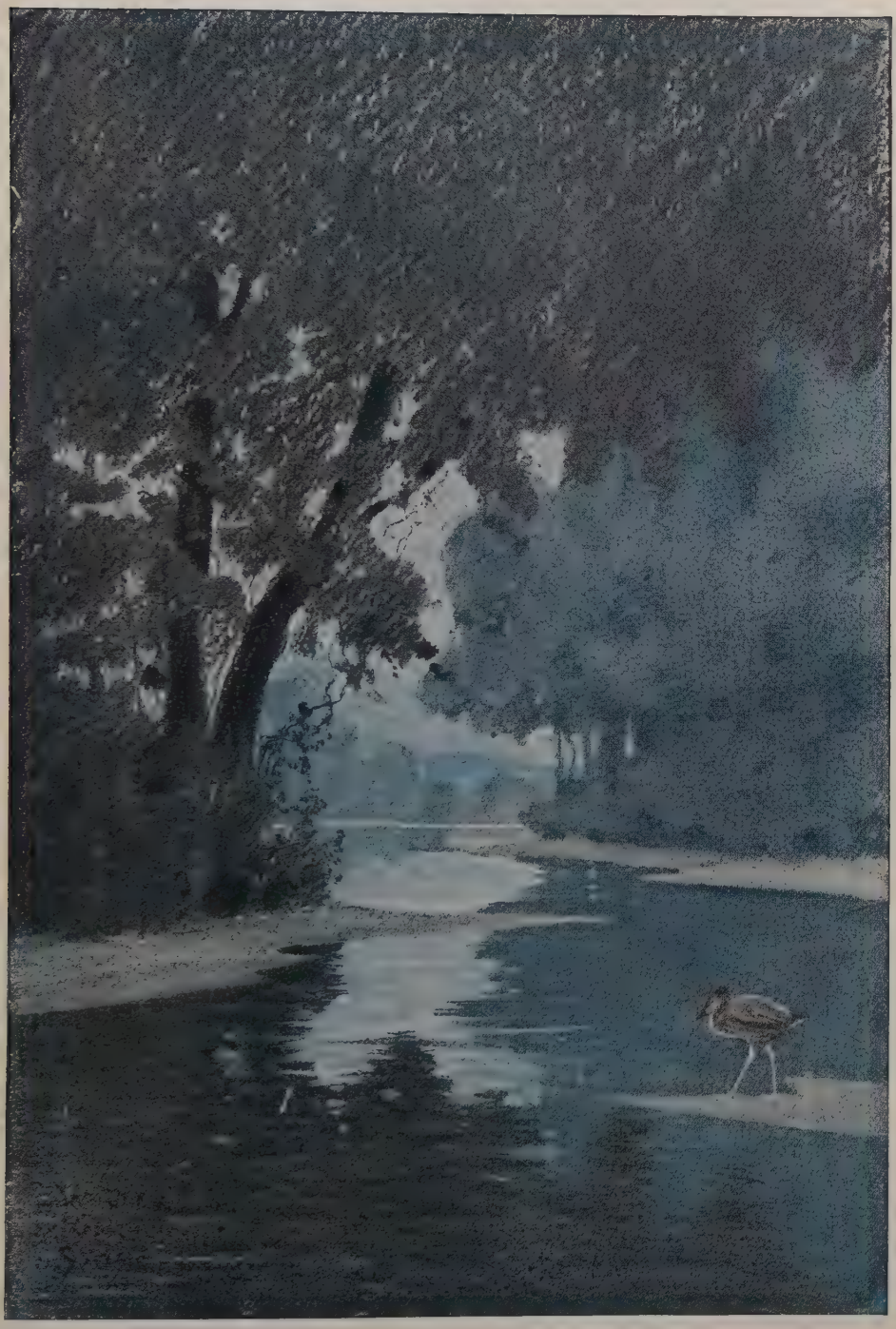
Yet the people who stock their streams with fingerling trout have no love for this big, handsome, energetic, and sometimes warrior-like bird. He is extremely decorative as he perches on a limb high over pond or river, watching for the gleam of fish below to fall upon; but he is also extremely efficient in getting the fish when he sees it. Still, we could ill spare the sight of him from our inland waterways, and any close observation of a pair of kingfishers through the season impresses you with their sturdy, if sometimes contentious, independence.

More than once, along the winding Housatonic, I have noticed that these birds apparently divide up the river into definite reaches, each pair of birds taking a reach, and thereafter maintaining it strictly to themselves and driving off, with a great show of anger and storming of wings and striking of heavy bill any other kingfisher which comes fishing on their posted section.

I have reason to think, too, that they return in successive summers to the same fishing-ground, for I have seen a fine old male for at least three summers frequent the same tree, even the same dead branch, overhanging a shallow backwater just above the spot where a trout brook enters the river.

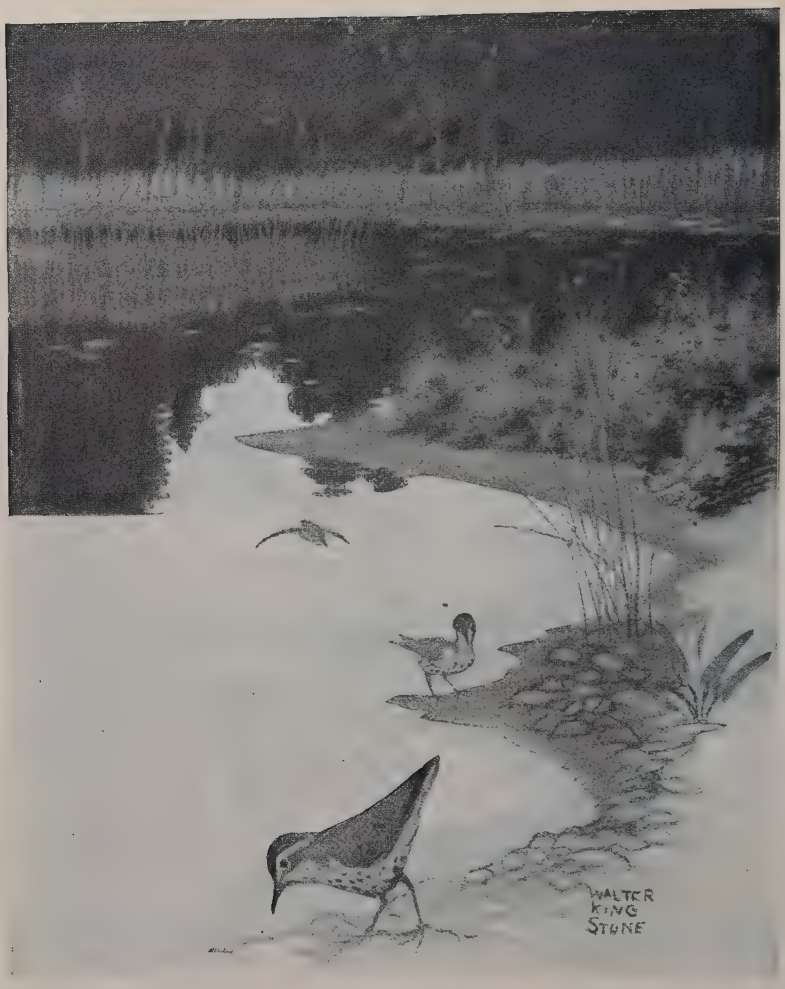
There is a special lure, like that of nothing else, about the shallow margin of a pond, where the shadowed woods come down to throw their reflections over the still, dark water, reflections broken by lily-pads and rushes, where pickerel-weed grows, and water-lilies, and white arrow-head; or about the sandy margin of clean water lapping in, tiny wave on wave; or about a quiet river wandering between banks of clematis and balsam apple, dogwood and jewel-weed, and under groined green arches of drooping willows, bending as the lay of the land takes it into the mystery of the concealed landscape.

No small part of such charm, surely, is in the bird and animal life, the snapper plopping from a log, the darting wraith of a pickerel in the weeds, the bittern's boom, the spotted sandpipers tipping a



Drawn by Walter King Stone

THE LITTLE GREEN HERON HAS SHOWN A STURDY ABILITY TO LOOK AFTER HIMSELF



EVERY COUNTRY BOY KNOWS THE SPOTTED SANDPIPER

salute as they show off their speckled shirt-fronts on the little beach, the waiting kingfisher overhead, the heron sailing with slow wing-beats down the river aisle.

When we lose them, how much is lost! To save them, or what few of them we can save, is worth all it has cost, and will cost, for increasingly as the days go on Man will need to turn from his own perplexities to the solace of the natural world, in all its fullness and all its multiple beauty.

The Wonderful Night

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

MR. BETTERLEE gathered together the papers on the broad mahogany desk and, with careful precision, weighted them with a small bronze copy of the Lion of Lucerne. It was not that there was any likelihood of the letters being disarranged, for through the four great windows not the faintest breeze entered and Mr. Betterlee's servants were not of the careless sort. Carelessness and Mr. Betterlee were incapable of abiding together under one roof. He merely weighted the documents because he always did weight them. Being extremely methodical and, like all men of his years—he was fifty-odd—who have succeeded in amassing a large fortune, a slave to habit, he could no more have left them unweighted than he could have spread the meager tails of his dinner-jacket and floated aloft to the big white bed in the room above which had been inviting him for two hours.

He pushed the small tray holding an empty coffee-cup to a position twelve inches from the corner of the desk nearest to the hall door and glanced at the clock. Its hands were clasped, and, if corroboration was needed, the village clock sent twelve peals across the midnight world. Mr. Betterlee, from force of habit, opening his mouth to yawn, found to his surprise that no yawn was forthcoming, and frowned accusingly at the empty coffee-cup. Then, being a just man, he mentally exonerated the coffee-cup and laid the blame on himself. He was not in the habit of drinking coffee at night and it was only the fact that the New York office had sent him the papers in a matter which required immediate consideration that had caused a departure from the straight and narrow path of custom.

He felt abnormally, reprehensibly wide awake. In town Mr. Betterlee was frequently required to keep late hours; Mrs. Betterlee saw to that; but in the summer he was his own master and bedtime for the entire establishment, from Mr. Betterlee himself down to the scullery-maid, was ten o'clock. He had, however, no excuse for further absence from bed. And yet bed had never seemed less attractive!

He turned out the green-shaded lamp on the desk, and through the four great embrasures swept a flood of mellow moonlight that played strange pranks with the hues of the Persian carpet. He crossed to the nearer of the big windows. Beyond the terrace stretched the broad lawn, almost as light as day. The blue gravel drive, sweeping through clustered shrubs, looked like a silver stream. Mr. Betterlee marveled.

"A wonderful night!" he murmured.

He passed through the window and, softly, lest his criminal absence from his couch be discovered, he stepped to the balustrade. How silent the world was! Not a leaf moved, not a bird stirred in its nest. Below him the scarlet sage had changed its hue to a queer, indescribable shade that was neither red nor purple, but some strange unearthly blending of the two. The stillness was like that of a hot noontide, but there seemed no somnolence in it. Mr. Betterlee had the feeling that the world was wide awake; motionless, watchful, holding its breath. For many minutes he stood there. The moonlight gleamed on his face, silvered the grizzled hair at his temples, softened the sharp, straight nose, and warmed the steely blueness of his eyes. Perhaps the moon exerted a subtler influence, too. Strange virtues have been claimed for it. A few minutes later, keeping to the shadows of the shrubbery, Mr. Betterlee descended the drive unhurriedly. Once he cast a cautious glance toward the windows of the house, but not a curtain stirred. Past the gateway, he smiled and threw back his shoulders. The well-kept

village road was a tunnel of alternate shadow and moonlight, a silent, mysterious cloister-path, deserted save for the solitary, severely erect figure. Pausing in the shadow of a maple, he found and lighted a cigar with a sort of desperate determination. Cigars after midnight were forbidden, unthought of these many years. Perhaps for that very reason this excellent cigar tasted like none other of its kind, seemed to gather some marvelous quality of fragrance and delectability from the magic of the night. He exhaled a cloud of smoke with a lingering sigh of rapture and then, turning his back on gateway and precedent, went adventurously forth.

The still air held a faint, illusive fragrance; a fragrance that sent the man's memory groping back over the busy years until it halted at a day some thirty years ago. His honeymoon had been less than a week old then, and they had stepped ashore from the steamer at a little Indian village beyond Quebec and bought sweet-grass baskets. Ah, that was it! The fragrance of the August night was like that of sweet-grass. Mr. Betterlee was pleased at having made the discovery; pleased, too, that his memory had proved equal to the task, since it reassured him as to the possible approach of senility. And the recollection of that day at Lorette—if it was Lorette—and of the other days of that far-distant honeymoon left him in a softened mood as he wandered on through ebony shadows and pools of pale gold.

Then the road turned slightly and the trees stopped, and the moonlight was obstructed only by the gate that led to Mr. Betterlee's farm buildings and by the ornamental fence that bordered the highway. Or, stay! Was there not a form, perhaps two forms, on the nearer of the two stone benches that flanked the gate? Confused by the sudden transition from shadow to light, he blinked and stared. Then a voice came to him, respectfully defiant:

"Good evening, sir."

Mr. Betterlee paused in surprise.

"Mayes!" he ejaculated. "Er—Hannah!"

Mayes cleared his throat nervously. With Mr. Betterlee's unexpected appearance the form that had seemed one became a doubtful two. Mr. Betterlee suddenly realized the need of explaining his presence. He, too, cleared his throat. Only the maid retained composure. Mr. Betterlee spoke first.

"I—er—was not sleepy; doubtless the coffee—"

"I feared it, sir," agreed the butler.

"And so, since it was such a wonderful night, I—er—I thought I'd take a stroll. I didn't expect to find —er—"

It was not intended as a reprimand, but Mayes accepted it as such.

"I think, sir, you might as well know," he announced, stiffly, doggedly. "We—we're married, sir!"

"Married!" Mr. Betterlee was mildly surprised. Mayes continued a trifle bitterly:

"Yes, sir, we've been married for 'most a year. I know it's against the rules, sir, but we were—extremely fond of each other, sir, and there was another chap annoying her with his attentions, and so—so we done it. I'm sorry, sir, but—"

"Sorry?" asked Mr. Betterlee, slightly shocked.

"Sorry, I mean, to disobey your rules; not sorry otherwise, sir. And we'll be sorry to leave your service, sir; both of us will. You and the Madame have been extraordinary kind, sir—"

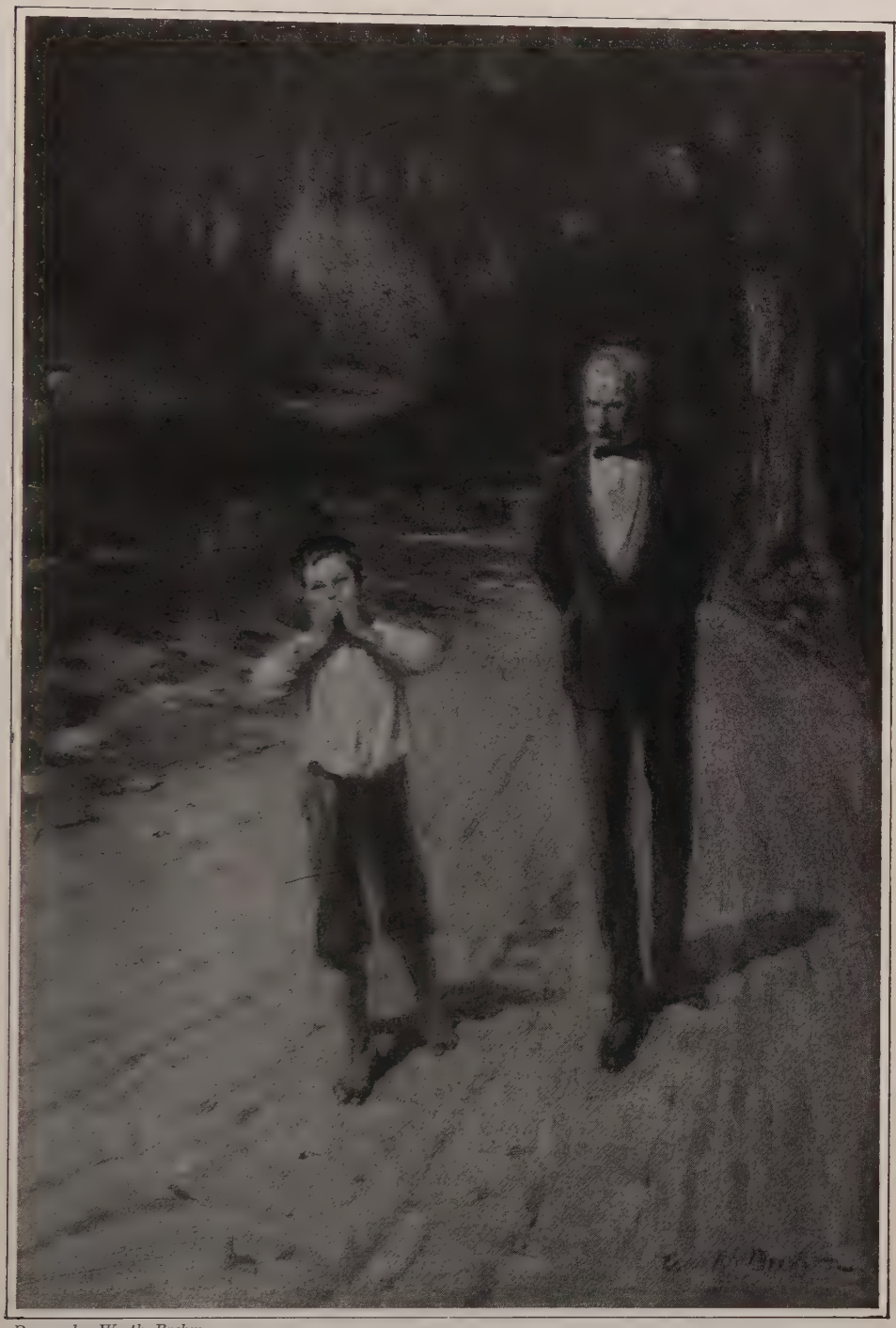
"Leave my service?" echoed Mr. Betterlee. "But why do you—er—contemplate that, Mayes?"

"Why, you said as how you wouldn't have any married persons in your employ, sir. I knew you'd find it out sooner or later, and I took the risk; both of us did, sir. Rules are rules, and I don't complain, Mr. Betterlee. I—I only regret—we both of us regrets—having deceived you, sir."

"Hm." Mr. Betterlee understood. As Mayes said, rules were rules, and—But he would be very, very sorry to lose Mayes. Mayes understood him so well. And—and it was a wonderful night!

"It's a bit hard, sir, when you care for a person not being able to—to—" Mayes's voice trailed out into silence.

"Hm," said Mr. Betterlee again. He realized that he should be stern. Such a flagrant disobedience of his orders merited the harshest reprimand, fol-



Drawn by Worth Brehm

A BOY, BAREFOOTED, SCANTILY ATTIRED, PLAYED SOFTLY ON A MOUTH-ORGAN

lowed by instant dismissal. Only, somehow, to-night—

"If you wouldn't mind letting us have a month's notice, sir, to do a bit of looking about," suggested Mayes more humbly.

"Er—yes, yes," responded Mr. Betterlee, hastily. "I — the fact is, Mayes—" He halted lamely. Then, "You were—are—very fond of Hannah?"

"Begging pardon, sir, it ain't Hannah; it's Therese."

"Therese! God bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Betterlee. He peered across incredulously. It *was* Therese; Therese the prim, the—the— Mr. Betterlee had almost said, "the ugly"! But just now, with the moonlight on her face, "ugly" was not deserved. He felt very helpless. "I hardly know what to say," he muttered. "I suppose, though, if you loved each other—hm—"

"Worship's the word, sir," said Mayes, fondly, proudly. "Ain't it, T'ese?"

There was no response from the maid, but the two figures melted again into one. Mr. Betterlee coughed, tried to scowl, failed, and looked longingly at the road. There was a silence. Then: "Love's something you can't lay under no rule, Mr. Betterlee," said the butler. "If it comes to a person, it comes, sir, and there ain't no help for it. Anyway, what's done is done, and we ain't complaining. Only thing is, sir, if we could have a month to look about— At this time of year places aren't so easy to find, and in the matter of references, I presume you wouldn't care to give 'em, sir."

"I wish you wouldn't go so fast," remonstrated Mr. Betterlee a trifle querulously. "As you say, Mayes, what's done is done, and—er—I'd be sorry to lose you. And Mrs. Betterlee would be sorry to lose Therese. I—I shall overlook it this time, Mayes, but don't let it— That is—Hm! A—a wonderful night, Mayes!"

"Y-yes, sir, a wonderful night!" murmured Mayes.

Mr. Betterlee went on, hurriedly, much relieved. Where the trees closed in again he paused in the shadow and looked back. The form on the bench was smaller than before. Mr. Betterlee sighed. He remembered—but that was long since. Now he was—well, never mind; he was an oldish man; and love was for the young. To be young on a night like this, and in love, must be very wonderful! His cigar had gone out and he paused to light it again. As he did so the sound of faint music came to him, jaunty, merry, elfin music. He peered ahead through the alternate shadow and moonlight and presently his eyes descried a small figure. A moment later the figure resolved itself into a boy, barefooted, scantily attired, who played softly on a mouth-organ cupped in his small hands. The music ceased and the player turned.

"Hello," he greeted, friendly and unabashed.

"Good evening," responded Mr. Betterlee, with a smile. He was surprised to find that he was not in the least embarrassed. Children—Mr. Betterlee had none of his own—always embarrassed him. They said such astonishingly disconcerting things, were animated by such uncomprehendable motives!

"Huh," said the boy, with a chuckle, "I guess it's good mornin' now! Where you goin'?"

"Nowhere in particular. I'm just taking a walk. Where are *you* going?"

The boy glanced at him sidewise, hesitated, and then answered, "Swimmin'."

"Swimming!" said Mr. Betterlee. "At this time of night?"

"Sure!" The boy put his mouth-organ back to his lips and played a few notes softly. "Didn't you ever go swimmin' in moonlight?"

Mr. Betterlee thought hard and owned that he never had.

"It's great," said the lad. "Things—things look different in moonlight. Everything. Trees, leaves, water. It's fun. I do it often. Folks don't know, of course. They wouldn't let me if they knew. I climb out on the shed roof and drop off."

"I see. And where do you swim?"

"Over there." He waved a hand. "In the creek. There's a fine swimmin'-hole. I went in last night, too."

"Did you?" asked Mr. Betterlee.

The boy went on silently, his bare feet

making no sound on the road. He wore only a pair of short trousers and a shirt. He had a merry, round face on which the big freckles stood out in the moonlight like dots of red copper.

"Let me hear you play," suggested Mr. Betterlee, accommodating his steps to the boy's.

"Oh, I can't play much," was the reply. But he put the instrument to his mouth again and, swaying from side to side, his brown eyes fixed on his companion, he played. What the tune was his audience didn't know, but it was a cheery little tune that set the fingers of Mr. Betterlee's loosely clasped hands dancing behind his back. Then the boy changed to "Suwanee River." Mr. Betterlee knew that air and he hummed it under his breath. Then:

"Do you know 'Robin Adair'?" he asked, almost apologetically.

"How's she go?" demanded the boy.

Mr. Betterlee thought a moment, then, pursing his lips, essayed the first bar. The effort was not very successful, but it served. The boy took up the tune and carried it, with some few variations to the end. Then he played it again, more correctly this time; and Mr. Betterlee half closed his eyes and recalled other moonlight nights, nights he had not recalled for many years. And he sighed once or twice not unhappily, but rather wistfully, and awoke to the fact that the tune had ceased and that the boy had stopped in the road.

"Here's where I cut across," he said.

"Cut across?"

"Sure; across the field to the creek. Want to come?"

"Yes," said Mr. Betterlee without hesitation.

"Good for you! You're a sport! Do you live around here?"

"Er—yes, not far off. Only in the summer, however."

"Thought I hadn't seen you before. Just the same, things—and folks—look different in moonlight, and I might have, too." The boy lifted his face to the big, round moon. "Gee!" he muttered, "it's a hunky old night, ain't it?"

"It's a wonderful night," was the reply.

The pool lay in a bend of the creek, shadowed in places by alders and the dripping branches of a willow. The moon lay there awaiting them, afloat on the unruffled surface. The boy dropped his garments on the bank, poised for an instant like a warmly hued statue and then disappeared. Widening circles rippled across the mirrored face of the moon and a sleek brown head appeared under the farther bank.

"Gee!" said the boy. "It's great!"

He swam along under the bending branches, his white body strangely immaterial in the lucid depths, the drops trickling from arm and shoulder like pale jewels. He swam with scarcely a sound to disturb the tranquil, brooding silence of the place. Mr. Betterlee, watching from the bank, recalled forgotten lore of water-sprites and nereids. The boy circled at the end of the pool and came back, straight into the reflected orb, and for the moment a confusion of senses made it seem to the watcher that the slim, gleaming body was suspended in air, afloat in moonlit heavens. Then the illusion was dispelled, for the swimmer bobbed a dripping head from the ripples, and laughed softly in the stillness.

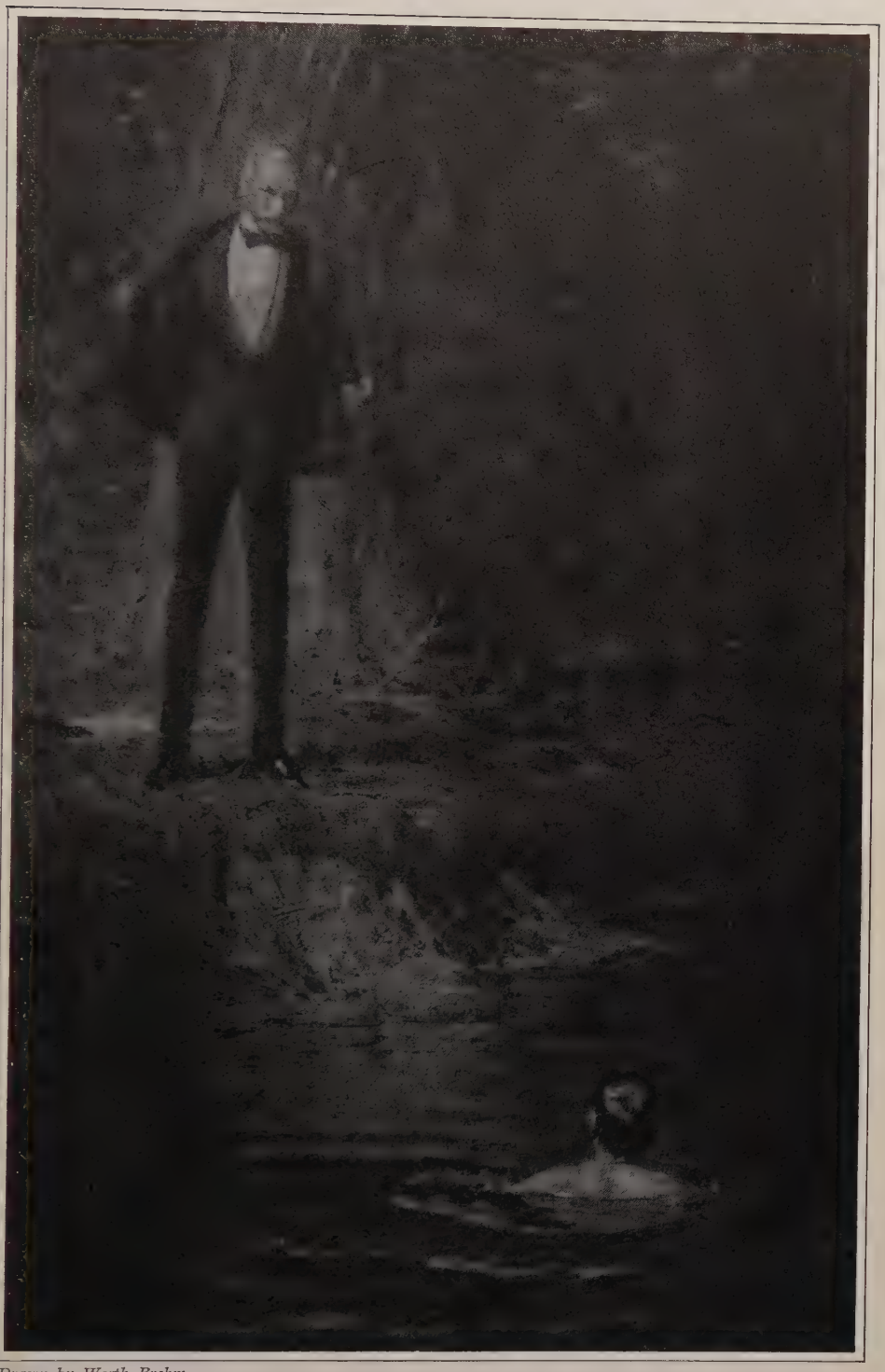
"Say, why don't you come in, Mister? Honest, the water's great!"

Beneath Mr. Betterlee's immaculate shirt-front a pagan impulse stirred. The mirrored moon enticed him. The ripples beckoned. Even the silence became as a voice that urged. He stared in fascination for a moment, glanced speculatingly into the shadows. There was an impish chuckle from the pool. It was echoed from the bank. Mr. Betterlee grasped the lapels of his dinner-jacket. . . .

The village clock struck two as Mr. Betterlee turned into the avenue. He was humming under his breath a tune which faintly suggested "Robin Adair." His shirt-bosom gaped rakishly. He approached the house intrepidly, almost with a swagger, for all the world as though there were no such things as Rules!

As he ascended the terrace steps a figure wrapped in pale poppies on a white ground detached itself from the balustrade and came slowly toward him.

"My dear!" murmured Mr. Betterlee. "You up!"



Drawn by Worth Brehm

"GEE!" SAID THE BOY. "IT'S GREAT!"

"Yes, I was wakeful, and I saw you were not in bed—"

"I went for a walk," said Mr. Betterlee, hurriedly. "Mayes brought me coffee to the library. I ought not to have taken it."

"No; it always keeps you awake," agreed Mrs. Betterlee.

They paused at the broad stone railing and looked down over the moonlit lawn in silence. The man was visioning a small boy with wet hair ascending to a shed roof by way of a rain-barrel. The woman—

"I wonder if you remember, dear," she said, dreamily, "it was just such a night as this when we were married. I remember the moon from the car window. And before that, when we were driving to the station. You spoke of it, and quoted some lines—I wish I could recall them—"

"So it was," he said, softly. "Just such a night as this. Yes, yes, I remember very well, my dear." He laid a hand over one of hers that rested on the railing.

"Why, how cool your hand is!" she exclaimed. Then: "It is very beautiful here, isn't it? We ought to be happy in such a place. See how the moonlight silvers the leaves of the birches down there."

"Happy? We are happy, my dear! Aren't we?" His hand closed about hers.

"Y-yes." But he thought he heard the merest ghost of a sigh, and was faintly troubled. Her hand was nestled in his now and he pressed it reassuringly.

"Of course we are!" he asserted, stoutly. After a moment, hesitatingly, "By the way, my dear, I learned tonight, quite by accident, that—er—Mayes and—Therese—"

"Are married," said Mrs. Betterlee, tranquilly. "Yes, I've known it some time."

"Known it! But you never mentioned it!" Mr. Betterlee's voice strove for severity but attained only a mild querulousness.

"N-no, you see"—she pressed his fingers apologetically—"you were so strict—and I didn't want to lose Therese."

"Hm," said Mr. Betterlee; and again, "Hm."

She turned to the open window and he followed. On the threshold she paused for a last look. Mr. Betterlee's arm went about her with a sort of awkward determination and, with a faint sigh, she swayed to him. The moonlight bathed her hair in soft glory and smoothed the lines from her face. Thirty years, reflected Mr. Betterlee in some surprise, had made but little difference; she was still an extremely pretty woman! He wondered why that fact had escaped him of late. Life, however, had been very busy; he had had so many things on his mind.

He bent slowly and kissed her. Her arms went about him and she murmured, shyly, inarticulately against the damp, creased bosom of his shirt. After a moment she drew away a little, still holding his hand at her waist, and gazed happily over the moon-swept world.

"It is such a wonderful night!" she whispered.

"A wonderful night indeed!" echoed Mr. Betterlee.

One I Have Yet to Meet

BY DON C. SEITZ

ONE I have yet to meet
Is he with strength to greet
Ending of favors done,
Ending of victories won!

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

TWO clubs of the dining sort have been distinguished beyond all others in the English-speaking world. One was that Club which Sir Joshua Reynolds (unless it was one of his fellow-immortals) imagined and which Samuel Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, Edmund Burke, James Boswell, and less memorable others illustrated with their presence and still distinguish by their absence in the London which so largely was by virtue of them. The other is that Saturday Club of Boston which still exists, and which it is no criticism of its contemporaneity to say transcendently survives in the names of Emerson, of Longfellow, of Lowell, of Holmes, of Agassiz, of the elder Henry James, of Hawthorne, of Sumner, of the first Charles Eliot Norton, of Richard Henry Dana, of the great painter, William M. Hunt, and others whom not to name is to discount the riches of Boston in literary and scientific and artistic fame.

There may be some memoir of that first great London Club which would forbid the notion of the Saturday Club's equality, not to say superiority; but none occurs to our haste or ignorance, and we can only congratulate ourselves on the fullness of Dr. E. W. Emerson and his associates (but for the most part himself) in recollecting and recording the early years of the Saturday Club. This has been done in the form of sketches, biographical and anecdotical, which do not neglect the few less known members of an association formed between 1855 and 1870, or the many others known to that time and this who may claim remembrance. Claim is not the word exactly, for there was nothing self-assertive in the attitude of the great men who came fortuitously or voluntarily together at the table of the early dinner which has now become a luncheon. They had no other motive than the human desire of eating and drinking and talking together, and keeping one another consciously alive on the last Saturday of each month; but inevitably they have become representative of the great New England of their day, and unintentionally representative of the little United States beyond. There had been, and concurrently there was literature in New York, and in Philadelphia; there had been literary impulses at Charleston, South Carolina, and at Richmond, Virginia, where Poe began to establish himself in the renown which in France, at least, still eclipses all other American literary fame; but for mass and substance and value there was really nothing comparable to that New England group, or more concretely that Saturday Club group. If one lifts one's eyes from its steady glow, one finds little besides the eidolons which print themselves against the Boston sky and leave the air empty when they fade from it. But this need surprise no one who reflects that the age of Pericles did not repeat itself in Athens; once was enough for the great achievement of that New England in poetry, in history, in romance, if not in the moderner forms of fiction; though we must not forget that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was of New England impulse, if not origin. It was not reasonable to expect more Emersons, more Longfellows, more Lowells, more Hawthornes, more Holmeses, more Whittiers; once was enough in these or other instances of their sort. If there is anything reasonable in our disappointment it is that there seems to have been no incentive in the work of the Saturday Club group, but this is not very reasonable. The men of it were not working to inspire; so far as they were doing good work, they were doing their best to get out the truth they felt in them in the best form they could. In the recognition of later performances than their own they were most generous, most eager, but here their affair with

the future ended. No doubt they each believed so devotedly in what they were themselves doing that they might not believe anything of equal worth could follow, simply because it was not of like worth. No man is of his future, none of his difference; to suppose or expect otherwise is preposterous, and the fact saves the ages from sterility.

The pleasantest thing in and about this interesting book is the vision of those faces of the men who made and were the Saturday Club, and were not to blame if they caused none like them to follow them. The youngest personal witness was, when allowed among them, a generation the junior of the next youngest of them, and his memory has had a happy time in recalling them from the absence which their portraits do so much to repair. He does not recall them all from his sight of them at the Club table in his rare and rarer frequentation of it; but starlike from the head of it "sparely looks" the blessing of Emerson's face which gave him such tacit welcome as he got when he found himself so much aloof in the surrounding greatness. The aloofness was right enough, but something different would have been welcomer he realized when trembling at the left hand of the incomparable Concordian who, for what forgotten reason, spoke with not so much scorn as surprise of Walt Whitman's using the praise of a private letter for advertising purposes.

A later day of a later year the youngest member, still the youngest, remembers Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in Emerson's place, sweetly talking the psychology which bordered on supernaturalism and inviting all near him to share his pleasure in it. He was chief of the Bostonians whom the young member then knew, and was not very distinguishable from the divine Cantabrigians whom the young member knew best and loved most, and especially one whom memory evokes as often critical of the rest. This is that first great Henry James, father of our finest fictionist of the name, and of our prime psychologist, William James; he remained distinct there as elsewhere from all that beloved other Cambridge in his life of absolute religious inquiry; but that young witness saw him with the eyes of gratitude as his sponsor, and with the sympathy of a like spiritual faith.

Among the other Cantabrigians looked the face of Charles Eliot Norton, never far in life from the face of Lowell whom the young witness is not sure of from his own rare chances at the Club, but from the constant habit of him in Cambridge. Neither does the benign and beautiful presence, altogether the finest and noblest he ever knew, call itself up among his sparse memories of the Club; it is known that Longfellow was not a frequenter of it after the tragical grief which for a while turned all the world to sorrow for him. But his face looks, if not there, then from unnumbered meetings in his house at Cambridge, and in those kind Cambridge streets. Something benevolently leonine looked from him in life; and something archly Jovian subtly smiled from the face of the publisher, James T. Fields. He was not really of those gods, but one of the friendliest of men, and the most incomparable of publishers. It was to him that the scattered papers of De Quincey owed their collection in a first edition, and to his acute, his almost inspired, editorial instinct that essays which the author doubted his were included. He knew both how to manage his illustrious Boston authors and how to let them manage him; he dealt reverently with them but thought whimsically in sometimes speaking of them to other mere mortals, as the saints, or the old saints. He knew a world larger than Boston, and he loved books beyond any publisher who ever loved their merchantableness. The picture in the Saturday Club book is an excellent likeness, full of the sly twinkle of his spirit and of the kindness which to the youngest member was never failing.

The picture of Agassiz is almost as good a likeness, and is similarly associated with acquaintance outside of the Club rather than in it. But recollection of him there remains, and one would like to believe that one was personally knowing of his once bringing a French guest with him to the dismay of all the cultivated men expected to welcome him in the only language he seemed to know. Of course they knew French, too, but they were disabled for it by their long

exile in that world of English where most of their lives were almost wholly passed. Unless memory is feigning here, it was one of their excusals for shying from the stranger that Doctor Holmes, who knew his Paris so well, accounted for his reluctance from him by saying that conversation with the alien was talking with the hair-strokes left out; he valued his hair-strokes, and he liked to have them seen and valued.

For the rest, the youngest member verifies the likenesses of the members in the book by his custom of them outside of the Club. Longfellow's, so endeared by the beauty of his white age, is estranged in the book by a presentment of his middle life. It is also a pity that all early pictures of Dana insufficiently portray him; but no picture could sufficiently show the unfailing humanity which, after *Two Years Before the Mast*, rescued him from the pride of his patrician origin and dedicated him beyond all other Boston lawyers to the service of the sailor and the slave.

The likeness of Edwin P. Whipple is consolingly satisfactory among others unsatisfactory. It is very worth while to have it so like, for it does the best for one who remains our greatest reviewer. It is just praise of him to say that he was above all our others a good plain critic; for the critic who is not plain is not good; and Whipple was not only a good plain critic, but, in the wide measure of his reviewing, a kind one. He had a lovable Yankee face which here looks out of the page not visibly discontented with being now mainly, almost entirely, forgotten.

Emerson's picture lacks the final sweetness which looks almost always from his portraits and does not suggest all the hospitable satisfaction he must have in the Club which he helped so much to create with a pleasure in the prospect of it not conceivable from the popular notion of him. Motley's is fine and true with its manly beauty, and Lowell's is like, but with the poet putting on a worldlier aspect which the humorist does not quite keep him from, and wanting both the charm of his youth and the pathetic distinction of his age; Whittier's has the odd Quaker fierceness which one saw in his black eyes; Hawthorne's is younger than the youngest member recalls him, though there is the making of the maturer likeness in it which he knows so indelibly from an afternoon with him at Concord. Norton's is good, but no pictured face of him was so gracious as he.

There are other pictures in the book which are better resemblances of members of it surviving the Club less memorably, and others of arbitrary celebrity, whose greatness did not appeal to the youngest member's narrow-minded interest, whether he met them rarely in the Club, or often outside of it. But, whether of his cult or not, they remain a hierarchy, angelic or not, as you choose, but of such distinction as to seem quite matchless, at least to his spare knowledge, possibly too poor in the means of comparison, if that were challenged of him.

We may be on the verge of far vaster things; we cannot say that the New Bohemianism of Greenwich Village may not have in store such splendor of achievement as shall dim and diminish those glories of the past. Yet we ventured to believe that the Saturday Club represented the best of the New England nation which was the fine grain from the sifting of three kingdoms, and that there can be nothing better than its like in the larger nation in which it is merged but can never be lost.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Great Roundtop Vegetable Drive

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

THIS happened last summer, during the late war. I didn't suppose there ever would come a time when one could speak of it as the "*late war*," but, lo! it is here! That war was geared to run forever, some thought. That was the general opinion —at least, in Roundtop.

But I am not getting started well. The thing on my mind is gardens—war gardens—war gardens in Roundtop. Everybody was going to have one. Every family in town, early in the spring, commenced laying out the whole of their back yards, turning the sod under, and their flower-beds. Some laid out their front yards as well, and a good many of them put up signs which said that vegetables would win the war, and that every row of corn was a front-line trench, and that every tomato was a bomb for liberty, and a lot more such stirring sentiments.

I have said every family in town, but there was one exception—it was in our neighborhood. We caught the notion, too, at first—Margaret rather alarmingly; I not so hard. I had gardened a good deal, as a boy. I had often done it on a Saturday when I knew that a baseball game was going on down back of the Campbellite church, and that some one-gallused, unattached boy was taking my place as short-stop. The weather at such times was hot—entirely too hot for hoeing weeds and hilling up corn—and as I bent over the rows, with the sweat getting into my eyes and trickling down my nose, and thought of those other fellows tearing around to make third base and sliding in on the home plate, I had acquired a permanent distaste for a hoe and related implements.

Moreover, our back yard at Roundtop was peculiar. It was a particularly open space at the south end of the house, which was a dazzling white as to color. On a mid-July day we had no real need of a gas-range. Margaret declared that a steak set out on the back stoop would have to be watched to keep from getting overdone. When I contemplated that bit of soil, even on a mellow afternoon in April, and reflected what it would be on, say, Independence Day when a patriot would naturally be engaged there, I had a return of what, on those old Saturday afternoons, I used to describe to my mother as a

"THE SUN SEEMS TO AFFECT MY CIRCULATION OR SOMETHING"

"kind of dizzy spell," which sometimes got me excused for the rest of the day. Corn would thrive in the fierce glow of that little sun-smitten square, no doubt—also other things—but something told me that one of my temperament would wilt under it. I was wilting already. I went around to the shady front stoop to consider.

Tom McNaughten came along. McNaughten was very strong for war gardens. He had not only a back yard, but a vacant lot which he was getting into shape to put into potatoes. He stopped, of course.

"Well," he said, "I suppose you are going to be digging up that little old farm of yours pretty soon, now. I was looking at it yesterday. Great place for beans and corn and things that want lots of sun. Better than anything I've got. I tell you we're up against it. We old boys will have to hoe to hustle the Hun, eh? You'll be on the job, of course."

I sighed, and allowed my hand to steal unconsciously in the direction of my heart.

"I hope so," I said, feebly. "I've been planning for it, but I've not been as well as I would like this spring, and I may not be able to undertake it. The sun seems to affect my circulation or something. Just now I was out there and, pleasant as the day is, I had a sensation that made me want to sit here in the shade. I had something of the sort as a child. It's too bad—it will be such a disappointment—especially to Margaret, who has been counting on saving a good deal in green stuff to help out with her Assyrian fund."

McNaughten was sympathetic—he is the best soul in the world. He said that, after all, my ground was really too small to make any material difference, and that if I was affected by the sun in that way it was not worth while to take a dangerous risk for a few vegetables. He would send me some of his. I felt traceably guilty until Carruthers and Blake and Walker and some seven or eight others had come along and talked war garden to me, and I had told the same story to each of them. I believed it myself, by that time, and most of the guilt had worn off. It seemed to me that I really did feel a little dizzy at moments, and that my heart was not behaving as well as it should. We had good neighbors —the best ever—and they all, to a man, sympathized and promised to send vegetables. I could see that it was going to give them a real pleasure to bring us things from their gardens, and I was willing to gratify them in that simple way.

It was not so easy to convince Margaret. When I referred to my condition she said she hadn't noticed anything different about me lately, except that my appetite was rather better than usual, but that of course if the sun was going to prostrate me she could probably attend to the hoeing herself, along with her housekeeping, her Red Cross work, her Assyrian fund, and a few other things. I had to argue pretty strenuously that there was going to be more stuff in our neighbors' gardens, anyway, than they could possibly use, and that it would be wrong to take her time from those more important duties. Perhaps I ought to add that in a former day we had kept a domestic assistant, but had parted with her one morning when she had been offered as much per week to conduct a trolley-car as we had been able to pay her per month to administer our quiet household. Since then Margaret had added certain home activities to her war work—not with entire success, I may say, though I did not often mention this, being patriotic, and Margaret somewhat forceful. She expressed doubts, now, in her customary positive way, as to the promised vegetable supply, but for once she was mistaken. Oh, entirely so—as you shall see!

You will remember that last summer was what the farmers call a "growing" season—at least, for most things. War gardens flourished. Men like Tom McNaughten, who had never known the joys of gardening in early life and could hardly tell green beans from turnips until they were on the table, pretty soon went swelling around with bunches of radishes and heads of lettuce, talking about Hale's Early and Boston Curly and a lot of other varieties, in a way that would make you think they were canvassing for a seed-house. You never saw such a vain, set-up lot. They worked on those gardens nights and holidays and Sundays and really pretended to enjoy it. Their cars stood in the garage. The golf-course was deserted. They hailed the new daylight-saving idea as a boon.

Then they began to bring us things. They wanted to show off, of course, but they were good souls, too, and trusting. Word had gone around that I was not what you would call well; that I had dizzy spells—was almost an invalid, also greatly depressed because my doctor would not permit me to make a war garden. Some said I was going into a decline.

We got the earliest and choicest things. McNaughten and Carruthers and Bliss and Blake and a lot more brought us dripping, dewy radishes and tender young lettuce before they had enough for themselves, and always the best selections. We begged them not to rob themselves in that way, which only seemed to stimulate them to further extravagance.

You never saw anything like it. It became a regular competition. In the morning before we were up those war gardeners

would come, and on our opening the front door we would find a heap of bunches and bundles with their cards attached. They generally had something written on them—something spirited and patriotic. On a bunch of onions, for instance, "How will these British Beauties do to keep the Hun traveling?" Or on a basket of lettuce, "Just a sample of Canadian Crimpy to put a crimp in the Kaiser." Then there were names like "Belgian Yellow" and "Japanese Prolific" and "American Wonder" and "Champion of Italy" for the various beans and peas and cucumbers that they unloaded at our threshold. All the Allies were represented there, and recommended to do things to the enemy's front-line trench.

They did something to our front-line trench. They filled it up full. We could not begin to eat all that produce. We thought there would be a falling off presently, but that was poor judgment. As the season advanced the supply increased, doubled, trebled. After the first offerings of radishes and lettuce and onions and such early things came beans and tomatoes and Swiss chard.

The Swiss are a good people—I admire them exceedingly—but they should not have invented chard. And just why our neighbors all went into it so frantically I fail to see. Now and then there would be a shortage of other things, but there was always a redundance of Swiss chard. I have heard that it is healthy; perhaps they thought it would be good for my mysterious ailment. No doubt they meant well, and I am still grateful for their intention, but in time I reached a point where I could not even look upon Swiss chard and feel entirely well. My biting into a boiled grasshopper cunningly concealed between two leaves of it may have had something to do with this—Margaret, I fear, being not always sufficiently deliberate in preparing our food. I have heard that there are Indians who eat grasshoppers and like them. I think it improbable.

I tried to adjust matters somewhat. I got up early, and when a friend came with chard I sought to persuade him to give it to some one down the street and leave me something else—say cantaloups. I tried to find somebody who did not raise chard, so I could trade him our accumulation of it for early apples, or raspberries. But that was a failure. I succeeded in swapping a peck of tomatoes to Walker for a dozen Golden Bantam corn, but when I mentioned a possible deal in Swiss chard he changed the subject.

Still, it did not really matter. By the middle of July there wasn't a thing we needed to trade for. We had everything. Our kitchen looked like a green-grocer's shop, and every morning found a fresh pile on the front stoop. We even tried to stem the flood, politely, of course. We put out a neat card with such hints as "Plenty of corn to-day, thanks," or "Chard enough for a while," "No more summer squashes till further notice," and the like. But it was no use. They thought it mere delicacy on our part, and heaped the pile higher. We finally set out a box for contributions. The heap was too conspicuous.

SOME RUMOR HAD COME TO HIM OF MY DECLINING HEALTH AND HE HAD CALLED TO SEE ABOUT IT

One day my uncle Lemuel called. Uncle Lemuel has a farm a few miles out, and does a good deal in the way of market-gardening. Some rumor had come to him of my declining health, and he had called to see about it. He had also brought a few choice things from his garden.

I took Uncle Lemuel aside and carefully explained matters. He seemed interested—even amused. I led him to the kitchen and showed him what had happened. He said, "Gewhillikins!—don't it beat all?" Then he thoughtfully looked over our stock and appraised it.

"That's all good truck," he said. "I can sell every mite of it."

"For goodness' sakes, do it!" I said. "Take it away—all of it. We've nearly killed ourselves trying to eat it up."

SOMETIMES I DROPPED AROUND WHERE THEY WERE DIGGING AWAY AND OFFERED A FEW ENCOURAGING WORDS

"Does it come reg'lar?" asked Uncle Lemuel.

"It does. In a day or two we'll have as much more. You can make a drive on it."

"I'll drive in every second day and clean you out," said Uncle Lemuel.

"But that wouldn't be right," objected Margaret, who arrived at the moment.

"'Tain't right to let it *spile*," said Uncle Lemuel.

I had a bright thought—the first one in some time.

"Margaret," I said, "you can put the proceeds into your Assyrian fund."

That is Margaret's pet fund. Getting money for the Red Cross is easy enough. But Assyria is a good way off. Most of us think of the Assyrians as a people who once, in a bygone age, "came down like a wolf on the fold" in purple and golden raiment. Contributors to the fund were scarce and economical. Margaret wavered, and fell. Uncle Lemuel carried the stuff out the back way, carefully disguised in gunny sacks, and three hours later reported with seven dollars. He had even disposed of our half a ton of Swiss chard.

Uncle Lemuel came again Saturday, and again Tuesday. It was the height of the season, now, and the supply was growing steadily. I had to put out a bigger box, and I began to attach a card of fulsome appreciation. That opened up things in earnest. When I wrote on it, "Great corn, Mc.," or, "Prize cucumbers, Fred," and added, "Food for the gods," or some pleasant thing like that, the others fairly laid themselves out to go one or two better in size or quality. Cantaloups and carrots, potatoes and tomatoes, beans world without end—our front stoop in the morning looked like a prize display at a country fair. Uncle Lemuel came "reg'lar," and said that, with his own truck and ours, he guessed he'd have to get a bigger wagon. Margaret's Assyrian fund was piling up, and if her conscience pricked her now and then, the thought that she was suffering in a good cause consoled her. Also the size of the accumulation.

Now and then, when I saw McNaughten and Bliss and Blake and the others, I told them how much the open-air exercise agreed with them. Sometimes I dropped around where they were digging away and offered a few encouraging words. At such times I spoke of the wonderful quality of their produce which I declared was certainly going far toward restoring my own health. They could see for themselves that I was getting fat. Anybody would get fat on a fancy vegetable

diet like that. Next year, I said, I might be equal to a garden of my own. They were proud and patronizing, and said they would furnish me with seeds and advice, and that if I broke down under the strain of keeping up with my garden they would come over and hoe it for me. They were certainly good fellows. I did not tell them—not yet—that I had already almost broken down under the strain of trying to keep up with theirs.

Through August and September the run continued. Then the fall things came—big pumpkins rolled in, prize cabbages and turnips. Uncle Lemuel, good soul, did a land-office business for Margaret's Assyrian fund—sometimes, I fear, at the expense of his own. But then came November, and the garden season waned. A day arrived when the daily supply was within our capabilities. Margaret said:

"Now we've got to tell those people."

That was difficult—delicate, I mean. One couldn't think of just the best way.

Fate provided it. Just at that critical time the war ended. The war gardens had won out. Perhaps a few other things had contributed, but we knew that McNaughten and Blake and Bliss and Walker and Carruthers would be strong on the garden feature. Margaret said that now she would get in some emergency help and have them and their wives to dinner. We did that, and when all were assembled at the table and had refreshed themselves with a round of—of grapejuice—and were about to launch into general garden and war talk, Margaret announced, quite gravely, that before we went any further she wished to return heartfelt gratitude for their combined contribution to her Assyrian fund. That produced an immediate and profound silence. You can readily see that it would be so. They looked at Margaret, and they looked at me, searchingly.

So then it was my turn, and I confessed, quite fully. Never mind the details, but I closed by producing Uncle Lemuel's somewhat picturesque, but accurate, account of sales, and displayed the same with its footings "fer the hull season"—a sum total of *two hundred and eleven dollars and sixteen cents*.

Whereupon our guests rose as one and denounced me. They declared that I had quite fully established myself as a person unreliable as to statement, unscrupulous as to performance, and wholly without shame. Nevertheless, in the end they forgave me, for they are good neighbors—the very best, as I have stated.

Something tells me, however, that the next time there is a hurry call for gardeners I shall be among those present.

How He Did It

AT a trial in a Southern town a darky was on the witness-stand. His testimony was to the effect that the man who had been knocked down lay on the ground five minutes, and the opposing lawyer challenged the statement.

To test the accuracy of the witness, he took out his own watch and asked the darky to tell him when five minutes "were up." The darky told him correctly. As he was leaving the court-room, the lawyer caught up with him.

"Gus," he said, "I'll forgive you if you'll tell me how you did it."

"Yes, boss," said the darky. "I jest figured it out."

"Figured it out?"

"Yes, suh; by de clock on de wall behind you."

Real Fertility

THE new-comer looked over the tract of land offered for sale. "So," he observed to Farmer Fairleigh, "you are of the opinion that this land would produce forty bushels of corn to the acre?"

"Forty bushels an acre!" exclaimed old Fairleigh. "Why, my friend, that land would produce forty bushels an acre if it was never planted!"

Underground Baseball Fans

A MEMBER of a university baseball team tells of a girl uninitiated in the mysteries of baseball who, when she was presented to the captain, remarked:

"I do so love this game. Especially do I delight in watching the man at the bat. It is so cunning, too, to observe the way in which he continues to strike the ground gently with the end of his bat. Why does he do that?"

"Well, Miss Smith," explained the captain, "it's this way: The worms, you see, have a most annoying way of coming up to see who's batting. Naturally that puts the batter out a trifle. So he just taps them on the head lightly and down they go again."

A Logical Conclusion

A BALTIMORE youth, lately returned from service abroad, was telling his aged aunt of his experience.

"Well," he said, "on that occasion we took the first-line trenches all right; and the very same day the British gained five hundred meters from the Huns."

"Wasn't that fine!" exclaimed the aunt, enthusiastically. "Of course, that put a stop to those dreadful gas attacks at once, didn't it?"

"Naw! he ain't a gen'ral, Gen'rals sticks out in the front more'n that"

The Wonder of To-Day

DURING recitation in a certain primary school the instructor asked her pupils what wonders can be seen to-day that were not in existence fifty years ago.

There were many answers: airplanes, the telegraph, the telephone, electric lighting, automobiles, etc. Finally, one little fellow contributed his wonder:

"Me and me little brother."

A Generous Settlement

"UP in Minnesota," says a Chicago lawyer, "a farmer by the name of Jensen had a cow killed by a railway train. He received, in due course, a visit from the claim agent for the railway.

"'We understand, of course,' he said, 'that the deceased was a very docile and valuable animal, and we sympathize with you and your family in your loss; but, Mr. Jensen, you must remember this: Your cow had no business upon our tracks. Those tracks are our private property and when she invaded them she became a trespasser. Technically speaking, you, as her owner, became a trespasser, too. But we have no desire to carry the issue into court. Now what would you regard as a fair settlement between you and the railway company?'

"'Wal,' responded Mr. Jensen, slowly, 'Ay bane only poor Swede farmer, but Ay will give you two dollars.'"

Too Clever for the Thief

A SCOTCH farmer was selling wool one day to a carrier. After weighing it he went into the house to make out an invoice. When he came back he missed a cheese that had been standing on a shelf behind the outer door, and, glancing at the bag of wool, he observed that it had suddenly increased in size.

"Man," said he to the carrier, "I hae clean forgot the weight o' that bag. Let's put it on the scales once mair."

The carrier could not well refuse. The bag was of course found to be heavier by the weight of the cheese inside. A new invoice was made out, and the crestfallen carrier went his way.

At once the farmer's wife missed the cheese, and, rushing to the yard, told her husband that some thief had taken it.

"Na, na, Mary," replied the farmer, quietly. "I hae just sold the cheese for two shillin's the pound."

An Unwise Choice

THE Aldrich family were farmers, and it had always been a trial to them that their only son preferred city life. They hoped that during his time in France his ideas might change.

"We thought perhaps you might marry one of them women farmers we read so much about over there," said his father one evening shortly after his return home; "she would have been a wonderful help here, Tom."

"But, father, I am going to marry a nurse," interposed Tom, quickly.

"Nurse?" questioned the old man, in disgust. "Do yer expect to be sick all yer life?"

Those Boys

TWO mothers, whose sons are students at Yale and Harvard, respectively, frequently compare notes as to the progress of the young men, as shown by their letters home.

"Henry's letters always send me to the dictionary," said one mother.

"You're lucky," sighed her friend. "My boy's letters always send me to the bank."

A Sagacious Pet

DURING a tour of inspection a member of a prison commission was interested in a convict who had a pet rat.

"Well, sir," replied the prisoner, in response to the caller's inquiries, "that rat is a real pet. I feeds him every day. I thinks more of that rat than any other living creature."

The caller found something in this response which pleased him.

"I am glad to hear that," said he. "In every human being there is something of the angel left, if one can only find it. How came you to take such a fancy to the rat?"

"Because he bit the jailer," answered the prisoner.

An Urban Outlook

THE Armstrongs had always lived at a hotel and little George, aged six, was familiar with no other kind of existence.

Then they moved to a house in one of the city's suburbs, and George enjoyed the change and the more independent manner of living.

One afternoon the little boy ran into the house calling out:

"Oh, mother, they do such funny things here!"

"What do you mean, son?" queried the mother.

"Why, mother," explained George, "I have been out there in the front yard listening to a man with a push-cart paging cabbages."

Perhaps Pharaoh's Chariot

IT was their first trip to the city, and they were trying to see all the sights. While they knew little of pictures and cared less, they thought it their duty to visit the art museum.

Among the treasures they looked at was a mummy over which hung a placard on which was printed "B. C. 97." This completely mystified them.

"What do you make out of that, Henry?" demanded Maria.

"I hardly know," said Henry, "but I have a suspicion that it was the number of the car that killed him."

Social Distinction in the Pantry

McNALLY, who had dropped in to see his friend Collins, observed that, during the course of her conversation, Miss Collins referred several times to a chafing-dish party she had attended the evening before.

Now McNally agreed with Collins that the latter's daughter was assuming entirely too many airs. So, to the end that she might be properly disconcerted, he suddenly blurted out:

"An' phwat th' deuce is a chafing-dish, now, I want to know?"

"A chafing-dish, McNally," answered Collins, with an air of the utmost gravity, "a chafing-dish is a fryin'-pan that's got into society!"

Better the Ills You Know

MC INTYRE fell from a house and landed on a wire about twenty feet from the ground. When he had struggled a moment, he let go and fell to the ground. Among those that rushed to his assistance was one who asked:

"In Heaven's name, Mac, why did ye let go?"

"Shure," answered Mac, "I was afraid the wire would break."

"Slow up, driver! Do you want to kill us both?"
"I'm new at this job, guv'ner. I was jest goin' to ask ye which o' them things is the brake"

"Say, mistah, if that machine works both ways, I'd like to have ma hair permanently un-waved!"

Self-Contained

THEY tell of a certain Old Dick, a fisherman off the coast of Massachusetts, who is noted for his poise and laconic mode of speech. It is said that no one has ever known him to evince the least excitement in any circumstances or to waste a word in any situation.

One day last summer, Old Dick was rowing leisurely in his boat when a dory bearing three or four persons from a resort capsized near him. During the confusion that ensued, Old Dick rowed over to the scene of the disaster and remarked, placidly, to the persons who were clinging to the boat, screaming wildly for help:

"Hadn't you better git in?"

Quite Willing

BRIDGET Malone, the new cook and general servant, was never at a loss for an answer. On one occasion she had committed some fault which led her mistress to remonstrate with her.

"If such a thing occurs again, Bridget, I shall have to get another servant."

"That suits me, mum," replied Bridget, unconcernedly; "there's plenty of work here for two of us."

Slow But Sure

THE telegraph messenger in a Southern town is familiar with the principle embodied in Elbert Hubbard's "A Message to Garcia," although he probably never heard of that story.

A local confectioner called for a messenger to go to a farmhouse for two dozen eggs. The messenger was detailed for the errand, which ordinarily would take no more than thirty minutes. At the end of three hours he returned with the eggs, and was promptly called upon by the manager to explain his long absence from the office.

"Shure," explained the boy. "Simpson's wife hadn't but twenty-three aigs in her pantry, so I just sat down and waited till her Plymouth Rock made up the two dozin fer yer."

Realism

AN army man tells of a chaplain, newly inducted into the service, who lamented the fact that many men spent their evenings at the club. "Undoubtedly," he said, "the club is the place for bachelors. It is not right, however, for married men to pass the evening away from home while their poor wives sadly rock the cradle with one foot and wipe away the tears with the other."